

The Indian Review

CONTAINING THE

CREAM

of Current Literature.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information on it.—SAMUEL JOHNSON,

Edited by F. J. ROWE, M.A., and W. T. WEBB, M.A.

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The Indian Review.

No. 13.—OCTOBER, 1884.

A "BIRTHDAY ODE."

—Here

Rings a new Voice that, gathering of the best,
Heralds in tones articulate and clear
The giant workings of the vigorous West.—*Prefatory sonnet,*
'Indian Review,' October 1883.

VOICE, that a year ago
Didst into utterance wake,
Echoing notes of the West,
Clear, but in accents low,
Fearing the tongues of the town,
Brows with a critical frown,
Heads with a critical shake,
Fearing, but hoping the best :—

Lo, in spite of thy fears,
Not unheard has thy tune
Sounded for Indian ears.
Vain were the lips that laughed,
Scorning the sonnet that bore
News of thy mission to men.

Little the laughers I ween
 Wot of that seaworthy craft
 Launched in a "daffodil moon,"
 Launched by a sonnet of yore.*

Now once more doth the year
 Wane, and the autumn gale
 Over the watery waste
 Murmurs a requiem drear.
 What bring the months as they haste ?-
 Eastern notes of unrest
 Mixed with a funeral wail
 Wafted from homes of the West.

Yet, O Indian land,
 Solace is nigh for thy need.
 Hark! for I hear, 'mid the wild
 Voices of mourning and war,
 Ringeth a message of good.
 Hither He comes from afar
 Over the ocean flood,
 Statesman tried and approved ;
 Bearing in resolute hand
 Peace that is peace indeed.
 He too is Erin's child,
 Like to the Viceroy we loved,
 Slain on a southern strand.

Voice, that a year ago
 First didst speak in our ears,
 Still speak on of the best,
 Herald of thoughts that glow
 Warm with the life of the West.
 Lo, on the dark heaven's slope
 Light in the East appears,
 Dawn of a golden hope!

W. T. W.

* See Tennyson's Prefatory Sonnet to the first issue of the *Nineteenth Century*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GYPSIES.

THE HISTORY of the Gypsies has always been shrouded in mystery : numerous have been the attempts of historians and scholars to lift the veil that conceals their origin ; and even those who have not studied even the rudiments of ethnology or philology have been attracted by the romance which has always attached to this wandering race. In every country they have been regarded as a "peculiar people," and they have often inspired a sort of superstitious awe, which has not always been confined to the lowest and most ignorant classes.

Besides affording a vast field for speculation to the student, the Gypsy has interested the philanthropist, the missionary, and the novelist ; and, although belonging to no country, like the Jew, he is to be found everywhere, and nearly everywhere occupies a somewhat analogous position.

Few ordinary readers are acquainted with the abstruse literature of various ages and various languages in which the history of the Gypsies has been chronicled, and the attempts made to solve the enigma of their origin. In English, the works of Borrow, who dwelt long, and mixed familiarly, with the strange race, are probably best known.

One of the latest contributions to the already large mass of writings on the interesting question of the Gypsy origin is an article entitled "The Home of the Gypsies," by Professor Dr. R. Pischel, which appeared in the German magazine "Deutsche Rundschau" for September 1883. In this article the Professor, after reviewing the records, written and traditional, of the Gypsies from the date of their first appearance in Europe, and quoting and criticising the opinions and theories of historians and other *literati* of many countries, proceeds to point out where, in his opinion, the long-missing clue to the mystery may probably be found. The theory now propounded appears to deserve attention, and a brief *résumé* of the Professor's arguments and deductions will probably be found interesting by many, and may lead those who are qualified for such

researches to investigate further the sources of information from which the slight materials on which he relies have been derived.

Commencing from the date of the earliest trustworthy records, it appears that, from the year A.D. 1417, there moved through Europe a people foreign in appearance and habits, who appeared suddenly, and wandered restlessly from place to place, hated by and hating all.

In spite of every man's hand being against them—in spite of inhuman persecutions—in spite of the severest laws—this people has survived. From Siberia to Algiers, from the Indus to the Mississippi, throughout every country in Europe and throughout nearly every country in Asia, their bands still wander, and everywhere they preserve their individuality.

Indifferent to wind and weather, ragged and dirty, poverty-stricken and miserable, they are everywhere unwelcome. Strangers everywhere, they are everywhere at home; and, although not a united nation, they are still bound by the common tie of language. This people are the Gypsies. Not only have they been looked on with suspicion, but laws of Draconic severity were enacted for their suppression. Not only the secular arm, but that of the Church was extended against them. Clergy were forbidden to baptise or bury them; and as late as 1725 Frederick William I. of Prussia published an edict, in which it was enacted that Gypsies of either sex, over 18 years of age, were to be punished with the gallows, if found within the limits of the Prussian States.

Such stringent laws, while doubtless lessening their numbers, and banishing them to the mountains and deserts, had the effect of preserving their individuality; and the modern decline of the Gypsies as a race, the abandonment of many of their customs, and the undermining of some of their peculiar characteristics, are attributable to the more lenient way in which they have been treated during the last century. In 1783 Charles III. of Spain permitted Gypsies to take up all offices and trades from which they had previously been debarred; and with reference to this concession a Gypsy lamented to Borrow "The king has annihilated the Gypsy law; we are no longer the people we once were, when we lived in the sierras and the deserts."

An English Gypsy made a similar complaint, and said of his people in a tone of reproach, "they are all gentlemen and ladies now."

When the Gypsy abandons his wandering life and becomes domiciled, he ceases to be a Gypsy: he forgets his mother tongue, and adopts the language of the country where he settles.

In Constantinople the Gypsies speak, and their children only understand, Turkish. In Servia they have become Mahomedans dress like the Bosnians, and speak only Servian.

In Spain, England, Norway and Denmark, the construction of sentences in the Gypsy language has been altered, and the language itself very strongly influenced by the indigenous tongues.

Words belonging to many different languages have been incorporated with the Gypsy dialect, as Armenian, Greek, Hungarian, German, French, &c. ; and it is important to remember this, as it enables us to trace with some certainty the route which the Gypsies followed when they spread westwards into Europe.

The philologist would do well to collect what he can of the remnants of the Gypsy tongue without delay, for not only is it becoming yearly more impure, but it is fast dying out ; and songs are even now sung, of which the words alone are remembered, and the meaning entirely lost.

During the last ten years great progress has been made in the department of Gypsy investigation, and a large share of credit is due to Miklosich, whose excellent work on the "Gypsies of Europe" has had a very stimulating effect. Miklosich has also sought, on the basis of his rich linguistic materials to fix the proper home of the Gypsy. It is the object of the following lines to explain how the question now stands, and how far the view of Miklosich is confirmed through the newest researches in the realm of Indian Ethnology.

I.

The oldest opinion, which has not yet altogether disappeared, is that the Gypsies came out of Egypt.

Conrad Justinger, in 1419, says of the Gypsies who visited Basle, Zurich, &c., "they came from Egypt, unformed, unmannered, black, miserable people, with women and children ;" and other old authors expressed a similar opinion. This belief was supported by the Gypsies' own assertions ; the first comers gave out that lower Egypt was their fatherland, and their leaders, who were well dressed and well mounted, designated themselves Kings, Dukes, or Counts of Egypt. They asserted that they were engaged on a seven years' pilgrimage, imposed by their Bishop as a penance for their lapses from Christianity to heathenism. The band which appeared before Bologna in 1422 was headed by one Andreas, who styled himself "*Duca di Egitto*," and stated that he had come on a pilgrimage with 4,000 followers, by order of the king of Hungary who thus punished him for his apostasy.

Similar stories, differing in details, were told by other leaders, but the *reasons* given for leaving their homes were various. One version was that they were compelled to wander because their forefathers had not extended hospitality to Joseph and Mary with the child Jesus, when they fled from Herod. These legends were credited at first ; the Gypsies were pitied ; and Emperors and Kings as well as municipalities bestowed gifts of food and money and granted passports to the leaders.

Some of the earliest bands of Gypsies behaved decorously, and their good conduct, as well as the high-sounding titles assumed by their chiefs, gave rise to the belief that the first Gypsies were of quite different origin from those who succeeded them, and those of the present day. Kings, Dukes and Counts of "Lower Egypt" are frequently mentioned in records of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and there appears to have been a colony named "Gype" or "Gyppe" near Modena, which may possibly have been translated into *Little Egypt*. One fact is indisputable, *viz.*, that Egypt was at one time universally believed to have been the original home of the Gypsies, and this belief has been saved from oblivion by the very names by which they were, and are still, called in nearly every country.

Thus in Spain we have "Egypcianos" or "Egipcianos": in Portugal "Gitanos": in old Dutch records "Egyptiers, Egiptenaren, Egyptenaers, Giptenaers;" as also "Heidenen" or Heathen, the name they bear at present. The Greeks called them "Γύφροι" the Albanians "Evgít." In a Slavonic record of 1698 they are designated as "Gens Pharaica," and in Hungary they were formerly known as "Pharao népek" (Pharoah's people) or "Pharao nemzetség" (Pharoah's race). Other examples might be given.

The French originally called them "Eytiens" but now "Bohémiens," presumably because they came straight from Hungary to France ; and throughout many districts of Germany they were also at one time known as "Behciman." The regular German name for them was "Tätern," and this name is used at the present day, with slight variations of spelling and pronunciation, not only throughout Germany, but also in Denmark and Sweden. Names of landmarks designated "Täternpäl" or "Täternpöcle," and names of places such as "Täternloch" and "Täternbusch" are still retained, and indicate the limits to which the original Gypsies were obliged to restrict themselves. In Germany generally, indeed, when the Gypsies first appeared, they were supposed to be Tartars ; and the hypothesis that they are so has found its advocates. The name of "Dsungarei" has thus been asso-

ciated with "Zingari" (Zigenner.) It was believed that they had separated themselves from Timour's hordes.

Other authors have endeavoured to find a still earlier origin for the Gypsies, and have sought to identify them with people bearing names of somewhat similar sound, alluded to in the pages of Herodotus and Homer.

All attempts to discover with accuracy their origin must necessarily be frustrated as long as people attempt to arrive at conclusions by a mere comparison of names having somewhat similar sounds. With a people like the Gypsies, who have no traditions of any great antiquity, there is only one true means of tracing their descent, and that is, the study of their language. But here, again, we are met by the difficulty of discovering what their true language was.

As early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, Wagenseil, Professor of Public Law and Oriental Languages at the once renowned University of Altdorf, sought to trace the descent of the Gypsies on the basis of language, and came to the conclusion that they were German Jews. Later investigations, however, showed that Wagenseil had mistaken the German Gypsyish "thieves'-Latin" (the Rothwelsch) for the original Gypsy dialect, and had accordingly been entirely misled. When the *genuine* Gypsy language was carefully examined, it was not long before two perfectly independent enquirers (Rüdiyer in 1777 [published in 1782] and Gnellmann in 1783) nearly simultaneously arrived at the same conclusion, more, apparently, by accident than through study of the language. What they and others indicated, Pott most scientifically proved. His great work, "The Gypsies in Europe and Asia," published in 1844-1845, set aside any possible doubt; and it has since been admitted as an irrefutable fact that the *Home of the Gypsies is in India, and their language Indian.*

But India is a vast country, and in India are many races and many languages. Nations, in no wise akin, lie close beside one another, and within one group of people the number of dialects is very great. Four groups of people are particularly remarkable in this respect, who, from the earliest times, have been clearly separated. To the south of the Vindhya range and in the Deccan live the Dravidian race; in the Vindhya itself and its neighbourhood the "Nishāda." A great portion of the north is inhabited by people of Thibetan descent, while the centre of the country—Hindustān—is inhabited by the Aryan race, our blood relations. But the Marāthas in the Deccan are also Aryans; while the ruling or prevailing races from the north of Nepal to Kāfiristan, and by far the

greater number of the tribes of the Hindú Kúsh have sprung from the same stock. The last information we have only recently gained from Major Biddulph's excellent book.*

If one only takes into consideration the principal languages of the Aryans, the number is already very considerable. In the east of India, taking them in succession from north to south, Assami, Bengáli, Uriyá. In the north, from east to west, Nepáli, Kamáoni, Garhwáli, Dogrí, Kashmírí, Dardú, Káfírí. In the west, from south to north, Maráthi, Gújarátí, Sindhi, Múltání, Panjábí. In the centre, Hindí perhaps prevails as far as Benares, and from thence to Behar; while the *lingua franca*, Urdú or Hindústání, is generally spoken, more or less, throughout the whole country. Numerous as are these recognised languages, they are again separated into many dialects, often so divergent that near neighbours of allied races are unable to understand each other. Even in the circumscribed area of Kafiristán the difference of languages is so great that, as Biddulph mentions, many tribes are prevented by it from even trading with each other.

Now the Gypsies have been proved to be Aryan Indians; but there is as yet by no means unanimity of opinion as to which region of India should be regarded as their birthplace.

II.

As the Gypsies call themselves Sinte or Sinde, there are those who would identify Sindh as the land of their origin, but the names have no connection, and certainly no close relationship exists between the modern Sindhi and the Gypsy. On Rüdiger's imparting his discovery of the Indian origin of the Gypsies to Bacmeister in 1777, the latter informed him that he had found that "the Gypsy tongue was in conformity with the language of the south-westerly Indian province of Mooltan, but with no other of the many Caucasian dialects." Bacmeister no doubt meant Panjábí, for he could have hardly been acquainted with the Mooltání dialect.

Others discovered affinities between the language of the Gypsies and that of the Afghans, and indeed the general consensus of opinion relegated the home of the Gypsies to Western India, and there we believe that the beginnings of their history may be authenticated.

* "The Tribes of the Hindoo Koosh." Calcutta, 1880.

The great Persian Epic poet Firdúsi, who lived in the year A.D. 1000, relates in his *Sháh-námeh* that the Persian king Bahrámgúr (A.D. 420) requested the Indian king Shankal to send him 10,000 "*Lúris*," who were to gladden the hearts of his subjects by their skill in playing the lute. This request having been complied with, Bahrámgúr assigned them a special place of abode, gave to each man a donkey and a cow, besides a plentiful supply of wheat to sow, and permitted them to choose their own leader. The improvident *Lúris*, however, before a year had elapsed, had come to an end of their corn and cows, and were utterly without means of subsistence. The king, enraged at their folly, commanded them to load their remaining possessions on their donkeys, and to wander through the country, supporting themselves by what they could earn by singing and playing. This, says Firdúsi, is what they still do: they seem to be always seeking occupation, associating with wild beasts, and stealing both by day and night.

The same account is given by other Persian authors, and one of them declares that the present "*Lúris*" or "*Lútis*," as the Gypsies are now called in Persia, are descendants of those mentioned by Firdúsi. The history of their migration may be somewhat mythical, but it is extremely probable that bands of people, leading the precarious life described, did wander from India into Persia during the first half of the fifth century.

The Arabian historian, Hamza Ispahání, who lived quite half a century before Firdúsi, had already given a similar account, but he calls the Indian musicians by the name of "*Zott*," which may possibly be the Arabianised version of "*Jatt*." We learn farther that these Jatts lived in Sindh and Mooltan, and separated into several branches, one of whom took to breeding camels, another to breeding horses, which entailed a nomadic life; while those who went to the southern coast took to piracy, and even extended their depredations so far as to plunder the port of Jedda in the year 768.

Bataillard has identified the Gypsies with the Indian Jats on the basis of the assertions of the Arabs. Twenty-five years later Goeje, a learned Dutch Arabian scholar, quite independently followed up the history of the Jats. From him we learn that during the seventh century numerous Jats served in the Persian army, but, later deserted to the Arabs, embraced Islamism, and settled down on the shores of Jhai-el-Arab in Bassa.

In other parts near the Euphrates, Zott settlers are mentioned, and it is certain that they were not all soldiers, but whole families with their goods and chattels.

Both in Arabia and in India the Zotts gradually gained power, and were the source of never-ending troubles. Being at last suppressed in 834 in the former country after an obstinate resistance, they were deported to Syria, where they retained their troublesome character, until they were again overcome and carried off by the Byzantines in 855 ; they, their wives, children, and buffaloes being deported to the Byzantine kingdom. In India, in the meantime, they had been equally turbulent, and after being several times suppressed and punished, and again getting the upper hand, they were finally crushed, by Timour in person in 1398. He killed many and took many prisoners, with immense booty, and when, before he advanced to Delhi, he is said to have massacred all his prisoners of war—probably 100,000 in number—there is little doubt that many Zotts must have been among the victims.

Timour, at any rate, had little reason to spare them, and if the story of their massacre is true, the notion that the Gypsies came to Europe with Timour's army falls to the ground. That is, if the Zotts were indeed the Gypsies : were they so ?

It is almost universally believed that they were, the only author who has expressed doubt on the subject being Bataillard, who had already pronounced the Jatts to be identical with the Gypsies. But Bataillard was not competent to decide, because, when he wrote, there were not sufficient linguistic materials on which a reliable opinion could be based.

Since then (1881) the language of the Jats, the Jatki or Multáni, has been made known to us by O'Brien, and a comparison with that of the Gypsies proves that they are entirely different. They only agree in sound in one single point, *viz.*, the partial retention of the letter *Z* before consonants. The Jats are without doubt the oldest inhabitants of the southern Panjáb ; and, although now rather despised and considered rough and uncivilised, they preserve the remembrance of better days, when they had their own chiefs, in their songs and legends. Their language is neither Sindi nor Panjábí, but a dialect between the two, and it is not likely that they have lately adopted it.

If the Gypsies are really the descendants of those Zotts who were transported to the Byzantine kingdom in 855, we must necessarily find numerous Arabic and Syrian words in the Gypsy dialects of Europe. It has already been shown that these dialects contain words borrowed from the languages of every country in which the Gypsies have dwelt for any length of time. It is therefore to be expected that the hordes passing through Arabia

and Syria would have adopted words from the vocabularies of both countries, which would be preserved in the modern dialects. On examination it is found that few or no such words exist.

The researches of Miklosich prove circumstantially that the Gypsies on their passage from India to Europe did *not* pass through Persia and thence southwards through Arabia, but through Persia and then northwards through Armenia.

From the most recent linguistic researches it can now be positively stated that the accounts compiled by De Goeje from Arabic sources is a history, not of the Gypsies, but of the *Jats*.

That the Arabs also called the Gypsies Zotts cannot be denied ; but this proves nothing further than that the Arabs transferred to the Gypsies the name of the Indian race with whom they had most frequently come in contact, because the Gypsies also came from India. Whoever argues from this fact only might as well make out that the Gypsies were Bohemians because they were so called by the French, or Hungarians because they were so called by the Germans.

But independently of language there is nothing to authorise the identification of the Zotts with the Gypsies. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1878 brought forward all that could be adduced in favour of the theory, but it amounts to little or nothing, and is more than counterbalanced by one important fact, and that is, that the Jats were brave soldiers, which no one can accuse the Gypsies of being.

The information about the Zotts cannot therefore be so turned to account as to prove that the Panjáb was the home of the Gypsies.

On the other hand it appears somewhat in favour of the theory that in the Panjáb we meet with a nomadic race which in manners and name much resemble the Gypsies. These are the "Cangars." Rienzi, in 1832, gave the first information regarding them: he calls them "Tzengaris" which is nothing else but "Cangars" according to the Marátha pronunciation, the Sanscrit *ca*, spoken *tscha*, being pronounced as *tsa*. He also states that on the coasts of the Konkan and Malabar they are called Vangars. He goes on to describe them as nomadic, and distinct in their religion and observances, customs and speech, from all Indian races. They are said to be of a very black colour, and are accused of practising every vice, and perpetrating every crime, including cannibalism and kidnapping of children. The Gypsy customs of fortune-telling, divination, tattooing, &c., are said to be among their characteristics ; while they are

reported to have no religion except a sort of devil-worship. Much stress is laid upon the immorality of their women, who are represented as being handsome but absolutely shameless. He adds that the home of the Tzengaris is to be sought in the land of the Maráthás, and that their dispersion dates from the invasion of Timour in 1398. He also gives a catalogue of words, which is quite worthless, some being Arabic, and some imperfect Sanskrit.

That many of the traits mentioned by Rienzi are genuinely Gypsyish cannot be denied: the fables regarding cannibalism and kidnapping are believed of the Gypsies in Europe to the present day. Rienzi's description of the Tzengaris exactly tallies with that given by the Abbé Dubois (1825) of a caste in the Deccan, which he calls "Lambadi," "Sukatir," or "Benjari," and as Rienzi had applied the names of "Sukatir" and "Bangaris" to the Tzengaris, both authors evidently had the same race in view.

The next writer who gives us news of the "Cangars" is Trumpp (1872). According to him the Cangars are the only homeless race which wanders in tolerably large numbers along the banks of the Panjáb rivers, and the surrounding barren tracts of land. They build for themselves temporary huts of reeds, and in roughly constructed boats, devote themselves to fishing and catching crocodiles, and will even eat carrion, like the Gypsies. They are said to be unsociable, avoiding the neighbourhood of towns and villages (not at all a Gypsyish trait), and are said to have wandered up from Sindh, their language being either pure Sindhi, or a dialect mixed with Panjábí. He dwells upon the likeness both in their customs and names (Italian *Zingaro*, *Cingaro*) to those of the Gypsies, and says that they wander far inland, even as far as Persia.

Finally, Leitner (1880) has given the most recent information regarding this race and its language. According to him the Cangars do not call themselves by this name, which appears to have been given them by others, but speak of themselves among each other, as "*Cubúé*," which he translates as "Beloved." They are said to be neither nomadic nor thieves by profession, and to be separated into several castes. Their women are large and dark complexioned, and are proverbial for chastity. Their principal settlement is in Lahore, but they also reside in other large towns of the Panjáb, as well as in Peshawur and its neighbourhood. They know nothing of Sindh or its language, and do not recognise the Cangars of whom Trumpp writes, as belonging to their race. They call these people "*Samé*" or "*Mé*." In Lahore, at any rate, they are not fishermen.

According to Leitner the following facts go to disprove the theory that these Cangars are Gypsies.

1st.—They are not musicians, but send for musicians and singers when they want them.

2nd.—They do not mend pots and pans.

3rd.—They do not tell fortunes.

4th.—They are not professional thieves.

5th.—They are good Mahomedans, and pride themselves upon eating nothing forbidden.

These three accounts, by Rienzi, Trumpp, and Leitner appear to be hopelessly irreconcilable, and Leitner's positive assertions, if accepted, *appear* to entirely decide the question as to the identity of the Cangars with the Gypsies, in the negative. This, however, is merely *apparent*; by those who are well acquainted with the Gypsies many of the contradictions can be accounted for.

The information that Leitner gives about the dialect of the Cangars is meagre and insufficient, but nevertheless very important in characterising the race.

We already know that the Gypsies no longer speak their own language purely in any country, but adopt words from the language of the country in which they live, and pick up any foreign tongue with facility.

Not only do they do this, but they also *conceal* their own language and nationality as much as possible. It is extremely difficult to obtain any information from a Gypsy without some knowledge of his language and without money: the temptation of the latter he never withstands. Many instances are given of the wonderful effect which even two or three words of the Gypsy tongue have had in overcoming the distrust of those to whom they were addressed.

To give one example. The Criminal Judge Liebich, who was very well acquainted with the Gypsies, relates that on one occasion a Gypsy, named Charles Augustine, was brought before the Criminal Court for begging. He was represented as obstinately denying his Gypsy origin. Before Liebich he again denied it, although his appearance left no room for doubt that he was telling a falsehood. Liebich suddenly addressed him: "*Tu hal Röm, me höm Röm, ruker cacopen*" (Thou art a Gypsy, I am a Gypsy, speak the truth). The Gypsy, disconcerted, crossed his arms on his breast, and with a low bow replied, "*Me höm*" (I am). He afterwards supplied Liebich with valuable information.

It would not be surprising, therefore, if the Cangars, supposing them to be Gypsies, had purposely refrained from giving full in-

formation about their own proper tongue, which they might very well have had besides the mixed dialect which Leitner found them speaking. Leitner's Cangar dialect is a rough conglomeration of Panjábí Arabic, and a jargon evidently often curtailed. No one can seriously believe that the Cangars always call the moon "that which has ascended," or the hawk "one who swoops on game and devours it." Such statements were evidently made by them with the object of deception. But even granting this, and other errors of Leitner's which undoubtedly exist, a number of words still remain whose origin is obscure, and which could not have been invented or misunderstood. If they are really Cangar words, then the Cangars are no Gypsies. It is, however, a very striking circumstance that the name by which the Cangars call themselves is, as it appears, a good Gypsy one; and that by which they designate those who are not Cangars is equally so.

The first word is "*cúbne*," a Cangar man being called "*cúbnd*" and a woman "*cúbnt*." This, according to Leitner, means "beloved," and it is comprehensible that the Cangars may have thus explained it, but it really means "the poor," and is, if one is not entirely mistaken, the same as the European Gypsy word "*cúveno*"—feminine "*cúvnt*,"—plural "*cúvené*," with which the Asiatic Gypsy word "*cóui*" (to become poor) is also connected.

The genuine Gypsy likes to call himself "*coro röm*" or "*corélo röm*" (poor man): female Gypsies have been known to describe themselves as "poor black women." It is easily to be understood that the Lahore Cangars may have lost all trace of the original meaning of the word; or it is possible, though there is no apparent reason, that they may have purposely concealed it.

The second word is "*gōcá*": a "*gōcá*" is every one who is not a Cangar. This is evidently only the Gypsy word "*gájo*," "*gäjo*," "*gaco*," used in the same sense.

If Leitner infers that the Cangars are not Gypsies, merely because they are domiciled in Lahore, the objection does not hold good. The fact of their having been settled for so long, and mixing intimately with the natives of the Panjáb, would fully account for their having lost many of their original characteristics.

The same reasons that Leitner brings forward to show that they cannot be Gypsies would equally apply in the case of the resident Gypsies of Wallachia and Servia, the "Vatrassi," and the so-called Turkish Gypsies, as well as a portion of the Persian Gypsies. None of these are musical; they do not mend kettles; they do not tell fortunes; they are not professional thieves.

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The Origin of the Gypsies.

Rienzi reproaches the wives of the Tzengaris with immorality. Leitner represents the Cangar women as models of virtue; just as contradictory are the opinions regarding the Gypsy women. While most people declare them to be immoral in the highest degree, Borrow, who knew the people well, says that there are no more chaste women in the world.

At any rate they consider themselves very moral, and speak of it with pride. Adultery is extremely rare among Gypsies, and most severely punished. In cases that are detected, the arm or knee joint of the man is shattered by a shot; while the nose of the woman is cut off, or a slit made in her face. To a stranger they may be often immodest in words or gestures, in the hopes of extorting money, but they will not go any further.

The differences in food of Trumpp's and Leitner's Cangars is easily accounted for by their different modes of life; the first nomadic on the banks of rivers, the second settled in towns. It appears, considering everything, to be quite possible that the Cangars really are an Asiatic branch of the Gypsies, and even identical with them in name, but it by no means follows that the Panjáb is the fatherland of either the Asiatic or European branch.

The Cangars of Lahore assert that their forefathers came from the mountains of Káshmir and Afghanistan, and this statement appears to be confirmed by traces in their dialect.

Leitner gives "*an dibtd*" as the Cangar name for a male child and "*dibt*" for a daughter.

Burnes cites "*dabta*" and "*dabti*" as the Kafir names for son and daughter, and Lister gives "*dávata*" and "*dávatt*." Though neither Trumpp nor Biddulph authenticates these words, there are so many dialects to be met with among the various tribes in and bordering on Káfiristan, that there is no reason to doubt Burnes's or Lister's accuracy, and the home of the Cangars may therefore be sought for in the extreme north-west of India, or in the very district to which Miklosich assigns the home of the Gypsies.

III.

Proof can only be brought to bear through the language; and this Miklosich has done. He has shown that the Gypsy dialects so exactly agree in a series of peculiarities of sound, with the languages of the extreme north-west of India, and with the languages of the Dards and Káfirs, and certainly so entirely diverge from all the other Aryan tongues of the India of to-day, that not only is the possibility of mere chance resemblance altogether

excluded, but the acceptance of a close relationship cannot be rejected.

Only these languages have still faithfully retained the old Sanscrit groups of sounds *sta*, *shta*; which all other modern Indian tongues have changed into *tha*. They only have still retained the *r* before consonants, to a great extent; and their vocabulary, as well as their inflexions, shows many points of contact.

It is especially characteristic of the Gypsy dialects that they substitute for the old Indian *dh*, *bh*, *gh*, the sounds *th*, *ph*, *kh*, and again only Dard and Káfir, dialects have similarly changed the sounds. That this change is peculiar to the north-west of India accounts for its being also found in one of the Central Indian dialects the "*Cūlikūpārcācīkam*." The home of the "*Pārcācī*" dialect is, however, the north-west, and the only work, of which we know, that has been written in this tongue, had a Kashmīri author. On account of its harshness, and perhaps also on account of the rudeness of the people who spoke it, the Indians call it "The speech of the Devil"—for that is the signification of the name "*Pārcācī*."

As has already been said, it is only by affinities of language that we can pronounce with any certainty that the home of the Gypsies is in the extreme north-west of India, and that they are nearly allied to the Dards and Káfirs; but other proofs are forthcoming to supplement this evidence. The Gypsies by preference call themselves "*Rom*" or "*Rōm*," the word being inflected or changed in the feminine and plural, and in derivations: "*Rom*," with them, literally meaning "man," "person." Drew states that he heard of a caste among the Dards called "*Rom*," but he was unable to obtain more detailed information. The name "*Rom*" also occurs in Báltistán, where, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, a part of the Dardan race of China was cast away among a population of Thibetan descent, who then ruled the land.

These are contemptuously called by the Báltis "*Brokhpá*" (Highlanders) on account of the higher, and therefore more infertile parts of the country, having been allotted to them, but they call themselves "*Rom*." Leitner instances "*Rom*" from two Dard dialects as signifying "race." One of these dialects is called by him "*Arnyia*;" but according to Biddulph it should be "*Khánar*" from the people of Khō in Chitrál, and the word "*rom*" should be translated "swarm."

The Khō are distinguished above all the Dard races for their large and beautiful eyes, recalling, as Biddulph says, the English

Gypsies, with whom they share the reputation of being accomplished thieves. Their women are renowned for their beauty, and were formerly much in demand in the slave markets of Kábul, Peshawur, and Badakhshán. They are said to be the original inhabitants of Chitrál, but are now subject to the Shin, who conquered them comparatively recently.

Attempts have been made to prove that a wandering tribe named "*Döms*" who are to be found here and there throughout India, but most abundantly in the west and north-west, are true Gypsies. They have undoubtedly many of the characteristics of the Gypsies, but there is nothing in their language, so far as is known, to lead us to suppose that they have a common origin.

It has not hitherto been possible to bring the Gypsy dialects into closer connection with any particular Dard or Káfir dialect, than with the others ; but it should not be forgotten that all these dialects have been strongly influenced by the languages of the neighbouring races, in the same manner that the dialects of the European Gypsies have been greatly modified by intercourse with the inhabitants of the countries in which they have sojourned.

It is to be expected that relationship will be more firmly established when, on the one hand, more dialects of the Hindú Kúsh, and, on the other hand, more Asiatic Gypsy dialects, have been thoroughly examined and made known. The little that Paspatis has already communicated to us about the latter shows much that is original and antique ; and if the Hindú Kúsh dialects, the Narisati and the Khánar, in spite of all differences still offer in detail many points of contact, the conclusions arrived at by Miklosich will hardly be importantly modified. The later works of Shaw, Drew, and Biddulph have severally confirmed them until now.

Should it be *proved* that the home of the Gypsies is in the north-west of India, the doubts raised by Gobineau regarding their purely Indian origin disappear. The Persian Gypsies who were questioned by him in 1857 asserted that their home lay in the direction of Kábul : that they had been driven away from there, and could not return. They unanimously assured him that they were not of Indian origin. Gobineau held it to be an established fact that, while many peoples had gone to India, none had ever left it ; and dwelt strongly upon the fact that none, even of the lowest castes, would willingly leave the sacred land. On this assumption, he came to incorrect conclusions. Brahminism has never obtained influence in western India. Our knowledge of the ancient religion of the Dards is but scanty, but certainly Brahminism never existed

among them in the same form as in Central India. While the orthodox Hindus regard the cow as sacred, many of the Dard races, especially the Shins of Gilgit, consider it unclean. They refuse to touch either cows or calves, or to partake of milk, butter, or cheese. It is only lately that many of them have been induced to wear shoes of cow's leather.

The Brokhpás of Báltistán profess to be Buddhists, but in fact practise a form of Demon worship. Numerous vestiges of votive constructions show that Buddhism was also widely spread in Dardistan. The last Hindú king of Gilgit was named Sri Buddhadatta, and his name plainly shows to what religion he belonged.

Other races appear to have worshipped Hindu deities, if one is permitted to draw inferences from the names of localities and princes.

The reports of Trumpp, Elphinstone, and Biddulph on the religion of the Káfirs are partly contradictory. Biddulph thinks that he has recognised a form of Vedic worship amongst them: in reality it is a crude Deism, accompanied by animal sacrifices. Altogether, it is not correct to judge these people according to the standard of the religion and observances of the Brahmins. The statement of the Persian Gypsies, that they came from the direction of Kábul, is not far from the truth, if it is not taken too literally.

But such statements have only a limited value when made by a people like the Gypsies, though care should be taken not to entirely reject them. Their ideas about their original home are misty in the extreme. The Gypsies of Tokat in Asia Minor say that their forefathers came from Persia; which may be perfectly true without its being necessary to regard Persia as their *original* home.

As has already been mentioned, the first Gypsies who reached Europe for the most part gave out that "Little Egypt" was their country. There was one exception to this account. The gangs of Gypsies who appeared at Forli, in Italy, in 1422, all declared that they came from India, as is related by Brother Hieronymus in his chronicles of Forli. This is the only direct testimony of the kind, but its antiquity renders it exceptionally valuable.

Wlistocki thinks that he has found additional evidence. The Transylvanian Gypsies have a ballad, the purport of which is analogous to the "Song of Hildebrand." A son slays his father,

whose relationship is unknown to him, and throws his body into "the sacred stream" (*ando soman len*). Wlistocki makes out that the sacred stream is no other than the Ganges, and goes so far as to surmise that the ballad may have been composed on the banks of the Ganges—a sad misconception of the real facts of the case. The Ganges has never been in any way a sacred stream to the Gypsies, any more than the Oder or the Theiss.

Sundt was told by the Norwegian Gypsies that the Roman language was brought to Norway 200 years before, by their revered forefathers, who had formerly dwelt in the land of Assasia, to the east of Russia. From thence they had been driven out by the Turks, a long long time ago, and had then scattered in exile all over the earth. In Assasia, Sundt was inclined to recognise the province of Assam. This is impossible, the Assamese language having no affinity to the Gypsy dialects, less even than any other language of the East. If the Norwegian Gypsies had any particular locality in view when they spoke of Assasia, it was probably Asia generally. In a song of the Polish Gypsies it is said "Whoever wishes to repose in his native land will have a long journey to make, to remote countries beyond the Greek seas." The Bohemian Gypsies have a saying that "for many hundred years their forefathers lived in a great Empire which lay far towards the East."

But most of them have no longer any recollection or tradition of a former home in the East. The south Italian Gypsies say that they have always been in Naples "since ancient times"; a Gypsy woman maintained positively "*chestu lu regnu nostru*," while another called herself "*Zingara dell Egitto*."

IV.

What drove the Gypsies out of India? That is the mystery from which there appear to be small hopes that the veil will ever be raised, says Miklosich, writing in 1873, and he is certainly right. We can no longer look for the solution of the riddle in the history of the Zotts, nor in that of the campaigns of Genghiz Khan or Tamerlane, but possibly we may find it in the history of the countries that we now recognise as the home of the Gypsies, but this is very doubtful. The people of the Hindu Kush have been for ages as uncivilised as the Gypsies themselves, and have no more recollection of their history than the latter. The history of Dardistan, and of other detached territories, begins with the importation of Mahomedanism. Of the certainly long succession of the Hindu dynasties of Gilgit, the name of the last prince is the only

one that has been handed down to us : he was the above mentioned Buddhadatta. Tradition says that his empire was of large extent, and that he had his throne in Gilgit. He was a violent character, and his subjects, who suffered much under his reign, at last accomplished his downfall. An adventurer named Azrú or Azor, the brother of the Chief of Iskardo, killed Buddhadatta, married his daughter, and became the founder of a new noble family, the Trakhané.

From him the present dynasties of Gilgit, Hunza, and Nagur have descended, and it was he who introduced Mahomedanism. From the family registers of these three known States it is probable that this event took place about the end of the 13th, or beginning of the fourteenth century, if one reckons a generation to be 25 years as Biddulph does ; or a hundred years earlier if one takes Cunningham's estimate of thirty years for a generation.

The Fall of 'Buddhadatta is celebrated to this day by the Dards ; the festival bearing the name of "*Taléni*," a word that is best translated as a bundle of sticks tied together and used as a torch. The *Taléni* festival is held on the second day of the New Year festival of Nōs. Two hours before daylight bonfires are kindled, and every one goes to the Shawaran or Public Place, with a torch in his hand. Here the national game of polo is played ; and throughout the day polo, dancing and singing are kept up. These observances are repeated at intervals during a month. In Hunza and Nagur, the festival is called "*Tum-Shelling*" (the scattering of wood) ; in Astor, "*Lomi*."

In the valleys between Pongul and Ghize, where the population consists entirely of Shins, and where, during the festival, no other language than Shin is spoken, a kind of demonstration is made against the neighbouring Khō and the non-Aryan Wurshik. Each family lights a bonfire of cedar-wood, and all call out "May all our enemies in the Highlands above, and all in the Lowlands, below, remain there ; may those who wear the '*kori*' (leather shoes worn by the Khō) suffer and perish, and those who wear the "*tánti*" (leather shoe worn by the Shins) thrive and flourish." To this day those who speak "*Khánar*" or "*Wurshiki*" are beaten and ill-treated. In Gilgit there are four families now living, who take no share in the *Taléni* festival, but hide themselves in their houses, and to them the day is one of terror. It is said that their ancestors were Buddhadatta's cooks, an occupation which formerly exempted the holders from all taxation. That the *Taléni* festival is celebrated in commemoration of some important event in the history of the Dards is undoubted, and it even in a small degree affords a basis

on which the question of the personality of Buddhadatta is fixed. Tradition has taken full possession of his personality, and avers that he still lives in a place surrounded by glaciers, from which he annually attempts to issue at the time of the winter solstice, from which the Dards commence their year, but is driven back by the Taléni, as he is unable to face fire.

Biddulph thinks that in the Taléni he recognises the last relic of Zoroastrian fire worship—an idea which is refuted by the fact that in Chitral, Chilus, and Dard, bonfires are not generally lighted, and consequently perhaps they form no essential part of the ceremonies. The threats against the Khō are a different matter. The overthrow of Buddhadatta was probably not accomplished without a struggle, and it is not unlikely that the Khō took their part, and that from that time commenced the oppression under which they now live.

So far as we can judge by the light of our scanty knowledge of those times, it does not appear unlikely that the exodus of the Gypsies from India must have commenced about the end of the twelfth or commencement of the thirteenth century, or about the very time when these struggles between the Dard races were going on.

If, as I think, in contradiction to Hopf, the people of the race of Shem, mentioned in the Itinerary of Simon Simconis in A.D. 1322, as coming from Crete, were Gypsies (Hopf thinks, most improbably, that they were Coptic Negroes); this was the earliest reference to the Gypsies on their way to Europe. At all events they certainly came to Corfu before 1346, and were already in Wallachia in 1370.

That they did not willingly leave their own homes, all their own reports affirmed, and this is to be believed. Chronology raises no obstacle to the assumption that their expulsion was synchronous with, and in consequence of, a great revolution and rise of a new dynasty in Gilgit, accompanied by the introduction of Mahomedanism. The Bohemian Gypsies relate that their ancestors lived for many hundred years in a great Empire in the far East, under a king named Sin. This king had a lovely daughter who was wooed by many neighbouring princes, among whom was a great king named Talani. The princess declined his overtures, having already accepted another young prince; upon which Talani, being enraged, attacked king Sin, vanquished him in battle, and having taken the princess and her bridegroom prisoners, cut off their noses and sold them as slaves. He then gave over the country to such

plundering and rapine that no one would remain in it. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children collected together, and went towards the west with their fugitive king. He attempted to conquer a large kingdom, but lost his life in a great battle ; upon which the whole multitude broke up, threw away their arms, and, with their families, wandered farther and farther towards the west, settling down in larger or smaller companies wherever they were tolerated. After their unfortunate king they called themselves Sinde. The origin of king Sin is to be attributed to the wish of the people to account for their name of Sinde. It has been suggested that Talani may be a mistaken rendering of Tamerlane or Timúr-léng.

Professor Pischel having thus quoted the opinions of various writers, and stated the arguments for and against the many theories which have been formed regarding Gypsy origin, concludes as follows :—

“ The time has not yet come to answer all these questions, and it is not proved whether the Gypsies are more nearly allied to the Dards or the Káfirs ; and it would be very precipitate to connect their history with that of Dardistan. The direction in which further information is to be sought for is pointed out to us. Our hope rests in the Hindú Kùsh.”

ALEXANDER A. A. KINLOCH.

REFLEX FEELINGS AND ACTIONS.*

BY reflex feelings and actions are meant powers of feeling and acting which exist in our nature and which are called into being without any conscious intervention of the intellect, or indeed quite apart from the intellect, since newborn babes and even idiots are endowed with them. Let us look carefully into our own minds and examine some of these powers of our mental nature.

In the first place we all have a power of *feeling* or *sensitivity*, and we have many different kinds of feelings in which the intellect has no share. Thus we all have *appetites* and *desires*, which, however they may be controlled by reason, are in no way due to reason any more than are feelings of *pleasure* and *pain*. We do not need intellect in order to feel thirsty, or that we may in consequence empty successive bottles of champagne. Similarly the startling results thereafter produced are in no way due to the action of the intellect.

We all of us have also the power of feeling *special sensations*. Thus, for instance, we feel a sensation of impecuniosity when a friend is anxious to borrow five rupees, or one of incipient deafness when we are attending a meeting of the local Self-Government Board. Then we have a wonderful power of non-intellectual or (let us call it) *sensuous memory*, which enables us to perform a multitude of actions without the instrumentality of our conscious intellect. We have familiar examples of this kind of memory in such acts as scudding out of our bathroom on seeing a cobra's head protruding from the drain-pipe, or turning swiftly round the nearest street corner when the familiar bonnet of our mother-in-law appears in the distance.

We have, again, (and this is very important) a power of *associating together* sensations and imaginations in groups. Thus, in our youthful days, the sound of the school-bell or the sight of a birch instantly aroused in our minds images of (neglected) lessons and of (consequent) titillation. It is not only that we intellectually

* See "A Limit to Evolution" in the *Nineteenth Century*, August 1884.

knew that the school-bell called us to lessons, and that the birch was probably produced with a view to our titillation; but these associated images might have arisen *before* such thoughts, and images of the kind would, as we knew from painful experience, often persist in spite of our efforts to expel them. How often will the sight of a pot of strawberry jam call up before our minds the painful experiences of childhood when that innocent confection was made the vehicle of the nauseous powder or the pungent pill! In hearing, after an interval of many years, some waltz or polka of early days, very vivid images may be aroused. The corpulent middle-aged bachelor may become in imagination a frivolous youth once more, and feel his gouty limbs again treading the rhythmical measures of the dance—"frisking beneath the burden of *two* score—" or his arm tenderly encircling a beloved form behind the verandah door. It is thus that we come to have those complex associations of pleasurable or painful feelings which we call *sensuous emotions*.

Again, when we act, we have a certain vague feeling of self-activity, whether in ourselves or in some exterior object. It is plain that we have this feeling, for if—just as we are about with a feeling of triumph to lay hands, after a long run, upon our hat as it flutters in the roadway—the progress of the hat is suddenly accelerated by something external (as a gust of wind), we immediately have a different and contrasted feeling.

Further, if a well-knotted punkah-rope beneath which we are sitting snaps, and the broken portion is drawn rapidly across the bridge of our nose, we have feelings corresponding with the *succession* of the parts as they pass, and a very acute feeling corresponding with the *termination* of that succession, when the motion has come to an end through the final backward collapse of the punkah-wallah. Just in the same way, in exploring any solid object (as a cake of dynamite with a fusee attached) with our eyes and hands, we have the intellectual perception of its three dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness, but we also have presently a group of feelings corresponding with the sudden *extension* of the object felt. Thus, also—especially if our wives are endowed with the dimensions denoted by one of King George's three *f*'s—we come to have groups of feelings *corresponding with the shapes and sizes of bodies*, according as they force us to extend our arms more or less widely to embrace them, or to move our head and eyes more or less extensively to survey them. Similarly, by the singleness of impressions (as when we look down the mouth of an Armstrong gun during practice), or by their multitude (as when we unconsciously take our seat on a live bomb-shell), we come to

have feelings related to the *unity* and *multiplicity*, and others corresponding with the *motion* and *rest** of the bodies which affect our senses.

Again, we experience a certain feeling of shock when, upon the occurrence of certain sensations, other sensations different from those which association has connected with the former, come unexpectedly upon us. Let us suppose that a horse with diseased hoofs has been so artfully manipulated as not only to *look* like, but also to *feel* like a sound one. Being deceived to *such* an extent, when we, after purchase, begin to pick out the tow and find the said hoofs very different from what we expected, we have, of course, our intellectual perception of fact, but we also have, as I have said, a certain feeling of shock. All these groups of feelings may not improperly be termed *sense-perceptions*.

We can go yet a step further. When a group of feelings has become intimately associated with certain other sensations, then, upon the occurrence of those other sensations, an imagination of the group of feelings spontaneously arises in the mind, and we have *expectant feelings* of the proximate actual occurrence. Thus, the sight of the mischievous street-boy sucking a lemon leads, in the case of the innocent members of a German Brass Band, to an expectant feeling of mouth-constraining acerbity which, in spite of the most frantic struggles, compels them to bring their musical performance to a sudden and abrupt termination—quite apart from their intellectual perception of the properties of a lemon or of the relation between acerbity and a constriction of the muscles of the palate. We may distinguish this kind of feeling as *sensuous inference*.

Another important fact to note is that our feelings, and especially our emotions, may be expressed by external cries and signs which are so far from being intentional that we are frequently unable to suppress them. Such cries are often emphatically monosyllabic, as when a worthy but adipose companion treads unexpectedly upon our most cherished corn. Appropriate signs will also manifest themselves: the eyes glare, the hands are often clenched and raised, and the lips compressed or, possibly, distorted in a fierce grin. Such cries and accompanying signs produce cachinnatory effects in the beholders, and thus we have an *emotional language*, expressing our *feelings*, in addition to that power of speech by which we communicate our *ideas*.

Let us now glance at certain sets of bodily motions which correspond with different feelings. How wonderful, when we come

* In these instances the grand prevailing impression will be that of *motion*; the impression of *rest* falling temporarily into the back-ground.

to go into it, is the trivial act of a lad throwing a stone at a pane of glass in a house-window! The lad's mind is quite unconscious of the fact that the outraged householder has his eye upon him through the area railings; his one impulse is to hit the pane of glass. Take, again, the bodily actions of the householder. He knows nothing of anatomy, but simply sets going the wonderful mechanism of his body, and this works out the result for him. In the first place the various parts of his eyes must be adjusted to see his walking-cane distinctly. Then his hand must be raised to seize it, and next his legs must have their motion suddenly accelerated in a certain direction; and, for all this, a multitude of nervous and muscular co-ordinations are necessary. Next the lad must be grasped with a certain strength, the arm thrown back to the due extent, and its muscles contracted in co-ordination with the emotion of indignation, and with just that degree of vigour which shall direct the motions of the cane as desired. Various antithetical *feelings*—feelings of activity and passivity, exertion and constraint, exquisite enjoyment and tingling discomfort—accompany these actions. Thus we have a power of so regulating our various bodily movements as to produce a harmonious *co-ordination*, apart from the action of the *intellect*.

This faculty is still more strikingly displayed in the case of the amateur billiard-player, who may usually be observed, after delivering his stroke, to make an eager forward lunge with his cue in the direction of the ball which he has just struck, as though to encourage it to reach the mark. Here, in the earlier act—that of taking aim and striking the ball—there is a certain, if moderate, exercise of intellect on the part of the player; there is no vestige of intellect in the subsequent performance.

As to our *tendency to imitation*, it is notorious that the sight of a friend absorbing a glass of whisky and soda-water combined in certain proportions, induces us to absorb another. Nor is it surprising that it should be so, when we reflect that the sight of absorption performed by others stimulates in us those very nerves by which the motion of absorption has been brought about in them. As this nervous stimulation is augmented, the actual process of absorption on the part of the spectator inevitably follows.

Such are some of the many and wonderful powers of *feeling* with which human nature is endowed—powers, as we have said, distinct from the intellect, for they are often exhibited by persons who are permanently devoid of intellect, or in whom it is temporarily dormant.

ELLIS UNDERWOOD.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

HINDU MYTHOLOGY, VEDIC AND PURANIC. By W. J. Wilkins of the London Missionary Society, Calcutta. Illustrated. *Calcutta Thacker, Spink & Co.*, 1882.—We heartily sympathise with the spirit in which this book has been written. With a missionary for its author, there is yet no attempt at preaching; the writer claims to give here, free from prejudice and theological bias, a fair and impartial account of the various Indian deities, such as he should expect an honest-minded Hindu to give of God and His works from a careful study of the Bible: and we think he has made good his claim. The book is extensively and instructively illustrated mainly from designs, representing the principal deities, drawn by Hindu artists themselves, such as may be seen in the houses of the people. A copious index (we should like to see it made even fuller in the next edition) enables the work to serve the purpose of a classical dictionary of the mythology of India; while the clearness of the style, the skill and method with which a topic easily liable to confusion has been arranged, and the excellence of the typography together contribute to make this book a most useful and interesting popular account of a subject with which all we who live in India ought to have at least some acquaintance.

The Slaggs and the Blunts, no doubt with a good deal of injustice, complain of the want of sympathy that exists between the Englishman and the Native in India. Apart from that type of Anglo-Indian who "calls all coloured nations 'niggers,'" and who is wont to declare

Their own religion seems to me far

The best for these poor heathen creatures—

there is a larger class whose lack of interest in the Indian surroundings amid which they pass their lives arises more from want of knowledge than want of heart. To such we would specially recommend this work. In learning what are, at the present day, the cherished beliefs—with their intermixture of poetry and superstition—of the millions amongst whom they move as in a world of shadows;

in tracing from what a comparatively noble original to what lower, and in many cases degraded faiths the religion of the Hindus has sunk since the Vedic era, and with what hopes of revival ; in observing, as he reads, the striking points of resemblance between Indian and European religious folklore, and how in the old days the hearts of Eastern and Western men alike beat with feelings of awe and reverence at the same objects, and were filled with the same religious hopes and fears ;—the reader, who thus with candour and discrimination turns over these pages, will rise from their perusal with, we venture to think, enlarged sympathies for his less fortunate Indian brother-man, and with a better understanding of the methods by which he may best be influenced and a passage opened to the inner feelings of his nature.

Of the essential oneness of Aryan mythology many instances might be quoted from the work before us, of which a few may be glanced at. Thus on page 28 we are told that the sun-god Surya married Sungnā, the daughter of Visvakarma, the Hindu Vulcan ; but that afterwards she was so oppressed with his brightness that she was compelled to leave him : a story which at once recalls the old Greek myth of Zeus and Semele. The account, again, of the self-moving chariots of the deities which Visvakarma constructed and of the two insatiable four-eyed dogs, the attendants of Yama, carry us back to myths of the Homeric age ; while a legend from the Rig-Veda given on pages 34, 35, possesses some striking points of resemblance with the Biblical narrative of the contemplated sacrifice of Isaac by his father at the command of Jehovah.

Mr. Wilkins's book consists of three parts. The first comprises an account of the Vedic deities—Dyaus (the Roman Jupiter and the Greek Zeus) and Prithivi, the Adityas, the fire-god Agni, the death-god Yama, and the deities of the sun and of the storm. The second describes the Puranic deities—Brahma, the Supreme Being, of whom the Hindu triad, Brahmā, Vishnu, and Siva, are manifestations ; including the Avatāras or incarnations of Vishnu and the chief forms under which Durgā is worshipped. Part III gives an account of the inferior deities—the divine Rishis, the demigods of the Rāmāyana and the Mahābharata, and the Planet-gods. There are chapters also on the sacred animals, rivers, and trees of the Hindu ritual, which are full of interest to the thoughtful reader.

THE ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE: A monthly journal devoted to all subjects connected with Her Majesty's Land and Sea Forces. Published at the Office of "The Illustrated London News," 198, Strand. 1884.—We wish this new magazine the

success which, to judge from its first number, it deserves. It is usefully and beautifully illustrated both by diagrams and drawings, and a fine photo-aquatint engraving after Caton Woodville's spirited picture, *Saving the Guns at Maiwand*, forms the frontispiece. The articles are well written and several of them by well-known authors, some being on technical and others on literary subjects connected with naval and military warfare ; and the whole style and get-up of the magazine is excellent. In the present day, when arms seem perhaps less than ever inclined to give way to the *toga*, a periodical like the one before us, which is intended to "render information of the fullest description readily accessible which in any way bears upon general, scientific, or technical matter of value to the nation at large" as regards the operations and maintenance of armies and navies, carries with it the promise of a useful and successful career.

ECHOES. By two writers. Lahore : The "Civil and Military Gazette" Press.—A few of these "Echoes" (some of them, as that entitled *The Flight of the Bucket*, are echoes of echoes) are amusing, a good many are too trivial to have been worth publication, and some (as the worse than senseless *Appropriate Verses on an Elegant Landscape*) ought never to have been published at all. Occasionally the authors trip in their syntax, as when one of them "*wishes a flower* from a leafless tree." The fun to be found amid these 72 pages strikes us as being often rather forced, and parodies, unless they rise to the standard of perfection, are little better than failures. Mediocrity is least of all tolerable in such productions. The travesty of Mr. William Morris's muse, however, entitled "Estunt the Griff," is a distinct success. Of the more original pieces *The Sudder Bazár* is a fairly spirited if, like its subject, a somewhat promiscuous sketch. Here are two of its stanzas:—

And these are a few of the *faces*
Of strangers come in from afar,
Of the *olla podrida* of races
That seethes in the Sudder Bazár.

Some notes from the gamut of face-tints
That ranges from yellow to tar ;
The pavement mosaic of race-tints
That mottles the Sudder Bazár.

THE CREAM

OF

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE ROMANCE AND REALITY OF AMERICAN RAILROADS.—
 The popular English superstition, that boundless wealth is to be got from the West by dint of a little adventure, no longer finds vent as of old in expeditions for the discovery of El Dorado or of Captain Kidd's hidden treasure. But that this feeling will die hard in the British mind is proved by the readiness with which Englishmen turn to what they have made the modern substitute for the Argosy of old, and rush to invest their capital in American railroads. It is estimated that three hundred of these railroads have been paid or with European capital during the last thirty years ; and what has become of many of them, it would be hard to find any one in Europe or America who could tell. Some of them seem to have disappeared altogether ; others are in the hands of pirates ; a few are living prosperously under new names. An example will show the kind of disappearance meant.

Not very long ago a lady died, among whose effects were found a number of bonds with coupons attached, carrying interest at the rate of seven per cent. This interest was upwards of thirty years in arrear, and the last of the coupons had long since become due. No one on the Stock Exchange could trace the Company which had issued the bonds ; its very name was forgotten, its history unknown. At last, a gentleman who has had a long and an eventful

experience in connection with transatlantic railroads, was begged to give the trustees the benefit of his opinion. He examined the bonds, and something in the name which they bore awoke a distant echo in his mind. He thought and thought again, and at last he remembered that there had once been such a Company, and that it had passed through the lingering diseases of 'receivership' and 'reorganization,' which have been rendered so sadly familiar to English investors. Finally, it had been bought up by the great Pennsylvania railroad, which at once redeemed bonds and coupons in the most honourable manner. We know of very few narratives of American investments which have so satisfactory an ending.

The two railroads which have the most wonderful histories are perhaps the 'Erie' and the 'Atlantic and Great Western.' Neither of them has passed through an actually solvent year since the day they came into existence, and not a shilling less than thirty-five millions of pounds has been hopelessly sunk in them. At the most moderate estimate sixty millions of English money is invested in other lines, of whose management, capabilities, or profits, the best informed of the investors knew very little, and the majority knew absolutely nothing. A type of these is the 'Wabash' Railway, whose history in brief may be thus written:—

The losses sustained in England by the financial collapse of 'Wabash'—for it passed into the hands of a receiver in May last—have been enormous. The brokers' circulars, which find their way through the post into every country house and rectory, were at one time full of Wabash. Not one person in a thousand had the least idea where the road was, or whence it drew its traffic, or what sort of men conducted its affairs. The advertisements and circulars gave a brilliant account of it; there had been a consolidation, new regions were to be opened up, tremendous interest might be expected. It was an old story; but why should anybody invent a new story when the old succeeds so well? People rushed in to buy the shares with their eyes shut. They were not aware—although they might have become so had they taken the trouble to enquire—that the road, like the Erie, had always been rotten; that in 1858, it was in the hands of a receiver; that after the usual trickery of reconstruction, consolidation, and all the rest of it, it went again into insolvency and receivership; after which there was more reconstruction and hocus-pocus. In 1880 and 1881, an unfailing expedient was put in force to tempt the English investor into the ring. Dividends of six per cent. were paid upon the preferred stock, and there was a confident promise that very soon the common stock would come in for part of the golden shower. It is tolerably certain that the dividend came out of capital; but of course the Englishman rose to the bait with his usual alacrity. Some one behind the scenes in America had a houseful of shares for which he had paid a mere trifle, and which he was delighted to sell to his very good friend, John Bull, who was of the same blood as himself and spoke the same language. The result is, that the Englishman who put 19,000*l.* into the stock in 1881, has now nominally 2,600*l.* left of his money; but he would not find it too easy to realize even that.

The Americans, with far greater shrewdness than the English

possess, have looked to the East instead of to the West for the true El Dorado. When they have had anything to sell, whether it was a railroad, a mine, or a cattle ranche, they brought it to England; and thus English gold has over and over again gone to refresh, if it could not fertilise, the sage barrens and wild wastes of the great Republic. A railroad or a mine is looked on as a "sure thing"; in prosperous times no enterprising broker or banker thinks of going over for the summer, without bringing some such little parcel in his trunk. It is part of the European outfit. Business has not been quite so flourishing of late, but there are at least a score of pushing gentlemen still waiting in Paris or London for an opportunity to sell a carefully salted mine, or a cattle ranche from which all the cattle will be taken away the moment the purchase-money has changed hands.

The course of the railroad got up to sell has been very simple in its main outlines.

A tempting picture is drawn of the fertile lands in Kansas, Oregon, or Texas, only waiting for the appearance of the locomotive to become inexhaustible treasures of wealth. There is sure to be gold or silver ore somewhere in the region, grain in quantities past all computation, cattle panting for the market and the butcher's knife, fruit worthy of the garden of Eden. The estimates given are all large, for the American projector understands by this time that if he wants to 'fix' the Englishman, he must make everything look as big as his country. A seven per cent. mortgage is issued, probably at 75, so that people may be led to believe that they are going to get ten per cent. for their money. The common stock is sometimes thrown in as a bonus—the whole of it to be 'wiped out' in due season. For two or three years, unless the projectors are in a great hurry to get off with their gains, all goes well, but at the end of that time there are rumours of difficulties, and soon there is an application for a receiver. The President of the road, who is the cause of all the mischief, is appointed to the position, and then comes reorganization, by which the receiver and his friends make their fortunes. The English investor is called upon for an assessment of a pound or two per share, and his American cousin congratulates himself upon the fact that the land of the South Sea Bubble is still full of 'greenhorns,' and that he is the man of all others to turn them to good account.

There seems to be no limit to the extent to which the smaller class of capitalists may be imposed upon, for in one respect the good and bad railroads in America are all of a piece: they are universally managed in the dark.

Neither the law nor public opinion has any terror for the managers, No public meetings of the stockholders are ever held; no facts are given, except the few which it may suit the purposes of the President to dole out; there is no independent audit; the 'floating debt'—that bane of American railroads—may be secretly run up to any amount. The President is virtually

beyond control. The Directors are but his tools or vassals; the consultations which occasionally take place are held with closed doors; the statements of accounts may be genuine or not, but there are no means of putting them to the test. No one rightly knows the amount of floating debt even of the New York Central or the Baltimore and Ohio railroads—two of the richest and safest in the United States. The President of the first is a millionaire; but he has very judiciously sold half of his own holding of the stock in his road, on the principle, perhaps, that too much of a good thing is as bad as too little. The dividend on New York Central shares is shown, by the published accounts, not to have been earned last year, and there is some doubt as to the fund from which it was paid. A passing word on this matter may not be misapplied. Mr. Vanderbilt would do far better to pay six per cent. out of actual earnings than to carry out his father's policy of paying eight, if to do it he has to trench upon capital or reserve. If the proprietors of the road could meet him, they would endeavour to convey this sound principle to his mind, but they have as much chance of ever seeing him, except in the street, as they have of talking with the Mikado of Japan. He manages his business in his own way, and he probably holds that a system, to which the Americans themselves are forced to submit, is good enough for Englishmen.

The 'Baltimore and Ohio' railroad has invariably paid its way, and has always apparently been well managed. With its leased lines, its operations extend over 1,600 miles, and, for a long time past, its earnings over expenses have averaged not far short of £100,000 a year. This immense property is identified with the Garret's family of Baltimore, and they, like the Vanderbilts, conduct it much as if it were their own. There is a general balance sheet issued at the end of each year, but it throws little light on the obscure subject of the floating debt. Mr. Garret, it is understood, denies that there is any such debt, and it may safely be stated that, if this road is not in a sound and flourishing condition, there is not another road in the United States which is. It cannot then be to the real interest of the Garrets to have it put on a level from a strictly business point of view with 'Erie' and 'Wabash.'

Still less can it be to the interest of investors to persist in the plan of giving supreme power to a President, and enabling him to embark in new and perhaps hazardous enterprises, involving a large expenditure of money, without the sanction of the proprietors. Here, before anything of the kind can be done, the consent of the shareholders must be asked, an Act of Parliament must be obtained, and the money procured by calling up new capital. In the United States, these securities against wrong-doing are all dispensed with; the money which the President wishes to spend is taken out of the treasury, or charged to the account of the floating debt. The system is radically bad, even when applied to unquestionably good properties, such as the two we have named; where it is applied to mere stock-jobbing roads, it necessarily produces the evils which have of late caused so many heavy losses in both countries.

If anybody desires to find a remarkable example of the in-

curable propensity of the English people for clinging fast to "bogus" railroads, he has only to turn to the annals of the 'Erie.'

This famous road has been practically insolvent, as we have intimated, ever since the hour of its birth, and yet we have known its common stock run up to 125. That was in 1864. We have seen the same stock down to $4\frac{1}{2}$ —in 1877. Only three years ago it was cleverly worked up to 51; of late it has been at 14, or thereabouts. At the higher prices, Englishmen only have bought it. When it fell to the lower ranges, the American has usually stepped in, though merely as he would step in to the gambling saloons at Monaco. Most of the great railroad kings, past and present, have had a hand in Erie at one time or another—Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, James Fisk, each has had his day; and while Erie has always been bankrupt, the men who 'ran' it, or who speculated with it, have managed to get rich by it, even if some of them lost the plunder afterwards. Mr. James Fisk was the only thoroughly unfortunate member of the group, but Erie was innocent of the most tragic part of his fate. He was a vulgar buffoon, not destitute of a certain degree of shrewdness, and possessing a good deal of humour; but he was only a puppet in cleverer hands than his own. One day, as he was descending the stairs of an hotel, a man whom he had injured 'put a bullet into' him; and it was said at the time that the Tammany people with whom he was associated took care of him—such care that they kept probing for the bullet until he was dead. Fisk had robbed his slayer, not of Erie shares, but of something upon which both men were pleased to set a much higher value.

Daniel Drew was originally a cattle-drover, and afterwards a public-house keeper; a low illiterate person, with a natural gift for deceiving others. He went into Wall Street, prospered, and began to lend money to the Erie railroad, taking its bonds and shares in large lumps as security. From time to time he had an unpleasant habit of suddenly forcing, these shares and bonds upon the market. Prices would naturally fall heavily—in one day they fell from 95 to 45—and Drew, who was always a 'bear,' gathered up the spoils and retired. But he was no match for Commodore Vanderbilt or Jay Gould, and, after many curious experiences, he succumbed in 1876, and died soon afterwards, broken in purse as well as in spirit. For a time, however, he fought on equal terms with Vanderbilt, in the palmy days when the Erie Treasury was regarded as a legitimate object of plunder for any one who had the address to take it. Sometimes the Tammany Ring were the lucky captors; sometimes the persons in authority were Messrs Fisk and Gould. The management of this firm was, perhaps, the most amusing, for everybody except the stockholders. But we cannot attempt to give even an outline of the history. A thick volume would scarcely hold it, for the Erie Iliad does not go into a nutshell. It may, however, be said that, in the time of Fisk and Gould, the railroad was more economically managed than it has since been under a 'Reform' administration, and that the property generally was in a better condition. Yet in those days there was not only a railroad in operation, but a large theatre was open in connection with it, and magnificent steamers went to and from Long Branch, with Fisk himself dressed up as a Port-Admiral. Champagne flowed for every body all day long, and at night the festivities were

transferred to the theatre, where a *corps de ballet* was specially engaged to dance before the Directors and their friends. Erie then exercised almost as great an influence in politics as in Wall Street, the necessary funds for its operations being still found by John Bull. It had its own judges, who signed any orders, injunctions, or warrants, which the managers might happen to want; and in the course of two years, as its account-books show, it expended over a million and a half of dollars—300,000*l.*—in bribes to members of the State Legislature for bills of various kinds. For the Legislature was often called upon to act, and there is no part of public business in which its members show so much zeal as in the consideration of Railroad Bills. The present Mr. Vanderbilt could give the world some very interesting facts on that subject, 'if he dared. In 1867, a senator demanded twenty-five thousand dollars (5,000*l.*) for his vote on a Bill affecting the New York Central, and no doubt he got the money, for the Bill was passed. Prices at Albany may have fallen a little since then, but when times are bad, and hotel-keepers are clamorous for their money, there is no resource so effectual for 'raising the wind' as that of getting up a Striker's Committee, to threaten a railroad. In the midst of the great struggle for Erie, which went on during 1867, a good authority has stated that 'an individual is reported to have received a hundred thousand dollars (20,000*l.*) from one side to influence legislation, and to have subsequently received seventy thousand dollars (14,000*l.*) from the other side to disappear with the money; which he accordingly did, and thereafter became a gentleman of elegant leisure.'* During this contest, it is believed that nine millions of dollars were taken from the Erie strong-box, and used by the Directors for stock-jobbing and other illicit purposes.

The English public stubbornly refused to listen to anybody who would disabuse them of their credulity as to the soundness of these worthless roads. The 6 per cent. bonds of the United States, now called in, were once quoted at 45 on the London Stock Exchange, and one of the few men, who had the wit to buy them, was the late Mr. Peabody, who made no small part of his immense fortune by putting faith in his own country at a critical time. The English investor preferred Erie shares, which went down to 4½ and Confederate loan, which was not worth a dollar a cart load.

Erie shares were turned out from the printing-press as fast as they were needed to supply the demand, without reference to the 'Charter,' and without the knowledge of any one except the Directors. A certain number of shares had been issued as the capital stock of the road, but if any of the Directors sold 'short,' and could not deliver at the appointed time, he went to work and printed as many more as were wanted. Thus, between 1867 and 1871, the total number of the shares had been increased from 250,000 to 865,000, and when Mr. Fisk was asked about it by a Legislative Committee, he confessed that he did not know whether the issue of the shares was legal or not. As he testified on another occasion, 'I signed everything that was put before me; after once the devil had hold of me, I kept on signing; I don't know how many I signed, for I kept no count after the first one; I went with the robbers then, and I have been with them ever since.' And when another Committee enquired what had become of

* See 'A Chapter of Erie,' by Mr Charles Francis Adams (Boston, 1871), p. 53.

some money made out of similar transactions, he replied, 'It is gone where the woodbine twineth.' That was about all the information which could ever be extracted from Mr. Fisk; and his associate, Mr. Gould, was still more barren as a witness, for the moment he was placed before a Committee, his memory suddenly and mysteriously deserted him—it was often only with great difficulty that he could remember his own name.

But the Englishmen kept on buying all through this *regime*, and when, in 1871, Mr. Jewett was appointed Receiver, they still continued to buy largely, and without their money the Company could not have gone on. The officials, however, were always sure of high salaries. An investigation into the subject of railway management in New York was held in 1879 by the State Assembly, and Mr. Sterne, a lawyer, offered to prove that Mr. Jewett had been paid forty thousand dollars (8,900*l.*) as Receiver, and a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars (5,000*l.*) as President of the reorganized road, 'in addition to an advance of fifteen thousand dollars a year for ten years, making a total of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.' But Mr. Sterne was remonstrated with by one counsel for 'indelicacy,' although his statements were not in any way challenged, and then Mr. Balch, an official of the road, was examined. He said, 'Mr. Jewett's salary was fixed at \$40,000 per year; Mr. Jewett received \$25,000 as President, and \$150,000 in advance for ten years, payable in notes of the Company; \$25,000 or \$33,000 of the notes were paid after the road went into the hands of the Receiver.' We must assume that Mr. Jewett earned all this money, as also did the firm of lawyers in New York, who received about a hundred thousand dollars in a little over two years for services rendered. But judicious people would not choose a property thus managed for the investment of their money, unless it was a matter of indifference to them whether they ever saw it again or not.

Fifteen millions of pounds have been sunk in this road, and about twenty millions in the 'Atlantic and Great Western.' It is thought to be impossible that any part of this money can ever be recovered. Occasionally, when fresh funds are wanted, rumours of dividends are industriously circulated, or the farce is gone through of actually paying a dividend with money borrowed for the purpose, as was done in 1873 by the 'Erie' directors. They declared a dividend of one per cent. on the common stock, at a time when an effort was about to be made to raise a new loan in England. A New York paper denounced the whole performance as a "swindle," and the loan somehow or other fell through. The 'Erie' might, it has been estimated, be made to pay on a basis of twenty-five million dollars in shares and about 30 millions in bonds. Now as bonds have actually been issued to the amount of 70 millions, and stock to the amount of 85 millions more, it is not difficult to judge what is the value of an 'Erie' railway share. In America, the document is still used for gambling purposes, like the ace of spades, but no Yankee alive would think of buying one to keep, as thousands of English investors do in the expectation of future dividends.

To take another case.

That ever-insolvent railroad, the Atlantic and Great Western—to give it its baptismal name—is now so surrounded with gigantic liabilities, that there is scarcely the most distant gleam of hope for it. The lease to Erie is worth just what previous leases were worth. It has a bonded debt of 18,000,000*l.*, and stock is out amounting to 9,000,000*l.* more. Its first mortgage bonds, which nominally carry an interest of seven per cent., are at a heavy discount; a third mortgage bond of 200*l.*, supposed to be a five per cent. security, can be bought for 6*l.* 10*s.* The first mortgages, by some extraordinary piece of manœuvring, were worked up to 70, three years or so ago, and many worthy persons bought them at that price, thinking their fortunes were made. The common stock—now quite out of sight—sold at 18. Who ‘engineered’ this brilliant stroke on the Stock Exchange we are not prepared to state, nor does it much concern our present business. Thousands of persons were tempted to part with their money a few astute operators gathered it all in, and ‘Atlantics’ are now as common in country houses and parsonages as ‘Wabashes’—and there they are likely to remain.

But the fluctuations in the prices of American shares or bonds must not be taken as in itself a decisive test of their value; for the best, like the worst, are subject to vicissitude arising from panic and the deep distrust which prevails among the American people concerning their own railroads. And a distinction must be observed between shares and bonds, the latter being often unaffected by panic, or the steady fall in the price of the former. But the only safe advice for intending English investors is “Don’t.” They cannot possibly be behind the scenes to know what is going on, nor can they tell when the *sauve qui peut* is about to begin, and when the millionaires are about to make a meal of the small fry. The greatest of financiers may, no doubt, be able to tell now and then when a rise in a particular property is likely to occur, provided he has taken the precaution to put the greater part of it under his own control.

Some years ago, one of the Wall Street kings saw a celebrated railroad going begging. It had been costly to construct, the traffic had developed slowly, there had been great mismanagement; altogether, the line was in a miserable plight. The keen-eyed financier determined to make this wreck his own, but first of all he opened an attack upon it, and sent its price down to a nominal sum—to five or six dollars in the hundred. At this rate, it was not difficult for a man with a few millions lying idle to pick it up. When it became known that this particular individual had acquired it, people stood off with apprehension, anticipating a snare; but the fact was that the millionaire had wisely resolved to make the road pay its way honestly, and, being a man of great ability, he set to work overhauling the entire management of the line, reducing the expenses, improving the facilities for doing business, and looking after every detail of expenditure. Thus his scheme was elevated out of the usual region of stock-jobbing. As he saw his way clearer, and as the public began to understand

what he was doing, he 'marked' up the price of his stock. One day he caused some of it to be sold at 10; the next day, when buyers came back and asked for more, they were told that none could be had under 15; then there was a sudden jump to 42, and people made haste to realize their gains, and the price dropped back to 14. But in a few years the stock was made to pay a regular dividend, and its price was 130. The whole project was, so far as the outside world knows, an entirely legitimate transaction, but of course the English people never heard of it until the *highest* price was reached, and then, when it was too late, they began to buy the stock, and the Americans took care that they should have as much as they wanted. The present result is, that the English purchasers have lost from one-half to two-thirds of their money. But they are not so badly off as the shareholders in the 'West Shore' railroad—extensively supported in this country—which went into bankruptcy in the middle of June.

But it must not be forgotten that a railroad is the most money-making machine ever introduced into commerce, and if it is to some extent a failure in America, it is because it does not receive fair play. Sometimes it falls into the hands of a 'ring,' and is unmercifully plundered by everybody from the directors down to the car-conductors.

We have seen the latter selling tickets to passengers on the 'cars,' entirely on their own account, and putting the money in their pockets. On some lines, freight trains are frequently run of which no account is given, the profits going to the officials and the *employés*. They are technically known as 'ghost trains.' Mr. James McHenry states, on the information of 'one of the ablest authorities in the United States' that 'not one-tenth of the earnings of American railroads—that is to say, not one-tenth of the amount paid by the people from whom these railroads receive their franchises and to whom, after their proprietors, their first duties are due—reaches the treasury; and (he adds) I unhesitatingly charge, from my personal knowledge, that not one half of the amounts really paid to the railroads reach the treasuries of many important Companies. The proprietors are deceived, and the people are defrauded, through the machinery of rings, pools, and rebates, under the administration of autocratic presidents. These rings generally act with capital supplied by the railroads, and as generally consist of railroad managers and their friends.' An American paper, the 'Railway Review,' has recently published the following: 'In one prominent case now before the courts the charge is distinctly made, that the officers and Directors of the Railroad Company actually made such arrangements with the property that the interest on the bonds was allowed to default, thus hastening a foreclosure, by which certain persons with whom they were interested became the new owners.' In other instances, contracts have been made by the Directors which resulted in heavy losses to the railroad, but to the great profit of the Directors. We could easily give specific proofs of this, but we should be led too far into controversies, which could only be conducted in this place under circumstances of the utmost disadvantage. First, then, we have extravagant management, and enormous salaries paid to Presidents and Directors; then a neglected traffic, and injudicious or fraudulent contracts; an absence of intelligent supervision, and a general system of wastefulness. At last, when the line has been thoroughly looted, the power of foreclosure is put in force, perhaps by collusion, and five-sixths of the nominal proprietors find themselves cheated of their money.

The assertions of authorities can never be depended on.

Towards the end of May last, the following despatch was published in the London papers from the President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad : 'We are quiet, and no reason to prevent our taking care of ourselves'—meaning that no serious financial difficulties were impending. Somewhere about the same time, another statement was put forth, on the authority of the President, and quoted in London from a Philadelphia paper. It announced that 'from present appearances, the Company will do as well as last year, when there was a surplus equal to 7 per cent. upon the preferred stock, and 6 per cent. upon the common stock.' And yet, a few weeks afterwards, the Company was obliged to pay its wages in paper and make default on one of its mortgage bonds. If the President acted, as we do not question, with perfect integrity, what can be thought of his knowledge of the condition of his road, or of his power of forming a judgment on its future? No doubt there is great allowance to be made for Mr. Keim, who has inherited a vast and complicated mass of difficulties from Mr. Gowen; but henceforth it will be difficult to place credit on any statement which may come from the Company. In the same way, the Erie authorities announced down to the beginning of June that the interest on the second mortgage bonds would certainly be paid. Of course, it was not paid; but people who put faith in 'Erie' thoroughly deserve this kind of treatment.

It is quite certain that there are too many railroads in the United States; too many for the population, and far too many for the traffic.

One of the greatest 'experts' in the United States wrote as follows some little time ago to a friend in this country: 'I have seen so many worthless issues of railway bonds floated abroad during the past few years, through the instrumentality of the "highly respectable" banking firms who have seemed only intent to earn the large bonus always paid on such transactions—the more worthless the bond, the greater the bonus—that I feel sure it is only a question of time when a collapse will come. A loss of confidence will be sure to result in all railroad securities, in which the good and bad will suffer indiscriminately.' This prophecy has been fully verified. Railroads have been got up for the mere purpose of blackmailing lines already in existence; and both countries have been loaded with what are known as American 'chromos'—shares printed 'elegantly,' but having no value apart from the showy picture in the corner. Upon an average, about ten thousand miles of new railroads have been constructed annually for some time past, and the amount of share capital has been as regularly increased by three or four hundred millions of dollars a year. The funded and floating debts are also run up with a rapidity out of all proportion to the amount which is actually spent upon the railroads, either in their construction or maintenance. 'It is safe to estimate,' say the editors of 'Poor's Manual,' 'that the actual cash expenditure upon all the railroads of the United States within the past three years did not exceed a thousand and fifty millions of dollars, a sum \$973,646,842 less than the increase, in the period named, of capital and indebtedness of the several companies.' What became of the surplus? The answer can be given in two plain words: it went by jobbery and robbery. The whole administration of American railroads is brought into discredit. Then, in times of stress, the good, as our American correspondent has

said, suffer with the bad, and at no time do they stand on really secure ground. The prices of the very best of American bonds are much lower than they would be if the public had confidence in their stability. Look at two or three simple facts. At the very time the eight per cent. stock of New York Central was selling at 96, the four per cent. loan of the United States Government was quoted at 125. In our own country, the 7½ per cent. stock of the North-Western railway readily commands 167. Why are not New York Central shares held at a corresponding price, which would be 178? The reason must be clear enough to Mr. Vanderbilt. In this country, new stock in a railroad cannot be created without the consent of the proprietors, and everybody feels that the responsible management will not be guilty of dishonesty or trickery. There may be good seasons and bad seasons, but the shareholders know that their property cannot be made away with in a night, and that the money earned upon their road will not be used by speculative Directors to make good their losses on the Stock Exchange. American lines will never afford so good a field for prudent investment as the English, until the right to issue new shares and bonds at discretion is taken from the managers, and until the 'President' and his colleagues—in many cases they should be called his 'confederates'—are deprived of the power of accumulating indebtedness, and working the property in their own private interests.

The panic of last year was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that out of 125 stocks not 40 had paid a dividend for 3 years previously. The depreciation in the value of only the *best* of these stocks, during 1883, amounted to upwards of £100,000,000. The business houses that failed were 9,200 in number. One of the main reasons for these losses was, in addition to the general stagnation of trade, the poor market found for the wheat crop.

We doubt very much whether American wheat will ever again be so profitable a crop as it has been in the past. The immense gains made by the farmers between 1875 and 1882 caused a much larger area to be put under cultivation, and the Western farmers counted securely upon a practical monopoly of the English and British Indian markets. But the great fact—destined to affect most vitally the whole of the Western States—has since been made manifest, that not only can India supply its own wants, but that it can send grain to England to almost any extent, and on such terms as to compete with America, in spite of the disparities of distance. In 1873, the value of Indian wheat exported was only 167,690*l*. In 1882 the value was 8,869,562*l*. Belgium alone bought wheat from India to the amount of 2,000,000*l*. (in 1882 83) against 1,200*l*, in 1878. All that is needed to develop Indian commerce is improved facilities for transportation; and this want the Government, if it were wise, would supply. India would then have a fair chance in the world, and we should find a magnificent market for our own manufactures. But even as it is, she can compete with America in wheat, and this is a condition of affairs which no one ever anticipated until four or five years ago. The 'Great West' has lost its supremacy beyond all hope of recovery, although the American people may not yet be fully alive to the fact. It would be immensely to our advantage to buy our wheat of Indian growers rather than of the Americans, for the former would take our wares in exchange on fair terms, whereas the latter impose all but prohibitive duties upon them. A generous policy pursued towards India now would repay us a thousand-fold in the course of a very years. And

It must be self-evident that, if the United States are to lose a large part of their grain trade with foreign countries, they are destined to meet with a check to their prosperity such as no one has dreamt of since the war of 1861.

Every one has heard of the bankruptcy of the firm of Grant and Ward, in which General Grant was a 'special' partner, and his son a regular partner—a distinction without a difference so far as poor General Grant is concerned. He has never been a good man of business, and, in this deplorable affair, he evidently fell a dupe to his associate, a Mr. Ferdinand Ward, who is under arrest. Mr. Ward received money on deposit, and made away with it as fast as it fell into his hands, paying interest, as he declares, at the rate of 20 per cent. per month. When under examination the other day Mr. Ward explained how he did this, but his explanation may not seem to all quite as clear as it might be. The following extract is from a New York paper:—

"Upon all those transactions of yours what rate of interest or profit did you pay?—From my recollection I never paid less than twenty per cent. per month. How much money has gone in that way?—I can't answer that . . . What made you pay such enormous returns for the use of money?—That's hard to tell. Well, hard in one sense, but not difficult. You must have had some reason for paying twenty per cent. a month for the use of money. You were not making that profit, were you?—No, sir. You had no contracts, and did not specifically invest this money in any particular way, but used it in the general business?—Yes, sir. On your own account?—Yes, sir. And turned some of it over to Grant and Ward?—Used it in the general business in both accounts. I borrowed it from Peter to pay Paul . . . Well in order to pay or retain this money you had borrowed or received you were willing to contract to pay about twenty per cent. a month?—Yes, I think that was it. You didn't do it for the fun of the thing, did you?—No sir . . . How long have you been in such a condition that you could not pay your debts without raising money at the rate of twenty per cent. a month?—It would be impossible for me to tell. Certainly two years, haven't you?—Yes, sir. And you have known it for two years, haven't you?—Well, I don't know."

At the time of the suspension of the firm, its unsecured debts amounted to at least 3,000,000 dollars. Yet on the very day before the failure, Mr. Ferdinand Ward went to General Grant and told him that certain advances, amounting to 150,000 dollars, had to be repaid, and that if that sum could be borrowed, all would be well. It was Sunday morning, and General Grant hurried off to Mr. Vanderbilt and asked him for a loan of the money. Mr. Vanderbilt who was probably in a hurry to get to church, took a pen and drew a cheque for £30,000. A few hours afterwards General Grant found out the worst; and his mortification at the useless obligation under which he had placed himself to Mr. Vanderbilt, is perhaps somewhat grimly hinted at in the despatch telegraphed to England on the following day: 'General Grant seeks seclusion.'

Mr. Ferdinand Ward is evidently a remarkably 'smart' man, or he would not have been able so completely to hoodwink his acute fellow citizens.

He appears to have been generally known as the 'rising young financier,' and his theory of business is that which prevails too extensively in the present day—namely, that nothing should be permitted to interfere with the rapid acquisition of wealth. He was not going the right way to work, as it turns out, but for a time he prospered, and we are told that his share of 'profits' last year amounted to 100,000*l*. Even now, admiration for his 'go-aheadism' and 'pluck' evidently mingles largely in his native city with disapproval of his moral principles. The reporters have favoured the public with as many descriptions of his appearance and habits as if he were a popular actor. He is in jail, but that does not interfere much with his comfort. We learn that 'coffee is served to him three times a day with religious regularity,' and that in the morning he 'manages to dispose of a porter-house steak, an omelet, and few minor dishes. The following sketch serves to show that the way of the transgressor is not particularly hard in New York :—

'While the table was removed from what might be called the dining-cell, Mr. Ward retired to his boudoir or private cell to indulge in a meditative cigar. He sat half-buried in the depths of a great arm-chair, with his legs on a table. He was in his shirt-sleeves, had a long cigar in his mouth at an angle of 45 degrees, and chatted away cheerfully, listening to the gossip that his friends brought from the outside world and retailing in turn his prison experiences. He pressed his visitors to stay to dinner, promising them a meal almost equal to any Delmonico might serve, and offering to send for any brand of wine they chose.

'There are three rooms in his suit, all nicely furnished and very comfortable. His reception-room, almost as large as an ordinary parlour, has soft sofas and lounging chairs scattered about a marble-topped centre table. The hangings of the room are of a soft neutral tinted brown, very restful to the eye, and accord well with the heavy Brussels carpet. Through the open windows a cool breeze floated in between the bars, rendering the apartment delightfully cool and stirring the pages of the magazines on the table. Keeper Flynn declared emphatically that the rooms were "cooler than in any hotel in the city, because the walls are so thick."

Mr. Ward was in custody on a civil suit, but any one who has visited 'murderer's row' in the Tombs will be aware that, even under the worst possible circumstances, prison life in New York may be combined with much enjoyment, if the prisoner has money. Mr. Ward had perhaps reserved the Vanderbilt contribution to his firm for his own necessities, but in any case he was well supplied with funds. One of the popular preachers of the day, the Rev. Mr. Talmage, seems to have taken him as the text for a Sabbath discourse, in which he drew what it is to be hoped is an over-coloured picture of social life across the Atlantic :—

"There are 5,000 women in New York and Brooklyn each of whom expends on dress over \$2,000 a year. It has got to such a pass that when we go to church to weep over our sins we must wipe away our tears with a \$150 handkerchief. (Great laughter.) There are scores of men who live in the midst of every luxury,

who spend everything on themselves, and when they die their children are thrown on the charity of the world. The death of such a man is grand larceny. (Laughter.) He swindles the world as he steps into his coffin. His bones ought to be sold to an anatomical museum for the benefit of his children. (Laughter.) I draw the knife so that it cuts close. I thought many of you might get angry and leave the church. You stand it well." (Great laughter.)

The Wards of the recent panic are types of a too numerous section of the new generation, misled by the lavish display of wealth they see around them, and by their recollections of the days when by a rise or fall in gold, a man made more profit in a few hours than ordinary industry would produce in a whole year. When the man of business takes with him to his office the spirit and habits of the gambler, his fate is only a question of time.

There are other causes at work to aggravate the evils of these reckless speculations. The resources of the United States are undoubtedly very large, but they are not illimitable and many of them have been prodigally dealt with.

The land, which properly belonged to the nation, has been given away broadcast to speculators, and the *bona-fide* settler has now to betake himself to more and more distant parts of the country, if he wishes to obtain a promising holding on fair terms. The shipping trade has been discouraged, and a large part of the profit arising out of the commerce of the country has gone to foreign nations. Immense efforts have been made to foster immigration, on the old supposition that all the new-comers are worth so many dollars a head to the nation. But there is a possibility of pushing this favourite calculation too far, especially when the immigrants land without a penny, and show an unconquerable disinclination to move out of the large cities and towns. The foreign element may yet be found to predominate too largely even for the material welfare of the native-born citizens—for as regards the adverse influence which it exercises upon politics, there is scarcely any difference of opinion. Continually, as time goes on, greater concessions have to be made to the naturalized citizens, and the Republican party does not conceal the fact, that its nominations to the Presidency this year are largely designed to secure the Irish vote. Both candidates are notorious for their dislike of England, and for their avowed eagerness to pursue a policy which would give rise to formidable troubles in Canada. Mr. Blaine is intensely anti-English, but he is moderate in his views in comparison with General Logan, who might be President one day, and who as President of the Senate must exercise great influence. Should these candidates be elected, we do not hesitate to say that it would behove English people to be trebly cautious how they invested their money in the United States. They will do well to watch the course of events very closely. How little disposition there is on the other side of the Atlantic to deal generously with England, may be seen by the course pursued in reference to the dynamite conspiracies. Papers are published fomenting these conspiracies, offices are open for the receipt of subscriptions, and the explosive materials discovered here are known to have been manufactured in the United States. If the circumstances were reversed, it would not be long before the American Minister at this Court received instructions from his Go-

vernment to utter something much more peremptory than ordinary diplomatic remonstrances. Rightly or wrongly, the Americans have come, like other nations, to believe that England is not dangerous, except to the weak, and that, in the presence of a power as strong as her own, she will always meekly bend her neck. But without dwelling a moment longer than is necessary upon this, we repeat our warning, that for some time to come the greatest circumspection should be used in regard to American investments. The facts which we have given are alone sufficient to suggest the wisdom of this course at all times, but it is especially incumbent upon people of moderate means to follow it now. For it is by no means so certain as some Americans profess to think, that the worst of the storm is over, and that the year 1884 will come to an end without another startling collapse of a great railroad, or a repetition—perhaps on a grander scale—of the strange story of Mr. Ferdinand Ward.

THE CREAM

Of the Monthly Reviews.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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AN ANTIDOTE TO AGITATION.—Separating himself from anything approaching an extreme party attitude, the writer in this paper claims, with an honest attempt at impartiality, to take, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the past, present, and future of the question of Parliamentary Reform.

In a couple of months Parliament will re-assemble under peculiar circumstances, and with a view to absolute legislation. By taking certain preliminary steps the Government might now settle the entire subject of Reform with a finality, which would preclude its being raised again during a few generations.

To this end, apart from Midlothian harangues, Ministers ought to meet Parliament, convened in an extraordinary session, with a definite, a reasonable, a complete programme.

The autumn Cabinets ought to begin unusually early, ought to be unusually numerous. A committee of the Cabinet should have remained in, or should almost immediately return to London, for the purpose of drafting the outlines of their Redistribution Bill, in consultation with their learned law officers. The necessity may appear irksome, but governments exist for the good of the governed, and the time of ministers is the time of the people, from whom ministers are not too proud to receive no inconsiderable pecuniary remuneration. There are, however, no signs in Downing Street of the imminence of Cabinet meetings. Nothing is heard of those ministers or officials whom it chiefly concerns, foregoing their vacation and consenting to live laborious nights and days for the exalted purpose that when Reform is once more submitted to Parliament it may be on a scale adequate and lucid. In other words, if anything is certain, it is this: that the Government are engaged in everything else except in the preparation of a Redistribution Bill.

The prospect is discouraging and alarming. If Mr. Gladstone persists in presenting to Parliament a mere instalment of a Reform Bill, the result will be the same as before, with the portentous addition of a far greater amount of political heat. The Ministerial plea that it was impossible to proceed *pari passu* with Enfranchisement and Redistribution will be absolutely invalid in October. The Enfranchisement Bill is cut and dried already. It might well be taken as read, and the Peers would, doubtless, advance it with alacrity were it only supplemented by a Redistribution Bill which there is now every opportunity for drafting, and for the introduction and passing of which an autumn session—with no supplementary estimates to be taken, no supply to be voted, and all the time at the disposal of Government—is ideally favourable.

During the discussions on the Reform Bill in the House of Commons the Prime Minister accepted with significant amiability a proposal that, to facilitate the more rapid passing of a Redistribution Bill, he should appoint, without loss of time, a royal commission to ascertain the natural boundaries between urban and rural districts. Subsequently, when the Reform Bill was being considered by the House of Lords, Mr. Gladstone voluntarily suggested an arrangement which, if the Peers had accepted it, would have pledged him to bring in a Redistribution Bill at the autumn session. In view of these facts, it cannot truthfully or rationally be contended that considerations of time or of needful repose would prevent the Government from meeting Parliament in October with a Redistribution Bill fully drafted. Nor can the guarded action of the Peers release the Government from their honourable engagement—an engagement not confined to one party, but given to Parliament and to the constituencies as a whole—to be prepared at the earliest favourable moment with a complete Redistribution Bill. The non-appointment of a boundary commission, the absence of all the ministers from town, the absolute certainty that not a line of the Redistribution Bill has yet been drafted—all these considerations go far to suggest if not to prove *mala fides* on the part of the Cabinet, to compel the Peers to persist in their legitimate attitude of distrust, to secure for them the sympathy of the public.

Ministers, therefore, though they are at this moment in a position to make it reasonably certain that a Redistribution Bill as well as a Franchise Bill shall become law before the year is out, deliberately elect to leave Redistribution to the exceedingly doubtful hazard of the session of 1885. If Ministers fail to get a Redistribution Bill through Parliament between October and Christmas, *à fortiori* they will not succeed in doing so between February and Midsummer, for reasons above noted. But—

some persons may say that the Conservative party and the House of Lords will throw out any Redistribution Bill which Mr. Gladstone may introduce, because they believe that he and his colleagues are determined to handle the re-arrangement of electoral areas so as to forward, however unscrupulously, the immediate purposes of their followers. It may be so. As a party man I am bound not to doubt the vicious intentions of the Government, but I deny their power. Will any moderate thinking politician acquainted with the working of the House of Commons and the relation of parties believe that the Government, supposing them to entertain this wish, would have the power to gratify it, and that whether Redistribution is dealt with by Conservatives or Liberals, it will not be dealt with on the same broad lines, based to a great extent on the preponderance of numbers, and approaching more or less boldly the principle of equal electoral districts? In these days of universal publicity, with the ubiquitous and controlling influence of an unfettered public opinion, with a free press and with an almost unrestricted license of discussion both at Westminster and outside, it would be impossible for either party in the State to submit to Parliament, with a chance of success, a dishonest Redistribution Bill. The idea is not reasonable enough for practical politics. The Whig jerrymandering effected in 1832 is not to be repeated at the present time.

By thus neglecting to be prepared with a Redistribution Bill at a singularly auspicious period for submitting it to Parliament, the Government are provoking a conflict with the Lords upon ground which may place the Lords in a very advantageous position.

Mr. Gladstone is pledged to bring in a Redistribution Bill at the earliest possible date, and he may be safely defied to prove that such a date will not have arrived in October next. Delay on his part will expose him to an indictment on the charge of insincerity and even of duplicity. The Peers and their supporters will contend with crushing force that he has broken faith with the country, that he has not only gone out of his way when compromise was easy, to make compromise impossible, by being unprepared with the essential supplement to a Franchise Bill, but that he has so acted in contradiction of his repeated assurances, of the dictates of political expediency, of all his former dogmatic utterances reaching back continuously to his earliest connection with parliamentary reform.

The English sense of fair play may be relied on to support the

Lords in declining to be thus trifled with, and an appeal to the country would not improbably give the Conservatives a majority and produce the collapse, division, and annihilation of the present Liberal party.

There is, of course, an alternative hypothesis, and one which it is not unprofitable for Mr. Gladstone and his more moderate colleagues and supporters to consider. It may be that what looks at present remarkably like a futile and abortive agitation against the Peers is destined to gather strength and to escape from the control of the minister who is primarily responsible. It may be that the country will rise in indignation if the Peers continue to distrust Mr. Gladstone, and that there will be heard an irresistible cry for curtailing or abolishing the privileges and prerogatives of the Upper House. Such a cry would be equivalent to a demand for a revision of the Constitution, and if the demand were acceded to no human being could determine where the process would stop. Not only the hereditary chamber but other institutions would be thrown into the Radical crucible. We are bound to believe that Mr. Gladstone would be profoundly and equally dissatisfied with either of these results. We may be certain that the latter result will be peculiarly abominable in the eyes of Lord Hartington and a considerable portion of the Liberal party.

If Mr. Gladstone would bitterly regret a policy which alienated from him the confidence of the country and undermined the popular foundations of Liberalism, we are, on the other hand, bound to believe, if his protestations are to count for anything, that he would as sincerely deplore a sequel which would mark the commencement of a genuinely revolutionary era in Great Britain.

It may be in Mr. Gladstone's power to prevent the former result; it is most certainly in his power to prevent the latter. The fall of a Government is of comparatively small moment. The commencement of a revolution is from every point of view in our country an irreparable catastrophe. To the unreflecting it may seem a trifle whether a Redistribution Bill first sees the light in November, 1884, or in February, 1885. Revolutions commence with trifles, but do not result in trifles. The exact day for the presentation of a Redistribution Bill is an affair of detail, but details, unarranged and neglected, become the source of fierce division, irreconcilable dispute, precedes cycles of organic change.

Is it not possible that the Prime Minister is running the risk of allowing it to be recorded, when he comes before the bar of history, that at the moment when the high road of safety and of truth lay open wide before him, he elected the by-ways of danger and double dealing, and that instead of peaceably and honourably terminating a party struggle he wantonly attempted to precipitate revolution and even civil war?

CONCERNING CHILI.—The following short account of Lord Cochrane's impressions of Chili will well supplement the article on that country given in a recent number of this *Review*.

Chili, says the writer, entertains towards England feelings of the warmest respect and friendship, to be attributed in great measure to the part which Englishmen took in aiding her to throw off the yoke of Spain. This strong liking is perpetuated and enhanced by the lives and characters of the English merchants in Valparaiso. If a man makes a promise and wishes it to appear particularly binding, he says, "Palabra de un Ingles" (or) the word of an Englishman.

Chili combines almost all varieties of climate and soil, and these naturally divide it into sections or zones. First is the northerly zone, including the deserts of Atacama and Tarapaca, with their immense mineral deposits. Here are to be found the nitrate of soda, guano, and silver which make this region, despite its sterility, the richest in the world. In this zone rain never falls. The second zone is a rich agricultural district, where rain falls only in winter. The soil owes its fertility to the rich alluvial deposits brought down from the Andes by the rivers, and utilised by the system of irrigation in vogue, creating vegetation as luxuriant as that in the Nile delta. The climate here resembles that of Italy, and all the large towns of Chili are situated within it. The third zone includes the beautiful province of Araucania, a country perhaps as favoured by nature as any portion of the earth's surface. Until within two or three years ago, this region was practically in possession of the brave Indian tribes who long succeeded in keeping the Chilian forces at bay. They are now, however, completely subdued. The climate is similar to that of England at its best, and the country is peculiarly adapted for wheat-growing. The fourth zone includes the vast forests and lands, extending to the Straits of Magellan. The climate is like that of Scotland and the West of Ireland, and this portion is more adapted to cattle-rearing than to agriculture.

The visitor to Chili naturally goes first of all to Valparaiso, the chief port and commercial centre of the country. The city is built on hills sloping down to the edge of the sea, and is blest with a heavenly climate. Valparaiso is admirably situated for being the chief port of the west coast trade, and from San Francisco to Cape Horn it has no rival.

The journey from Valparaiso to Santiago by rail occupies from three to four hours, lying through a wonderfully fertile country, full of farms and vineyards. The wine industry in Chili in 1881 produced the large total of 2,961,900 dols. By 1885 this amount will be probably doubled.

To describe Santiago is to describe the heart of Chili. It is to the Chilians what Paris is to the French, and those who have acquired wealth in other parts of the Republic invariably come to Santiago to spend it. The town is situated on the river Mapocho, in the centre of a large plain surrounded by hills, with the giant peaks of the Andes in the background to the east, magnificently visible in the clear atmosphere, though they may be a hundred miles or more distant. The town was founded about three and a half centuries ago by Valdivia. It is laid out in quadras (squares of about four acres), with the streets running uni-

formly at right angles to each other. There are several plazas or large squares, the most striking being that round which are grouped the cathedral, the municipal and other buildings, all of showy and Parisian appearance. Notwithstanding its age, the town does not possess an air of antiquity.

* * * * *

What is termed "society" is in Santiago very strict, exclusive, and aristocratic. The pride of family is quite as strong in republican Chili as in any of the old-world monarchies. The social life in Santiago is very enjoyable. There is much visiting in the evening at Santiago after the 6 P.M. dinner. When the receptions are held, one might fancy oneself in London or in Paris, so well dressed are the ladies, and so brilliantly lighted the spacious rooms, which generally open one into the other. About 10 P.M. tea is served, the table being usually covered with every kind of cake, for which Santiago is famous, and also with the excellent fruits of the country. The character of the upper classes is reserved, and in many points resembles that of the English. They have a keen appreciation of wit and love a good joke. The women of the country are very attentive to their religious observances, and are constantly to be seen dressed in plain black, with a black "manta" over the head, either going to or coming from church. This custom of the wearing of black for church by the women of all classes is a very excellent one, and might be adopted with advantage elsewhere than in Chili.

From Santiago one naturally proceeds down the great central valley to Angol, the capital of the southern province of Araucania, a district inhabited by Indians who were subdued only within the last two or three years. The valley is very fertile, but comparatively treeless, and unattractive in appearance. Stopping at a large farm in Araucania entirely worked by Indian labour, I learned that the yield of wheat had averaged 20 bushels for one planted. This farm, five or six years before, had been the hunting ground of the wild man.

The Araucanians are, or were, divided into six tribes, and governed by chiefs or caciques, under whom are sub-chiefs; and, until lately, these tribes could place many thousand fighting-men in the field. The commandant of the nearest fort is now practically the ruler and judge, and as he reverses or ignores the decisions of the chiefs, the rule of the latter is rapidly coming to an end. It is curious to notice how litigious these Indians are. At every fort a crowd of them were waiting to bring their complaints before the commandant. One old Indian whom I saw was clamouring for decision on a case the facts of which had occurred ten years previously. Throughout this part of the country the Chilean Government has placed a line of forts a few miles apart, for the purpose of keeping the Indians in order. Their mode of warfare is on horseback, their one weapon being a long lance of bamboo, twenty feet in length. They attack with the most awful cries, and when galloping away after a rout will extend themselves along their horses' sides, holding on in the most skilful manner, and thus making their horses' bodies serve them as shields.

The writer was present at a parliament of these Indians, held in an open space of grass-land about the size of Hyde Park,

studded with large trees. The Indian addressing the assembly was recounting the terrible retaliation he had suffered for some border raid—how his kindred had been slaughtered, his cattle taken, his men separated from their wives, and requested that the Chili Indians would let him, with the remnants of his people, take refuge amongst them. The writer left this Indian still speaking; he never faltered or hesitated for a word. Some will speak for over four hours without interruption.

The faces of the Indians by whom we were surrounded impressed me favourably. Some few were fair and must have had European blood in their veins. They were broad-chested, finely-built men, intelligent-looking, with well formed heads, and I could not but be struck by one feature—the extraordinary brilliancy of their eyes, which gleamed like fire. They were all well mounted, the horses for the most part being adorned with silver bits and ornaments, the stirrups also in many cases being of silver. A piece of timber about twenty feet high, with a man's face carved on it, was embedded in the ground in the centre of the circle of Indians, and I understood that it was their custom to swear by this. They believe in a god, Creator of the universe; in inferior gods of good and evil, war, &c.: in the immortality of the soul; in polygamy and in the purchase system as applied to matrimony. They possess many good qualities—are faithful, courageous, and have extraordinary memories. One of their characteristics is inordinate laziness. I never saw them out of their huts until eleven o'clock in the morning, and then they would saunter forth and stretch themselves on the ground, with the chin supported on the hands. In this position they talk together for hours. I have already mentioned their expertness in horsemanship. In riding it is their custom only to place the big toe in the stirrup. They eat horseflesh, and prefer the flesh of mares to that of oxen. It is sad to think that the modern civilisation which may benefit their children is now by its accompaniments fast destroying the parents, who are fearfully addicted to strong drink.

The writer visited the place where the famous Araucanian pines are to be seen in their finest growth. After sleeping at an estancia about 2,500 feet above the sea, the next day he set out for the pineries.

We gradually ascended 1,500 feet more, and on gaining the crest of a little hill, came upon a valley some ten miles long by four broad, completely filled with the giant pine-trees. We rode beneath them and felt like pigmies. A vast number must have been at least one hundred feet high. I measured some with a lasso, and at the height of a man's head on horseback they were nineteen to twenty feet in girth, and some of the trees which had been blown down proved to exceed one hundred feet in length. I tried to observe where those of largest growth were to be found, but could not make out that they grew better in one place than in another. In some places the ground was swampy, and the trees were flourishing there; in other parts it was rocky, yet there also they seemed to thrive equally well. One colossal tree was growing out of a great boulder of rock, and was so embedded in it that it was impossible to see where the rock ended and the tree began. Then again in exposed positions, on the bare hillsides, the large trees were to be seen equally flourishing. In winter the ground up here

is covered with snow for days at a time, and as we did not meet with the trees lower down than 3,500 feet above the sea, it would seem that an elevated and exposed situation suits them best. All the large pines have the appearance of gigantic umbrellas, having lost their branches, with the exception of those at the very top.

As regards the political condition of Chili, the author remarks :—

The seat of the government is Santiago. The political constitution of Chili consists of the President, and Legislature or National Congress, composed of an Upper and a Lower House, the former renewed one-third every three years, the latter elected triennially. The President is elected every five years by the people, and is not eligible for re-election except after an interval of one term. Under him are five Ministers and a Council of State, composed of eleven members, five of whom are chosen by the President himself under certain regulations, and the other six elected by the Congress, their term of office being for three years. The salary of the President is 18,000 dollars a year, the present holder of that office being Don Domingo Santa Maria. The Ministers receive 6,000 dollars a year, and the members of the Council of State give their services gratuitously. The various provinces are ruled by Intendentes (governors) named by the President and removable at his will. The Departments are administered by governors appointed in the same way, and there are sub-delegates, who are unpaid, corresponding to our unpaid magistracy. The members of Congress, of whom thirty-seven belong to the Senate and one hundred and eight to the Lower House, are, like our members of Parliament, chosen from among the richest and most influential men in the country. Although Chili is called a Republic, it is governed in a very conservative manner. The change of parties there means simply the retirement from office of one set of rich men to be succeeded by another set of rich men ; both parties holding much the same views, and being absolutely in accord as to the paramount necessity of peace and order.

The secret of Chili's singular immunity, from corruption lies in her possessing, alone of South American countries, an unpaid national legislature.

Of the character of the Government and people of Chili, a striking illustration may be given from the history of the recent war with Peru and Bolivia. At the outbreak of this war the army consisted of about 3,000 to 4,000 regulars, and 25,000 militia. The militia was at once raised to 55,000, and in an incredibly short time 20,000 men were fully equipped and sent to the Peruvian coast, where, it will be remembered, the theatre of operations was an arid desert some 1,300 miles from Valparaiso. Thither everything required for the maintenance of an army had to be sent by sea : even water had to be distilled for its use. The force was indeed a large one for a small nation of under 2,500,000 to keep provisioned and supplied with munitions of war and transport. The patriotism and cohesion of the nation appears all the more remarkable when it is remembered that after nearly two years fighting, and after enduring the most severe losses and hardships from the desert warfare and the rifles of the enemy, the army that carried the strongholds around Lima consisted of 26,000 fighting men, 70 long-range well-equipped guns, and a large force of well mounted cavalry, of whom in this last and memorable battle nearly 5,500 were killed or wounded.

Southern Chili is rich in coal, but more important are the deposits of nitrate of soda in the north, the export of which is increasing year by year.

The general prosperity of the country is amply proved by the fact that whereas in 1880 the imports were 27,100,000 dols., and the exports 46,482,000 dols., in 1882 imports had increased to 53,500,000 dols., and exports to 71,400,000 dols. The Treasury accounts of the Republic just published show that from January to September 1883, inclusive, the fiscal entries have been 30,436,373 dols., showing an excess of the returns of the same period of 1882 of 335,966 dols. On the other side, the disbursements for the nine months amounted to 25,902,573 dols.

In Chili the necessities of life are abundant and easily earned, and socialistic ideas may be said to be non-existent.

One constantly hears people say, "These South American republics are in a perpetual state of revolution." So far as Chili is concerned, this is not the fact : for a quarter of a century there has been no sign of revolution in the country, and I can confidently assert that respect for law and order is there very deeply rooted and has become in fact a part of the national character.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

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THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—A few of the details of this "sketch from life" of the inheritor of the splendid name of Wellington will be found not uninteresting.

Mr. Haweis knew the late Duke intimately, and had frequent conversations with him about the question lately brought under so much discussion in England—the condition of the poor, their houses, habits, character, and what should be done to assist them. In the course of an afternoon walk—

as we reached the top of the hill, the Duke paused and looked round upon the lovely summer landscape: "This is what they want," he said, "fresh air, open spaces; but they do a lot of mischief, you know;" and he then told me several stories of great parks that had been opened to the people and whose owners afterwards closed them in disgust. I answered by appealing to the flowerbeds in the London gardens, intimating that the more the people were trusted the better they behaved. "Park-keepers and police," said the Duke, striking his stick on the ground. "A private park can't be watched like a public place; it isn't worth while. This talk about the people and their rights to our property is all stuff; we give them privileges, and what do they do with them?" The Duke was not a pessimist, but he was not an optimist. He was a Tory, liberal in unexpected ways, and narrow in others: he sometimes played the cynic, but he was kindly and good-natured at heart. He was desirous to help "the people." He had no great faith in them. I once intimated that the "poor were more generous to each other in proportion than the rich." "Nonsense!" he said; "they can't do anything for each other; we can, and we do." The Duke fully inherited his father's dislike of contradiction, so I kept my opinion and held my tongue. "It is drink that ruins them, and it's of no use preaching to them

whilst they live in pigstyes and get no fresh air." I fully concurred in that, but hinted broadly that the rich who had leisure and treasure and pleasure in town might do a little more for them. "How?" said the Duke, sharply. "By opening their own great houses and allowing their picture galleries and art treasures to be seen under proper regulation." The Duke, I knew, approved of Sunday opening of museums, so I added, "What a pleasure it would be if the people were allowed to visit Apsley House on Sunday." "I have no objection whatever," he replied, "if you think they would care about it." "Try them," said I. "It requires thinking over: if you can arrange the plan and submit it to me, I will consider it; but I must be protected."

Soon after this I wrote to him suggesting that Sunday afternoon visits to Apsley House should be organized in connection with the Sunday Society, of which the Dean of Westminster was president. The inspection was to include the Museum of treasures and relics downstairs, and other trophies presented to the late Duke of Wellington, and the Waterloo Gallery of paintings upstairs. Admission was to be by a card, which I drew out. I also suggested that a deputation from the Society, which I would be willing to introduce, should wait upon him at Apsley House and make a formal request.* This was the Duke's reply:—

"DEAR MR. HAWEIS,

"I do not like your plan of the deputation, because I know that some if not many of the advocates of the Sunday Society have for their object the dispensing with religion, whereas my object is exactly the reverse—*viz.*, to get rid of the gloominess which attends the practice of religion in England.

"I am willing to try the experiment, but not willing to declare that I patronize the Sunday Society, before the experiment has been tried.

"I send you an altered form of tickets, by which you see that I keep it in my own hands.

"The weather in London is so precarious that I leave a considerable margin. *N.B.*—No slippers keep out the wet from moist soles; when the pavement is not dry, they must not come.

"As to explanations which you suggest, of course, the more spectators know the better, but I don't see that much of a discourse is requisite, inasmuch as all the pictures are labelled. Of course it would be interesting to give the history of every painter, but that none of my servants can do.

"The question is, 'Do the people of that class care for seeing the ornaments of our class,' *not* whether or not they want to hear lectures?

"Yours sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

The Duke's permit enclosed, was characteristic: it ran thus:—

"*January, 1881. Permit the bearer and friends to visit Apsley House when the street is dry, or if they come in a carriage.*

"WELLINGTON."

The late Duke was very deaf, but managed his infirmity with great tact. He seems to have been a most genial host and had the rare art of putting every one at their ease by his perfect simplicity, heartiness of manner, and a certain shrewdness of humour, which

was sometimes a little blunt, but never unkindly. He was extremely thoughtful and considerate to his servants and retainers, and his manner to them was just the same as to his equals.

The Iron Duke's extraordinary accuracy and command of details are characteristically illustrated by some anecdotes of him which Mr. Haweis heard while at Strathfieldsaye :

This came out especially in the despatches, several volumes of which he had carefully edited. "My father," he said, "used to read them admiringly himself. 'Pon my life,' he once said to me, 'I don't know how I ever came to write 'em !' My father had one odd peculiarity—weakness, if you like to call it so—he would never be corrected. He used to drive himself, and always at a great pace. Once my brother Charles was sitting by his side. The horses were pelting along at the usual rate, and to his horror, Charles saw that my father had fallen asleep, still holding the reins. He had the power of sleeping by snatches. I have seen him fall asleep at dinner, and no one dared either move themselves or rouse him. Well, the horses neared a turnpike gate. It was closed. Charles dared not touch the reins ; but a smash was inevitable. He nudged the Duke just in time. 'Mind your own business, Charles,' said my father, and Charles got no more thanks.

"On another occasion the Duke gave my brother a cheque for £10, with orders to send it to some poor man who had written in distress from Edinburgh. My brother, before sending it, made inquiries, and found the man to be an impostor ; so he brought back the cheque. He thought," added the Duke, slyly, "that my father might say, 'You may keep the cheque, Charles.' Not at all ; my father pocketed the cheque, and merely remarked, 'Charles, I told you to send off that cheque. Why cannot you obey orders?'"

The late Duke's admiration for his father, whose aide-de-camp he had been for many years, was naturally very great. "My father," he said, "ruled the House of Lords absolutely for some time. He had always a majority of peers at his back, ready at any moment to vote to order ; but his bitterest political foes have admitted that never, during his long tenure of office, upon any one occasion did he use this power to carry his personal opinion against the expressed will of the country. Parliament was often at variance with him, but both Houses respected him for his political integrity.

"At night I sometimes read the *Times* aloud to him. His admiration for Gladstone's eloquence was very great. 'When he rises in the House, the rest are like ninepins. Words ! words ! The next morning, there's not so much in it after all. Whenever I began a speech of Gladstone's, he cut me short after the first few sentences : 'Get on to something else !' "

The late Duke used to chuckle over Bradlaugh's idea of giving pensions like his own (£2,000 a year for two lives) twelve years to run. I am quite agreeable. Personally I am all right. If they abolish the Lords, I shall cross to Belgium. "I am Prince of Waterloo there. When the great powers swallow up Belgium, I can still live in Spain, where I am Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo. And

if Spain collapses, I shall retire to Portugal, where I shall end my days as Marquis of Torres Vedras and Count of Vimiero !”

The late Duke was no great admirer of the recently translated statue of his father on Copenhagen, the Waterloo Charger, but he said that his father thought it very good and liked it opposite his house. “They talk of Copenhagen’s head being like a pig’s head. Well, I went with Sir Edwin Landseer to see it in the foundry. The horse’s head alone protruded at the time, and Sir Edwin declared he considered it a very good model of a horse’s head. I can answer for it, it was very like Copenhagen’s. Few more incidents concerning the good steed close the article.

I was walking in the Strathfieldsaye Park with him one afternoon, when we paused at a railed-off clump of trees. “Here,” said he, “lies Copenhagen. By the way,” he said, “do you know that the famous ‘Up, Guards, and at them !’ is not my father’s at all, but Lord Saltoun’s, and the right words are, ‘Up, Guards, and fire low ?’ My father sat Copenhagen fourteen hours at a stretch at Waterloo. He was a horse not much to look at, but of great endurance and spirit. The Duke got him in Spain, and rode him through his Spanish campaigns ; he was very fond of him. For years before he died he was kept here as a pet, and the ladies were all proud to ride him up and down the terrace, in order to boast of having sat on his back. He was buried here very early in the morning. All the servants turned out, and to their surprise the Duke, who was then very old and failing, got up and appeared at the funeral. When the horse was brought out, he immediately noticed that one hoof was off. He was very angry, but could not discover the robber. Some months afterwards, he thought he should like a hoof, and had Copenhagen dug up, but his three remaining hoofs had rotted away. A farm labourer, hearing of this, asked to see my father, and told him that he knew the man who had done the deed, for he had himself bought the hoof for 3s. 6d. In this way the Duke recovered Copenhagen’s hoof, which he had set (I think, the Duke said), as an inkstand.”

“And has this noble brute no tombstone, no epitaph ?” I asked, as we stood beside the grave. “None whatever : but if you will be the Laureate, he shall have one.”

I was not eager for the honour thrust thus upon me ; but as the Duke alluded to it again after dinner, I thought it over when I went up to bed. “If,” I said to myself, “he should ask a third time, and I have nothing ready, he might think me ungracious.”

The next day, I was leaving. I had bid the Duke good-by overnight. As I was at breakfast, a servant entered, and handed me the following note from his Grace :—

“DEAR MR. HAWEIS,

“I shall swear you wrote this clerical epitaph if you don’t produce something better.

“Yours,

This was the Duke’s epitaph :—

“WELLINGTON.”

Here lies Copenhagen, &c.

“God’s humble instrument of brutal clay,
Should share the glories of that glorious day.”

"Was there any answer?" There was. Fortunately, I had written down my epitaph, and had it all ready; so I sent it up to the Duke. It ran thus:—

"Here full of honour and great memories,
Wellington's war-horse, Copenhagen, lies.
Spare empty praise to one so tried and true,
Three words suffice—Peace, Victory, Waterloo!"

I do not know the fate of my epitaph. I never alluded to it. I did not see the Duke again for some months. He never alluded to it but once, when he observed, that he preferred his own, because it was briefer, and epitaphs should be brief. I agreed to the general proposition. But I do venture to hope that, in the midst of that solitary and nameless group of trees at Strathfieldsaye, some memorial stone may still be set up in honour of Copenhagen, that so the last resting-place of "God's humble instrument," inseparably associated with England's peace and glory, may never be forgotten.

A BHIARI MILL SONG.—The original of Mr. Arnold's translation is a *Jatsar* chaunted by the Hindu women of Shahabad while grinding their morning grain. The vernacular text and a prose version of the original Bhojpuri were given in a paper by Mr. G. A. Grierson, C. S., communicated to the April number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.

A SONG OF THE MILL.

Of eight great beams the boat was wrought,
With four red row-pins;—*Hu-ri-jee!*
When Mirzah Saheb spied at the Ghaut
Bhagbati bathing:—*Hu-ri-jee!*

"Oh, girls! that hither your chatties bring,
Who is this bathing?"—*Hu-ri-jee!*
"The Head of our village is Horil Singh;
'Tis the Raja's sister!"—*Hu-ri-jee!*

"Run thou, Barber!—and, Peon! run thou;
Bring hither that Rajpūt!"—*Hu-ri-jee!*
"Oh, girls! who carry the chatties, now,
Which is his dwelling?"—*Hu-ri-jee!*

"The dwelling of Horil Singh looks north,
And north of the door is a sandal-tree;"—
With arms fast-bound they brought him forth;
"Salaam to the Mirza!"—*Hu-ri-jee!*

"Take, Horil Singh, this basket of gold,
And give me thy sister, sweet Bhagbati."
"Fire burn thy basket!" he answered,
bold,—
"My sister's a Rajpūt!"—*Hu-ri-jee!*

Horil's wife came down from her house;
She weeps in the courtyard: "Cursed be,
"Oh, sister-in-law, thy beautiful brows!
My husband is chained for them!"—
Hu-ri-jee!

"Now, sister-in-law! of thy house keep
charge,
And the duties therein:" quoth Bhagbati;
"For Horil Singh shall be set at large,
I go to release him!"—*Hu-ri-jee!*

When Bhagbati came to the Mirza's hall
Low she salaamed to him:—*Hu-ri-jee!*
"The fetters of Horil Singh let fall,
If, Mirza," she said, "thou desirest me."

"If, Mirza," she said, "thou wouldst have
my love,
Dye me a bride-cloth;"—*Hu-ri-jee!*
"Saffron beneath and vermillion above,
Fit for a Rajpūt!"—*Hu-ri-jee!*

"If, Mirza," she said, "I am fair in thine
eyes,
And mine is thy heart, now,"—*Hu-ri-jee!*
"Command me jewels of rich device,
Fit for a Rajpūt!"—*Hu-ri-jee!*

"If Mirza," she said, "I must do this thing,
Quitting my people,"—*Hu-ri-jee!*
"The palanquin and the bearers bring,
That I go not afoot from them!"—
Hu-ri-jee!

Smiling, he bade the dyers haste
To dye her a bride-cloth:—*Hu-ri-jee!*
Weeping—weeping, around her waist
Bhagbati bound it.—*Hu-ri-jee!*

Smiling, he bought, from the goldsmith's best,
Jewels unparalleled:—*Hu-ri-jee!*
Weeping, weeping—on neck and breast
Bhagbati clasped them.—*Hu-ri-jee!*

Joyously smiling, "Bring forth," he cried,
"My gilded palanquin!"—*Hu-ri-jee!*
Bitterly sorrowing, entered the bride,
Beautiful Bhagbati.—*Hu-ri-jee!*

A koss and a half of a koss went they,

And another koss after ;—*Hu-ri-jee !*

Then Bhagbati thirsted : " Bearers, stay !

I would drink at the tank here !"—*Hu-ri-jee !*

" Take from my cup," the Mirza said :

" Oh, not to-day will I take !" quoth she :

" For, this was my father's tank, who is dead,

And it soon will be distant !"—*Hu-ri-jee !*

She quaffed one draught from her hollowed
palm,

And again she dipped it ;—*Hu-ri-jee !*

Then leaped in the water, dark and calm,

And sank from the sight of them,—

Hu-ri-jee !

Sorely the Mirza bewailed, and hid

His face in his cloth, for rage to be

So mocked : " See, now, in all she did

Bhagbati fooled me !"—*Hu-ri-jee !*

Grieving, the Mirza cast a net

Dragging the water ;—*Hu-ri-jee !*

Only shells and weeds did he get,

Shells and bladder-weeds.—*Hu-ri-jee !*

Laughing, a net cast Horil Singh,

Dragging the water ;—*Hu-ri-jee !*

Lo ! at the first sweep, up they bring

Dead, cold Bhagbati—fair to see !

Laughing, homeward the Rajpût wends,

Chewing his betel ; " for now," quoth he,

" In honour this leap of Bhagbati ends

Three generations !"—*Hu-ri-jee !*

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THE BURNING OF BRISTOL: A REMINISCENCE OF THE FIRST REFORM BILL.—The types of the present agitation on the Franchise Bill, says the writer, may be recognised in the Burning of Bristol in 1831.

The Birmingham Caucus, with its affiliated six hundreds in other towns, occupies the position and wields the power then possessed by the Political Union of Birmingham. The Prime Minister of to-day hurls similar threats against the House of Lords to those his noble predecessor then did—not, indeed, in the same short and plain language, for to plain speaking the fluent and involved orator of the present day is a stranger. His burly henchman at the Home Office, whilst professing to explain away his leader's phrases, covertly endorses his threats. Mr. Chamberlain recalls to a crowded meeting the threat of their brother Radicals in 1831 to march on London a hundred thousand strong. Another Member of Parliament significantly alludes to the fall of Charles the First; and a metropolitan representative, otherwise respectable for his professional position, abuses the Peers in the language of the fish-market.

And even at the present day, if Constitutionalists are to be content with an inert resistance, we may live to see another three days like those at Bristol. Forewarned is forearmed.

The third commercial city in England, Bristol, had at that time a population of 300,000 persons closely packed, for the inhabited

area was narrow. The merchants and greater manufacturers lived near the scene of their operations, near the Bishop's Palace on College Green or the Mansion House in Queen's Square—an open space 200 yards square, bordered by broad avenues of trees, with a grass enclosure in which stood an equestrian statue of William III.

Bristol was one of the first of the great cities in England to congratulate the citizens of Paris on the result of the "Three days' conflict," and the Political Unions were now in full operation in all the great towns, under the practical protection of the Cabinet. From Birmingham agents were steadily spreading throughout the kingdom. The speeches of Radical Orators, and even of those who held high positions in the Cabinet, were most unguarded and violent, and the language used against the Peers was bitter and abusive. They were denounced by a Subordinate Minister as "hard and oppressive task-masters, who wrested from the people a power they had the right to enjoy." The utterances of the newspapers were even more violent.

The effect of this language was painfully exhibited when the Bill was rejected by the Lords, in the first week of October 1831. The agitation that was then excited throughout the country was unexampled. The funds fell three or four per cent.; the shops in London were closed, to a great extent, for fear of the mob which, almost unimpeded, demolished the windows of the residences of the Opposition Peers; the various Reform associations, headed by the Political Unions, called the masses together to condemn what they stigmatized as "the insolent injustice of the House of Lords," and to demand its immediate abolition; the determination not to pay taxes was openly advocated, not only by the crowds to whom the tax-gatherer was a stranger, but by men of high social position; threats of violence soon became acts of violence; the lives of the leading opponents of the Bill were endangered. At Nottingham the old castle of the Duke of Newcastle was sacked and burnt; and at Worcester and Derby the violence of the rioters was only repressed by the exertions of the troops and at the cost of several lives. Bristol remained quiet. The Radical leaders contented themselves for a time with transforming their trades' union into a political association in alliance with that at Birmingham, and inviting this central power "to call a meeting of delegates from all the unions to deliberate on the best means of general organization and simultaneous action."

It was the arrival of the Recorder of Bristol, Sir Charles Wetherell, one of the most bitter opponents of the Bill in the Commons, that was the signal for an outbreak in that city.

The First Day of the Riots.—Early on the morning of the 29th of October, the Mayor and magistrates, with a body of constables, moved out of the city to meet the Recorder. No sooner was his carriage seen approaching, than the most discordant cries arose from

the assembled crowds, and as the procession moved back towards the city, the yells became deafening, and the carriage was frequently assailed with stones and other missiles. At last, however, the Recorder was brought to the Guildhall and took his seat on the Bench. Meanwhile the mob collected in front of the Mansion House, where six hundred of them, armed with sticks, attacked the constables, but after a sharp struggle, were routed.

Gradually, however, the mob again collected ; and, as the daylight waned, the rioting in the front of the Mayor's residence was renewed ; sticks and stones were thrown at the windows, and the violence continued until the rioters were warned that unless it did not cease the military must be called in to quell it. No sooner, however, was it dark than the mob re-assembled in force, attacked the house, pelted the magistrates as they came out to urge them to be quiet, and at last hurled an iron rail at the Mayor as he read the Riot Act and called on the people to disperse. The civil force was powerless against the mass of rioters. The shutters and frames of the windows were smashed ; the panels of the front door driven in : the hall and dining-room raked with bricks and stones taken from the walls of the fore-courts of the neighbouring houses ; and a determined attempt made to storm the house and seize the Recorder.

Foiled in this attempt by the stout resistance offered by its inmates, the mob prepared to set the Mansion House on fire, throwing bundles of straw through the broken windows of the dining-room, and shouting loudly for a light. At this critical moment two magistrates, with a troop of the Dragoons, came to the rescue, and the mob backed into the open space of the square. Colonel Brereton coming into the Mansion House, was informed that the Riot Act had been read, and called upon to disperse the mob and restore the peace of the city. In his opinion it was sufficient to order the troops "to march about the square, ride through, and walk away the rioters." The mob were in a far too excited state for such measures to have any effect. As they were moved from one spot they congregated in another, and continued to hurl bricks and stones at the soldiers as well as at the house, by which two of the Hussars, who had lately come on the ground, were seriously wounded. Still Colonel Brereton persuaded himself that the mob was good-natured, and professed to believe even then that he should be able "to walk them away." So equivocal did his conduct appear to the city authorities, that he was asked by the Town Clerk whether he had secret instructions from the Government which conflicted with the orders of the magistrates. "He had none such," was the reply ; "he was to attend to the orders of the magistrates." Still the only orders that he would give were to "walk away the rioters."

About 11 o'clock, however, the mob became so aggressive that a troop of Hussars were ordered to charge along the quay, using the flat of their swords. This order was soon rescinded, however, the Colonel protesting that, if the mob were not interfered with, they would return to their homes.

The opinion of the Colonel was by no means endorsed by the officers under

his command, who, when they had the opportunity, adopted a far more successful course of action. When a portion of the mob were demolishing the windows and doors of the Council House in Broad Street, Captain Gage, of the Hussars, to whom its defence had been entrusted, so promptly and effectively charged them that for some time after the rioters cautiously avoided that part of the city. Whilst thus engaged, Captain Gage, noticing a man who had been most active in pelting his men, come out, again and again, from an alley in Wine Street, take a deliberate aim before throwing a stone, and then retreating, fired at him. The Captain's pistol flashed in the pan, and one of his men at once levelled his piece, and shot the man. The immediate effect of this act was that the rioters slowly dispersed. Thus, by a little after two on the Sunday morning, tranquillity was apparently restored, and, with the exception of a small picket at the Mansion House, and another at the Council House, the troops were withdrawn from the streets.

Sunday.—Destruction of the Gaols and the Bishop's Palace.—Until 7 o'clock on the Sunday morning the pickets were not molested, and no further mischief was attempted. At that time, on the plea that they would only irritate the mob by their presence, they were withdrawn and immediately the rioters poured again into Queen's Square.

The Mansion House was now successfully attacked ; the barricades that had been erected in front of it speedily torn down ; and complete possession taken of its lower rooms. The work of destruction and plunder at once commenced. With the utmost difficulty the Mayor and Sheriffs, with a few constables that had remained on guard, effected their escape ; whilst the mob, more infuriated by their success, were breaking and carrying off the valuable furniture, forcing open the wine-cellars, and rapidly intoxicating themselves with their choice stores. As soon as it was rumoured that the cellars had been forced, the mob increased in numbers, rushing to the spot on all sides to indulge in drunkenness and plunder. Whilst some of the fellows threw the furniture from the windows, others handed the wine out from the cellars or drank themselves mad drunk or stupid by the side of the casks. *At this time not a trooper was to be seen in Queen's Square.*

When, at length, the troops re-appeared on the scene of destruction, the mob sullenly retired, and the constables re-occupied the dismantled residence.

Soon, however, the rioters were back again in greater force than before tearing up the iron railings in the front of the houses to form impediments to the movements of the troops, or to arm themselves for future acts of violence. Still Colonel Brereton did not assume the offensive. It was all in vain that the Riot Act was again read, and the mob warned that the troops must be called upon to fire, and their Colonel again ordered to put down the rioting and clear the square. He peremptorily refused to act as he was required, protesting that the men and horses were too fatigued to be able to contend with the mob, and that, if they fired, they might be overcome, and the city given up to slaughter. "It would be better," he said, "to keep the mob in temper until the next morning, when a reinforcement of troops might be expected."

Carrying out this fatal policy, Colonel Brereton ordered the Hussars to return to their quarters, which they did closely followed by the groaning and pelting mob. The troops fired, whereupon Colonel Brereton declared that the Hussars must be at once removed from the city. In vain the magistrates remonstrated, and the Hussars were sent by him to Keynsham, six miles from the city, and its protection left to the fragment of Dragoons.

In the meantime the drunkenness of the mob had assumed a brutal form, the square being filled with roaring parties, menacing the Mansion House, and fraternising with the small party of Dragoons that was drawn up in its front. Well informed of the action of Colonel Brereton, the mob had no fear of the troops now that the Hussars had been withdrawn, solely, as they knew, because they had fired on the rioters. Thus emboldened, and acting apparently on the orders of their leaders, they determined on the rescue of those of their comrades who had been captured, and the destruction of the city prisons.

An excuse for these new tactics was readily found in the report that a boy had been arrested for stone-throwing. "Rescue ! rescue ! Down with the Mansion House !" shouted the mob, until convinced of the falsity of the report. And then treating an act of the magistrates as due to fear, they at once raised the cry, "To the Bridewell ! we will have out the prisoners." To the Bridewell, then, a large section of the rioters at once proceeded, on their way thither breaking open a smith's shop, arming themselves with hammers and crowbars, and taking handfuls of bricks from a stack in Bridewell Lane. Thus armed, on reaching the prison they forced in the gate on the Nelson Street side, drove the keeper and his turnkey into the prison-house, and unhinged the gates and threw them into the Frome. Then, with their crowbars, broke open an old window, before which they had been kept at bay for some time by the threat of the keeper to shoot the first man that tried to move a stone. When, however, he had heard that the Hussars had been sent out of the city, the keeper asked them what they wanted. "The prisoners committed on the previous night," cried the mob. It was worse than useless to resist the demand. Throwing down the keys of the prison, he escaped over the roofs with his family. In a few moments after the whole of the prison was in flames.

Encouraged by their victory, the mob now marched to the new gaol, which was defended by about sixty citizens, who, after a short but sharp struggle, were forced to retire.

For three-quarters of an hour the mob worked with bars and hammers, when at last a hole was made in one of the gates, just large enough for a man to creep through, who got in and drew back the bolts. Through the opened gates the mob rushed unimpeded into the gaol-yard and the governor's house. From the house one section of the mob took every moveable piece of furniture, and together with the prisoners-van, threw them into the river. Another party of the rioters released the prisoners. At this moment Cornet Kelson with about twenty Dragoons rode up at a foot's pace. At the mere sight of them the rioters fled, leaving about two hundred of their comrades in the gaol-yard, where they could have been easily secured had the troops only guarded the entrance. The

turnkey, indeed, closed the gates and bolted them, and thus for a time secured them as prisoners ; but at this critical moment orders were given to the Dragoons to wheel about and return to quarters, and the victory of the mob was secured. Cornet Kelson had strictly obeyed Colonel Brereton's orders "to use no violence ; to go to the gaol and do nothing."

As the soldiers trotted away, the cry was raised, "The soldiers are with us !" The release of the prisoners was speedily completed, some of them stripping off their clothes and running away all but naked, amidst the cheers of the excited mob. Money was given to many of them by one of the leaders—Davis—who, raising his hat on his umbrella, shouted, "We will have Reform ! this is what we ought to have done years ago."

The new gaol was set on fire, materials for firing having been brought by the rioters evidently under the directions of persons in the background. The prison of the county of Gloucester was next burnt, whereupon the mob marched to College Green, where the Bishop's Palace had been doomed to destruction. Davis, one of the leaders, incited his followers by abusing the Bishop amid the shouts of the crowd, of "The King and no Bishops !"

The palace, which abutted on the cathedral on the side towards the lower green, was defenceless, save for the yard gates, which had been closed. These, however, were soon prised from their hinges ; the door of the palace forced ; the furniture of the dining-room broken up and set on fire ; the feather beds ripped open and live coals from the grate put into them, and the kitchen grate, with its burning fuel, lifted on to the dresser and surrounded by a pile of wood. For a brief period the work of destruction was arrested by the arrival of some magistrates, with a small party of citizens, and the appearance on the scene of Colonel Brereton with the Dragoons. The fire was then stamped out, the mob easily scattered, and a few of them arrested, and, for the lack of a more secure prison, tied to large casks in the palace cellar. Had the troops only remained, in all probability the palace would have been saved by the civil force. Whilst, however, the citizens were doing good work within the palace, they heard a loud cheering from the mob, and learnt, to their dismay, that the troops had been suddenly drawn off, as had been the case at the New Gaol. It was in vain that the citizen party charged the mob, suffering severely in the struggle. Eventually they were driven back into the palace, and were glad to escape with their lives from the ever-increasing masses of the rioters.

The vigorous resistance offered by this small party of citizens, however, somewhat daunted the mob. They hesitated to renew the attack. Then it was that an active leader, who afterwards suffered death for his share in the riots, took a party into a neighbouring public-house for food and drink, and then led them back to the palace refreshed, and, it is believed, encouraged by gifts of money. The palace was again entered ; the few servants that still remained in it, driven out ; the fires rekindled, and the whole edifice given to the flames. Whilst the palace was burning, a section of the mob made its way into the adjoining chapter-house, destroyed a number of valuable books and manuscripts, and would have set it on fire, had not its thick Saxon walls and its stone floor defied all the efforts of the incendiary.

The destruction of Queen's Square.—While the mass of the rioters were rifling and burning the Episcopal Palace, the section remaining in front of the Mansion House contented itself with getting wine from the cellars, to which the six Dragoons on guard did not offer any opposition. On the return, however, of the Palace incendiaries, a ruffian, after a parley with the guard, entered the cellar under the kitchen and set fire to the house.

Whilst the conflagration was raging, and the pitiless destruction at its height, Colonel Brereton arrived in the square with a detachment of Dragoons. Again the old tactics were carried out. The Dragoons leisurely walked their horses about the square, and after remaining for about a quarter of an hour, as spectators rather than as repressors of the outrages, were marched off by their commander's orders. From that moment not a soldier was to be seen. It was now 10 o'clock at night. "At this awful period," said Sir Charles D. Albiac, at the court-martial, "Colonel Brereton, at a time when the city seemed doomed to destruction, thought fit to retire to his quarters and go to bed." It was useless to attempt to save the building, and the valuable portraits of old Bristol worthies which were in it would have been destroyed, save for the presence of mind of one individual, who had them cut out of their frames, rolled up, and, with other valuables, carried to a place of safety.

The rioters were still unsatisfied, convinced that the troops would not act against them, they began to assail private property, attacking and firing the buildings adjoining the Mansion House.

By midnight the flames of the burning houses were so rapidly approaching the Custom House that the officers, some fifty in number, were busy removing the books and papers, when the rioters arrived and ordered them to "clear out." In vain one of the officers appealed to them that "this was the King's House—the good King." With curses on the King, and an order from the leader to attack, the mob rushed in, and every room was soon filled with roaring rioters, all clearly acting under orders. Whilst one set broke open the desks, another smeared the window-frames and large doors with the inflammable paste brought by them in kettles, and others nailed up linen previously smeared with the same composition. In five minutes the Long Room was in flames, and at the same time the lower offices were set on fire. Resistance was useless; the house was untenable. The officers escaped with difficulty; not so some fifty of the rioters, who were crowding the rooms or swarming on the roof. A large party was burnt to death as they sat at supper in the housekeeper's room; and of three who had dropped from the burning roof, one fell into the molten lead that poured from it, and met an agonizing death. Another was so fearfully bruised by his fall on the stone that he died, exclaiming with almost his last breath, "Oh, that I had taken my wife's advice, and not come to Bristol; *but I was sent for.*"

The incendiaries now turned to the western side of the Square. There the Excise Office, the Customs Warehouse, and all but two of the houses, were sacked and burnt. The scene became a demon revel.

Round the statue in the square, tables were spread, at which the rioters feasted in turn on the food and ardent spirits stolen from the burning houses, yelling with horrid blasphemies and loathsome ribaldry as another and another house was seen to burst into flame. The rioters and released gaol-birds, maddening each other with drink, held unresisted possession of the square.

The Suppression of the Riots.—From before daybreak on the Monday morning bands of county people of the worst class, armed with heavy bludgeons, had been pouring into the city on every road. Within it parties of from ten to twenty had, during the night, been going about demanding money, breaking the windows, and plundering the houses when their demands were refused. In vain the Mayor called upon Colonel Brereton to take the most decisive measures to save the remainder of the city. Nothing was done. Happily at this moment Major Mackworth, an aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, interfered, and overcame the Colonel's hesitation so far as to get him to give orders for the Dragoons to drive the rioters from the wine-cellars.

Convinced that further troops were required, Major Mackworth rode off to Keynsham, whither the Hussars had been sent, and ordered them to mount and follow him to the city. Irritated at the stigma that had been thrown upon them, the men mounted with more than usual alacrity, and followed the Major. On their road they were joined by the Bedminster troop of Yeomanry, and, after a short halt at the stables, came on the ground. Here they were soon afterwards joined by a Yeomanry troop from Gloucester, under Major Beckwith, to whom one of the expresses for assistance had been sent by the Mayor.

Major Beckwith entertained a very different opinion of the character of the mob to Colonel Brereton. As soon as he had obtained a written order from the Mayor to use force he ordered out his men, rode to the Palace, where he learnt that the rioters were again at work, and easily dispersed them. Hence he was called to Queen's Square, where the mob were renewing their violence. Spreading his troops across the square, he charged and easily scattered the rioters, some dozen of whom were cut down. It is needless to follow the charges of the troops in other parts of the city. So quickly and effectually was their work done, that in less than an hour the reign of the mob was at an end. The more respectable citizens, who had previously held back, now readily came forward to serve as constables; a civil force of nearly five thousand men was soon formed and the troops withdrawn to their quarters.

Now, when the work had been done, troops, by the order of Government, poured into the city. The activity of the Government was almost amusing. A battery of artillery was ordered from Woolwich, and some frigates were despatched to the Bristol Channel. But the destruction had been effected, and it only remained for the rioters to pay for it with their lives or their liberty, and for the citizens by their purses to the amount of more than sixty-five thousand pounds.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

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THE DARWINIAN THEORY OF INSTINCT.—For the past ten years Mr. Romanes has been engaged in elaborating Mr. Darwin's theories in the domain of psychology, and has been helped by him with ever ready and ever generous assistance—assistance rendered not only in the way of conversation and correspondence, but also by the making over of all Mr. Darwin's unpublished manuscripts together with his notes and clippings made during 40 years in psychological matters. Most of this material Mr. Romanes has already published in his "Mutual Evolution in Animals," but as that work is so recently published, and is therefore unknown to many, the writer does not cramp his arguments in this article by seeking to avoid any of the facts or arguments therein contained.

There are few words within the compass of our language which have had their meaning less definitely fixed than the word "instinct"; and it is necessary to begin with a clear definition of the sense attached to it here.

In general literature and conversation we usually find that instinct is antithetically opposed to reason, and this in such wise that the mental operations of the lower animals are termed instinctive; those of man are termed rational. This rough and ready attempt at psychological classification has descended to us from remote antiquity, and, like kindred attempts at zoological classification, is not a bad one so far as it goes. To divide the animal kingdom into beasts, fowls, fish, and creeping things, is a truly scientific classification as far as it goes, only it does not go far enough for the requirements of more careful

observation ; that is to say, it only recognises the more obvious and sometimes only superficial differences, while it neglects the more hidden and usually more important resemblances. And to classify all the mental phenomena of animal life under the term 'instinct,' while reserving the term 'reason' to designate a mental peculiarity distinctive of man, is to follow a similarly archaic method. It is quite true that instinct preponderates in animals, while reason preponderates in man. This obvious fact is what the world has always seen, just as it saw that flying appeared to be distinctive of birds, and creeping of reptiles. Nevertheless, a bat was all the while a mammal and a pterodactyl was not a bird ; and it admits of proof as definite that what we call instinct in animals occurs in man, and that what we call reason in man occurs in animals. This, I mean, is the case if we wait to attach any definition to the words which we employ. It is quite evident that there is some difference between the mind of a man and the mind of a brute, and if without waiting to ascertain what this difference is, we say that it consists in the presence or absence of the faculty of reason, we are making the same kind of mistake as when we say that the difference between a bird and a mammal consists in the presence or absence of the faculty of flying. Of course, if we choose, we may employ the word 'reason' to signify all the differences taken together, whatever they may be ; and so, if we like, we may use the word 'flying.' But in either case we shall be talking nonsense, because we should be divesting the words of their meaning, or proper sense. The meaning of the word 'reason' is the faculty of ratiocination—the faculty of drawing inferences from a perceived equivalency of relations, no matter whether the relations involve the simplest mental perceptions, or the most abstruse mathematical calculations. And in this, the only real and proper sense of the word, reason is not the special prerogative of man, but occurs through the zoological scale at least as far down as the articulata.

What then is to be our definition of instinct ?

First of all, instinct involves *mental* operation, and therefore implies consciousness. This is the point which distinguishes instinct from reflex action. Unless we assume that a new-born infant, for example, is conscious of sucking, it is as great a misnomer to term its adaptive movements in the performance of this act instinctive, as it would be similarly to term the adaptive movements of its stomach subsequently performing the act of digestion.

Next, instinct implies hereditary knowledge of the objects and relations with respect to which it is exercised ; it may therefore operate in full perfection prior to any experience on the part of the individual. When the pupa of a bee, for instance, changes into an imago, it passes suddenly from one set of experiences to another, the difference between its previous life as a larva and its new life as an imago being as great as the difference between the lives of two animals belonging to two different sub-kingdoms ; yet as soon as its wings are dry it exhibits all the complex instincts of the mature insect in full perfection. And the same is true of the instincts of vertebrated animals, as we know from the researches of the late Mr. Douglas Spalding and others.

Again, instinct does not imply any necessary knowledge of the relations between means employed and ends attained. Such knowledge may be present in any degree of distinctness, or it may not be present at all ; but in any case it is immaterial to the exercise of the instinct. Take, for example, the instinct of the *Banbex*. This insect brings from time to time fresh food to her young,

and remembers very exactly the entrance to her cell, although she has covered it with sand, so as not to be distinguishable from the surrounding surface. Yet M. Fabre found that if he brushed away the earth and the underground passage leading to the nursery, thus exposing the contained larva, the parent insect 'was quite at a loss, and did not even recognise her own offspring. It seemed as if she knew the doors, nursery, and the passage, but not her child.'

Lastly, instinct is always similarly manifested under similar circumstances by all the individuals of the same species. And, it may be added, these circumstances are always such as have been of frequent occurrence in the life-history of the species.

Now in all these respects instinct differs conspicuously from every other faculty of mind, and especially from reason. Therefore, to gather up all these *differentia* into one definition, we may say that instinct is the name given to those faculties of mind which are concerned in consciously adaptive action, prior to individual experience, without necessary knowledge of the relation between means employed and ends attained; but similarly performed under similar and frequently recurring circumstances by all the individuals of the same species.

After the above definition of instinct Mr. Romanes passes on to consider Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin and development of instincts.

Now, to begin with, Mr. Darwin's theory does not, as many suppose that it does, ascribe the origin and development of all instincts to natural selection. This theory does, indeed, suppose that natural selection is an important factor in the process; but it neither supposes that it is the only factor, nor even that in the case of numberless instincts it has had anything at all to do with their formation. Take, for example, the instinct of wildness, or of hereditary fear as directed towards any particular enemy—say man. It has been the experience of travellers who have first visited oceanic islands without human inhabitants and previously unvisited by man, that the animals are destitute of any fear of man. Under such circumstances the birds have been known to alight on the heads and shoulders of the newcomers, and wolves to come and eat meat held in one hand while a knife was held ready to slay them with the other. But this primitive fearlessness of man gradually passes into an hereditary instinct of wildness, as the special experiences of man's proclivities accumulate; and as this instinct is of too rapid a growth to admit of our attributing it to natural selection (not one per cent. of the animals having been destroyed before the instinct is developed), we can only attribute its growth to the effects of inherited observation. In other words, just as in the lifetime of the individual, adjustive actions which were originally intelligent may by frequent repetition become automatic, so in the lifetime of the species, actions originally intelligent may, by frequent repetition and heredity, so unite their efforts on the nervous system that the latter is prepared, even before individual experience, to perform adjustive actions mechanically which, in previous generations, were performed intelligently. This mode of origin of instincts has been appropriately called the 'lapsing of intelligence,' and it was fully recognised by Mr. Darwin as a factor in the formation of instinct.'

The Darwinian theory of instinct, then, attributes the evolution of instincts to these two causes acting either singly or in combina-

tion—natural selection and lapsing intelligence. The writer proceeds to adduce some of the more important facts and considerations which support this theory, and show it to be by far the most comprehensive and satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon hitherto propounded.

That many instincts must have owed their origin and development to natural selection exclusively is, I think, rendered evident by the following general considerations :—

(1) Considering the great importance of instincts to species, we are prepared to expect that they must be in large part subject to the influence of natural selection. (2) Many instinctive actions are performed by animals too low in the scale to admit of our supposing that the adjustments which are now instinctive can ever have been intelligent. (3) Among the higher animals instinctive actions are performed at an age before intelligence, or the power of learning by individual experience, has begun to assert itself. (4) Many instincts, as we now find them, are of a kind which, although performed by intelligent animals at a matured age, yet can obviously never have been originated by intelligent observation. Take, for instance, the instinct of incubation. It is quite impossible that any animal can ever have kept its eggs warm with the intelligent purpose of developing their contents ; so we can only suppose that the incubating instinct began in some such form as we now see it in the spider, where the object of the process is protection, as distinguished from the imparting of heat. But incidental to such protection is the imparting of heat, and as animals gradually became warm-blooded, no doubt this latter function became of more and more importance to incubation. Consequently, those individuals which most constantly cuddled their eggs would develop most progeny, and so the incubating instinct would be developed by natural selection without there ever having been any intelligence in the matter.

From these four general considerations, therefore, we may conclude (without waiting to give special illustrations of each) that one mode of origin of instincts consists in natural selection, or survival of the fittest, continuously preserving actions which, although never intelligent, yet happen to have been of benefit to the animals which first chanced to perform them. Among animals, both in a state of nature and domestication, we constantly meet with individual peculiarities of disposition and of habit, which in themselves are utterly meaningless, and therefore quite useless. But it is easy to see that if among a number of such meaningless or fortuitous psychological variations, any one arises which happens to be of use, this variation would be seized upon, intensified, and forced by natural selection, just as in the analogous case of structures. Moreover there is evidence that such fortuitous variations in the psychology of animals (whether useless or accidentally useful) are frequently inherited, so as to become distinctive not merely of individuals, but of races or strains. Thus, among Mr. Darwin's manuscripts I find a letter from Mr. Thwaites under the date 1860, saying that all his domestic ducks in Ceylon had quite lost their natural instincts with regard to water, which they would never enter unless driven, and that when the young birds were thus compelled to enter the water they had to be quickly taken out again to prevent them from drowning. Mr. Thwaites adds that this peculiarity only occurs in one particular breed. Tumbler-pigeons instinctively tumbling,

pouter-pigeons instinctively pouting, &c., are further illustrations of the same general fact.

Coming now to instincts developed by lapsing intelligence, I have already alluded to the acquisition of an hereditary fear of man as an instance of this class. Now not only may the hereditary fear of man be thus acquired through the observation of ancestors—and this even to the extent of knowing by instinct what constitutes safe distance from fire-arms; but, conversely, when fully formed it may again be lost by disuse. Thus there is no animal more wild, or difficult to tame, than the young of the wild rabbit; while there is no animal more tame than the young of the domestic rabbit. And the same remark applies, though in a somewhat lesser degree, to the young of the wild and of the domestic duck. For, according to Dr. Rae, "If the eggs of a wild duck are placed with those of a tame duck under a hen to be hatched, the ducklings from the former, on the very day they leave the egg, will immediately endeavour to hide themselves, or take to the water, if there be any water, should anyone approach, whilst the young from the tame duck's eggs will show little or no alarm." Now, as neither rabbits nor ducks are likely to have been selected by man to breed from on account of tameness, we may set down the loss of wildness in the domestic breeds to the uncompounded effects of hereditary memory of man as a harmless animal, just as we attributed the original acquisition of instinctive wildness to the hereditary memory of man as a dangerous animal; in neither case can we suppose that the principle of selection has operated in any considerable degree.

Thus far for the sake of clearness the two factors in the formation of instinct have been dealt with separately, and it has been shown that either of them working is sufficient to develop some instincts. But, no doubt, in the case of most instincts intelligence and natural selection have gone hand in hand, or co-operated, in producing the observed results—natural selection always securing and rendering permanent any advances which intelligence may have made.

Thus, to take one case as an illustration. Dr. Rae tells me that the grouse of North America have the curious instinct of burrowing a tunnel just below the surface of the snow. In the end of this tunnel they sleep securely, for when any four-footed enemy approaches the mouth of the tunnel, the bird, in order to escape, has only to fly up through the thin covering of snow. Now in this case the grouse probably began to burrow in the snow for the sake of warmth, or concealment, or both; and, if so, thus far the burrowing was an act of intelligence. But the longer the tunnel the better would it serve in the above-described means of escape; therefore natural selection would tend to preserve the birds which made the longest tunnels, until the utmost benefit that length of tunnel could give had been attained.

And similarly, I believe, all the host of animal instincts may be fully explained by the joint operation of these two causes—intelligent adjustment and survival of the fittest. For now, I may draw attention to another fact which is of great importance, *vis.*, that instincts admit of being modified as modifying circumstances may require. In other words instincts are not rigidly fixed, but

are plastic, and their plasticity renders them capable of improvement or of alteration, according as intelligent observation requires. The assistance which is thus rendered by intelligence to natural selection must obviously be very great, for under any change in the surrounding conditions of life which calls for a corresponding change in the ancestral instincts of the animal, natural selection is not left to wait, as it were, for the required variations to arise fortuitously ; but is from the first furnished by the intelligence of the animal with the particular variations which are needed.

In order to demonstrate this principle of the variation of instinct under the guidance of intelligence, a few examples are introduced.

Huber observes : "How ductile is the instinct of bees, and how readily it adapts itself to the place, the circumstances, and the needs of the community ?" Thus, by means of contrivances, which I need not here explain, he forced the bees either to cease building combs, to change their instinctive mode of building from above downwards, to building in the reverse direction, and also horizontally. The bees in each case changed their mode of building accordingly. Again, an irregular piece of comb, when placed by Huber on a smooth table, tottered so much that the bumble bees could not work on so unsteady a basis. To prevent the tottering, two or three bees held the comb by fixing their front feet on the table, and their hind feet on the comb. This they continued to do, relieving guard, for three days, until they had built supporting pillars of wax. Some other bumble bees, when shut up, and so prevented from getting moss wherewith to cover their nests, tore threads from a piece of cloth, and "carded them with their feet into a fretted mass," which they used as moss. Lastly, Andrew Knight observed that his bees availed themselves of a kind of cement made of iron and turpentine, with which he had covered some decorticated trees—using this ready-made material instead of their own propolis, the manufacture of which they discontinued ; and more recently it has been observed that bees, "instead of searching for pollen, will gladly avail themselves of a very different substance, namely, oatmeal." Now in all these cases it is evident that if, from any change of environment, such accidental conditions were to occur in a state of nature, the bees would be ready at any time to meet them by intelligent adjustment, which, if continued sufficiently long and aided by selection, would pass into true instincts of building combs in new directions, of supporting combs during their construction, of carding threads of cloth, of substituting cement for propolis, and of oatmeal for pollen.

Turning to higher animals, Andrew Knight tells us of a bird which, having built her nest upon a forcing-house, ceased to visit it during the day when the heat of the house was sufficient to incubate the eggs ; but always returned to sit upon the eggs at night when the temperature of the house fell. Again, thread and worsted are now habitually used by sundry species of birds in building their nests, instead of wool and horse-hair, which in turn were no doubt originally substitutes for vegetable fibres and grasses. This is especially noticeable in the case of the tailor-bird, which finds thread the best material wherewith to sew. The common house-sparrow furnishes another instance of intelligent adaptation of nest-building to circumstances ; for in trees it builds a domed nest (presumably, therefore, the ancestral type), but in towns

avails itself by preference of sheltered holes in buildings, where it can afford to save time and trouble by constructing a loosely formed nest. Moreover, the chimney and house-swallows have similarly changed their instincts of nidification, and in America this change has taken place within the last two or three hundred years. Indeed, according to Captain Elliot Coues, all the species of swallow on that continent (with one possible exception) have thus modified the sites and structures of their nests in accordance with the novel facilities afforded by the settlement of the country.

Another instructive case of an intelligent change of instinct in connection with nest-building is given from a letter by Mr. Haust, dated New Zealand, 1862, which I find among Mr. Darwin's manuscripts. Mr. Haust says that the Paradise duck, which naturally or usually builds its nest along the rivers on the ground, has been observed by him on the east of the island, when disturbed in their nests upon the ground, to build 'new ones on the tops of high trees, afterwards bringing their young ones down on their backs to the water;' and exactly the same thing has been recorded by another observer of the wild ducks of Guiana. Now if intelligent adjustment to peculiar circumstances is thus adequate, not only to make a whole breed or species of bird transport their young upon their backs—or, as in the case of the woodcock, between their legs—but even to make web-footed water-fowl build their nests in high trees, I think we can have no doubt that if the need of such adjustment were of sufficiently long continuance, the intelligence which leads to it would eventually produce a new and remarkable modification of their ancestral instinct of nest-building.

To turn now from the instinct of modification to that of incubation, one example may be given to show the plasticity of the instinct in relation to the observed requirements of progeny.

Several years ago I placed in the nest of a sitting Brahma hen, four newly-born ferrets. She took to them almost immediately, and remained with them for rather more than a fortnight, when I made a separation. During the whole of the time the hen had to sit upon the nest, for the young ferrets were not able to follow her about, as young chickens would have done. The hen was very much puzzled by the lethargy of her offspring, and two or three times a day she used to fly off the nest calling on her brood to follow; but, on hearing their cries of distress from cold, she always returned immediately, and sat with patience for six or seven hours more. I found that it only took the hen one day to learn the meaning of their cries of distress; for after the first day she would always run in an agitated manner to any place where I concealed the ferrets, provided that this place was not too far away from the nest to prevent her from hearing the cries of distress. Yet I do not think it would be possible to imagine a greater contrast between two cries than the shrill piping note of a young chicken, and the hoarse growling noise of a young ferret. At times the hen used to fly off the nest with a loud scream, which was doubtless due to the unaccustomed sensation of being gripped by the young ferrets in their search for the teats. It is further worthy of remark that the hen showed so much anxiety when the ferrets were taken from the nest to be fed, that I adopted the plan of giving them the milk in their nest, and with this arrangement the hen seemed quite satisfied; at any rate she used to cluck when she saw the milk coming, and surveyed the feeding with evident satisfaction.

Thus we see that even the oldest and most important of instincts in bees and birds admit of being greatly modified, both in the individual and in the race, by intelligent adaptation to changed conditions of life ; and therefore we can scarcely doubt that the principle of lapsing intelligence must be of much assistance to that of natural selection in the origination and development of instincts.

Another branch of the subject is now considered. From the nature of the case it is not to be expected that we should obtain a great variety of instances among wild animals of new instincts acquired under human observation, seeing that the conditions of their life, as a rule, remain pretty uniform for any periods over which human observation can extend. But from a time before the beginning of history mankind, in the practice of domesticating animals, has been making what we may deem a gigantic experiment upon the topic before us.

The influences of domestication upon the psychology of animals may be broadly considered as both negative and positive—negative in the obliteration of natural instincts ; positive in the creation of artificial instincts. We will consider these two branches separately. Here we may again revert to the obliteration of natural wildness. We all know that the horse is an easily breakable animal, but his nearest allies in a state of nature, the zebra and the quagga, are the most obstinately unbreakable of animals. Similar remarks apply to the natural wildness of all wild species of kine, as contrasted with the innate tameness of our domesticated breeds. Consider again the case of the cat. The domesticated animal is sufficiently tame, even from kittenhood, whereas its nearest cousin in a state of nature, the wild cat, is perhaps of all animals the most untameable. But of course it is in the case of the dog that we meet with the strongest evidence on this point. The most general and characteristic features in the psychology of all the domesticated varieties are faithfulness, docility, and sense of dependence upon a master ; whereas the most usual and characteristic features in the psychology of all the wild species are fierceness, treachery, and self-reliance. But, not further to pursue the negative side of this subject, let us now turn to the positive, or to the power which man has shown himself to possess of implanting new instincts in the mental constitution of animals. For the sake of brevity I shall here confine myself to the most conspicuous instance, which is of course furnished by the dog seeing that the dog has always been selected and trained with more or less express reference to his mental qualities. And here I may observe that in the process of modifying psychology by domestication exactly the same principles have been brought into operation as those to which we attribute the modification of instincts in general ; for the processes of artificial selection and training in successive generations are precisely analogous to the processes of natural selection and lapsing of intelligence in a state of nature.

Touching what Mr. Darwin calls the artificial instincts of the dog, I may first mention those which he has himself dilated upon—I mean the instincts of pointing, retrieving, and sheep-tending ; but as Mr. Darwin has already fully treated of these instincts, I shall not go over the ground which he has traversed, but shall confine myself to the consideration of another artificial instinct, which, although not mentioned by him, seems to me of no less significance—I mean the instinct of guarding property. This is a purely artificial instinct, created by man expressly

for his own purposes, and it is now so strongly ingrained in the intelligence of the dog that it is unusual to find any individual animal in which it is wholly absent. Thus, we all know, that without any training a dog will allow a stranger to pass by his master's gate without molestation, but that as soon as the stranger passes within the gate, and so trespasses upon what the dog knows to be his master's territory, the animal immediately begins to bark in order to give his master notice of the invasion. And this leads me to observe that barking is itself an artificial instinct developed, I believe, as an offshoot from the more general instinct of guarding property. None of the wild species of dog are known to bark, and therefore we must conclude that barking is an artificial instinct, acquired for the purpose of notifying to his master the presence of thieves or enemies. I may further observe that this instinct of guarding property extends to the formation of an instinctive idea on the part of the animal, of itself constituting part of that property. If, for instance, a friend gives you temporary charge of his dog, even although the dog may never have seen you before observing that you are his master's friend and that his master intends you to take charge of him, he immediately transfers his allegiance from his master to you, as to a deputed owner, and will then follow you through any number of crowded streets with the utmost confidence. Thus, whether we look to the negative or to the positive influences of domestication upon the psychology of the dog, we must conclude that a change has been wrought, so profound that the whole mental constitution of the animal now presents a more express reference to the needs of another, and his enslaving animal, than it does to his own. Indeed, we may say that there is no one feature in the whole psychology of the dog which has been left unaltered by the influence of man, excepting only those instincts which being neither useful nor harmful to man have never been subject to his operation—such, for instance, as the instinct of burying food, turning round to make a bed before lying down, &c.

There is another branch of the subject which, though of great importance has never before been alluded to—the local and specific variations of instincts. By a local variation of instinct is meant a variation presented by a species in a state of nature over some particular area of geographical distribution. It is easy to see the importance of such local variations of instinct as evidence of the transmutation of instinct, if we reflect that such a local variation is obviously on its way to becoming a new instinct.

For example, the beavers in California have ceased to make dams, the hyænas in South Africa have ceased to make burrows, and there is a squirrel in the neighbourhood of Mount Airy which has developed carnivorous tastes—running about the trees, not to search for nuts, but to search for birds, the blood of which it sucks. In Ohinitahi there is a mountain parrot which, before the settlement of the place, was a honey eater, but when sheep were introduced the birds found that mutton was more palatable to them than honey, and quickly abandoned their ancestral habits, exchanging their simple tastes of honey eaters for the savageness of tearers of flesh. For the birds come in flocks, single out a sheep, tear out the wool, and when the sheep, exhausted by running about, falls upon its side, they bore into the abdominal cavity to get at the fat which surrounds the kidneys.

Specific variations seem to constitute even stronger evidence of the transmutation of instinct ; for, where we find an instinct peculiar to a species, or not occurring in any other species of the genus, we have the strongest possible evidence of that particular instinct having been specially developed in that particular species, and this evidence is of particular cogency when, as sometimes happens, the change of instinct is associated with structures pointing to the state of the instincts before the change.

Thus, for example, the dipper belongs to a non-aquatic family of birds, but has developed the instinct, peculiar to its species of diving under water and running along the bottoms of streams. The species, however, has not had time, since the acquisition of this instinct, to develop any of the structures which in all aquatic families of birds are correlated with their aquatic instincts, such as webbed feet, &c. That is to say, the bird retains all its structural affinities, while departing from the family type as regards its instincts. A precisely converse case occurs in certain species of birds belonging to families which are aquatic in their affinities, these species, however, having lost their aquatic instincts. Such is the case, for example, with the upland geese. These are true geese in all their affinities, retaining the webbed feet, and all the structures suited to the display of aquatic instincts ; yet they never visit the water. Similarly, there are species of parrots and tree frogs, which, while still retaining the structures adapted to climbing trees, have entirely lost their arboreal habits. Now, short of actual historical or palæontological information—which of course in the case of instincts is unattainable, seeing that instincts, unlike structures, never occur in a fossil state—short, I say, of actual historical or palæontological information, we could have no stronger testimony to the fact of transmutation of instincts, than is furnished by such cases, wherein a particular species, while departing from the instinctive habits of its nearest allies, still retains the structures which are only suited to the instincts now obsolete.

Now this last head of evidence—that, namely, as to local and specific variations of instincts—differs in one important respect from all the other heads of evidence which I have previously adduced. For while these other heads of evidence had reference to the theory concerning the *causes* of transmutation, this head of evidence has reference to the *fact* of transmutation. Whatever, therefore, we may think concerning the evidence of the causes, this evidence is quite distinct from that on which I now rely as conclusive proof of the fact.

The writer next briefly alludes to the more important cases of special difficulty which lie against Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin and development of instinct. After a reference to the alleged instinct of the scorpion committing suicide when surrounded by fire (the evidence for which is hardly sufficient for its acceptance as a fact), and to the less doubtful instinct of insects leading them to fly through flame, we come to a consideration of the shamming dead of insects ; it is impossible to understand how any insect can have acquired the idea either of death of its intentional simulation.

This difficulty occurred to Mr. Darwin thirty or forty years ago, and among his manuscripts I find some very interesting notes of experiments upon the subject. He procured a number of insects which exhibited the instinct, and carefully noted the attitude in which they feigned death. Some of these insects he then killed, and he found that in no case did the attitude in which they feigned death resemble the attitude in which they really died. Consequently we must conclude that all the instinct amounts to is that of remaining motionless, and therefore, inconspicuous, in the presence of danger ; and there is no more difficulty in understanding how such an instinct as this should be developed by natural selection in an animal which has no great powers of locomotion, than there is in understanding how the instinct to run away from danger should be developed in another animal with powers of rapid locomotion. The case, however, is not, I think, quite so easy to understand in the feigning death of higher animals. From the evidence which I have I find it almost impossible to doubt that certain birds, foxes, wolves, and monkeys, not to mention some other and more doubtful cases, exhibit the peculiarity of appearing dead when captured by man. As all these animals are highly locomotive, we cannot here attribute the fact to protective causes. Moreover, in these animals this behaviour is not truly instinctive, inasmuch as it is not presented by all, or even most individuals. As yet, however, observation of the facts is insufficient to furnish any data as to their explanation, although I may remark that possibly they may be due to the occurrence of the mesmeric or hypnotic state, which we know from recent researches may be induced in animals under the influence of forcible manipulation.

The instinct of feigning injury by certain birds presents a peculiar difficulty.

As we all know, partridges, ducks, and plovers, when they have a brood of young ones, and are alarmed by the approach of a carnivorous quadruped, such as a dog, will pretend to be wounded, flapping along the ground with an apparently broken wing in order to induce the four-footed enemy to follow, and thus to give time for the young brood to disperse and hide themselves. The difficulty here, of course, is to understand how the birds can have acquired the idea of pretending to have a broken wing, for the occasions must be very rare on which any bird has seen a companion thus wounded followed by a carnivorous quadruped ; and even if such observations on their part were of frequent occurrence, it would be difficult to accredit the animals with so high a degree of reasoning power as would be required for them intentionally to imitate such movements. When I consulted Mr. Darwin with reference to this difficulty, he gave me a provisional hypothesis by which it appeared to him that it might be met. He said that any one might observe, when a hen has a brood of young chickens and is threatened by a dog, that she will alternately rush at the dog and back again to the chickens. Now if we could suppose that under these circumstances the mother bird is sufficiently intelligent to observe that when she runs away from the dog, she is followed by the dog, it is not impossible that the maternal instinct might induce her to run away from a brood in order to lead the dog away from it. If this happened in any cases, natural selection would tend to preserve those mother birds which adopted this device. I give this explanation as the only one which either Mr. Darwin or myself has been able

to suggest. It will be observed, however, that it is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it fails to account for the most peculiar feature of the instinct—I mean the trailing of the apparently wounded wing.

The instinct of migration furnishes another case of special difficulty, but as I have no space to dwell upon the sundry questions which it presents for solution I shall now pass on to the last of the special difficulties which most urgently call for consideration. The case to which I refer deserves, I think, to be regarded as the most extraordinary instinct in the world. There is a species of wasp-like insect, called the sphex. This insect lays its eggs in a hole excavated in the ground. It then flies away and finds a spider, which it stings in the main nerve-centre of the animal. This has the effect of paralysing the spider without killing it. The sphex then carries the now motionless spider to its nursery, and buries it with the eggs. When the eggs hatch out the grubs feed on the paralysed prey, which is then still alive and therefore quite fresh, although it has never been able to move since the time when it was buried. Of course the difficulty here is to understand how the sphex insect can have acquired so much anatomical and physiological knowledge concerning its prey as the facts imply. We might indeed suppose, as I in the first instance was led to suppose, that the sting of the sphex and the nerve-centre of the spider being both organs situated on the median line of their respective possessors, the striking of the nerve-centre by the sting might in the first instance have been thus accidentally favoured, and so have supplied a basis from which natural selection could work to the perfecting of an instinct always to sting in one particular spot. But more recently the French entomologist, M. Favre, who first noticed these facts with reference to the stinging of the spider, has observed another species of sphex which preyed upon the grasshopper, and as the nervous system of a grasshopper is more elongated than the nervous system of a spider, the sphex in this case has to sting its prey in three successive nerve-centres in order to induce paralysis. Again, still more recently, M. Favre has found another species of sphex, which preys upon a caterpillar, and in this case the animal has to sting its victim in nine successive nerve-centres. On my consulting Mr. Darwin in reference to these astonishing facts, he wrote me the following letter :—

I have been thinking about *Pompilius* and its allies. Please take the trouble to read on perforation of the corolla, by Bees, p. 425, of my 'Cross-fertilisation,' to end of chapter. Bees show so much *intelligence* in their acts, that it seems not improbable to me that the progenitors of *Pompilius* originally stung caterpillars and spiders, &c., in any part of their bodies, and then observed by their intelligence that if they stung them in one particular place, as between certain segments on the lower side, their prey was at once paralysed. It does not seem to me at all incredible that this action should then become instinctive, *i.e.*, memory transmitted from one generation to another. It does not seem necessary to suppose that, when *Pompilius* stung its prey in the ganglion it intended, or knew, that their prey would keep long alive. The development of the larva may have been subsequently modified in relation to their half dead, instead of wholly dead prey; supposing that the prey was at first quite killed, which would have required much stinging. Turn this over in your mind, &c.

Mr. Romanes confesses that this explanation does not appear to him altogether satisfactory, although it is no doubt the best explanation that can be furnished on the lines of Mr. Darwin's theory.

The article concludes with a brief glance at a topic of wider

interest and more general importance than the slow evolution of animal instincts under the influence of natural causes. The concluding paragraphs are prefaced by a quotation from the great chapter on Instinct in the *Origin of Species* :—

Finally it may not be a logical deduction, but to my imagination it is far more satisfactory to look at such instincts as the young cuckoo ejecting its foster-brothers, ants making slaves, the larvæ of ichneumonidæ feeding within the live bodies of caterpillars, not as specially endowed or created instincts, but as small consequences of one general law leading to the advancement of all organic beings, namely, multiply, vary, let the strongest live, and the weakest die.

This law may seem to some, as it has seemed to me, a hard one—hard, I mean, as an answer to the question which most of us must at some time and in some shape have had faith enough to ask, ‘Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?’ For this is a law, rigorous and universal, that the race shall always be to the swift, the battle without fail to the strong; and in announcing it the voice of science has proclaimed a strangely new beatitude—Blessed are the fit, for they shall inherit the earth. Surely these are hard sayings, for in the order of nature they constitute might the only right. But if we are thus led to feel a sort of moral repugnance to Darwinian teaching, let us conclude by looking at this matter a little more closely, and in the light that Darwin himself has flashed upon it in the short passage which I have quoted.

Eighteen centuries before the publication of this book—the ‘Origin of Species,’—one of the founders of Christianity had said, in words as strong as any that have been used by the Schopenhauers and Hartmanns of to-day, ‘the whole creation groaneth in pain and travail.’ Therefore we did not need a Darwin to show us this terrible truth; but we did need a Darwin to show us that out of all the evil which we see at least so much of good as we have known has come; that if this is a world of pain and sorrow, hunger, strife and death, at least the suffering has not been altogether profitless; that whatever may be ‘the far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves,’ the whole creation, in all its pain and in all its travail, is certainly moving, and this in a direction which makes, if not for ‘righteousness, at all events for improvement. No doubt the origin of evil has proved a more difficult problem to solve than the origin of species; but, thus viewed, I think that the Darwinian doctrine deserves to be regarded as in some measure a mitigation of the difficulty; certainly in no case an aggravation of it. I do not deny that an immense residuum of difficulty remains, seeing that, so far as we can judge, the means employed certainly do not appear to be justified by the ends attained. But even here we ought not to lose sight of the possibility that, if we could see deeper into the mystery of things, we might find some further justification of the evil, as unsuspected as was that which, as it seems to me, Darwin has brought to light. It is not in itself impossible—perhaps it is not even improbable—that the higher instincts of man may be pointing with as true an aim as those lower instincts of the brutes which we have been contemplating. And, even if the theory of evolution were ever to succeed in furnishing as satisfactory an explanation of the natural development of the former as it has of the natural development of the latter, I think that the truest exponent of the meaning—as distinguished from the causation—of these higher instincts would still be, not the man of science, but the poet. Here, therefore, it seems to me, that men of science ought to leave the question of pain

in Nature to be answered, so far as it can be answered, by the general voice of that humanity which we all share, and which is able to acknowledge that at least its own allotment of suffering is not an unmitigated evil.

For clouds of sorrow deepness lend,
To change joy's early rays,
And manhood's eyes alone can send
A grief-ennobled gaze.

While to that gaze alone expand
Those skies of fullest thought,
Beneath whose star-lit vault we stand,
Lone, wondering, and untaught.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.

Yet still,—

Our sweetest sons are those that tell of saddest thought.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

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THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.—The magazine is little more than a century old. The *Gentleman's Magazine* may be said to represent its infancy; the *Monthly Magazine* its youth; *Blackwood's*, *Fraser's*, and *Bentley's Miscellany* its manhood; and the *Cornhill* and *Macmillan's* its maturer age. Cave, the well-known printer of the Johnson era, was the author of the magazine whence all other magazines are sprung, the *Gentleman's*.

The first number appeared in the form of an unpretending octavo pamphlet, of forty-five pages, at the price of sixpence, under the title of the *Gentleman's Magazine and Trader's Monthly Intelligencer*; as if to imply that the tastes and interests of both the aristocratic and mercantile classes, of both town and country, would be attended to. Herein Mr. Cave showed himself to be a very shrewd and discerning publisher, considerably in advance of his fellows of that day. The bulk of the work consisted of abridgments of the best articles in the political and literary journals of shorter periods, a list of which he gives in the first number of his magazine in the page following the title: *The Craftsman*, *London Journal*, *Free Briton*, etc.,

and last, though not the least interesting of all our old friend *The Grubstreet Journal*. The nominal authors of the extracts used are appended, as if to indicate that the editor is desirous of acknowledging his indebtedness to all from whom he borrows. These, as regards the last named publication, are sufficiently suggestive: Mr. Ravious, Mr. Mævius, Mr. Spondee, Mr. Dactyl, and Messrs. Conundrum, Quidnunc, Orthodoxo, and Quibus. Following "an impartial view of the various weekly Essays, controversial, humorous, and political, religious, moral, and sentimental," comes the *Monthly Intelligencer*, containing foreign and domestic occurrences, and a register of births, marriages, and deaths. Observations on gardening and a list of new publications complete the table of contents. A short advertisement or two helps to fill up the last page. The whole is edited by Sylvanus Urban of Aldermanbury, Gent., the place of publication being the far-famed gate of St. John Clerkenwell.

Cave's venture enjoyed immediate and permanent success, and lasted in unbroken sequence from January 1731 to June 1783, a period of 52 years. A new series was begun in the following month of July, and continued to June 1784, when the magazine was relinquished for a time, but was subsequently revived in various forms; and it is issued monthly down to the present date.

When it was first issued, Johnson became a regular paid contributor and the chief literary adviser of the editor, Cave; and it was largely indebted to Johnson's pen for its early success and later prosperity.

He introduced new features which at once enhanced its popularity. The most important of these were the substitution of some pages of original prose for the uninteresting extracts hitherto taken from the public journals, and the publication of a monthly epitome of the debates in Parliament under the title of *The Senate of Lilliput*. The Life of Savage was perhaps the ablest contribution from Johnson's pen to the pages of Cave's periodical, and for this he received payment at the rate of two guineas a sheet. Curious as it may seem to the voluntary contributors to the monthly magazines of our own day,—to which, by the way, some of the American magazines in this respect furnish an exception,—Dr. Johnson was paid for his copy when it had been accepted. Under his skilful guidance, then, the *Gentleman's Magazine* prospered more and more, and ultimately attained a monthly circulation of ten thousand. If we compare this with the average issue of more modern magazines, such a circulation, taking into account the lack of postal and other facilities for the distribution of books in Johnson's time, must be allowed to be very considerable.

Cave's success brought many competitors into the field, the most vigorous of which were the *London Magazine* and the *Monthly Review*. The former of these ran its elder contemporary pretty close, and the latter became so prosperous that it reached the advanced age of 96 years, and only ended its long career of usefulness in 1845.

But by far the ablest of the English magazines born in the last century was the *Monthly Magazine, or British Register*, founded by Richard Phillips.

It was begun in 1796, and lasted in unbroken sequence till 1825, when a new series was begun. It was the same size as its monthly contemporaries, namely octavo; consisted of from eighty to one hundred pages of reading matter, printed in double columns; and was sold originally at one shilling, subsequently raised to eighteen pence, and afterwards to two shillings, a number. "When it was first planned, two leading ideas," says the Preface to the first volume, "occupied the minds of those who undertook to conduct it. The first was that of laying before the public various objects of information and discussion, both amusing and instructive; the second was that of lending aid to the propagation of those liberal principles respecting some of the most important concerns of mankind which have been either deserted or virulently opposed by other periodical miscellanies, but upon the manly and rational support of which the fame and fate of the age must depend."

The foreign intelligence of the *Monthly Magazine* was exceptionally interesting, its home news was instructive and entertaining, and its editorial comments, though brief and scattered, were outspoken and sincere. It well deserved all the prestige it acquired in its day. As an instance of its brave independence, we may note that, a few weeks after Waterloo, when to side with Napoleon was to confess oneself an enemy of England, the *Monthly Magazine* protested against the "ostracism" of "that great man" for "the supposed crimes of being beloved by the French, and for long successfully opposing the enemies of France." The most uninteresting part of the magazine is that reserved to the poets, whose lines on Beauty, To Clarissa, To a Fair Recluse, and so on, read now as the stupidest twaddle.

In 1814, when the old *Monthly* was at the zenith of its popularity, having attained a circulation of 8,000, the new *Monthly Magazine and Universal Register* was started by Colburn, and at once proclaimed itself the uncompromising political opponent of the old *Monthly*.

It began with a long address to the public, abusive of "the demon Bonaparte" and of the editor of its rival, who "nursed in the school of Jacobinism," had preferred the interests of France to those "of our common country." The country, nevertheless, had made a noble stand against the usurper, and it was the duty of every honest Englishman to take his stand by the country; with a great deal more to the same purpose. The new *Monthly* was started on political grounds chiefly, and aimed at securing the support of the Tories. Later it took a literary turn, changed its second title from *Universal Register* to *Literary Journal*, and began an entirely new career. It was one of the first of the purely literary magazines published in London, and was edited successively by Thomas Campbell, Theodore Hook, Tom Hood, and W. Harrison Ainsworth. But before it reached its greatest popularity and could afford, as it did, to raise its price from 2s. and 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a number, it was indebted to another periodical for many an original idea. This was the *London Magazine*, of the second decade of the century.

The *London Magazine*, started three years later than *Blackwood's* (which itself was established in 1820 on the plan of the old *Monthly*), had Taylor and Hessey for its publishers, John Scott for its editor, and Coventry Patmore for his literary aid. Afterwards Tom Hood joined the staff as sub-editor.

The principal contributors were Lamb, at his wisest, sagest, airiest, indiscreetest, best; Barry Cornwall, "in the first bloom of his modest and enduring fame;" John Hamilton Reynolds, "lighting up the wildest eccentricities and most striking features of many-colored life with vivid fancy;" and Hazlit, "whose pen gave radiant expression to the results of the solitary musings of many years." Cary, the translator of Dante, De Quincey, author of the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, and Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, of infamous reputation, were others of the original contributors. After the good old fashion of "the great trade," the publishers used to assemble their contributors round their hospitable table in Fleet Street, and discuss the bill for the month. The *Essays of Elia* were the chief attraction. They brought fame to the magazine and renown to their author. "I have had the honor of dining at the Mansion House," wrote Lamb to a friend, "by special card from the Lord Mayor, who never saw my face, nor I his; and all from being a writer in a magazine."

But the venture did not meet with all the support it deserved. The end came, and the *London Magazine*, which was started under such promising conditions, ceased to be. It had, however, borne good fruit in giving a fresher and brighter tone to periodical literature.

We may now gain an insight into the matter of the remuneration made to authors for articles contributed to the magazines.

Johnson, as we have remarked, appears to have considered himself fairly treated in being paid at the rate of two guineas per sheet of copy. This is a little better than 2s. 6d. per page of print. Sir Richard Phillips, the reading matter of whose magazine was cut up into short paragraphs, one communication seldom extending over a page, got most of his contributions for nothing. An honorarium of one guinea was considered a proper payment for a report; and the supplementary reviews of books were done in the editor's office. In its later years eight guineas a sheet was considered fair pay. Lamb, in a letter to Coleridge, banters him upon a refusal to write for *Blackwood's*. "Why you should refuse twenty guineas per sheet for *Blackwood's*, or any other magazine," he writes, "passes my poor comprehension." This would seem to imply that in Lamb's time (1821—1831) such a rate of payment, namely, £1 6s. 3d. a page was exceptional; though later, when Lamb himself was writing for Colburn's *New Monthly*, he received somewhat more, £1 11s. 6d. Later still (1837), the contributions of authors of acknowledged reputation were made the subject of a special agreement with the publishers; but ordinary contributors received from 15s. to 21s. per page. This arrangement would seem to hold good still. There were, and are, in fact, two scales of payment, the editor being the judge of an author's claim to be paid according to the higher or lower rate. Generally speaking, 10s. 6d. per page is the lowest limit, 21s. the highest; excepting in the case of an author whose literary reputation stands very high. He may then

command almost any terms he please, always supposing that editor and publisher agree in considering it an object to secure his copy. One hundred guineas is an exceptional honorarium for an author to receive for an article, though even that handsome fee has been voluntarily given; indeed we know of one instance, at least, where nearly twice that sum was paid for a contribution to one of the London reviews.

In February 1830 *Fraser's Magazine* was born. It was not of Scotch origin, but first issued from 215, Regent Street, London, the place of business of Mr. James Fraser, a publisher.

It was an octavo of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, price 2s. 6d.; and the first article which appeared in it was one on American poetry,—a review, in fact, of "Fugitive Poetry, by N. P. Willis. Boston: Pierce & Williams. 1829." Within five years of starting, the magazine had advanced to the second place among the periodicals, of which *Blackwood's* was then the chief.

Fraser's was the first magazine that brought together such an array of talent in one publication, as its editor, in the Preface to the Second Decade, January 1840, dwells upon with becoming pride.

Mention is made of the "distinct works" which had even so early been "woven" out of its pages by Mitchell, "heart-stirring biographer of Wallenstein!" Thomas Carlyle, "most original, graphic, and exciting of historians of the French Revolution;" M. J. Chapman, "the learned and the poetic;" and John Abraham Heraud, "the metaphysical and profound." "Yellowplush (Thackeray) with pen and pencil contributed to 'the harmless mirth of nations;' Morgan Rattler (Banks) wittily rallied; O'Donoghue (Maguire?) related many a tale of Irish fun; the gallant and gallant Bombardinio (Colonel Mitchell) has narrated his experiences in love and war; the Dominie (poor Picken!) chattered over his Scotch anecdotes in the choicest *patois* of the land of cakes. Besides these masqueraders, we have been honored by the avowed contributions of Southey, Lockhart, Brewster, Gillics, Galt, Hogg, Gleig, Croker, Moir, Macnish, Lady Bulwer, Lady Mary Shepherd, with the unavowed assistance of several other persons of allowed wit, talent, and learning; with the counsel of Coleridge and the countenance of Scott. Into our pages have found their way some rare specimens of the 'old man eloquent,' as well as of Byron and Shelley, which otherwise would, in all probability, not have seen the light."

For many years *Fraser's Magazine* held itself bravely against all comers at the very head of periodical literature.

To the original brotherhood of contributors were added in after time many who have left their impress on the wider literature of our day; among the number, Charles Kingsley, who published in it his earlier story *Yeast*, and *Hypatia*, in some respects the most elaborate and brilliant of his works; Arthur Helps, who contributed to its pages *Friends in Council*, and *Companions of my Solitude*; John Stuart Mill, who gave to it one of the most mature productions of his pen, the well-known essay on Utilitarianism; H. T. Buckle, who wrote for it his paper on the Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge; and last, not least, James Anthony Froude, some time its editor, and a contributor of some of the best of the shorter studies.

It ended a long and prosperous career extending over a period of 52 years, in November 1882.

In 1837, as *Fraser's* was becoming famous, appeared *Bentley's Miscellany*, incorporated with *Temple Bar* in 1859. It was the liveliest and most novel of all the earlier magazines. It consisted of 104 pages, price 2s. 6d.

The first volume of *Bentley's Miscellany* contains so much that is amusing that even at this distance of time it would almost bear reprinting, which is more than can be said of the initial numbers of the *New Monthly*, *Blackwood's* or *Fraser's*. Boz was the first editor. Following a characteristic preface from his pen comes a song by Father Prout and a Prologue by Dr. Maguire. Among the other papers appearing in it are: Recollections of George Colman, by Theodore Hook; the opening chapters of *Handy Andy*, by Samuel Lover; A Legend of Manoir Hall, by the author of *Headlong Hall*; Terence O'Shaughnessy, by Gleig; the Sabine Fathers: a serenade, by Father Prout; some stray sketches, by Boz; the opening chapters of *Oliver Twist*, by the same; and articles by Thomas Ingoldsby (Barham), Captain Marryat, Haynes Bayly, Hamilton Reynolds, W. Jerdan, and Sheridan Knowles.

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Dickens, Marryat, Barham, Lover, and Sam Slick were the leading light comedians; Ainsworth, Hamilton Reynolds, Jerdan, Leigh, and Barker the "heavy" gentlemen, willing, however, at a pinch, to play a part in any piece which the management might suggest, so long as it tended to the general success of the company. When Jack Sheppard was "in the bills" as the *pièce de resistance*, the receipts advanced to something like £800 per month. When that popular romance was concluded, they dropped to about £450. These amounts are based upon a circulation of 8,500 and 5,000 per month respectively. With Jack Sheppard, they stood at the former, without him, at the latter figure.

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Ainsworth succeeded Charles Dickens in the editorial chair, and was for some time supported by a company of contributors as distinguished as that which gave a lustre to the short but brilliant engagement of Boz.

With the birth of the *Cornhill*, in 1858, the English magazine enters upon the last phase of its career. We hear no more of the boisterous hilarity of *Fraser's*, or the somewhat dissolute manners of *Bentley's*. The public has become virtuous and regretful, and is not averse to having its errors pointed out in a soothing way. And of all men Thackeray was just the man to give the public what it needed.

The Roundabout Papers, first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, were the pleasant little discourses he delivered on those occasions of semi-confidential intercourse with his readers. They showed their appreciation of his kindly efforts in their behalf by subscribing for the magazine which printed his essays to the unprecedented number of 100,000. These figures represented actually and *bona fide* the number of copies sold to the public. When the *Cornhill* was started, the average sale of each number of the magazine in the first year was 84,427, and the smallest sale of any one number was 67,019,—nearly ten times the sale of *Bentley's*

Miscellany in its palmiest days, and probably in the case of any English magazine never since exceeded. It would be no more than the truth to say that, without Thackeray's name as editor, the *Cornhill* would never have attained its immense popularity. The papers which he wrote for it were as eagerly looked for, month by month, as were the famous concluding numbers of *Pickwick*. And when Thackeray died, the circulation gradually fell off, and the magazine never afterwards regained its once superlative position. Indeed, the sale in Thackeray's days was quite unparalleled, as may be judged from the fact that the average monthly sale of its later contemporaries, *Temple Bar*, *St. James' Belgravia* and the rest, has never exceeded 15,000. The quarterly Reviews, which are not here under consideration, have without actually disappearing themselves given rise to such monthly magazines as the *Contemporary*, *Nineteenth Century* and *Fortnightly*, and there are some signs that the magazine of the old school is giving way in England before the newer school of illustrated magazines.

then to look at a moss-covered house, with its quaintly carved imp or flower decoration ; at the rain-splashed, mud-stained, broken gates, and crumbling red-brick walls ; at the fantastic gables and old Gothic archways, or else at the three towers, whose weather-vanes were apparently made "with intent to deceive." Then there were walks up and down light-and-shadow-flecked lanes, where I pretended to sketch the timbered and chimney-potted cottages, or the bridge, where bare-legged boys were chasing swans from out the reeds and rushes of the river below. And again, I watched with lazy interest the romps of the Charity boys, who, with their Henry VIII. caps, long blue gowns tied around their waists, and yellow breeches, looked as if they belonged to another age ; and the games of the girls who, though

" Brought up on charity,
Have plenty hilarity."

I saw them once enjoying a hearty laugh as an awkward cyclist took a header into the blackberry hedge at their feet. One afternoon, to vary my amusements, I hired a tricycle, and worked my way slowly through the town, trying to look as if I were not an expert bicyclist unused to the third wheel. But I am afraid my narrow escapes from running over people and into carriages betrayed me. I was not sorry, therefore, when on Friday morning, the 27th of August, a post-office order and my new machine arrived simultaneously.

A bicyclist happened to be going my way. There is a freemasonry among all knights of the wheel, and so, without further introduction, we rode off together. He was a "good fellow," and in the course of two days we became very friendly. It is, perhaps, characteristic of cycling intimacies that, though we each of us had plenty to say about roads and wheels, gears and time, all I knew about his personal affairs when we parted was that he was an American and had never heard of Tom Brown. From which fact it may be concluded that cycling has a moral value as an antidote to idle gossip.

We dodged the carriages to the end of town, and then, turning to the right, took the broad road to Birmingham. It was full of cyclists, whose bells were ringing merrily. There were bicycles and tricycles, single machines, double machines, and tandems. Some riders were alone, others were in parties of two or three, or even as many as a dozen ; and, to my surprise, a large part were women, whose skill showed that they were no mere novices in the art. One young girl on a three-wheeler, was attended by a youth on a bicycle, who wheeled attentively by her side. I would lay any wager that cycling was not their only ground of sympathy, and that their conversation turned upon other subjects than records and wheels. Not only around Coventry, but throughout my ride, I met more cycles than carriages, and saw a dozen wheelmen where I would have seen one at home. It is probably because the English, as a nation, care more for exercise and athletics of all kinds than we do that the cycle has become so much more popular with them than it has with us. Its popularity, however, is not less astonishing because of this national tendency. The love of the Briton for boating, riding, and cricket is, as it were, bred in the bone ; but his fondness for the cycle originated with the present generation.

The bicycle in its present form dates back only to about 1870. It is a development of the hobby, or dandy-horse, accelerator, or *céléritère*—a cumbrous machine in limited vogue toward the begin-

ning of this century, its chief use being to supply grist for the mill of wits of the day. The coming bicycle did not cast its shadow before to silence their sarcasm.

From the three-wheeled velocipede for juvenile recreation has been evolved the tricycle with its rubber-tired, ball-bearing suspension wheels. The plaything of children is now a "machine" (as the Scotch call a "trap") for men. Here is a subject for an evolutionist ! When it was first seen on the road in 1880, in competition with the bicycle, it was looked on askance. It seemed like a resource of old age or timidity. But before long a few practical road-riding cyclers tried it, and did not find it wanting. Their example was speedily followed, with the result that in Great Britain, if not elsewhere, it has become a formidable rival of the bicycle, and is fast gaining ground.

To continue the narrative :

For convenience, the three-wheeler unquestionably bears off the palm. I carried with me from Coventry two suits of clothes, a stick, umbrella, sketching-stool and sketch-books, with painting materials innumerable, weighing in all twenty-five pounds—a feat I could never have accomplished had I ridden a bicycle. Nor did this load interfere with my pleasure or my speed. Whithersoever my friend the bicyclist went, there I went also, and often the lead was mine. Of course the carrying capacity of the tricycle is no advantage when a short run is taken for exercise or relaxation ; but it is an important consideration in an extended tour. Man, as he knows to his infinite inconvenience, is a clothed animal. He may reduce his needs to the finest point ; he may adopt a uniform which resists rain and sun alike, and which dispenses with starched, easily tumbled linen ; but there are other articles of clothing and certain toilet accessories which he must have. The machine is now so constructed as to meet the demands of the tourist. One tricycle has a basket attached in front, which the rider can open without moving from his seat. As much as one hundred and fifty pounds can be so carried. In Coventry I saw the postmen going their rounds on the Carrier, and its wheels, painted red by way of uniform, are as well known in the lanes there as the wagons of our letter-carriers in the streets of Philadelphia. Insurance agents, vendors of yeast, photographers, and even physicians, have learned to make use of the tricycle in their daily rounds.

My recollection of the first day of my ride is of many steep hills and much rain. It poured in torrents as at noon my fellow-traveller and myself rode through a long green tunnel of leaves into Coleshill. It poured even harder when, after our luncheon, we went to examine the church belonging to the high steeple which marks the town, and which is ornamented on the outside by little devilish gargoyles. These were all we could see, as the door was locked against us. But we crossed to the other side of the street and inspected the whipping-post, to which vines now cling tenderly, the pillory, black with age, and the stocks, whose gaping mouths are full of daisies, all three eloquent reminders of the days when Englishmen were still in leading-strings, and government was in the maternal stage. The pour settled into a damp drizzle, which lasted all the afternoon, as we wheeled

over roads of concentrated vileness, and were misled by lying sign-boards. The misery of those long hills no tongue can tell. Each new one was steeper than the last. It was still drizzling when we reached Lichfield and the end of our tether at one and the same time. Neither of us looked at the many-chimneyed alms-houses, nor even at the statue of Dr. Johnson, erected on the very spot where, as a man, he stood to do penance for his boyish sin. But we turned in at the hotel of the Cyclists' Touring Club, returning thanks that we were enrolled among the members of that organization, hurried into dry clothes and down with the other guests to tea. Over our cold meat and bread and butter, we listened silently to a chorus of admiration for the church, for the sleeping children, beautiful in profile, and for everything and everybody connected with the place, broken by a gentle ripple of "deceased wife's sister," which was gradually stirred to a tempest by a clergyman of the muscular Christian type and an American woman. The latter, despite persuasion and entreaty, files of parliamentary reports and letters from the lights of the church, held her ground until an extremely late hour.

The Cyclists' Touring Club in England is a powerful organization, having a large and imposing office in London and many salaried officials to manage its affairs. To its efforts in many directions wheelmen are indebted for many of the comforts which they enjoy when on the road. In London it has shown its strength by compelling the city officials to change the position of the sewer-gratings at the street-crossings, because these were dangerous to cyclers. In the country it endeavours to keep the highways in cycling order; sometimes it mends the roads at its own expense, and when this is impossible, it puts up danger signals to warn unwary travellers. Moreover, by compact with certain hotel-keepers in Great Britain and on the Continent, after the manner of the personally conducting Mr. Cook, it economises for its members, their patronage being granted on specified terms—about a third less than regular rates. As wheelmen now-a-days so greatly abound, the landlords profit by this arrangement no less than their favoured guests. No matter how covered they may be with the mud and dust of the roads, their tickets of membership at once distinguish them from common tramps. Our writer's experience at Ashbourne pleasantly illustrates this.

I felt a little uncertainty as to my reception as I wheeled up to her inn, which bore the attractive sign of "The Turk's Head and Green Man." It was a very imposing establishment, and when I passed under the great black archway I found the court-yard filled with wagons, carriages and carts, while a small army of impatient drivers were shouting in chorus for the hostler. Chambermaids were by turns chiding and cajoling; hot dinners were going upstairs, and dined and wined farmers coming down; a young countryman and his bride were seated in a corner in loving proximity, utterly indifferent to the outside world; and jockeys, professional and amateur, were holding forth

on "horsy" subjects for the benefit of bagmen and stableboys. But I need not have feared my fate. I was received with as much kindness and was as sumptuously feasted as if I had been a prodigal son. The landlady in her best Sunday cap came and discussed with me the weather and cycling topics. Often, she said, she had had as many as twenty wheelmen in her house at once, and she added: "I know'd they were ladies and gentlemen, if they were spattered and dirty, a-stopping 'ere, and then they goes on through the Dale and so to Matlock." Long experience of our ways and customs had made her discriminating. Landlords at home are not as yet so keen-eyed. They do not understand that men and women of leisure and means can find amusement in putting on rough clothes and tramping or wheeling it up hill and down dale. I knew a pleasure party who, in a few days' tramp from Philadelphia to Wilmington, were mistaken for strolling players, and all but mobbed in a hotel of the last-named city because they would not give a performance.

My experience at Ashbourne was not exceptional. It was repeated almost daily. Indeed, it has not entered into the mind of the man who has not known them to conceive the delights of English inns. One other stands out with special distinctness in my memory of this trip. This ideal inn was on the road between Burton and Derby, and I stopped there for lunch on the second day of my run. It was midday when I reached it, and the sun was shining in an interval between two showers. Instead of going inside, I sat under the widespreading oak-tree opposite. Birds sang a subdued noontide melody. A perfume, compounded of the sweetest flowers that blow, came from the garden near by. "A pretty bar-maid—why, by the way, are the bar-maids of these inns always pretty?"—brought me my luncheon. I studied the sign hanging over the inn-door, "Refreshment for Men and Beasts," and, Pharisee-like, I returned thanks that I was not as those other men of olden time, who had to attend to the comforts of their beasts before they could think of their own. My trustworthy wheel, knowing nothing of hunger or thirst, increased a hundred-fold in my estimation.

It was just after I had taken my ease at this inn that I was joined by two bicyclers on their way to the races at Derby. They were overflowing with enthusiasm, and mistook me for a fellow-enthusiast. "Was I making a record, eh? How far could I go? How many miles had I made that day? Was my machine geared up or down? Level! Well, who would have thought it? Ball-bearings all over? Must have cost a pot o' money! Was I going to the Derby races? No? Well, then, good-bye!" And with a pitiful look, such as a professional artist might cast upon an aspiring amateur, they wheeled away and were seen by me no more.

Record-making, indeed! What are races and records when weighed in the balance against moments of ease, against unexpected turns into unbeaten tracks, and long rests with one's cycle by one's side, waiting for the heavy rain to cease, or sketching a characteristic feature in the landscape? There must be record-makers, of course. All tests of the possible speed or endurance of the cyclist and the machines are gains. Through those made in the past cycling has become an exact science. The construction of the machines has been improved as it would probably never have been had all riders been indifferent in these matters. Besides, it is a pleasure to know what one might do if one had the mind to. The cyclist who attaches a secondary value to

the time he makes, or the distance he goes, feels some pride when he hears, for example, of Dr. Herbert L. Cortis, who rode one mile on a race-course in 2 minutes and 41½ seconds; or of Mr. F. R. Fry, who, on the Crystal Palace track, rode 100 miles in 5 hours, 50 minutes, and 5½ seconds; or of Mr. Sutton, who, on the high-road, made the record of 260 miles in 24 hours; and of Mr. Bird, who showed what could be done with the tricycle by riding over 200 miles on one in a day. These are statistics to be preserved in the history of cycling.

After proving the truth of the cynical lines of Lucretius "*Suave alterius spectare laborem*" by quietly looking on at the finish of a cycle race at Derby, when he was struck with the "pale nervous face" of the victor showing that his triumph had been gained by "an exhausting strain upon his nervous system," our wheelmen resumes the even tenor of his way towards Matlock.

The roads are very rough about Derby. Even the Touring Club cannot do much for them. The country grows rougher and barer and more stony; the rolling hills are dotted over with manor-houses. Through an occasional break in the high hedges I saw smooth lawns, prosperous kitchen-gardens, and fields of waving wheat. By the roadside I passed little, old-fashioned inns with swinging signs and lavender in the windows. For this is Izaak Walton's ground. As one feels bound to be solemn at Stratford or sad at Juliet's grave, so I sought to become peaceful as befits the haunts of the "*Complete Angler*." I pedaled slowly along, now enjoying the outlook over the breezy moors, with glimpses of the distant peak country, blue against the whitish-gray sky, and again watching the long shadows chase each other over the hill-sides. Then I looked about me for the good company which was to shorten my way. It was Saturday afternoon, and many people were out for their half-holiday. There were pedestrians and equestrians, cyclers and wagoners. But the spirit of the race-course was abroad. All wanted to race with me, which meant to leave me behind or to be left behind themselves, or anything rather than to bear me company. And as for goodly discourse! Well, they spoke and looked cheerfully enough; but their cheerfulness was like that of the clown of the circus, who only laughs at the expense of others. At least, so I concluded from the samples they gave me of it. Once, while I was riding slower than ever, moralizing in kindly fashion on the passers-by, the milk of human kindness was suddenly but effectually soured within me by this rough salutation, shouted in my ear by a workman:

"No-o let's see ho-ow fa-ast thee kin go-o!"

It was followed by a shout of laughter from admiring friends. In a moment the philosopher on wheels became as cynical as the philosopher in a tub. But the taunt did not pique me into speed. I even dismounted and, to rest myself, walked up a little hill.

"Why~don't thee roide? Thee aint go-ot no-o pluck!" was the greeting of a second facetious workman. Derbyshire manners are not pleasant.

But, indeed, all through England the lower classes are fond off chaff. Their fun is somewhat ponderous, being seldom, if ever, redeemed by the wit of the French *gamin* or the humor of the American rough. I remember one British workman, with cap awry, flaming red choker, and corduroys and leg-

gings, whom I met at a later stage of my trip. I asked him if he knew the way to the next village.

"Ess, oi du!" was his answer.

"Can you tell me how to reach it?"

"Ess, oi kin!" And, with a rear of laughter, he turned away in the other direction.

I was a wet, disreputable-looking object at the time, and the joke against me was too exquisite to be sacrificed to even a show of politeness. Another day, when I passed a mill just as the mill-hands were coming out, I was catechised after this fashion:

"Wot carawan is a-travelin'?"

"Where's you a-moverin' to?"

"Hard work, aint it?"

Each of which witticisms, in theatrical language, brought down the house. I was not especially honored because of my tricycle. I merely received my share of the favors these people bestowed so liberally upon the public. The wheel is too much a matter-of-course on English roads to rouse the curiosity of the natives. It has long outgrown the nine days when it was a wonder. The only person in whom mine excited any surprise was a small ragged boy. I had stopped to make one or two inquiries of him. When I moved on he asked, with open-eyed amazement, "Whoo's staarted hit?" Here, thought I to myself, is a philosopher or a prophet in embryo.

If man in Derbyshire has changed since the days when Venator learned to call the sage Walton "Master," Nature has not. Summer showers are as many and as lasting as in the days when master and pupil sought shelter from them under the sycamore-tree and by the honeysuckle hedge. The rain, which had held up for several hours, came down again just as I began to descend the hill where the road is "foilest," and where Mr. Viator, of angling fame, was seized with sore misgivings for his safety. There is a legend current in certain parts of the world that when it rains the angels are crying over the wickedness that is going on here below. Men's backslidings that day and the next must have been appalling. The angels still wept when I reached Ashbourne. All through the night I heard the rain beating against the window-panes, while the wind wailed an accompaniment. The next morning the sun showed himself for a little while. Truly the light was sweet, and a pleasant thing it was for my eyes to behold the sun! But the pleasure was short-lived. Before ten the floodgates had reopened. I went "skidding" over the road. My wheel splashed mud upon my back, my eyes were filled with tears of rain, I slid about on my saddle, and every minute or two my feet came off the pedals. This lasted all day. As through a veil, I saw the hills and the long stretches of heather in bloom, the moors and the woods. The only human beings I met for miles were, first a man carrying two jingling milk-pails, who suddenly emerged from the mist to be as quickly lost in it again; and then a little girl who, as I came to a gated road, ran and opened the gate and dropped a pretty curtsy for her penny. The weather was altogether so atrocious that at the "Dog and Partridge" inn I deliberately turned my back upon Dovedale, but half a mile distant, and turned my tricycle Matlockward. Into this town I wheeled—a dejected mass of mud. One old gentleman paused in a struggle with his umbrella to stare at me, and a pretty young lady, in jaunty ulster and cap,

laughed in my very face. The Chinese say it is a good sign when women laugh ; but I did not covet a repetition of this favorable omen. I went quickly to the hotel, and then to the room appointed me. When I left the latter, a dry suit had restored me to my normal condition. I was once more

“As a reed with the reeds in the river!”

The ride from Matlock to Chester was interrupted by many halts and rests, there being much to divert the traveller in those parts.

Matlock itself is a charming specimen of an English spa, and abounds with dowagers and eligible young women and ineligible young men. An aristocratic tone is given to the neighbourhood by the fact that the caverns, bottomless pits, and other natural horrors, which are its most plentiful product, having been at various times visited by royalty, are now adorned with signs to commemorate their greatness of a day. These are a curious contrast to the democratic advertising placards which too often occupy corresponding posts of honor in the United States. I went to Rowsley, and was entertained at its restored ancient inn, the “Peacock,” where furniture and windows, and everything but the price, are modeled after the fashion of olden times ; and to Haddon Hall, the home of the Vernons, through which I was shown by a golden-haired guide, the most honest of the sisterhood, who ingenuously said “I don’t know” when I asked her questions for which her studied story held no answer. I visited Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and there saw a couple of Salvator Rosas, some Holbeins, a Teniers, and one of Sir Joshua’s masterly sketches. I passed through Hathersage where Little John belies his name by occupying a grave quite ten feet in length ; and through Barlow, to find the brown, foam-covered, rain-swollen river too deep to ford, and so to be obliged to wait patiently for the ferry—one of those relics of the past which grow fewer every year, and before long will have disappeared entirely. And I spent a night in Buxton, famous now, as it was in the days of Piscator, Jr., for its warm bath. It seemed very pleasant and gay in the Pavilion, where I listened to a concert and watched the dowagers and invalids being wheeled about in Bath chairs, and where I was, in the end, ignominiously hissed for inadvertently keeping on my hat when the band played “God Save the Queen.”

Eyam, however, of all places most interested the American.

The way to it led me up a hill which, for that day at least, was a running torrent of water, mud, and stones. One of the villagers, who was homeward bound, walked near me, and we talked together as we toiled upward. His village, he said, was seldom visited by tourists. Cyclers sometimes came there, and occasionally tramps. It is six miles from a railway, and is hidden among the hills, and so it is forgotten by most travellers. It is not difficult to understand how, two hundred years ago, it was cut off from communication with the world beyond, and had to stand alone one of the most terrible sieges of which history hath any record. For it was then laid desolate by the plague. While the evil lasted neither man nor woman passed the fatal boundary line drawn under the hills, save when the dead were carried out to be buried. The people of the neighbouring towns looked down from the hill-tops through the heavy mist on the fearful life-and-death struggle. There were giants of heroism in those days ; but who outside of Eyam ever heard of Mampson, the rector, who, during long, weary months, tended the plague-stricken and comforted

the weary watchers? Not until the end of the second year, after two hundred and fifty-nine out of three hundred and fifty inhabitants had perished, and when thistles and king-cups grew in mockery in the middle of the silent streets, and wild flowers and grasses waved on the thresholds and in the windows of the tenantless houses, was the plague conquered. From the same windows and doorways I saw smiling, rosy children pelting each other with blossoms of a happier growth. But the villagers talk of the scourge as though it had ended but yesterday, and they still show the tailor's shop to which the death-bearing package was brought from far-away London.

Eyam belongs to the England of the past. Customs and superstitions of respectable antiquity are maintained in all their original purity. I heard the curfew ring, and the sexton toll on his bell the day of the month. I learned from the landlord of the inn where I staid overnight how children are baptized with May-dew, and how, when a young girl dies,—“as my Jessie did,”—she is carried to her grave by her friends, and a wreath with her gloves attached is hung in her memory in the church porch, as is also the custom in Italy. I myself saw

“The low beams with paper garlands hung,
The glove suspended by the garlands' side.”

Then he told me how, after the dead are buried, there is a feast of funeral baked meats. “Oh they be foine feasts sometimes!” he added, appreciatingly. Then the good man recalled the days gone by when he and his fellow-villagers took turns in guarding, not the gates, for there were none, but the steep, narrow walled way leading up into the town, which one man might keep against an army. The sentinel of a night, armed with wooden halberd, watched from curfew till cock-crow, and as he went home he placed his spear against the door of him who was next to serve. “And many toime o’v’e stud me turn. But it’s all doone noo!” he concluded. Then his wife, seeing I had a sympathetic ear to lend, came and poured into it stories of the white cricket, whose coming is sure death; of the Gabriel hounds, which still tear through the streets and over the hills on windy nights, and of the Willy-o’-the-Wisp, who never ceases playing his pranks on the moor. I could almost imagine myself another Rip Van Winkle, but one during whose sleep the world had lost, not gained, a hundred years.

If Eyam lives in the past the traveller found Castleton, Peveril’s town, all absorbed in the present. There is something amazing to the rain-dreading Anglo-Indian in the way in which English merry-makers accept weather calculated in every sense to damp their enjoyment.

It was raining with as much vigour as if it had never rained before. The booths and peep-shows set up along the one long street of the village, over which towers Peveril’s castle, were soaked, but they were crowded. The seats in the merry-go-round—the name seemed a mockery—were flooded, but they were filled with children in mackintoshes and goloshes, as if pneumonia and sore throats were unknown evils; and the great organ ground out noise and water. In the shooting-gallery the paper young ladies were peeling off their original boards, and the paper drummer-boy was reduced to a mass of pulp; but champion riflers were cruelly rifling the hearts of the target lassies, and set-

ting the drummer to drumming. The cricket-field near by was half under water ; but cricketers were cricketing with unabated ardour, though they had to wade after the balls. Continual rain has made the English stoical. However, I noticed that the tap-rooms were well patronized, and this could hardly have been due to the "violinist and pianist," so called by courtesy, who filled them with discord.

What a climb I had up a steep hill on the other side of the town, a head, wind blowing all the way ! I finally had to walk. But I was well repaid for my labors, for there was a splendid three-mile coast down the other side through the woods and over the moors, and all the time I had great views of the country, away across into Wales. But that was nothing to the ride of twelve miles I took from Buxton to Macclesfield ; six miles up hill to the "Cat and Fiddle," without a dismount, and six miles coasting afterward, with my feet up nearly all the way. What cyclist will not sympathize with my enjoyment ?

The road from Castleton was very gay with wagons, drags, and omnibuses, full of people going to the "wake." There were farmers from the country and young fellows from the towns, fakirs, trickers, and tramps, who are always to be met with on such occasions. The beggars, too, were out in full force. I almost ran into a one-legged suppliant who leaned on his crutches by the roadside in statuesque repose. He looked as if he might have stepped out of a Rembrandt etching. "Here," said I, "we have the two extremes—a tripod and a tricycle," and I gave him six-pence to let me sketch him. I have no doubt it was the first money he had legitimately earned since his crippled leg had become his capital in trade. A "wake," or country fair, is always the signal for the travelling population of England to begin or to resume their travels. Where they hide themselves when they are not on the roads is as much a mystery as is the whereabouts of flies in winter. But, like the flies, once they leave their hiding-place they appear in swarms.

It was not until the last day of his run that the tourist met with a detachment of travellers *par éminence*. Two words of Romani were Shibboleth enough to guarantee a favourable reception for the speaker from a whole tribe of Gitanos.

I was only a few miles from Chester at the time, and was feeling tired, as the day before I had made sixty miles. Riding at a reasonable pace down a shady lane, I overtook three or four gypsy girls, walking behind what I thought was one van. They, in their pleasant Egyptian fashion, chaffed me. There was something about my stockings and knee-breeches which did not quite satisfy their fastidious eyes ; but I held my peace. I wanted to reconnoitre the entire family before acknowledging myself a pal from over the seas. I wheeled by the van. It was gorgeous with red and yellow decorations, and in shape unlike any I had ever seen. It was a small house on wheels. An old woman sat inside, and with her were many children. But lo ! there was another van, and yet another and another, and more women and children without end. In front of the wagons was a long string of donkeys and ponies. The first carried a bell and was ridden by a small boy. Here was a whole tribe on the march ! The children of Egypt with folded tents were journeying to a new land of promise. The picture they made was too good to lose. I hurried by the procession, and, turning suddenly around, prepared to make a

rapid sketch ; but the ponies objected. With one accord they broke rank and scampered off in every direction. A cry of indignation came from the first wagon.

"*Dikko at o bango mush ! The grais se atrash of lester*" ["Look at the awkward man ; the horses are afraid of him"], an old hag-like creature, who was crouched on the floor, explained to the men who ran up to see what was the matter ; and she gave me a look of scorn intended to humiliate me into immediate flight or silvered apology.

"*Parraco, Dye !*" ["Thank you, mother !"] I retorted with easy politeness ; and in a minute the donkeys were forgotten, and I became the centre of attraction.

"Oh, *dordi, dordi*, but you're the first Romany Rye I ever *dikked* [saw] *phasterin* [riding] on a velocity !"

"And wot's the cove a-stoppin' of the 'igh-way for?" a man who had just come from the last wagon, asked savagely. He was tall and powerful-looking, and his black hair was combed forward in two ringlets over his ears. He wore a fur cap and a brilliant red necker-chief. He had missed the scene of introduction, and was prepared for a fight ; but he got rather the worst of it.

"*Tool yer chiv*" ["Hold your tongue"], a gypsy brother answered, "or I'll let you have it aside the *mui* [mouth]. *O Rye acai jius more Romanis* [this gentleman here knows more Gypsy] than you and all the *foki* [people] in yer *tan tent*."

I had said but two words ; but they were an open sesame to the hearts and good graces of the Romanies.

My friends were going to turn off at the next lane. Would I come with them to tea, they asked, and were there many Egyptians in America, and did I know Walter Lovel, and old Dye Hearne, and Rhody? Then I told how I had drawn their pictures for a Romany Rye and Rāni across the water, and how they had been put into a book, and all the world had seen them. And are the Rye and Rāni *tācho Roms* [real gypsies], and could they *dukker* [tell fortunes]? they asked. Could they, indeed? Well—rather!

And so we talked, and when we came to the camping-place the tents were pitched, and we sat down to tea. The twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars were out, before I had finished telling them about the country where wood is still plentiful, and where the gypsy wanderer can always find a *tan to hatch* [a corner to settle in].

"*Kushto bak !*" ["Good luck to you !"] they all called out after me ; and, loaded with the choicest blessings of Egypt, I departed from them and went on my way to Chester.

The next day, clothed in the conventional tweed suit, and my tricycle committed to a cycle agent for repairs, I returned to civilization, to railroads, tennis-courts, windmill-crowned Birkenhead, and thence to commonplace Liverpool.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

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TROUVILLE.—Trouville has exhausted the piquant Parisian existence of its early days. But it still has to keep up appearances, and to put on smiles to conceal its yawns for there on the beach sits the *bourgeoisie* in provincial toilets and open-eyed expectation, fully in the faith it is seeing "high life," and on that faith Trouville is now sustained.

The French artists and litterateurs made Trouville. Alexandre, Dumas, Isabey, and Charles Mozin divide the right of discovery. The bay is a never-ending panorama of beauty, and the shore is its fitting mate. It rises in terraces, where the cool slopes of the

orchards, the sheep nibbling in the open pastures, the thatched roofs with their fringes of flags and mosses glowing like gold in the sunlight, the windblown poplars, the highways which "trees o'er-arched embower," bring warmth to the heart and light to the eyes as can never the majesty of the Alps or the wonders of the Yellowstone.

But Trouville itself has little in common with scenes like these. The landscape has a heart; the town has only a feather-head, fitted for smiles, sunshine, and thoughtless gaiety.

In front extends the beach, a dazzling strip of sand, soft and fine enough for a baby's tender foot. It dips so gently that low tide leaves a vast pleasure-ground, soon covered with children, dogs, and gay groups. This magnificent sweep of beach extends almost unbroken from Trouville to Cherbourg.

In the background villas half hidden in foliage crest the terraces. A Frenchman spends three-quarters of his life on a boulevard, but he surrounds his home even in the country with high walls and impenetrable hedges. Within are smoothly shaven lawns, ribbon beds of flowers, kiosks, Chinese pagodas, and all those adornments of the landscape that with us only fulfil part of their mission until they have caught the eye and admiration of the wayfaring man.

At Trouville everybody lives out of doors, and by 10 o'clock all the world is abroad, perhaps earlier, if the tide intimates. One may bathe any time, but the bathing hour, the rendezvous, is at high tide.

Like everything at Trouville, the bathing is minutely prescribed. There is, of course, a bureau. Nothing takes place without a bureau. A Frenchman cast adrift on an uninhabited isle would pick himself up and go to find the bureau. At the bureau the tickets are bought. This is a business negociation of some moment and minutes. Fifty centimes will get a bath *simple*. How little that means I do not know. A franc will secure a bath and cabin attached; two francs, a bath *de luxe*. Then follow the details—so much for a costume, so much for towels, so much for *cache-tête*, so much for *spadrilles*, and a handful of colored tickets. The mistress of the robes makes the affair more formidable. There seems to be in France a race of elderly be capped women that wait on all the impatient moments of life. One finds them in theatres and at bathing bureaus. They move slowly and talk fast. The alien and stranger would rather they moved fast and talked slowly. The exchange of printed cards and clothing being effected, the bathing is free.

There is a colony of bath-houses and a suburb of ambulant cabins drawn by stout Norman horses. Two cables divide the bathing grounds into three parts. These are allotted to the *dames seules*, families, and men, which everywhere in France make the three grand divisions of the human race. In the central space every day the grand *levée* is held by the brink of the water at the bathing-house. To reach this the shortest route is through the space belonging to the *dames seules*. Across this also is a plank, and a plank through this sand has something of the value of a plank to a tired swimmer in deep water. Naturally this path is constantly taken, notwithstanding the warning "*C'est défendu*," which is intended

to protect this sacred inclosure. A further security is an old man with a baton, who alone is supposed to see the unprotected nymphs skipping to and fro across the sands.

Unless a man is accustomed to fine distinctions, if he wishes to enjoy the spectacle in the water, he enters this way. He possibly sees with some amusement this aged man in the centre performing a sort of war-dance, brandishing his stick, and uttering wild cries. Innocently and curiously he comes nearer; then suddenly turns and flees, chased by the enraged elderly, and has darted under the rope, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, but without consciousness of his crime.

Only the wall through which Pyramus and Thisbe exchanged vows that merry night was more impenetrable than the screen which these cables afford. However, everybody seems to be satisfied with the protection they give. The single women sport freely on their side of the rope, and, if they choose, can wander at will. The assorted families occupy the centre, husbands and brothers being freely admitted. Across the third rope men bathe in the briefest of calicoes, and women cling to their side of the rope in clusters of all ages. All is in perfect propriety, since all is prescribed.

For an artistic people, the costumes are surprisingly hideous. The hybrid that the bureau furnishes is a short basque, with long trousers, an oilskin cap, and a pair of *spadrilles*. The *costumes particuliers* have more rows of faded galloon, and are more lavishly ornamented with buttons.

The arrangements for safety and comfort of bathers are perfect. In front of each division is a life-boat manned by a sailor. Steps hang from the stern into the water. The boat is the goal of the swimmers, who cumber the steps, and dripping creatures fringe its edges. The red-shirted baigneurs, burned to bronze, take each one in turn, and give a lesson in swimming, handling deftly the French matron, who overflows, so to speak, in a bathing costume, and is as shapeless as a porpoise. The baigneurs have histories and pedigrees and reputations which make them specially desirable, like famous guides in the Alps or on the plains. Women become hysterical in the water, and rend the air with shrill cries. It is the baigneur who looks after their nerves, and discovers the insidious chill. He takes you by the shoulder and pushes you toward shore. Halting on the brink, he seizes a wooden pail of water and dashes it violently on the back several times, for there is not enough surf at Trouville to produce sufficient reaction. Wrapped in peignoir, the bather runs to the cabin, where the hot foot-bath is waiting to send the blood like a race-horse through the veins. One leaves the cabin with renewed sense of the joy of existence. But while the bathing is thus agreeable and salutary, nowhere is it more devoid of piquant interest.

From ten to twelve the grand promenade, a wide deal walk extending from the pier to the *roches noires*, is the great place of resort. By twelve o'clock the sandy plain is deserted.

The beach on a fine sunny afternoon at low tide is one of the most charming and characteristic scenes of Trouville. It lies like a vast plain diversified by shining pools and slender rills. The sand dries quickly, and soon the most

aristocratic boot can tread it fearlessly. The low levels become croquet grounds, occupied by many groups. Athletics are not cultivated at Trouville, but nothing could be less athletic than croquet as played on the *plage*. The fashionable costumes of the promenade are not constructed to allow for free movement of the arms. Even the men, whose hands are carefully gloved, hold their mallets in both hands, and distribute the motion as carefully as possible, lest it prove too violent.

Amateur shrimpers saunter gaily along, with trousers rolled above the knee and nets picturesquely swung. Toward the water's edge groups wander, dropping sous into the palm of the fisher-boy who has bridged the little streams. Afar the lithe form of some swimmer skims like a Greek runner across the sandy plain, and plunges into the surf. It is the happy hour of children and dogs. The dogs at Trouville are among the pleasantest acquaintances one meets.

At four o'clock the scene is at its height. From under the picturesque tent on the esplanade of the Casino the strains of music float, and surging about it is the gay, vivacious, well-dressed crowd. One feels that sense of the elegant enjoyment of the pleasures of life which is so characteristic of the French. But in the Salles des Petits Jeux, where chances are sold, we touch the pulse of Trouville. The gaming is the only vital thing.

It is of a most trivial sort, but it is enough. The *Course à Salon*—the little horses and the little jockeys—hold a charm with which nothing else at Trouville can compete.

There is quiet about the table of the couriers. Scarcely a sound is heard but the "Nolez" of the starter, which is his own peculiar way of saying *roulez*. It is curious to look down the row of hands setting the men in place. It is Trouville in a glance. Here are the brawny hand of the comfortable tradesman, the long slender fingers of the man of leisure, the glove stretched on the pudgy hand of the fat bourgeois, the tender fingers of a child scarcely able to reach the little figure, the white bejewelled hand of a dandy, and the faultlessly gloved hand of the young woman who has come in alone, and oblivious of everything but her game. She is lucky, for the silver and gold pile up in front of her.

Around the *petits chevaux*, at the other end of the room, the crowd surges and the noise waxes loud and louder. The table is placed between two rows of raised seats intended for the players. But the game has extended out beyond, and ranks deep in the crowd. The table is divided into concentric circles. In each of these a horse with mounted jockey runs. The horses are set in motion by a lever, and the speed is arranged by the distance of the circle from the centre. The chances are sold for one and two francs each on the horses, one horse always being reserved for the table. The horse stopping nearest the goal is the winner. As the speed slackens the excitement begins. The estimable mother of five children whom we meet often at *table d'hôte* rises in her seat with cries of delight or disappointment. Other doubtless estimable mothers and fathers also rise and express their various emotions. The last horse stops; the money is distributed. "Ah! Angèle has won twenty francs," our friend exclaims, with joy; and Angèle—a little lame fellow of nine—takes his money with a pleased blush, as if he had received a prize at Sunday-school. The game

begins again. At twelve the room is closed, and as the hour approaches, the heat and noise wax fiercer. A second table is started. The eager crowd buy right and left from both tables. The chances are exhausted. Premiums are offered, bidding begins, and men and women buy, sell, and compete against one another with loud tones and excited gestures. The craze is at its height. We mount the highest rank of benches and look over the crowd. An English boy, with a female relative on each side of him, sits where we have seen him all evening. A pile of money is heaped before him; but he leans back in a half-dazed state, as if unconscious of what is going on about him. All ranks and conditions are in the heated, seething mass below us. There is but one level. This is, after all, the true democracy.

The race-course is a low grassy plain, left to its own luxuriance, for the horses run on the turf. The grand stand is on a slight elevation. The gay crowds gather. The scene in the *pasage* is charming.

The slope below is dotted with brilliant groups; the grand dames hold court on the grass, and athwart them pass a priest and two young boys clinging to his hands. There are some eccentric toilets. Mimic yachts careen on the woollen waves of a grey dress. On a blue nun's veiling a Noah's ark procession march around the over-skirt in lighter blue defined with gold. On another, cocks' heads embroidered in brilliant colors seem just ready to crow. But these are the exceptions, and freshness the rule.

A shout goes up. The eager horses are bounding to the start. The flag drops. They are off, weaving a ribbon of color about the course. Everybody is on his feet, and shrill shrieks rend the air. A gentleman near, who has vindicated his faith in Tabarka, rises to heights of exaltation and sinks into gulfs of despair at alternate intervals. He climbs on the rail and hangs to a slender support, and shouts "A la tête, Tabarka !" like a last confidential message. Tabarka goes promptly to the head. But the race is decided off, and his lip quivers with undisguised emotion. There is the usual hasty masculine dispersion to the book-makers. A curious anomaly is again presented. Women in America have not been unknown to buy pools, but it is usually done under the tutelage of the other sex. At Trouville they seemed to manage their own affairs. The wives of the followers of the stable bought, talked, and quarrelled in loud tones, presenting an unseemly spectacle.

But the crowds are not large. It is only the last and greatest disappointment of the season. The illustrated papers continue to rehearse its frequent scenes. But they have not taken place. Their pencils report them from force of habit only.

The red flag drops for the last time. The races are run. The yachts spread their sails, and float out of the basin and away. We find time to go to assist at the *quête* at Our Lady of Victory. The orchestra in the nave plays the *entr'acte* from *Traviata*, and a prima donna in the organ-loft sings Bruga's serenade off the key. The princesses and countesses take up the offerings. By all these tokens, the gay season is over, the last diversions are reached. Lord Rivers and the Salvation Army arrive. We take the boat for Havre, and with a trembling effort, not wholly due to emotion, take our last look at the fair, foolish little town glowing in the distance.

TEMPLE BAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE.—We continue from our last issue Mr. Coleman's account of the ups and downs in the career of the great dramatic novelist and of his characteristic sayings and doings.

The publication of "The Wandering Heir" in a Christmas number of the *Graphic* yielded Mr. Reade a large sum, and with the money thus earned he rushed headlong into management, and produced a drama founded on this story. As usual, the London theatres were closed against him, and being occupied with my engagements in various parts of the country, I could no longer assist him as I used to do. He therefore took the Amphitheatre in Liverpool, where the risk and responsibility were great, and the profit little, if any.

At his request I came over to Liverpool from the Isle of Man to see the production of the "Wandering Heir." Mr. Tom Taylor and his family had been staying in Douglas for the season, and as they were returning on the Monday they asked us to stay to accompany them. More than once I regretted that we did not take their advice, for when they came over, the sea was like a mill-dam, while we had a most awful passage ; a ship with all hands aboard, went down before our eyes, and we reached Liverpool more dead than alive. Nevertheless we managed to crawl to the theatre that night somehow, and oh, how kind and hospitable Reade was ! He gave up his own rooms to us and welcomed us with all his old winning grace and ever-genial hospitality.

After the run of "The Wandering Heir" in Liverpool, Mr. Reade organised a company to take it on tour. He commenced operations in Nottingham, where he invited me to come and stay with him for a few days, and a very jolly time we had of it out of the theatre. In it, he was still doomed to be unfortunate, for the houses were wretched. Subsequently, he brought the piece and his company to Leeds ; here again he was disappointed, so was I. Anyhow, there

was no use crying over spilt milk, so I proposed that we should go over to the Theatre House in York for two or three weeks.

Dear old York is a charming city at all times, but in the summer it is delightful ! This holiday is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life ; we both cast care to the winds, and gave ourselves up to idleness and enjoyment. In the brief holidays of a busy life I have always felt like a truant schoolboy who had broken bounds, and that if I were found out I should be secured, and driven back to my books ; and I believe this was what Reade felt at that time. Certainly, he was the biggest boy in the house, always a jest on his tongue, always a laugh on his lips. Day by day we explored the antiquities of the city and the neighbourhood ; then there was driving, boating and swimming. In those days he stripped like Hercules, and easily knocked me out of time in swimming, though in walking I certainly had the best of it. At night we returned, hungry as hunters, and so with good company, good fare, quaint stories, honest mirth and song, the joyous hours sped fast, till the bell of the old minster reminded us that it was time to go to rest if we meant to get up at a reasonable hour on the morrow. The days passed all too quickly. He had to return, to take charge of his company, and I had to go somewhere to act.

Up to the very last, Mr Reade regarded this little holiday as a green spot in his life. Only last summer, after a fit of despondency, he brightened up and exclaimed : "Ah John ! if we could only recall the days and nights at York, at Lion House*—the health, the strength, the appetite, the happy hours. Ah me ! ah me ! the days that are no more !"

Seeing Coleman looking fagged from the overwork incident to his ill-starred speculation at the Queen's Theatre, and the production of *Henry V.*, Reade persuaded him to take a run down to Oxford. "You seem tired and overworked. I want you to be as fresh as paint when you come out. Let us run down to Oxford for a week, and I will undertake to freshen you up."

So to Oxford we went. He did the honors of the glorious old city, showed us all the lions, the stately colleges, the beautiful gardens, the statues, the libraries, the Bodleian especially, where he assisted me in hunting up certain authorities I wanted. On Sunday, he donned his cap and gown, and escorted us to his collegiate church. It seemed strange to hear everybody call him "doctor," though not at all strange that every one he met seemed to know him, and to love him. I asked the "doctor" where the theatre was. He flushed with indignation, as he made answer :

"In the old times plays were acted in the colleges by the great players of the Elizabethan age, and later periods, before kings and queens, chancellors, vice-chancellors, deans, proctors, and the like ; yet now, here, where every stone in the street knows my footfall, where, please God, my name will be remembered when I am dead—now, while I am living, there is not a place where one of my plays can be acted, for the theatre—the theatre, my dear boy, I should be ashamed to show it to you—would disgrace a decent show at a country fair." While listening to this indignant denunciation, I little dreamt that in time to come I should even for a single night be condemned to act in the miserable

* My house at Leeds.

shed which, to the discredit of the municipality—the authorities of the University—and the nineteenth century, is still designated the “Theatre Royal, Oxford.”

When the curtain fell on “Henry V.” on the night of my *début* in town, Charles Reade was the first man to come round to my room to congratulate me and the last to leave it. Had I been his son, he could not have taken greater pride in me, nor have manifested more tender sympathy. The next morning, at ten o’clock, he was at my chambers. A certain journal had distinguished itself by the virulence and mendacity of its onslaught on me. He burst out, “You’ve seen it, of course you have. Some damned good-natured friend would be sure to let you know. Don’t heed it, my dear boy, don’t heed it. Look how they served me. Remember how that wooden-headed bully and blockhead in the *Edinburgh*, and writers in the *Saturday*, let me have it. Bah! what does an idiot like that know about Shakespere? What was it Dryden said to Nat Lee?

“ ‘ They praise while they accuse

The too much vigor of your youthful muse.

For how should every sign-post dauber know

The worth of Titian, or of Angelo? ”

“There, there, not a word about it; don’t even think of it. We shall expect you to dinner to-night, seven sharp. Ta, ta,” and away he went, leaving me all the better for his sympathy.

Reade’s dramatisation of the story “That Lass of Lowrie’s” into “Joan” was a commercial failure which almost disgusted him with the theatre. But the production of “It is Never too Late to Mend” took him once more into the full flood of success at the Princess’s Theatre, where the play ran for an entire season.

At or about this time I came across Zola’s loathsome book, “*L’Assommoir*.” It struck me that some of the incidents might be utilised in a drama of English life, and when my play was completed, and ready for representation, I came up to town and found that Mr. Reade had gone to Paris, to see the drama then acting at the Ambigu, and to confer with Zola on the subject of transferring it to the English stage. I wrote to Reade telling him what I had done in reference to the same subject, and asking whether my piece would trespass on his *domaine*.

He wrote me in return, reminding me how often he had been baffled and defeated in the theatre—assuring me that he was in sight of port at last, and implored me in the name of our old friendship not to cross him in the ambition of his life. I could not withstand this appeal, and my unfortunate piece disappeared into the waste-paper basket.

A few months afterwards, “Drink” was produced, and I was delighted to find him once more a successful dramatist. Money came rolling in in abundance; he was happy, triumphant. In the midst of his happiness, at the height of his triumph, the blow fell which left him a desolate broken man. I was abroad at the time, but there is a letter lying before me now in which, after recording the continued success of the new play, he refers to the struggles of his youth, the vicissitudes of his manhood, his repeated failures, his perpetual disappointments in the theatre, “and now,” he continues, “now that I have obtained the summit of my ambition—now that I am rich and prosperous, now”

There is an inscription on a tomb in Willesden Churchyard, which will best tell the remainder of the sad story. I quote the epitaph in full.

"Here lies the great heart of Laura Seymour, a brilliant artist, a humble Christian, a charitable woman, a loving daughter, sister and friend, who lived for others from her childhood. Tenderly pitiful to all God's creatures, even to some that are frequently destroyed or neglected, she wiped away the tears from many faces, helping the poor with her savings, and the sorrowful with her earnest pity. When the eye saw her it blessed her, for her face was sunshine, her voice was melody, and her heart was sympathy. Truth could say more, and Sorrow pines to enlarge upon her virtues, but this would ill accord with her humility, who justly disclaimed them all, and relied only on the merits of her Redeemer. After months of acute suffering, bowing with gentle resignation, and with sorrow for those who were to lose her, not for herself, she was released from her burden, and fell asleep in Jesus, September 27th, 1879, aged 59 years. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy' (Matt. v. 7). This grave was made for her and for himself by Charles Reade, whose wise counsellor, loyal ally, and bosom friend she was for twenty-four years, and who mourns her all his days."

Twelve months elapsed before the friends met again. Coleman found Reade greatly changed; "he lived more in recalling the past and preparing for the future than in the present."

I persuaded him with difficulty to accompany me once or twice to the theatre. We went to Drury Lane to see the Meiningen people, who appeared to interest him.

When I next quitted London, I understood from him that he was engaged upon some Biblical studies, and that he did not intend to write for the theatre again.

To my astonishment, a few months after I left town, I received the following letter :

"BLOMFIELD VILLAS,

October 16th, 1882.

"DEAR JOHN,

"I was in hopes you would have reported progress from the Channel Isle" (Jersey) "ere this. . . . Will you now kindly draw on your memory and send me a list of good old short pieces, say forty-five minutes, merry, but interesting, and not all practical jokes and nonsense? I want one for the Adelphi which I lease from November 18th, for three months, to bring out our new drama — 'Love and Money.' Low comedian, young man, two or three ladies if necessary.—Yours always,

"READE."

I was rather glad to hear that he was in harness once more. knowing as I did that loneliness and want of occupation would prey upon his mind.

He told me, afterwards, that he had gradually drifted into this speculation against his inclination. The American right of the drama, "Love and Money," had been disposed of for two thousand pounds, to an enterprising manager in the States, upon condition that it was to be brought out first at the Adelphi Theatre. The money was paid in advance. All at once a difficulty occurred; the management of the Adelphi declined to accept the play! If it was not produced there, the purchase-money would be forfeited. The authors were on the horns of a dilemma. In the end they decided to take the theatre stipulated in the agreement and produce the drama themselves.

To give a fillip to the business, the drama of "Dora," founded upon Tennyson's poem of that name, was revived. I ought to have referred to this play in the chronological order of its production, but women and actors are not good at dates. I remember, however, as though it were yesterday, that seventeen or eighteen years ago, Reade took me and a couple of friends down to Richmond, and gave us a dinner at the "Star and Garter," previous to which he read us "Dora," and much delighted us.

What a charming work it is ! I am convinced, even now, that properly placed in a small theatre, it would run for an entire season. It was, however, as unfortunate on its revival as on its first production at the Adelphi in 1867, when Reade wrote a pamphlet, in which he vivisected the unfortunate painter, whom he alleged had damned the play. Once I ventured to take up the cudgels on behalf of his victim, stating moreover that he was dead.

"So is my piece, sir, and he killed it," roared the irate author.

The last time I met Mr. Reade in a theatre was at Drury Lane, the first night of "Freedom," in August 1883. He had just returned from the Continent. He seemed feeble and tired, and left before the play was over. I brought him out and put him into a cab. He wished me to go home with him, but unfortunately, I had a lady with me whom I had to pilot to the wilds of Clapham, a circumstance I have regretted ever since, for he seemed to feel rather hurt by my refusal.

I think that this was his last appearance in a theatre.

Mr. Coleman gives a few instances of Reade's generous benevolence.

Of course every one knows that on the occasion of the famous trial in which the late Hepworth Dixon was concerned, Reade sent him, unasked, a cheque for a thousand guineas ; that Dixon did not accept the offer, does not diminish Reade's generosity.

Two summers ago, he asked me to go down to see a play of his at an East End theatre. I did, and reported favourably upon an actor who played a principal part. The next day that gentleman received a complimentary letter and a "little cheque" from Mr. Reade.

A poor fellow, in great straits, wrote only a few months back imploring help, in the name of the dead. He received by return of post a bank note, merely inscribed "A Voice from Willesden Churchyard."

The wife of a literary man then dying, and since dead, wrote Mr. Reade, asking the loan of a few pounds. She received for answer, "Madam,—I never lend money, except on good security, but please hand the enclosed to your husband."

The husband opened the letter, and found a cheque for £30, with a hasty scrawl : "Dear X.—A dear dead friend has left a little fund at my disposal. If she were alive, I know she would send you the enclosed, I am therefore only carrying out her wishes. I send it upon one condition, that you get down to Margate immediately and save your life for the sake of your wife who is an excellent woman."

A poor lady, whom we had both known well in the heyday of her youth and beauty, the widow of a mutual friend, a distinguished actor and manager, "had married again in haste and repented at leisure." This haughty and imperious beauty was struck down with a mortal malady. She wrote one line, "Dear Charles Reade, I am ill, dying, in want."

He was in her miserable garret as soon as the first hansom could take him there. Two hours afterwards, he had removed her to decent apartments, placed her under the charge of a Sister of Mercy, and one of the most eminent physicians in London. It was too late to save, but not too late to soothe her last moments, and to surround her with everything Reade's generous care could provide •

One instance concerns myself. At a critical period of my life, I had lost my whole fortune in a disastrous enterprise, which left me high and dry without a shilling. I had dined at Albert Gate the night before. Next morning, Reade burst into my room, and planked a bag of sovereigns on the table, quite sufficient to enable me to tide over my immediate necessities, exclaiming abruptly :

"I saw you seemed rather *gêné* last night ; there, that's something to buy postage stamps with, and if you want any more, there's plenty left where that came from." And he was gone, before I had time to reply.

During my visits to Shepherd's Bush last summer, his health fluctuated, but I thought he was more hypochondriacal than really or seriously ill.

It was during the summer of last year that Reade's health began to fail ; yet he wrote and worked much as usual. Indeed, at that very time he informed Coleman that he had completed a novel ; this novel is commenced in the very number of *Temple Bar* from which these extracts are taken :—

When the weather was favourable, he would occasionally take an hour or two's drive, or pick himself up for a game at lawn tennis, but he soon became fatigued ; and after dinner, in the very midst of conversation, he would drop off into a stupor of sleep for an hour or two. Years ago when we were travelling together, whenever I had to act at night, it was my custom immediately after dinner to adjourn to the nearest sofa for my siesta, a pleasant but pernicious habit acquired from long companionship with my earliest friend, the late Charles Mathews, who always found it indispensable to take forty winks before going to the theatre. At these times Reade used to chaff me about my indolence. I replied, "Ah, it's all very well ; but you haven't had a dozen letters to write after a long rehearsal, and you haven't to air yourself before the public for four or five hours to-night ; but *I* have !" Now it was changed : it was his turn to sleep, mine to watch and wait. When he awoke he would soon pull himself together and say, "Ah, John, it's your turn to chaff now."

His eyesight, which had always been weak, now got worse and worse. Even when a dozen candles were alight (he never used gas) he would exclaim querulously, "Dear me, how dark it grows !"

All these symptoms of decaying nature alarmed me, though I did not think the end was so near.

The last night I was at Blomfield Terrace, previous to his leaving England, he read me a remarkable paper which he had written on the Book of Jonah. The subject was handled in his most masterly manner, but in the full flow of his impetuous eloquence, we stumbled upon one of his characteristic blotches. It was to this effect :

"Having now arrived at this conclusion, we must go the whole hog or none."

I made a *move*—he stopped and said :

"You don't like the hog, I see."

"I don't," I replied. "Do you?"

"Well, it's a strong figure of speech, and it's understood of the people ; but you are right. John—yes, you are right, it's scarcely scriptural—so out it goes."

It seems appropriate to recall that on that occasion we, as we had done many a time and oft before, discussed the everlasting problems of life, death, time, and eternity.

Years ago he appeared to me somewhat agnostic in his views, now he hoped with a child's humility. When I was leaving, after some hours' earnest conversation, he said :

"Well, when all is said and done, when Tyndall and Huxley have demonstrated to their own satisfaction that protoplasm is the beginning—when Darwin has shown that the great gorilla is the middle, and Mill has proved that annihilation is the end, there yet remains this fact, which they can't get over, there can be nothing more wonderful in our going hence, than our coming here ! Therefore, perpend, my son, here are two quotations both by great authors, Charles Reade and Alexander Pope. The first is this (two lines from your pet part, John) : *

" 'There are on earth but two things which never die, love which decays not, and Faith which binds the soul to Heaven !'

"The last is :

" 'Hope humbly then, on trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore !'

"Now 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' those two choice morsels ; meanwhile, remember Albert Gate at four to-morrow."

On the morrow I was at the old home at Albert Gate, according to appointment. It had not been occupied for some time, and Mr. Reade had just arranged to let it. On my arrival I was shown into his disused study, the one so graphically described by him in "A Terrible Temptation." He had not yet come, but was expected momentarily. I had not been there for five years,—how dreary and dismantled it looked. The withered leaves which had fallen from the trees in the garden, had been blown under the door-sill, into the room ; the fire was nearly out ; the gloom of the grey wintry afternoon was settling down steadily from the gloaming into the murk. How changed it all seemed since the old happy times !

Presently he came in ; strange to say, he had not looked so bright and cheerful for ever so long. Age became him—his white beard and silky white hair looked quite handsome ; his eyes were sparkling, his cheeks a little flushed. His dress, too, was singularly becoming. He wore a large seal-skin coat, seal-skin gloves, and his usual sombrero. Round his neck was a large soft muffler of white silk. When we parted he seemed elate and confident. Of the two I was the more sad and disheartened at his going away, although I little dreamt he was going to his death. I wished him God-speed, renewed health and strength, then he went one way, and I another.

Coleman was to have one more letter from his friend.

* Father Radcliffe in "Two Loves and a Life."

I had promised that I would settle some business for him at the Adelphi Theatre that evening.

Having executed my commission, I duly advised him thereof. Not hearing from him I wrote again, and received the following letter in reply :

"HOTEL SPLENDIDE, CANNES,

4th December 1883.

"MY DEAR COLEMAN,

"I certainly must have missed your letter somehow, and now write to thank you for your zeal and ability on my behalf.

"I shall be happy to receive communications from you with regard to any matter of public or private interest, so please note my address

"My own condition is a sad one. Either I have a cancer in the stomach or bowels, or else a complete loss of digestion. So far as animal food is concerned I have been obliged to resign it entirely, excepting in the form of soup, and soup is to me, as you know of old, little better than hot water. I am making arrangements to have a cow milked twice a day into my pitcher, and if two quarts of milk and twelve raw eggs *per diem* will keep an old man alive I may live another year.

"This is a delightful place, if you keep in the sun, which is quite as warm as the sun of May in England, but it only warms the air where it strikes it. I find it winter in the shady streets, and everywhere after sunset ; but there is great difference between the temperature of this place and Paris, for here are avenues of palm-trees flourishing, not in boxes, but in the bare soil, not very lofty, but with grand and beautiful stems ; there are also aloes in bloom, and orange orchards weighed down with the golden fruit ; there are also less pleasant indications of a warm climate : the flies are a perfect pest during meals, and at night I am eaten up with mosquitoes.

"Now what are you doing? Please tell me. I have never been well enough to work on 'Griffith Gaunt,' but I have got your MS. by me, and fully appreciate your excellent suggestions. . . .

"The charge for a letter to me is now only 2½*d.*, and in my solitude and affliction, a little gossip from my old friend will be doubly welcome. Write me as soon as possible a good long letter, attack a sheet of foolscap, don't be afraid of it, and above all

"Believe me, now and always yours,

"CHARLES READE."

In compliance with his request, I gave him a full and particular account of all that was going on in town, at the theatres, &c., and endeavoured to laugh him out of his sad presentiments, quoting the examples of Lyndhurst Disraeli, Gladstone, Montefiore, &c. After this I wrote three or four times, but the above is the last letter I ever received from him. Knowing how erratic he was in his correspondence, his prolonged silence, though it pained me, gave me no cause for alarm, especially as I had read his letter on the Belt case, published in the *Daily Telegraph* immediately after the Lord Chief Justice had formulated his extraordinary dictum, as to the value of opinion *versus* fact. In this, Reade's last published utterance, I was delighted to find all his old intellectual vigour, and all his irresistible logic, all his remarkable power of grouping facts, and balancing the weight of evidence for or against, all his judicial faculty of deciding fairly and impartially upon the merits of any case in which

he was not himself personally interested. To my thinking, he had never struck out straighter from the shoulder, never written anything better, or stronger; I concluded therefore that he was regaining health and strength, and I looked forward to his returning, like a giant refreshed, to commence our campaign next season.

I was soon disillusioned. On Thursday, April 3rd, I was startled by the news that he had returned to England dangerously ill. I went down to Shepherd's Bush at once and begged to see him; but the doctors had given imperative instructions that no one was to be admitted, except those who were in immediate attendance upon him. I was informed that he had been alone (save for his secretary) through the winter, and finding himself death-stricken he had summoned his relations to take him home. They found him almost in *articulo mortis*. When they arrived at Calais the Channel was dreadfully rough. In his best days he was a martyr to *mal de mer*, and had a horror of the sea; it was this alone which prevented him from accepting numerous invitations to visit America, where he was more popular even than in his own country, and where a royal welcome awaited him, any time these twenty years.

For nearly a week his departure was delayed by the weather. At last came a lull, of which his friends took advantage. When they commenced to move him, the motion of the carriage caused him intolerable pain, but his nieces walked on either side holding his hands, and so they soothed him, until at last he consented to be carried on board. Strange to say, he suffered very little during the voyage; but the railway journey home shook him terribly. When he got to Shepherd's Bush he had just strength to articulate, "I have come home to die."

His words were prophetic. When they had carried him to his chamber it was only too apparent that he would never quit it alive.

Little is left to tell for the end was near.

On Sunday, April 7th, I took my last living leave of my poor friend. His nearest and dearest were around him. He was quite unconscious, and but the shadow of his former self. I asked him if he knew me, but he made no answer. I thought he pressed my hand gently as I kissed his, but in such moments as these, our nerves are so shaken that we never really know what actually does take place; I only know I felt myself in the presence of death, and that I realized the fact, from which there was no escaping, that all hope was past, and that those who loved him best could only pray that the end might come soon—the sooner the better.

The favourable bulletins which appeared for the next few days did not deceive me, and I was not surprised when the news of his release came on Friday.

They told me afterwards, that towards the end he wandered slightly, sometimes spoke in French to imaginary servants who were helping him aboard the boat at Calais; then he called for money to give them; and then at last

"Life lulled itself to sleep, and sleep slept into death."

On Tuesday, April 15th, he was buried in Willesden Churchyard. The funeral rites were as unostentatious as his life had been. There were only ten chief mourners, kinsmen and old friends, among whom I was privileged to take a place.

Wilkie Collins was peremptorily ordered by his physician to refrain from attending ; but he wrote a most touching letter, bewailing the loss of his oldest friend, a friend of forty years' standing.

Mr. Edwin Arnold, who had a few days previously testified so eloquently in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* to the sterling worth, the nobility of character, and the genius of Charles Reade, was also debarred from joining us.

The art of reading the "Order for the Burial of the Dead" with propriety is an accomplishment which appears to be rarely or ever included amongst the acquirements of the average clergyman ; but on this occasion the inspired words were read so nobly that they gained an added beauty from their touching and tender utterance by the Vicar of Willesden, who is, I believe, an old friend of Mr. Reade.

The morning had been cold and grey ; but the moment we left the church, the sun shone forth bright and glorious on the masses of flowers which were heaped upon his coffin, on the lid of which was the following inscription :

"CHARLES READE,

Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist.

Born, June 8th, 1814.

Died, April 11th, 1884."

"Dramatist" first, always first ! At his own request, the words were thus placed. The ruling passion was strong in death, and to the last he remained faithful to his first and early love—the Drama.

When they laid him in the grave, as far as my eyes could see through the mist which rose before them, there were present two hundred people, more or less, amongst whom I could distinguish of men of letters, only two, Robert Buchanan and George Augustus Sala ; of actors, only four, Messrs. Calhaem, Jackson, Billington and Davenport. I noted also two tender-hearted women, who came from a distance to strew flowers over his grave.

Had Charles Reade been a Frenchman, Paris would have been in mourning, the people in their thousands would have followed to his last resting-place the man who, from the first moment that he took pen in hand, used it in behalf of the weak, the helpless, and the oppressed.

After all, what matters the absence of a few score actors, or a few thousand spectators ? Their absence or their presence troubles him not now. He sleeps none the less soundly beside his "wise counsellor, loyal ally and bosom friend."

"Though he is dead his name will live for evermore."

Yes ! So long as England remains a nation, so long as the stars and stripes float over the great country which he loved next to his island home, so long as the language of Shakespere and of Milton is spoken in any quarter of the habitable globe, so long will the name of Charles Reade be

"Familiar in men's mouths as household words !"

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1884. •

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DYNAMITE.—It is some five centuries since the Art of War was revolutionized by the invention of gunpowder, and cross-bow and mangonel paled their ineffectual “fires” before those of the arquebus and the musket. From the arquebus to the Armstrong gun is a far cry, but the step from one to the other of these war engines is not so wide a one that the next generation will probably make in advance on the “Woolwich infant” type. An account of the explosive agent that will affect this revolution is of sufficient interest to claim a place in our pages.

Nine or ten miles below Gravesend, where the salt tide broadens between the marshes and the sand banks, and flows more cleanly and more healthful towards the sea, there runs up into the Essex shore a narrow winding creek, between Canvey Island and the Fobbing Marsh. As our launch rounds the buoy and enters the creek, on the vast and silent highway we are leaving, there is only to be seen a whitebait boat at work and a lazy, drifting yacht, and far below in the distance towards Southend the tanned sails of a fleet of barges coming out of the Medway with bricks and lime, and making for London Bridge. On Canvey Island, round the Coastguard station, the sheep feed quietly, and along the shelving and discoloured old sea-wall, built by the Dutch, and now the care of the Essex wall-wardens, men are scattered at work, replacing the fallen stones and repairing the broken groins. In shelter on the motionless water lie the pitch-pine eel boats, whose perforated boxes are alongside, full of the spoil of the Zuyder Zee; and not far from the deck of the “Matilda and Jane,” where a pair of unfinished oars lie glistening in the sun, there rises and spreads the penetrating odour of boiling shrimps. There is peace in the creek, and a soothing calm. There is no lapping of water nor shore murmur to break the silence, broken only at length by our captain, who gives a loud “Ahoy!” and “Hier mann!” to one of the Dutch eel *schuyts*, when a ragged and blinking head appears above the hatches, and begins voluble explanations and excuses for an infringed regulation about an anchor.

And yet in this same placid creek of Hole Haven there lies at rest almost dynamite enough, if judiciously placed and scientifically fired, to reduce London to splinters : enough, almost, indeed, to wreck a continent ; for on each of these blunt and honest-looking old coal-hulks we presently steam past, the "Eagle," the "Minerva," and five others of similar size, there lurk beneath the water-line some five-and-twenty tons of the terrible agent of destruction that, discovered by Alfred Nobel in 1867, has these last few years been so actively engaged in trying the resources of our civilization.

Alongside the "Minerva," painted grimly black and red, a red flag is flying ; its only protector, an old man, swabbing the rainwater on the deck. The thought occurs to us : "And what," we ask, "is to prevent half a dozen determined men boarding her one dark night and helping themselves to the dynamite they want ?" To which ingenuous inquiry our captain quietly answers, "Nothing."

After a brief history of the Nobel family, Emmanuel, inventor of the torpedo, the father and his three sons now each a millionaire, we come to a definition of what dynamite is.

In a word, Ludwig and Robert Nobel have as completely upset the petroleum industry as Alfred has, or in a measure will, upset the art of war. At present, though dynamite and other nitro-glycerine compounds were used both by the Prussians and the French at the siege of Paris and throughout the war, the only foreign nation that imports them for purposes of offence is the Chinese. In this country they are used solely for blasting and the sinking of coal-mine shafts.

Dynamite, which has been described by Sir Frederic Abel as "one of the safest, most powerful, and most convenient explosive agents applicable to industrial purposes," in its simplest form closely resembles moist brown sugar, and is nitro-glycerine absorbed in any inert base. It is not yet twenty years old, having been first offered for sale in June 1867, when, owing to the strong prejudice against its chief ingredient, it began by making only slow progress. In the form in which it is licensed for importation and use in this country, dynamite must consist of 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine and 25 per cent. of an infusorial earth known as *kieselguhr*.

Of dynamite properly so called there are only two kinds, distinguished as dynamite No. I and No. II. No. I is composed of 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine and 25 per cent. of the infusorial earth *kieselguhr* ; No. II. of 18 per cent. of nitro-glycerine and 82 per cent. of a pulverised preparation composed of nitrate of potash, charcoal, and paraffin ; a mixture introduced to replace gunpowder in coal-working where dynamite No. I was too powerful, but now, as Colonel Majendie tells us, practically non-existent owing to its want of commercial success. In every ton of dynamite that leaves Mr. Nobel's factory of Ardeer, in Ayrshire, there are 1'15 tons of highly concentrated nitric acid, 2 tons of extra strong sulphuric acid, 9 cwts. of glycerine—these three forming the nitro-glycerine—and 5 cwts. of the inert base dried *kieselguhr*. The history of nitro-glycerine, the chief ingredient of dynamite, may be briefly sketched.

The "ancient mixture," gunpowder, as has been often pointed out, possesses a truly admirable power of adapting itself to purposes of the most varied nature. "In a mine, it blasts without propelling ; in a gun, it propels without blasting ; in a shell, it serves both purposes combined ; in a fuse, as in fireworks, it burns

slowly without exploding. Its pressure, exercised in these numerous operations, varies between one ounce, more or less, to the square inch, in a fuse, and 85,000lbs. to the square inch in a shell." It is because, useful in all departments, it yet lacks perfection in each, that modern science is gradually encroaching on its old domain.

The end of the last century marked the opening era of modern chemistry. It has been considered by many actually to date from the illustrious chemical philosopher Lavoisier, murdered by the Revolutionists in 1794, of whom Professor Würtz once wrote, "Chemistry is a French science. It was founded by Lavoisier, of immortal memory"—a hasty utterance which, coming as it did just before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, is believed by scientists to have thrown much additional bitterness into that terrible struggle. To Lavoisier, at any rate (on whose behalf the chemist Loysel interceding, he was answered by the Revolutionary tribunal, "*The Republic has no need of philosophers,*") is due our modern theory of combustion, and from his time dates the discovery of that powerful but dangerous class of explosives, the picrates, chlorates, and fulminates; a class so powerful and so dangerous that instances of their use are rare. It was one of them, probably a chlorate, that caused the explosion at Bremerhaven in December 1876, when the clockwork contrived by the miscreant Thomas having prematurely struck, as the package containing it was being carried from the quay, the scattered fragments spread death and mutilation among more than a hundred of the bystanders. The unmanageable activity of these explosives made them practically useless; and although, soon after its discovery, an attempt was made to substitute chlorate of potash for the nitrate in gunpowder, the liability of the new compound to explode by slight friction completely barred its use. Between 1838, when Pelouze discovered gun-cotton—cotton steeped in equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acid, and dried—and 1846, when Professor Schönbein of Basle began to make practical application of the discovery, there followed a period of comparative chemical inactivity; but in 1847, among a number of other mixtures of the kind, an Italian named Sobrero, an assistant in Pelouze's laboratory, lighted on nitro-glycerine.

Nitro-glycerine is a very pale-yellow oily liquid, about half as heavy again as water. It has no smell, but a sweet aromatic taste, and though it is not in a strict sense poisonous, since, even when absorbed in the blood, it has never been known to be fatal to life, yet a single drop placed on the tongue will almost immediately produce a violent headache; even the handling it, before the dynamite cartridges were in 1870 wrapped in parchment, would do the same. The "dynamite headache" is a disorder very well known in the trade, more painful in intensity, we are assured, than the worse form of rack due to the worst champagne. It is an affection for which, with many, time and custom are no remedy; for, like Nelson, who was always sick his first three days at sea, Sir Frederick Abel, the well-known chemist to the War Office, never even now, hardened experimentalist as one would imagine him by this time to be, touches the compound without suffering from it.

Nitro-glycerine is simply a cold mixture of one part of nitric acid and three parts of sulphuric acid (introduced to make the nitric acid more active), treated with the glycerine which most persons who have had chapped hands or have eaten honey are familiar with. Glycerine is obtained in large quantities as

a secondary product of the manufacture of soap and candles from our common fats, and consists chemically of 39·1 per cent. of carbon, 8·7 per cent. of hydrogen, and 52·2 per cent. of oxygen. Poured in a thin stream into the strong nitric acid, whose activity meanwhile has been developed by the sulphuric acid, part of the hydrogen is displaced and peroxide of nitrogen substituted for it. When the proper proportion of glycerine has been introduced, the mixture being stirred during the addition and the temperature kept down by a surrounding of ice, the whole is poured into water, when the nitro-glycerine, being much heavier than the dilute acid mixture, sinks to the bottom. The acid liquid is then poured off and more water added, for the nitro-glycerine has to be purified by long-continued washing, special mechanical appliances and alkaline water being employed for the purpose.

There is the whole process, and it is one that most people, if they do not object to running the additional risk of penal servitude, are capable of carrying through. A license for manufacture is required from Government, but the acids and glycerine can be bought at a chemist's and mixed in a wash-hand basin, the only part that demands care being the washing out of the free acids, as they are called, for should any of them remain the whole is liable to decomposition and spontaneous combustion; in fact, the compound's ultimate explosion in that state is chiefly a question of time.

When it is remembered that in the notorious Whitehead's house at Birmingham, the only detected instance of illegal manufacture, there were found in April last year something more than 250lbs. of nitro-glycerine, left in a carboy in a room behind the shop, and floating on the mixture of strong acids used in its manufacture, in so grossly impure a condition that the time of explosion might at any moment arrive and the house be wrecked, the fearlessness and devotion with which this terrible compound was handled, was washed free of the acids, and, by the addition of *kieselguhr*, converted into dynamite, and subsequently burnt, afford as striking and unrewarded an instance of civil courage as the annals of peace can well present. It was nitro-glycerine, too, in a like condition, hovering so to speak on the verge of explosion, that was carried by train from Birmingham to London by some of Whitehead's confederates in waterproof bags, and ultimately seized by the police and destroyed at Woolwich. That great power in the hands of ignorant men also implies great danger was never more clearly instanced than in this portorage of 276lbs. of the most dangerous explosive the world has yet produced, liable in addition to the chance of spontaneous combustion, to being at any moment exploded by a jar or a blow on the crowded platform, or a fall from the cabman's shoulder as he carried the portmanteau containing it upstairs.

For sixteen or seventeen years after its discovery in 1847, nitro-glycerine attracted but slight attention, and, owing in a great measure to the difficulty in exploding it with any certainty, was looked upon merely as a chemical curiosity. For, explosive in the highest degree as it certainly is, in its pure form it requires the fulfilment of certain

special conditions for the development of its force which were not at that time clearly understood.

We are told, indeed, that the flame of an ordinary match, though it does not appear to be by any means a favourite experiment with chemists, can be quenched in it without harm, nor under ordinary circumstances will any small applied light ignite it. But a smart blow or a strong vibrating jar was often found to do the work that fire could not effect. Then the molecule of nitro-glycerine is broken up, the oxygen combines with the carbon and the hydrogen, and sets free the nitrogen in the form of a smokeless but fearfully destructive gas, a gas that compared with that yielded by the solid grains of gunpowder is estimated as three times as great in volume, freed almost a hundred times as rapidly. In partial explanation of this greater volume of gas and rapidity of action, which, when produced by detonation, is calculated at the rate of 200 miles a minute, it will not be overlooked that nitro-glycerine is a liquid in which all the molecules are in absolute contact, and of which the atoms composing the molecules are placed in the most favourable position for developing their power; while with gunpowder, a mechanical mixture, whose chemical decomposition has to work from particle to particle, instead of the whole mass, as with nitro-glycerine, being instantaneously converted into vapour, there is necessarily time lost in the process of breaking up, and an appreciable interval for the atoms of oxygen to go in quest of and combine with the atoms of carbon.

In 1863 Mr. Nobel, who had for some time taken this chemical curiosity of nitro-glycerine in hand, with a view of applying it to practical purposes, made public his first attempts of adding to the explosive power of gunpowder by impregnating the grains with nitro-glycerine, the earliest form of dynamite, which went far to prove the great power of the "glonoin oil," as it was then called. But its real era opened with 1864, when a charge of pure nitro-glycerine was first set off by a minute charge of gunpowder with certainty, and later in the year by the introduction of the detonator-cap containing fulminate of mercury, the mode now in universal use for developing the maximum force of all explosive agents of the same class. This discovery raised the reputation of nitro-glycerine as a blasting agent to an extraordinary height, only to be checked again by a series of terrible accidents, due in some cases to spontaneous combustion of impurities, in others to ignorance and carelessness; chief among which were those on board the *European* at Colon, in 1866; at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1867, when, in burying frozen nitro-glycerine, part was struck by a pickaxe and exploded, killing the mayor and six others; at Stockholm, in 1868, when Mr. Nobel's factory was blown up; and at Cwm-y-Glo, in North Wales, in 1869, in consequence of which the sale of the new agent was absolutely prohibited by the Nitro-Glycerine Act, 1869; nor, although that Act is now repealed by the Explosives Act, 1875, is it now ever licensed for use in a liquid condition. Before this, however, Mr. Nobel had resolved to discontinue its manufacture and to devote himself to the discovery of an absorbent capable of holding enough for blasting purposes, and, in the form of a comparatively harmless solid, presenting a weakened solidification of liquid nitro-glycerine. By this admixture with a solid substance, Mr. Nobel felt confident that, apart from the question of safety, the explosive power of nitro-glycerine, however it might be weakened, would at any rate be greatly facilitated. The mobility of the particles and consequent tendency to yield mechanically to the force of a blow, or detonation which acts

as a blow, would be considerably diminished by dilution and the addition of the solid substance.

This was done, as we have already said, in June 1867, when the solidified preparation known here as "dynamite," and in America as "giant powder," was first adapted for practical use.

The discovery of dynamite was not due, as has been generally supposed, to accident but to direct experiment.

The first made consisted of charcoal and nitro-glycerine, and, before the porous silica known as *kieselguhr* was finally adopted, numerous trials were made of various other absorbents, such as porous terra-cotta, sawdust, and ordinary and nitrated paper soaked in the liquid explosive and rolled into cartridges. During the siege of Paris, when the *kieselguhr* ran short, the French engineers found the best substitute to lie in the ashes of Boghead coal, and next to that in pounded sugar. And on one occasion, when a certain Welsh solicitor was much embarrassed by the possession of a large quantity of nitro-glycerine, which he was ordered by Government neither to use nor to remove, he was driven in desperation to try on it the absorbent effects of brickdust; with so much success that he found himself summoned as an important witness to testify to the clearness of specification when, on Mr. Nobel's application for a patent, it was called in question.

Kieselguhr, the inert absorbent base of dynamite, is a siliceous earth of low specific gravity, composed of the remains of infusorial insects. Large mines are worked in Europe, the largest and those yielding it of the purest quality and lowest specific gravity being situate near Naterleuss station, on the railway from Hamburg to Hanover. There are also large beds in Aberdeenshire, whence are drawn the supplies used by Mr. Nobel's factory at Ardeer. Its high non-conductive power, which it owes entirely to its great porosity, is one of its most important properties; a power so high that if a piece of only two inches long be heated to white heat on the one end, no increase of heat will be noticed on the other. It is capable of absorbing from three to four times its own weight of nitro-glycerine, possessing the valuable advantage over other absorbents of resisting a greater degree of pressure without parting with any of the liquid explosive it holds.

In its licensed form, dynamite must not contain less than 25 per cent. of this infusorial earth, though in Germany manufacturers have produced it in the proportion of 82 per cent. of nitro-glycerine and 82 per cent. of *kieselguhr*, without exudation. This, however, is confined to Germany, and is never permitted to be imported into Great Britain.

The mixing of the *kieselguhr* with the nitro-glycerine is a delicate operation, and entirely performed by hand. The earth and the liquid are constantly kneaded and worked through the fingers until the whole is thoroughly fused, for any little knot or undigested lump, as is sometimes seen in bread, would present a detonation point which a blow would explode. With dynamite properly made, concussion is quite harmless. The experiment has been tried of fastening it between the buffers of trucks, and running them together; of throwing it from a great height on to the rocks of quarries; of dropping on it heavy weights; even of lighting a train of gunpowder laid on the top; all without an explosion ensuing. To explode dynamite, as it is now manufactured, two conditions must exist, and exist simultaneously—a violent concussion and a temperature of

600° Fahr. These conditions were found to be fulfilled by Mr. Nobel's detonator cap, charged with a few grains of fulminate of mercury.

The commercial progress made by dynamite was at first slow.

In 1867 there were only ten tons of it sold ; but seven years later the sale amounted to three thousand one hundred and twenty. The reason was that not only did there exist a great prejudice against its chief ingredient, nitro-glycerine, but a great prejudice the other way in favour of gun-cotton. There were supposed to be many points of advantage in connection with gun-cotton which dynamite, or at least the dynamite of that day, could not boast ; chief among which were its superior chemical stability, and its steady conduct under the influence of fire or concussion. At the date of the Stowmarket explosion in August 1871, which for a time completely drove gun-cotton out of the market, and from which shock it has scarcely yet commercially recovered, there were sixty quarries in Great Britain employing 16,000 men who used it in preference to dynamite. So great was the confidence in it of the miner, that one of them is quoted as having declared, "When the cotton got wet, he put it in the sun ; but when there was no sun, he took it to bed with him and slept upon it, and by the morning it was nicely dry." That loud Stowmarket tragedy shook down gun-cotton and sent up dynamite, and from that day its position as a blasting agent has never seriously been threatened. The early weakness of want of chemical stability was quickly cured, and for the last ten years no case of explosion has been registered due to spontaneous combustion. Decomposition, even if it occurred, as it might after the dynamite had been kept for years, could scarcely be anything else than harmless.

The "old order changeth" is an axiom in chemistry, and the hours of the supremacy of dynamite are numbered. The explosive of the future is undoubtedly blasting gelatine, the latest invention of Mr. Nobel.

Already on the Continent the manufacture of this new agent has assumed important dimensions, though here, owing to the stringency of the climatic test imposed by Government, its position is as yet scarcely established. Many of the later operations of the St. Gothard tunnel were carried out with pure blasting gelatine ; and in Austria, the richest of all the European countries in mines except Great Britain, the factories where dynamite was formerly made are now given over to its manufacture. It is simply dynamite *à base actif*, containing 93 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, with a base of 7 per cent. of collodion wool, that is itself an explosive, in place of the inert *kieselguhr*. As a blasting agent it is more homogeneous than dynamite, and, on account of its elasticity, is less sensible to outward impressions, while in handling or cutting the cartridges there is no loss of the material as sometimes occurs with dynamite. Its further advantages are that the gases after explosion are lighter and thinner, and leave no dust, developing at the same time a more considerable power. Taking the power of dynamite at 1,000, and nitro-glycerine at 1,411, blasting gelatine is represented by the figures 1,555, in addition to which superiority it is capable, unlike dynamite, of retaining its nitro-glycerine when brought into contact with water. Sir Frederick Abel has kept it under water for a year without its undergoing the slightest chemical change. It is a satisfaction to reflect that, so complicated and delicate is the process necessary

for the production of this new explosive, it is never likely to be made by unskilled persons or concocted in a back shop in Birmingham.

It now remains to consider what dynamite will, and what it will not, do. To begin with, like many persons who have great powers, it has at least two peculiarities—one, that in small quantities it will harmlessly burn itself away, and the other that in a frozen state—and it freezes at the high temperature of 46° Fahr.—it is extremely difficult to explode.

For the first, it may be safely said that out of every hundred dynamite cartridges, ninety-nine can be held in the hand and burnt. In the hundredth, there may possibly be one of those undigested knots or lumps we have spoken of which, acting as a point of detonation, would explode the rest. It is only in small quantities that dynamite can be so dealt with in safety, though Colonel Majendie tells us he has been present at the burning of so large a quantity as half a ton. But if dynamite may in almost all cases be burnt without explosion, it is extremely dangerous to heat. Set fire to it on an iron plate, and it is almost a certainty that it will burn away; heat it from underneath, and it is almost an equal certainty that it will violently explode. Should any reader of this paper ever find himself in the possession of dynamite which he is not anxious to keep, it will be safest for him to strew it in small quantities, with considerable breaches of continuity, and then set it alight. And let him be careful to withdraw some little distance from the scene, for though with dynamite properly exploded there are no evil odours, the nitrous fumes of it when burnt are extremely disagreeable, and even dangerous.

As for the second peculiarity, the difficulties attending explosion in a frozen state, Mr. Mowbray, the American engineer, has proved in his work at the Hoosac tunnel that the difficulty increases in proportion to the solidity with which the dynamite is frozen, and that, if the mass be broken up and pulverised, the ordinary detonator will be found sufficient, though the explosion will be one of somewhat diminished violence; and, further, that whatever the degree of temperature may be, twenty-five grains of fulminate will be found enough to set it off. This freezing difficulty has been the cause of the majority of the accidents that of late years have attended the use of dynamite, for, notwithstanding the special directions, issued by Mr. Nobel with each packet that leaves his factory, miners are constantly found (as they are found to light their pipes at the open Davy lamp, and to drive in the head of a powder-cask with a red-hot poker) to thaw the cartridges at the fire instead of in the proper method, by the application of warm water in double tin cases. Frozen dynamite will almost always explode by ignition, instead of burning away as in the normal condition, and the increased number of accidents during the past year are almost without exception due to the carelessness of the men in dealing with it in this state. In foreign factories it was at one time not uncommon to let them thaw the cartridges in their pockets by the heat of the body, but, as this led to the theft of an article that was at that time very expensive, it has been discontinued.

The destructive power of dynamite, which, contrary to the common opinion, does not act downwards, but equally in all direc-

tions, and with the greatest violence where there is the greatest resistance, has been greatly exaggerated.

Mr. McRoberts, the superintendent of Mr. Nobel's Scotch factories, has published an estimate of its capabilities, which at a time of some public alarm like the present cannot be too often repeated and too widely known. A ton of dynamite equals 45,675 foot-tons, which in plainer language means that if a ton of dynamite were scientifically confined and fired under a weight of 45,675 tons it would raise it one foot. A ton of nitro-glycerine, similarly exploded, will exert a power of 64,452 foot-tons, and a ton of blasting gelatine, of 71,050 foot-tons; gelatine, therefore, confined and fired under a building of 71,050 tons, representing in building stone ninety-six feet on the side, would only raise it one foot. And this it will not do unless it is confined, or at least with nothing like the same effect. Bore a whole under Nelson's monument and fill it with dynamite cartridges, and the result will in all probability be its destruction, especially if the operation be in experienced hands; leave a box-ful at the base, and the damage is a chipped stone, a few broken windows, and a cabman blown off his box. Nor are the broken windows, after all, a necessity; for while the explosive power of dynamite is intensely local, its aerial disturbance, compared with that of gunpowder, is very small. The explosive power of dynamite is in inverse ratio of the cube of the distance, or, in more popular language, if the power exercised on the spot be represented by 1,000,000, the same power at the distance of a hundred feet dwindles down to 1. Mr. McRoberts tells us he has often exploded a pound of dynamite hung at the end of six feet of string from a fishing-rod, held in the hand without the smallest danger or inconvenience, and on one occasion witnessed the explosion of over a ton of nitro-glycerine from a distance of only sixty yards. It was buried about ten feet below the surface of the ground, which was of sand and covered with water, yet, beyond the breakage of windows and the bursting of a few doors in the surrounding buildings, there was no damage done. "A little sand was thrown over me," writes Mr. McRoberts, "but I received no personal injury."

Dynamite, then, which has from five to seven times the explosive power of gunpowder, is comparatively trifling in its effects at even short distances. The dynamitard, with all his daring and cunning, has, after all, succeeded in doing us no more damage than gas has often done before. It would be better for him, if he desires to continue the warfare, to return to his ancient ally gunpowder, which above ground is a much more noisy and demoralizing agent. In the explosion at the Local Government Board of March 1883, when 27lbs. of ordinary dynamite was the medium employed, there was neither destruction of life nor injury of limb, and the damage to the building was covered by about 150/. At St. James's Square and Scotland Yard, on the night of May 30, beyond a few cut faces and broken windows, no harm was done. But at Clerkenwell in December 1867, when 50lbs. of gunpowder were exploded against the prison wall, there were, according to the official report, six killed outright, six who died subsequently, five in addition who owed their deaths to the same cause, forty mothers prematurely confined and twenty of their babies born dead, one hundred and twenty wounded, and fifteen permanently injured by the loss of eyes, legs, or arms, and the damage to property and person was estimated at 20,000/. In our military service, dynamite has never yet been used. As a projectile agent it has no value whatever, for so instantaneous is its action that in a gun it would

burst the breech before starting the ball, and at present no receptacle has been discovered strong enough to resist its action when confined. Its only utility would lie in its power of destroying palisades, walls, or bridges; for mines, countermines, torpedoes, and perhaps for some form of hollow projectile. But for these purposes gun-cotton is infinitely more serviceable, since in its most recent compressed shape it is absolutely safe in fire and under fire (which dynamite certainly is not; it is invariably detonated when struck by a bullet passing through the side of the box); it is more convenient to carry, and pleasanter to handle; there is no exudation, nor is it affected by wet, its detonating power in a wet state being even increased. Dynamite, then, strange and terrible as is its power, is almost entirely limited to the usages of commerce, and, unlike gunpowder, which for three hundred years flourished in war before its services were appreciated by industry, is readier to the hand of the miner than the soldier.

But the services of dynamite in civil engineering, and the economies it has effected in the two great commercial departments of time and money, can never be exaggerated.

It is calculated that in time dynamite saves between 40 and 70 per cent., and in money between 20 and 40. Railways are now finished a year or two earlier than they used to be, and from fifty to seventy thousand miners are yearly saved from the dangers and diseases of tunnelling and blasting, since in the economy of labour fewer are required. The Mont Cenis tunnel, where the work was at first entirely carried out by powder, took thirteen years and five months to complete; the St. Gothard, considerably longer, where the nitro-glycerine compounds only were employed, seven years and six months. In the first, the work lying through the soft rock, the cost has been estimated at about 300*l.* per mètre; in the second, at 160*l.*, through granite and gneiss.

Gunpowder is a cleaving and displacing agent, dynamite a rending and a shattering, and for each there is a sphere of usefulness. For slate and coal dynamite is too powerful, but for hard rock and pit-sinking, for the removal of subaqueous obstructions, wrecks, and submerged rocks, where materials of great rigidity and strength have to be operated upon, there is nothing that can effect the same economy in time, labour, and material. At Hell Gate, in the East River of New York, three acres of reef rock, lying 26 feet below mean low-water level, were, after four years and four months' work of perforation into chambers and drill-holes, blown up and the passage cleared. The charges were fired by electricity, and in the operation the discovery was for the first time applied that detonation may be transmitted from one mass of an explosive compound to others through intervening air-spaces. In the ordinary work of blasting, charge-holes are drilled, and into them are tightly fitted with a wooden rammer a sufficient number of dynamite cartridges. At the top is fixed the *primer*, a smaller cartridge, into which is placed the long detonator-cap of fulminate of mercury, closely fitted with a fuse. Dynamite has the advantage over other more powerful explosives that owing to its plasticity it can be moulded into the bore-hole, and so fits tightly. Gun-cotton is rigid, and nitro-glycerine in its pure state is apt to escape through the fissures and be dangerously wasted. Numberless accidents have occurred through lighting, in boring, on some of the old escaped nitro glycerine, which, on being struck, invariably explodes.

But, after all, it is not in its relations to blasting and tunnelling that the public mind feels interest in dynamite, so much as in the part it has of late years been playing in outrage, and the almost terrific importance it has assumed in the estimation of many a murderous instrument of so-called political warfare.

The recently detected correspondence in Birmingham, with its many delicate allusions to the *cough mixture*, and the latest proposals to drop the explosive on us from a balloon, like ballast from a sand-bag, bring into undue prominence its dangerous side, and already begin to do much towards restricting the trade in an article of incalculable utility. Already the chief of Mr. Nobel's factories in Switzerland, at Istleten, near Fluelen, finds itself in some difficulties, owing to the restrictions placed by the Swiss Government in the way of the explosive leaving the country. Here so much care is exercised by manufacturers and agents that it is exceedingly improbable dynamite will ever be purchased from them for other than legitimate purposes. It lies within the experience of most who have dealings in the explosive to be occasionally visited by morose personages in soft hats, who come to buy a few pounds, and who, in reply to the question what it is wanted for, not uncommonly answer with an oath that that is no business of anybody but the purchaser. It may be a gentlemanly individual in a frock-coat, with an engaging manner, and a park and a few old trees to uproot that spoil the view from his dining-room window; or a German baker, who, in some obscure Teutonic way, has need of it in connection with his business; or a pallid young man who is going out mining to South Africa; to all the answer is the same—that they may blow their heads off with it if they please, but that until references of position and respectability are given, they will not get so much as will lie on the edge of a knife. The result is that in no case of outrage in this country has the dynamite employed been traced to a licensed manufacturer or agent of Great Britain. It is, as a rule, of American manufacture, and hails from the Atlas Works. The dynamitard may make it himself in a back bed-room, if he pleases; but since the Explosive Substances Act of last year, by so doing he lays himself open to penal servitude for fourteen years, and the burden of proof, that the making, or even the possession, of any explosive substance is for a lawful purpose, lies on the person so making or possessing it.

The exaggerated destructive power of dynamite we have already referred to, from which we expect it to be clear, as Mr. McRoberts says, that "the scoundrels who attempt to destroy public buildings are powerless to do much harm by their operations. They cannot by any means at their disposal lay a whole city in ruins—nor even a street. They may injure special buildings, and that is the most they can do." And as a further consolation, it may be noticed that the dynamite employed for these purposes is, in the majority of cases, of the kind known as lignin-dynamite, a wholly unlicensed explosive, composed of sawdust and nitro-glycerine, and in its effects considerably weaker than that in common use. The explosions in Glasgow, and some of those in London, were chiefly distinguished for their childishness, their one redeeming point being the ingenuity with which in one or two cases the old detonation system of the Coastguard port-fires was combined in a novel form and applied to their trivial lignin-dynamite.

The last aspect in which dynamite may be considered, is the important one, the sanitary.

In the days of gunpowder blasting in mines and the old system of ventilation, there was an excessive mortality among miners, due to a disease of the lungs known as miners' decline. It was not the ordinary tubercular consumption, but a form developed in many other callings among workers in dusty places, and variously known as grinders' rot in Sheffield, stonemasons' decline, rag-pickers' disease, and woolsorters' asthma. Since the introduction of dynamite and the common use of the nitro-glycerine compounds, there has been a marked improvement in the miner's health; for though, as we have said, the nitrous fumes of burnt dynamite are dangerous, with dynamite properly exploded nothing of the kind is experienced.

Dynamite has been put to strange uses, and among them for the slaughtering of cattle at Islington market in 1877 by fastening a small charge between the horns; but never perhaps to one more strange or terrible than that adopted by a discharged clerk at Dunedin, in New Zealand, who, meeting in the streets his wife, from whom he had been separated, under a pretence of salutation exploded a dynamite charge between their faces and blew both heads completely off.

In conclusion, it is only just, when reference has been made to the poisonous character of nitro-glycerine, to say something of its powers of healing. It has like all other products of beneficent nature, its time of calm and soothing, when its turbulence is at rest and its terrible energy exerted only for good. It is prescribed in minute doses for angina pectoris, according to the formula of Dr. William Murrell, who has written a book on the subject, and in many nervous and cerebral affections its pacific effects are well known. It is rather, however, a specific than, like its earliest ally, gunpowder, once was, a panacea; for in the old days, when Tommy Atkins was depressed, dispirited, or for any reason, military or civil, out of sorts, the most popular and efficacious of his remedies was a charge of gunpowder in water.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

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We quote, *pace* the votaries of the Blue Ribbon, these fifteen stanzas which have a Béranger-like vivacity and grace about them which makes them pleasant reading.

M. MAYOR.

"Poor Mayor has paid the debt of Nature : or rather, of 'le petit vin blanc.'"—*Letter to the Author*, 3rd July 1871.

1.

MAYOR is dead. A jolly man,
Whom erst I held in high account ;
Brave comrade of the cup and can,
The jolly man of Jolly Mount.*
To him what chronicles belong !
"*Le petit vin, comme il est bon !*"

2.

Within his cellar's cool resort,
His *bon accueil* seems yet to sound ;
His lays of love, of war, of sport,
Still, as of old, to vibrate round :—
His simple chorus—clear and strong—
"*Mais comme ce petit vin est bon !*"

3.

While visions of "la Cave" and cask
With vinous flavours softly blend,
Still, still I hear his Spirit ask,—
"*Will mon cher Monsieur not descend ?*
Un petit-verre ?—Monsieur, allons !
Le petit vin est toujours bon !"

* La Campagne de Jolimont. Vevey, Pays de Vaud ; of which M. Mayor was for many years the kind-hearted, upright, and very convivial *Villicus*.

4.

We shot with rifle at "Le Tir" ;
 And, when he missed the mark, he'd say :—
"Le petit vin doth banish fear ;
I have not drunk enough to-day :
Cela donne courage :—Chopine, garçon !
Vite, vite !—Ici, le vin est bon !"

5.

We floated on Lake Lemman's deeps :
 We trolled beneath old Chillon's walls :
 We clomb Les Pleiades' airy steeps :
 We passed by hoar Helvetian halls :—
 He breathed, those golden scenes among,
 His fond refrain, "*Le vin est bon !*"

6.

"Clarens, sweet Clarens," (magic scene !)—
 Blushed deep with Hesper's rosy light ;
 Then slowly faded. Stars serene
 Marshalled the deep-blue dawn of Night.
"Le temps fait beau," quoth he, "et, donc,
Cet an, le raisin sera bon !"

7.

Biordaz' streams beheld us try,
 He for the cray-fish, we for trout ;
 If cray were scarce, or trout rose shy,
 His temper never was put out :—
"Belles truites ! Belles écrevisses ! Buons,
Messieurs ! Ce petit vin est bon !"

8.

We tracked the chamois on the snow :
 The *coq-des-bois* and amid the pines ;
 We sought the haunts the marmots know,
 Far above lakés and vales and vines :
 The cliffs and crags we sped along
 Echoed :—"*En haut, le vin est bon !*"

9.

On Alps, in dells, o'er rocks, by rills,
 Bloomed fairest flowers that Nature yields :
 Anemones gemmed lonely hills ;
 Fragrant narcissus flecked far fields :
 One cultured plant he loved :—"*Voyons*
La fleur des vignes ! Quel beau bourgeon !"

10.

We revelled in glad vintage toil :
 We greatly gorged the ripe raceme,
 Where grapes, refulgent tricked the soil
 With beryl, ruby, topaz gleam :—
"Il y a des raisins," was his song ;
"Et pour le vin,—il sera bon !"

11.

The winter came, with brilliant air,
Peaks, forests, silvered with pure snow ;
The panorama, ever fair,
Shone brighter than in summer's glow :—
" *Fait frais !*" he said. " *Dans cette saison,*
Surtout, je trouve, le vin est bon !"

12.

Where lurked the bittern, teal, and crake,
By ancient channels of the Rhone,
We skated on the frozen lake :
The ice like very sapphire shone.
" *La glace,*" he said, " *me donne frisson.*
Mais, c'est égal.—Le vin est bon !"

13.

He ruled a Seigneur's lordly feast ;
Kind Seneschal, he crowned the bowls :
One hundred flagons (at the least),
Drowned the deep thirst of—twenty souls !
Soliloquised he, 'mid that throng :—
" *J'en suis content.—Et c'est du bon !*"

14.

True, manly, patriotic Swiss,
He loathed all baseness, scorned all fear.
He worshipped Freedom. Frown and hiss
Reserved he " *pour le Bas-Empire.*"
Dared Gauls arraign his creed as wrong ?
They only said :—" *Son vin est bon !*"

15.

So, Mayor ! round thy Bacchic tomb
May flexile wreaths eternal twine ;
Whose clustered grapes, of mellow bloom,
Shall hymn the praise of thee and wine ;
And still thy liquid dirge prolong :—
" *Mon Dieu ! Ce petit vin est bon !*"

FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, *August 30th*, 1884.

THE Chinese question, if the Celestials persist merely in a passive resistance, may involve France in such a drain of men and money, that the country will protest against such a sacrifice. The budget already shows a deficit, and the despatch of troops to attack Peking, or invade the Empire of the Best, by the Yunan province, would disorganise the whole army. Then there is the possibility of European neutrals being drawn into the strife; France has not all the right on her side, as to the origin of the quarrel, and nations doing an extensive trade with China (France in this respect is insignificant itself) will not feel bound to put up for long, with losses, because the Chinese decline to pay over some three millions sterling of an indemnity.

Bismark's overtures to France are seen through. He proceeded in the same manner with Napoleon III in 1863, and victimized a schemer, as unscrupulous as himself. When Germany surrenders Alsace and Lorraine, France will seriously consider his proposals for the annihilation of English Colonial supremacy. As for the ribaldry of the German press—ordered for that service as soldiers—against England, that's the sprat held out to catch the French salmon. The French journals reply with all "the wild hysterics of the Celt against *perfid*e Albion." But between journalistic "Billingsgate," and the sending of Colonels and bombs to England, there is a great gulf fixed. Some fine morning the French will read, when taking their *café-au-lait* that the alliance between Germany and England is a *fait accompli*—thanks to their aid.

The *Journal des Economistes* this month devotes some pages to the examination of the political economy of Diderot, as broached for the benefit of the Russians. Europe, since the opening years of the eighteenth century, to the present day, has ever displayed curiosity, more or less benevolent, in the affairs of Russia. With the voyage of Peter I to France originated those influences which, till the Revolution, held his subjects in bondage to French manners, arts, and

taste. These ceased when Catherine ordered the busts of Voltaire which ornamented her galleries and salons, to be conveyed to the cellar—the revolutionary doctrines shocked her. French influence was at its zenith under Catherine II. Then St. Petersburg was not only flooded with French painters, sculptors, actors, milliners and perfumers, professors and governesses, but every charlatan and schemer felt it to be his duty to put in his claim, and it was generally allowed. La Rivière, who had been a functionary at Martinique, was among the earliest to set up as an apostle of economic reform in Russia. He, with money supplied from the Imperial Treasury, set up a palace in St. Petersburg, opened offices, &c. Catherine was in Moscow at the time. On returning to the capital, she inquired into La Rivière's work, which was calculated to upset her idea of governing serfs. She attacked him with—ridicule. She wrote to Voltaire: "La Rivière supposes that we Russians march upon four feet, and obligingly came from Martinique to train us to stand on our hind legs." The *mot* made the tour of Europe and the professor decamped. Diderot succeeded La Rivière, but commenced by proposing remedies that would have improved Russia out of existence. He had the wisdom to explain to Catherine, that a philosopher, living in a garret and under the rain spouts, could not be as good a politician as a sovereign. Diderot, as ideas upon reform came into his head, jotted them down, sent them to Catherine, and apparently then forgot all about them; for that great Bohemian never could execute any thing methodically or regularly. Hence, why so little is known of the remedies proposed by the Encyclopædist for making Holy Russia, the first country of the earth. Amongst other things he pointed out, that the capital of Russia ought not to be at the extremity—which in the animal economy would be, as if the heart were situated at a finger tip, or the stomach at the big toe—but in the centre of the empire. The capital, like the heart, ought to be protected from the attacks of an enemy at the frontier. On the latter, ought to be only commercial cities, for the exchange of merchandise; for places of defence—the walls of the house. Paris transported to Marseilles would be the death of France. Augustus contemplated transferring the capital of the Roman Empire to Asia Minor; had he executed his project he would have left nothing for the Barbarians to do at Rome. To light a vast room, we do not commence by placing the chandelier in one of the corners. St. Petersburg ought to remain solely a commercial city, a rival to Amsterdam. Diderot also urged the Empress to establish free primary schools, and to give the scholars bread as an encouragement to attend them. He also urged

a kind of free trade and colleges for girls. His ideas of national liberty were not more favorably received than those on political economy. The Empress reminded Diderot, that, while philosophers had only to deal with paper, she had to deal with human skins.

Dr. Robinet has brought out a third edition of his Danton in which much superfluous matter has been expunged, as also several of the tedious justifications of the life of the grand orator, which like his fellow-department man, Diderot was during youth wild and very irregular. On the other hand fresh materials have been added. The key note of the book is to be found in the author's view of his hero which is that Danton, like Berkeley, was a compendium of all that was perfect in man, and that the accusations weighing on the great orator's memory, are calumnies.

Orleanist literature is looking up—a sign of the times. The *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*, by M. Paul Thureau-Dangin, has reached the second volume and brings the reign of Louis Philippe down to 1836. It is a remarkable production. Strange to say, the reign of that monarch, which was so beneficial for France, is very little known, though yet so recent. But the question is has the time come to judge the monarchy of July like the restoration; that is to say, with *sang-froid*, without party bias, and simply by facts and results? Political indifference too often keeps the word of promise to the ear while breaking it to the hope. How many chronological lists even do we possess, composed with impartiality? Each historian brings to his work his ideal, influenced by his temperament, his conception of facts, and his interpretation of motives. The historian of the Grecian cities invariably takes part for Sparta or Athens; the historian of Rome is plebian or patrician; the friend of Cæsar or the friend of Pompey. How much more difficult then becomes the task, even to the most honest historian, when contemporary events have to be dealt with? M. Thureau-Dangin avows he is a constitutional monarchist, and, despite himself, he writes as such, that is to say, as a partizan. Thus he sees more advantages and fewer defects in his ideal. This leaning allowed for, the work is really excellent in its arrangement, its grouping of facts, its style, and its inferences.

The *Histoire Géographique de Madagascar*, by M. Henri d'Escamps, is at once both old and new. It was first published in 1846, as a kind of rival to the work of the Rev. W. Ellis. The present edition is young, from the circumstance, that M. d'Escamps has had placed at his disposal the notes of M. Grandidier, who has resided several years in Madagascar, and is now engaged preparing an ency-

clopædic work on that coveted island, in no less than fifteen volumes. M. Grandidier has further corrected the sheets of the present Geographical History. The French have had for a long time a craze for the island of Madagascar—not a portion of it, but the whole. It has been depicted to them as an El Dorado, like Algeria, Tunisia, Tonquin, &c. The author's little political weakness is, to collect all waifs and strays of history and legend that will tend to establish the right of France to the island, since the time of Louis XIII, that is to say, 1637, though he omits to relate, why the French left their rights in abeyance. They now demand that the Hovas accept a French protectorate, or sovereignty—a rose by any other name will smell as sweet—and pay an indemnity of one million. As at Kelung and Foochow, with the Chinese, so at Tamatave and Mazunja, with the Hovas, France in her bombardments does not mean war, only a proof of her peaceful intentions, and to substitute her special ideas of civilization for those which have been sown, and brought forth hundred-fold, by the English and American Missionaries. It is urged to proceed on the same lines at Madagascar as Sir James Brooke did at Borneo. In France, Colonists look to Jove—the Government, for help; in England, the Colonists aid themselves.

Le Journal de Jean Doublet.—Jean Doublet, of Honfleur, was a notorious Corsair, and lieutenant of a frigate during the reign of Louis XIV. He resembled Captain Cuttle: he made a note of anything remarkable. M. Bréard has published, after autographic manuscripts, the journal of this pirate. Doublet was not a writer; a cutlass and a brace of pistols were more in his line. He commenced as a volunteer, then sailor; next commanded a merchant craft, was promoted to be a navy pilot, and at last a lieutenant. The accounts of his cruises, stratagems, and prizes, are very interesting, as are also his interviews with the Duke of York, De Ruyter, Jean Bart—who must have been a rival—Tourville, the king of Denmark, &c. The work is a tableau of history, and includes many hitherto unknown and interesting facts. It has no literary value, but the work has incontestably an historical importance, and in these stirring times, when all hands are being piped and decks being cleared for possible action, the reading will be found piquant and amusing.

L'Europe militaire et diplomatique, in the Nineteenth Century by Frédéric Nolte, consists of four enormous volumes, the first two of which are supplemented by the last two, and hence, repetition is necessarily the consequence. The style is concise, but when the same matter is taken up again, in a subsequent volume, there is not much gained by this. This recalls somewhat the plan of Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.* The work opens with a description of the

politics of the Holy Alliance, and then all the wars, revolutions, and insurrections that have distracted Europe and the world from 1820 up to the Dutch expedition to Mchin are examined and judged. Many of these constitutional movements and wars of independence are not satisfactorily treated. Although the omissions are many, the author has devoted immense labour to his heavy task, and has executed it with the evident desire of being impartial. He has honestly endeavoured to make that straight which was crooked, namely, the struggles and intrigues of diplomacy. The volumes are a store-house of useful and reliable information, and no effort has been made to conceal the truth. The "raw materials" are made known, and the reader, as well as the author, can work up his own conclusions. It is to be hoped the author's concluding words may be realised, though present appearances are adverse to them, *viz.*, "the movement which will chase the horrible scourge of war from the world, will be inaugurated by France; it will be for her a work of disinterestedness and love." However, Tunisia, Tonquin, and Madagascar, do not look like evidences of French disinterestedness; perhaps the Chinese and the Hovas might have another opinion as to French love.

L'Instruction publique en France et les Ecoles Américaines, by M. Ladreyt, is the prize-essay, which was honored with the prize of 5,000 francs, offered by M. Isaac Pereire. Those interested in educational matters will be repaid by consulting this work. It presents an instructive comparison between the educational systems of France and the United States, difficult though that task be, owing to the pedagogic situation of both countries being so different. The author should be read alongside the volume of M. Hippan, published fifteen years ago on the scholastic institutions of America. These remarks apply only to the chapters on primary education: those relating to secondary and superior instruction must be accepted with reserve.

The eighth and last volume of the *Mémoires de Prince Metternich* has appeared. They are, as is well known, edited by his son. The subject died in 1859, aged 86—proof additional that diplomacy and longevity are synonymous. These memoirs will be followed by letters to public men and to members of his family. The work testifies to the devouring intellectual activity of Metternich; he is very severe on the French, describing them as a "*peuple d' enfants*." The volume, like its predecessors, is very agreeable reading, not by its style—that is but secondary, but from the originality of thought and richness of information of the old diplomatist. We feel as though we were enjoying a *tête à tête* with him.

Vie de Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans and Academician, by M. l'Abbé Lagrange. This is the third and concluding *tome*, and treats of the most agitated period of that stirring divine's career. He was a wonderful man, his activity was immense: his blood must ever have been in ebullition. I have frequently encountered him in Versailles, walking in the depth of winter, with his shovel hat in hand, to allow the icy breezes to cool his head. At any instant apoplexy might have claimed him; when speaking in the Assembly he often became as purple as his *jébat*, while his arch enemy Littré, sat on the opposite side of the House calmly correcting the proofs of an article for his Positivist Journal. The third *tome* commences with the battles over the Syllabus and the temporal power. Mgr. Dupanloup stood up to the last for the interests of the Gallic church, but bowed to the decision of the vote of the Council. It was not easy to write the biography of the fighting bishop in his *rôle*, as a member of Parliament and later, Senator. His own friends are divided on this point. Politically, he favored the Orleanist princes rather than the Comte de Chambord, and this is why discussion is so warm over his political antecedents. Perhaps it would be better to still speak of that epoch of his life *sine ira et studio*. What none will dispute is, the pious nature of the man, and of his active, and practical charities.

M. de Saint Paul Lial, has for speciality, to be a kind of commercial traveller unattached, for France. The aim of his voyages is, to investigate *de visu*, the causes of England's commercial supremacy, in her colonies and possessions, and to compare them, and of other countries also, with those that keep France in the background. The second volume of his rambles—*De France a Sumatra*, with a look in on Java, Singapore and Penang, has appeared. It has many shrewd observations and notions, that would benefit others besides his own countrymen. It is always an advantage to see ourselves as others see us. *Hilaire Gervais*, by Barracaud, is a novel full of *modernité*, as the fashionable expression goes. It is a refreshing halt after the Zolas and the Anna Radcliffes. It smacks a little of the genial homeliness of Dickens, in interesting us, in the biography of a child, Hilaire—a simple history simply told. It is emotional, but will not draw tears like Little Nell or Paul Dombey. Hilaire is a *petit* peasant, and a martyr to a hideous step-mother, for whom his father becomes a second instrument of cruelty. The step-mother and father encounter cruel and accidental deaths and the little Hilaire, is adopted by a brave peasant, whose kindness enables him to die in peace—of consumption.

C. DE LUTEC.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

WHETHER at home, or abroad, the brief period that has elapsed since the date of my last retrospect has been more than usually eventful.

The despatch of an important British expedition into the heart of the Soudan, the outbreak of active hostilities between France and China, and the inauguration of a new departure in the policy of Germany, would alone suffice to give it a distinct place in history.

Parliament was prorogued on the 14th ultimo with a speech from the Throne marked by more than the usual vagueness and insincerity? The speech opened with a statement that the satisfaction usually felt by Her Majesty in releasing Parliament was qualified on this occasion by a sincere regret that an important part of their labours had failed to result in a legislative enactment, and concluded with the following sentences :—

It is my design again at an early period to draw your attention, as I have done during the Session now expiring, to the great subject of the Representation of the People.

I rejoice to observe, amidst the numerous indications of the interest generally felt in this subject, constant proofs of loyalty to the Throne and respect for the law. These indications inspire me with a full belief that a great national aim will, on this as on many other occasions, be pursued with order and moderation ; the best securities for such a settlement as may, under the blessing of Divine Providence, conduce to the happiness and liberties of the people and the strength of the Empire.

The foreign relations of the country, though, as regards two of the great Powers, they were known to be most unsatisfactory, were as usual, except in the case of actual or imminent hostilities, pronounced most friendly.

Perhaps the most noteworthy passage in the speech was one which embodies a new theory regarding the position of England in Egypt. "I shall continue," Her Majesty was made to say, after expressing her regret at the failure of the Conference, "to fulfil with fidelity the duties which grow out of the presence of my troops in the valley of the Nile."

To a Government anxious to rid itself of its responsibilities in Egypt the view that its duties there are co-ordinate with the presence of its troops on the Nile, offers special advantages, and the choice of the phrase at the present juncture may not be without significance in connexion with the question of the future policy of the Ministry.

The Franchise question has undergone no new development since the suspension of the Government Bill by the House of Lords, unless the death of the Bill, as a consequence of the prorogation of Parliament, can be called a new development; but the country has been further canvassed with a result but little encouraging to the advocates of revolution. The Conservatives have shown that, however uncongenial to them may be the rôle of agitators, they can, when driven to it, meet their opponents and beat them with their own weapons. Whether in point of numbers or of earnestness, the demonstrations at Pomona Park and Nostill Priory have furnished effective replies to those at Hyde Park and Birmingham. The meetings on both sides in various parts of the country have been too numerous to catalogue. It was hardly in the nature of things that the arguments used should have been anything more than weary reiterations of those with which the public is already familiar.

Neither party to the conflict shows any disposition to yield, but on the side of the attack there is a distinct diminution of confidence and ardour for the fray. The tone of Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian is still that of defiance, but it is pitched in a minor key and associated with a deprecatory accompaniment. He continues to insist upon the right of the House of Commons to have its own way:—the representative Chamber, he says, ought to prevail and must prevail. He still declares his firm determination not to dissolve Parliament:—he would rather, he says, abandon his share in the Franchise Bill and that which would go with it—his share in political life—than for one moment cease to raise the loudest protest in his power against the innovation of dissolving at the dictation of the Upper House. He still contumeliously rejects the suggestion that he should bring in a simultaneous Redistribution Bill, or consent to make the operation of the one Bill contingent on the passing of the other. He still holds out the threat of organic change in the Constitution as an alternative to which he may be driven to have recourse in the last resort; but at the same time he expresses the strongest disinclination to raise the question of the privileges of the Peers, and warns his hearers that it would lead to long and almost inextricable conflict.

Mr. Gladstone's second Midlothian Campaign furnishes a splendid example of energy, but none but the blindest partisans can consider its result a political success. His account of his stewardship was avowedly a defence of failure, and a defence of failure, however adequate, can hardly be expected to evoke enthusiasm.

The curtain that fell on the Egyptian policy of the Ministry with the breaking up of the Conference has not again been lifted. Lord Northbrook's mission, whatever its prime motive may be, has at least served one useful purpose,—that of furnishing the Government with a plausible excuse for silence.

In the debate on Egyptian affairs which preceded the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Gladstone, while declaring it to be, in the first instance, a mission of enquiry and advice, declined to anticipate its result by stating what use the Government proposed to make of its freedom. At Edinburgh he maintained a similar reserve, but pledged himself to make a full confession the moment the House of Lords should have passed the Franchise Bill. Both at home and on the continent, there is a disposition to regard the mission as a pledge of vigorous action in the future. But it is equally consistent with a foregone conclusion in favour of precipitate retreat. If the Government are contemplating the latter course, nothing could be better calculated to strengthen their hands than an authoritative declaration of a Cabinet Minister of experience, based upon personal enquiry on the spot, that it was the only policy tenable.

It may, perhaps, be urged that the despatch of a costly expedition to Khartoum is inconsistent with such a supposition. It is obvious, however, that the obligation of the Government to rescue General Gordon is not only independent of its obligation to remain in Egypt, but would be increased by its determination to withdraw therefrom.

The expedition for the relief of Gordon, which was finally decided on before Parliament rose, has been beset and hampered by divided counsels in its very inception. At a period of the season, when every moment was of vital importance to success, and when the entire plan of operations ought to have been cut and dried, the Suakim-Berber route was, with questionable wisdom, suddenly set aside in favour of that by Assouan and Dongola. Such meagre preparations as had been set on foot were thus rendered for the most part nugatory. Even then, had the necessary force been concentrated, and had the local authorities been allowed

to conduct the expedition according to their own lights, the first rise of the river would probably not have been thrown away. But at the last moment the War Office, under the inspiration of Lord Wolseley, formed a plan of its own. An analogy, more fanciful than real, between the conditions to be dealt with on the Nile, and those met with in the famous Red River expedition, was considered to point to the American precedent as a model to be followed on the present occasion. Instead of employing the ample means of river transport available on the spot, it was resolved to have an enormous flotilla of light rowing boats, of special construction, built in England and sent out to Egypt at immense expense, for the conveyance of the expedition.

To General Stephenson and his advisers this plan appeared to be attended with insurmountable objections. Independently of the delay it must necessarily entail, the conditions of portage appeared to them incompatible with its success, and the local boatmen could not be depended on to navigate craft of so unfamiliar a types. A protracted correspondence thus arose, arrangements on the spot were suspended, and it was not till about the middle of last month that a final decision was arrived at. It was then determined that Lord Wolseley's plan should be adopted; that a contingent of Canadian *voyageurs* and Kroomen from the West Coast of Africa should be imported into Egypt to aid in the work of navigation and transport; and that Lord Wolseley himself should go out to superintend the operations. The preparations have since proceeded with a vigour that presents a striking contrast to the previous vacillation and delay. Within about a fortnight of the date on which the orders for their construction were given, the first instalment of the boats had already been shipped; and it is expected that by the 15th instant four hundred will be on their way to Egypt, to be followed by as many more before the end of the month, by which date the Canadians and Kroomen will also be approaching their destination.

The force, which is to consist of some seven thousand men, to be selected by Lord Wolseley and General Stephenson from the fourteen thousand already in Egypt, or on their way there, will concentrate in the first instance at Wady Halfa, and it is hoped that the first boats, with their freight, will be able to start from Sarras, the final base, beyond the second cataract, not later than the 1st November.

The entire distance to be traversed exceeds sixteen hundred miles. Of this a portion lies through the valley of the Nile and comprises some four hundred miles of railway, eight hundred and

fifty of navigable river, and two hundred of difficult rapids. The remainder consists of the desert of Bayudah, which will have to be traversed on camels.

Regard being had to the equipment of the force, which includes a hundred days' food supplies for each man, besides material of war, the operation, if successful, will be one of the most remarkable in military annals.

Opinion on the spot, however, inclines to the view that the preparations have been commenced too late ; and that, owing to the bad Nile, which is already rapidly falling, even light boats will be unable to pass the third cataract at Hannek. In the meantime, one battalion, the Royal Sussex, has already left Sarras for Dongola, in nuggers supplied by the Mudir of the latter place.

Lords Northbrook and Wolseley left Dover for Alexandria on the 31st ultimo, travelling by way of Trieste, owing to the obstacle opposed by Italy in the shape of quarantine. At Vienna Lord Northbrook had an interview with Count Kalnoky, which has created anxious speculation in France. In spite of the elaborate character of the preparations for the expedition and the vigour with which they are being carried out, the Government still appear to entertain a strong hope that the diversion will enable General Gordon to withdraw with the garrison from Khartoum, and thus render it unnecessary for the force to proceed beyond Wady Halfa. The latest news from Khartoum, which is to the effect that the General, with his troops, is not only well and has supplies for four months, but has lately inflicted a severe defeat on the enemy, may, to a certain extent, perhaps, be considered to justify this hope ; the more especially that Major Kitchener reports the route clear from Dongola to Berber, and the Haroni tribe have given in their adherence.

The refusal of the British Government to interfere in the affairs of independent Zululand has been followed by its natural result, in the shape of Boer intervention.

The Government of Pretoria, which at first affected to discourage the movements of the freebooters in that quarter, has now formally recognised the new republic by a proclamation announcing its establishment, declaring Zululand under its protection, and calling on Usibepu to submit.

At the same time the Boers have announced their intention of respecting the Reserve, and the Volksraad is showing a more friendly disposition towards the British Government. While entering a protest against certain of the clauses of the Convention lately signed in London, it has ratified that document in recognition, as it declares,

of the advantages which it secures to the Republic and the generosity shown by Her Majesty.

The want of tact, if not of courtesy, with which Mr. Gladstone's Government treated Prince Bismarck in the matter of Angra-Pequena has not only been followed by consequences most embarrassing to England in the present, but furnished Germany with the incentive to a new Colonial policy pregnant with the sources of misunderstanding in the future.

It was perfectly natural that Germany should take advantage of the dependent position in which England had placed herself by calling the Conference, to press for a reply to a plain question which had been left unanswered for eight months.

To have forestalled such an attempt to force his hand, by yielding with a gracious promptitude a concession which he was not prepared to withhold, would have been the part of a thoughtful and prudent Minister.

But Mr. Gladstone was either thoughtless or imprudent. He waited till he was compelled to yield, as the only alternative to seeing Germany take matters into her own hands, and Germany showed her appreciation of the spirit in which he acted by withholding her support from England at the Conference.

Here the matter might possibly have ended; but the temper of the English Premier was aroused at the rebuff he had provoked, and he replied with the annexation of Wallfisch Bay.

The act was not, indeed, incompatible either with the letter of the Angra-Pequena concession, or with the spirit of the understanding on which it had been granted; but coming as it did, not only immediately after the concession had been grudgingly made, but from a Government which had long since taken to abjuring annexation on principle, it could hardly have appeared in any other light but that of an insult.

The practical effect of the annexation was to isolate Angra-Pequena.

Germany has not been slow to respond by a counter-movement, and, according to the latest reports, has hoisted her flag at Spencer Bay, Sandwich Harbour, Cape Cross Bay and Cape Trio, thus annexing the whole of the territory between the 18th and 25th parallels, with the exception of Wallfisch Bay, and secluding the latter possession, in its turn, from the outer world.

It should be added that, acting on the principle conceded in the Angra-Pequena negotiations, Germany had already taken under protection Bagerdale, on the Gold Coast, Little Pope, and the

Cameroons, where a number of Hamburg and Bremen houses had established themselves.

These practical expressions of Prince Bismarck's not unjustifiable soreness have been accompanied by a general outburst of vituperation and menace from the German Press, headed, of course, by the *Cologne Gazette*, and the more violent of the journals have gone so far as to call upon France to lay aside her projects of revenge, and make common cause with Germany against England.

Coming at a moment when France was smarting under the rejection of her demands at the Conference, this appeal met at first with a warm response. But reflection has been followed by uneasy questionings as to the motives that have prompted it; and the general tone of the French Press to-day is that of conviction that whatever battles France has to fight with England, she will have to fight single-handed.

The breaking up of the Conference was followed by a report emanating probably from French sources, that the German Powers had taken serious umbrage at the support given to the English financial proposals by Italy; and it was even rumoured that the principal object of the Conference at Varzin was a reconsideration of the terms of the triple alliance, if not its dissolution, in view of the want of loyalty thus shown by Italy in dissociating herself from her allies.

There is no reason whatever for supposing that this report, the truth of which has been authoritatively denied, had any foundation in fact. While indisposed to help Mr. Gladstone's Ministry out of a difficulty of its own creation, Prince Bismarck was, we may rest assured, not at all anxious that the discomfiture of England should be an unqualified triumph for France; and it may be reasonably assumed that, before adopting the attitude she did at the Conference, Italy took care to arrive at an understanding with Germany and Austria on the subject.

Germany is said to have found a further cause of offence in Lord Granville's refusal of the request of Count Münster, that the sanitary regulation of the Canal might be discussed at the Conference. The refusal, however, was in itself so reasonable, and the remedy so simple, that the feeling provoked by the incident has probably been exaggerated.

Rumours are afloat that Germany, Austria and Russia have agreed to call a fresh Conference to consider this question, along with that of the indemnities; and though there is reason to believe that they are premature, it is not improbable that the propriety

of such a step may form the subject of discussion at the meeting of the three Emperors which has been arranged to take place in the course of the month at the Castle of Skiernivice, in Poland.

In the meantime, Mr. Gladstone has taken the opportunity of his Midlothian tour to disavow all jealousy of German colonisation schemes, and there are symptoms that the feeling against England in Germany itself is toning down.

The French Congress, after a debate extending over nine sittings and characterised almost throughout by the greatest excitement and disorder, finally passed M. Ferry's Revision Bill on the 13th ultimo.

Among the amendments that were brought forward, only to be rejected by large majorities, were one by M. Barodet calling on the Congress to assert its sovereign power, or, in other words, to overrule the decision of the separate Chambers in favour of limited revision, and another in favour of the election of the Senate by universal suffrage, supported by M. Clemenceau.

On the 16th M. Ferry's Bill to regulate the appointment of Senators under the new Constitution was laid on the table of the Senate.

The Bill proposes that, while three-fourths of the Senators shall continue to be elected by Delegates of Municipal Councils, in conjunction with Councillors of Arrondissements, Councillors General and Deputies, the number of Municipal Delegates shall be increased, each commune, instead of sending one only as at present, being represented in proportion to the number of its Municipal Councillors, an arrangement which will give Paris twenty delegates. It further proposes that the present life Senators, who are elected by the Senate, shall be replaced, as they die, by Senators elected for nine years by the Senate and Chamber conjointly; while a further clause excludes members of sovereign houses from being candidates for the Senate.

The Chinese Government having failed to comply with the French demand of an indemnity for the Langson outrage, the squadron under Admiral Courbet, on the 5th ultimo, bombarded and dismantled the port of Kelung in Formosa. The opposition encountered was nominal, and the loss of the attacking force only two killed and four wounded.

The squadron then proceeded to Foochow, where the Chinese have their only arsenal of importance, and a portion of it took up a position above the forts, from which it could operate against them with comparative impunity.

Further negotiations between M. Patenotre, the French envoy, and the Chinese plenipotentiaries at Shanghai having led to no result, the French Chamber, on the 15th ultimo, voted the Tonquin credits by a large majority, after an explanation of the position by M. Ferry. On the 19th idem the Chinese plenipotentiaries were recalled from Shanghai, and the French Government at once gave notice to the authorities at Peking that, unless, within forty-eight hours, the reduced demand of an indemnity of eighty million francs, payable in ten annual instalments, were complied with, Admiral Courbet would be directed to take the necessary measures to secure redress.

The term of grace having expired without the necessary satisfaction having been given, the Chinese ambassadors in Paris received his passports on the 21st ultimo, and two days later Admiral Courbet bombarded and destroyed the arsenal of Foochow, together with the whole of the Chinese fleet there, except two vessels which managed to escape up the river.

Having, as already stated, taken advantage of the negotiations to get within the Chinese guard, he was able to carry out this operation with comparatively trifling loss. With the exception of one torpedo boat, which was blown up by the enemy's fire, the French ships sustained no serious damage, and the loss in killed and wounded was only thirty-four, while that of the Chinese is put down at four thousand.

To extricate himself from the river, the French Admiral had now to pass the Mingan and Kimpai batteries below Foochow. These defences, which included several casemated batteries, protected by armour plates from four to ten inches thick, and heavily armed, were accordingly attacked and completely destroyed on the 26th and two following days.

Far from being cowed by these demonstrations, the Chinese are concentrating their troops, calling out new levies and making energetic preparations for the defence of Canton and Peking, and for assuming the offensive in Tonquin. Orders have been issued to attack all French war ships and merchant vessels entering or leaving the treaty ports. Tso Tsu Tsang, the ablest of the Tartar Generals, has proceeded to take the command in Tonquin, on the borders of which a force of 60,000 men is said to be assembled.

The war party at Peking seem to be completely in the ascendant, and the latest report is that six of the eleven members of the Foreign Office who were in favour of peace, have been dismissed, and that war has been formally declared by the Chinese.

The French, on their side, have placed the squadrons of Tonquin and China, aggregating twenty-two vessels, of which four are iron-clads, under the sole command of Admiral Courbet, and are prepared to despatch a division, 8,500 strong, to the scene of action, if necessary.

From Tonquin the only active hostilities reported are certain minor operations against the Black Flags, and the French force has retired from Langson, ostensibly on account of the heat, but really, no doubt, for strategical reasons.

General Millot, to whose precipitate action alone the Langson affair and the hostilities to which it has led, are to be attributed, has been in the meantime recalled.

The next destination of Admiral Courbet's squadron, which is at present anchored off the island of Matson, at the mouth of the Min, is a matter of anxious speculation. The general impression appears to be that he will proceed to occupy the Island of Formosa on the arrival of the necessary troops, which are not expected to reach him before the end of the month; but another rumour is that the treaty ports will be successively attacked.

The conditions under which the war is being carried on are in the highest degree abnormal. France has to elect between adopting a plan of operations which would involve the interests, and possibly arouse the hostility, of neutrals, and restricting herself to one which circumscribes her offensive opportunities within the narrowest limits.

So far she has chosen the latter alternative, and has even gone so far as to give assurances to both England and Germany not only that the interests of other Powers will be, as far as possible, respected but that no permanent occupation of Chinese soil is contemplated. But it is doubtful whether she can continue to observe this attitude, should the Chinese persist in resisting her demands.

Possibly she may content herself with holding the island of Formosa till the indemnity is paid, and to such military operations on the borders of Tonquin as may suffice to secure her position in that province. But even this degree of moderation must evidently be contingent on the course of events, for it would leave the Chinese free to concentrate their entire military strength against Tonquin, and so result in a state of things which, on financial grounds alone, would be intolerable, if strategically endurable.

Foremost among the non-political topics of the month is the splendid harvest, which has just been gathered in under exceptionally favourable conditions of weather.

In England the wheat crop is estimated as twelve per cent. better than the average, while barley is a good average and potatoes are eight per cent. above an average crop. In Germany wheat, barley and oats are all exceptionally good, and in Russia good average crops. In France wheat is good in fifty-four, and very good in five, out of ninety departments. In Belgium it is an exceptionally heavy crop, and in Austria and Switzerland above the average, while in Italy and Spain good average crops of all the principal cereals have been reaped.

Whatever may be the effect of such all round super-abundance on consumers—and so far they do not seem to have benefited by it—it means serious loss, in many instances, to the producers.

The bumper crop, for which the British farmer has been waiting for years to restore his decaying fortunes, has come at last only to bring him one step nearer to ruin, for it has come to all his competitors at the same time, and the glut of grain has reduced prices to a level far below the actual cost of production. In Mark Lane the price of wheat has touched the unprecedentedly low figure of thirty shillings a quarter—a price at which even Canadian grain could hardly be laid down in London at a profit, and the average rate is about six and thirty shillings.

Among the most interesting events of the month has been the meeting of the British Association which was opened at Montreal, on the 27th ultimo, under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne.

The address of Lord Rayleigh, the President for the year, was devoted mainly to a review of the recent progress of physical science and was unusually fragmentary and technical.

Starting with a well merited tribute to the memory of the late Professor Siemens, he proceeded to instance the late development of the dynamo machine as furnishing an illustration of the tardiness with which the practical application of great principles sometimes follows their discovery. He then glanced cursorily at the present state of electrical science in relation to its practical applications, referring especially to the subject of electrical illumination, and remarking, among other things, that a better knowledge of the subject of the magnetic saturation of iron might probably lead to improvements in the design of the dynamo.

He next passed on to the consideration of thermo-dynamics, with special advertence to some of the consequences of the second law, that the value of heat as a source of mechanical power depends on the temperature, in relation to its surroundings, of the body in which it resides. After pointing out that, contrary to the

old notion, the efficiency of the steam engine was so high, with regard to the conditions involved, as to leave little margin for improvement, he remarked that the higher initial temperature in the gas engine opened out much wider possibilities, and expressed a belief that the time would come when the steam engine would have to give way to its younger rival.

Taking up the subject of chemical affinities, he referred to the probability of the further study of electrolysis leading to a great advance in our knowledge of chemical re-actions and the forces concerned in them.

Proceeding, next, to deal with scientific mechanics, he pointed out that it was principally in relation to fluid motion that advances might be looked for, and noticed in terms of high appreciation the work of M. Froude in relation to the propulsion of ships, which had shown that resistance, in the case of fair shaped bodies, depended mainly upon skin friction.

This naturally introduced the subject of fluid viscosity, which, in its turn, led to that of gaseous viscosity. In connexion with the latter subject the remarkable experiments of Kundt, Warburg and Crookes were noticed.

The latest spectroscopic and optical discoveries were next noticed ; and the telephone and phonograph, together with the science of acoustics, furnished occasion for some too brief remarks.

Altogether the ground traversed was too wide to admit of any single subject being satisfactorily treated, and the general feeling produced by the address is one of disappointment.

Among the most interesting of the papers read by the Presidents of Sections were that of Professor Roscoe on Chemistry, mainly occupied with the subject of spectrum analysis ; that of Sir Frederick Bramwell, a very discursive address, with political digressions, on Mechanics ; that of Dr. Tylor on Anthropology ; that of Professor Ball on Comets ; that of Dr. Dallinger on the lowest forms of life, as revealed by the microscope ; and last, not least, that of Lieutenant Greeley, describing some of the results of his late expedition.

To give even the most cursory account of the contents of these papers would require more space than I have at my disposal. I propose to notice only the main points in the last mentioned.

Among the most important of the discoveries made by the Greeley expedition are the great extension of the island of Greenland to the northward of the limits previously assigned it, and the existence in its neighbourhood of a previously unobserved coast.

The furthest point seen on the Greenland Coast was estimated to be in latitude $83^{\circ} 35'$, or more than 40 miles to the north of previous observations, and there were no indications that this was the end of the island. The newly observed coast stretches nearly 100 miles beyond the furthest point seen by Lieutenant Beaumont.

The explorations made by the expedition in the interior of Grinnell land have disclosed unexpected physical features of a startling character. Between the heads of Archer and Greeley Fjords, stretches for 70 miles an immense ice-cap, with a precipitous front and an average height of 150 feet. This ice-cap, says Lieutenant Greeley, extending southward, almost entirely covers the country from the 81st parallel to Hayes Sound and from Kennedy Channel westward to Greeley Fjord on the Polar Ocean, and occupies an area of not far from 6,000 square miles.

The country between the 81st and 82nd parallels, however, "extending from Kennedy and Robinson Channels to the Western Polar Ocean, was found in July entirely free from snow, except on the very backbone. In over 150 miles travel into the interior my foot never touched snow. Vegetation abounded, being exceedingly luxuriant as compared with Cape Hawkes, Cape Sabine, or other points further south, visited by me. Dead willow was found in such abundance as to serve for fuel in more than one instance. Willow, saxifrages, grasses, and other plants grew in such profusion as to completely cover large tracts of ground. These among other remarkable facts ascertained by the expedition was the comparative warmth of the current flowing from the Pole—a phenomenon for which Lieutenant Greeley expresses his inability to account.

The mean temperature of the year at his northernmost station was found to be five degrees below zero.

Public feeling in connexion with the Greeley expedition has sustained somewhat of a shock since the return of the survivors.

A suspicion, aroused in the first instance by the ravings of one of the men while in a state of delirium, that some of the members of the party have been driven to support life by eating the flesh of their dead comrades, has been confirmed beyond all reasonable doubt by an examination of the remains brought home. The circumstance would probably have excited less sensation, but for the fact that one of the men whose body had been used as food had been shot. But it has since been satisfactorily proved that death was inflicted as a punishment for repeated theft, and as the only means of preserving discipline. As to the Cannibalism itself, if it justly merits that name, it is a matter upon which

people who have never experienced the pangs of starvation in an arctic climate may well abstain from passing judgment.

The cholera on the Continent has made rapid strides during the last few weeks.

In the South of France the disease seems to have almost died out, and the panic has in a great measure abated, while Paris and the greater part of the country have so far escaped. In Italy, on the other hand, the epidemic has not only spread with unusual rapidity, but has assumed an exceptionally virulent form.

Almost the whole of Northern Italy is more or less infected, and the mortality at Spezia, on the gulf of Genoa, is specially heavy. Central Italy appears so far to be comparatively free from the disease, and Rome is untouched ; but, to the South, Naples is undergoing a visitation of terrible severity, the number of cases having reached nearly four hundred, and that of deaths nearly two hundred, in twenty-four hours, and the disease has also found its way into the province of Calabria.

In Spain, too, cholera has broken out, in the provinces of Alicante and Lerida, but the mortality as yet is not heavy.

The obituary of the month includes the names of the Duke of Wellington, who died suddenly on the platform at Brighton Railway station ; Lord Lauderdale, who was struck by lightning while out shooting on his moors ; and Lord Ampthill, the British Ambassador at Berlin, whose death has evoked the warmest expressions of sympathy throughout Germany.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, *September 9th*, 1884.

INDIA.

Never, probably, has the news of any appointment to high office been received with a more universal sense of satisfaction and relief than that of the Earl of Dufferin's nomination as successor to Lord Ripon. For never, probably, in the history of the English Empire in the East, hardly excepting even the storm and stress crisis of the mutiny, has there been a time when greater issues of good or of evil are likely to depend on the personal character and influence of the Viceroy and Governor-General. It has pretty generally been taken for granted that it is the special skill in diplomacy and the intimate knowledge of the "Eastern Question" possessed by Lord Dufferin that unmistakeably indicated him

for the post at a time when complications on the N. E. Frontier are almost certain to arise. But it is within the frontiers of British India, we think, that Lord Dufferin's great work lies, and there is no English administrator alive whose past career shows him to be endowed in so great a degree as the coming Viceroy with those special personal characteristics

—————"the temperate will
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,"

that India needs to-day in the chief of her administration. To compose the violent factions of conflicting nationalities and religious passion, to settle with happy boldness desperate dissensions is what we are told Lord Dufferin did in the far West ; he will find not dissimilar work ready to his hand in India. It was said of him in Canada, that "he has forged for himself that happy and trenchant weapon of a constitutional ruler, the confidence of those for whom and with whom he acts that what he does is probably right." The East, as Lord Dufferin knows from his own experience in Eastern Europe, is not the West, but the tact and firmness which held so firmly the balance of justice at the time of the Pacific Railway Crisis and settled the delicate and intricate questions in connection with the Extradition and Commercial Reciprocity treaties with America may well be trusted to solve with like success the not less difficult problems presented by the internal politics of India. To eradicate the seeds of mutual distrust and prejudice between native and European sown by the promoters of the Ilbert Bill of unhappy memory, to restrain the extravagant and malicious scurrility of the irresponsible part of the Indian Press, to guide into a suitable channel the overflowing ambitions of young Bengal, to teach their champions of local self-government that

—————"orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty but well consists,"

and that without self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, there can be no true progress to sovereign power. Such is a task worthy of even Lord Dufferin's powers. Every true friend of India must rejoice to know that the Viceroy elect, if any man, has the character and the strength for this noble work. The burden of excessive popularity which the Earl of Dufferin has to bear is no doubt a great one, but there is every hope that the combined gentleness and force of his character will be equal to this the most splendid opportunity present to him.

The *Christian College Magazine*, partly with the object of "making a hit," and partly we may conclude from a sincere

desire of exposing what it believes to be a mischievous imposture, has sent a wave of excitement through India by publishing a number of letters purporting to be addressed by Madame Blavatsky to her then friends and confederates the "Marquis" and Madame Coulomb. The letters are, a later issue of the Magazine informs us, only a selection from a mass of correspondence, and every precaution, we are assured, has been taken to establish their genuineness previous to publication. The letters themselves have an aspect of credibility about them, and few sensible men will feel any surprise at the miserable story of trickery and fraud that they reveal. They hardly, however, form pleasant reading for the "familiar muffs" and "domestic imbeciles," as Madame Blavatsky so genially terms her intimate followers and disciples; and attempts have been and are being made to discredit the correspondence as a forgery, with, however, seemingly but little success so far. The fact that such vulgar frippery of phenomena as Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott were fain to conjure with,—dummies of wire and muslin, if report speaks true—was able actually to influence people of education and standing in India seems, at first sight, strange and almost incredible. But there is a class in the age of transition who, like the Athenians of old, are ever eager after every new thing, and whose craving brains any novelty of creed or doctrine will satisfy, so long as it has the element of mystery about it.

This is especially the case with not a few among the modern educated natives, whose wonderful gullibility will perhaps even survive these unpleasant revelations, and stand firm even amid the bursting of Christofolo's bladder.

Judging by the violent abuse showered on the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* by those Bengalee newspapers, some of whose malignant ravings he had reproduced before the English public, it seems that the *Times* article founded on these extracts has not been without its effect. It should not be forgotten that the tone of the native press in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies is in honourable contrast to that of the vernacular papers in Bengal, and that in the West and South of India persistent attempts on the part of native editors to blacken at one time or another the character of every Englishman of public position by every device that low cunning can suggest, by gross and palpable lies when distorted half truths would appear not sufficiently virulent, are not the rule. An excuse sometimes put forward by apologists of this licentiousness is that native newspapers take their cue from the Anglo-Indian press,

and that the abuse of natives by Englishmen during the Ilbert Bill controversy has only found its counterpart in the Bengalee Press to-day. It is instructive to note that these apologists take good care not to quote the abusive passages on which their would-be defence is founded, and we doubt whether such extracts could be produced. Appeals to the Bengalee baboo to gird up his loins to get rid of the oppression of white men verge no doubt on the ludicrous, but the evil wrought among an ignorant populace by the constant throwing of mud at all Englishmen is no laughing matter.

The wish of the Madrassees that their Governor should find a sphere more suited to his superior abilities than that presented by the "Benighted Presidency" may possibly have been the father to the thought that the rumour of his appointment to succeed Lord Ampthill at Berlin was a true one. It was hardly, however, at any time likely that even Mr. Gladstone's perversity would be equal to selecting Mr. Grant Duff to succeed one of the most skilful and popular of *diplomats*, and Madras must be content for some time to come with a Governor who, though unsympathetic in manner and isolated in contemptuous seclusion from society, is at any rate a person of profound culture.

The dignified protest of the Chief Justice of Bengal against the indignities to which he personally and the court of which he presides have been subjected at the hands of a Secretary to the Government of India, and in the House of Commons by Lord Hartington is worded in language none too strong for the occasion. The apology put forward for Mr. Mackenzie's scurrilous pamphlet that it was a fair retort for Sir Richard Garth's contravention of a rule of official etiquette in publishing his opinion on the Rent Bill without the leave of the Government of India seems to us much beside the mark. If such a rule exists, and if Sir Richard Garth was in duty bound to observe it, there is surely a more fitting method for the Supreme Government to express its sense of a breach of etiquette than by a *libellum* penned by its Home Secretary, cleverly shielded from possible retort by its heading "confidential," but practically made public by its wide distribution among the partisans of the Rent Bill policy. Again, the fact that the Marquis of Hartington had ceased to be Secretary for India, when with a light heart he accused the Judges of the Supreme Court of partisan bias in advising the Government on a matter of the highest political importance, is hardly sufficient excuse for a wanton imputation of bad faith brought against a body of honourable men by one who was still a Cabinet Minister.

GENERAL NOTES.

CRITICISM.

Three Young Novelists.

One of these young gentlemen* made his *début* in an exceedingly striking and powerful romance; another † by a curious and clever farce; the third,‡ whose rapid reputation is perhaps the most remarkable of the three, by a piece of melodrama. Mr. Crawford and Mr. Anstey have both borne more or less successfully the ordeal of a second appearance, and may be supposed to be fully launched upon the world. Mr. Fergus is still illuminated by the Bengal lights of his first performance. They are quite various and distinct in their gifts, and each original in his way. What this victorious beginning may lead to, whether it means something more than a mere accidental triumph, is perhaps a question which, at the present date, the most acute critic could scarcely answer, for nothing is more remarkable in literature than the mistakes of contemporary criticism; but we may at least do our best to show how far the rapid blaze of reputation is deserved.

Mr. Crawford belongs to that curious sept of the Continental American which has become a feature of our time—a sort of nomad tribe upon earth, with numerous advantages and disadvantages peculiarly its own. For a full understanding of it, we refer the curious reader to the works of Mr. Henry James, who has made various studies, very subtle and delicate, after his peculiar manner, of this singular and hybrid people, which is greatly distinguished, among other things, by its love of rank, by its devotion to the old *régime* and by a horror and hatred of all modern improvements, national developments, and other fallings off from the models of the past, humorously traversed by the underlying consciousness—half shame, half disgust, half pride—of belonging to the newest and least historical of all nationalities. The race, however, are not humorous in themselves; their self-consciousness is too strong, and a little angry,—feelings which rob the ludicrous of its charms. They have this privilege, however, that they understand foreign life with almost the completeness of native understanding, quickened by that subtle sense of spectatorship which is never wholly absent from the mind of the dweller, however familiar and accustomed, in a country which is not his own. And as in a great many cases art is the reason or excuse for their expatriation, they know about art thoroughly, or at least familiarly, with that acquaintance of habit and jargon which simulates real knowledge in those cases where knowledge does not really exist. There is in Mr. Crawford's books a certain cosmopolitanism which

serves to make this explanation necessary, and a something which is perhaps the real result of cosmopolitanism, though not what is generally understood by it—a slight embarrassing and confusing sense that he “does not belong” anywhere, which no doubt has caused many questions among the readers of his books. In none, perhaps, is this so evident as in his first production—as yet by far the most original and striking of his novels—‘Mr. Isaacs’: where the mixture of apparent familiarity and knowledge of a life much more out of the way than anything existing in Europe—the life of the East, both in its oriental aspect and in that, perhaps still more difficult to fathom, of the Anglo-Indian—with an ignorance either real or assumed of the boundary between the two is most curiously apparent. Here the effect is spoiled (or aggravated—we will not say enhanced) by the irritating impossibility, enough to make any Englishman in India foam at the month, which is part of the construction of the story. Probability is by no means necessary indeed in a romance, especially one of which the hero is so much out of the general knowledge; but yet there is an amount of daring incomprehension, or else, which is more likely, wilful ignoring of everything that can and cannot be, in the supposition that a young English lady of position and education could marry, or be allowed by her friends to marry, a Mahomedan with a harem already existing, which is beyond the licence allowed to the romancer. A young writer may defy prejudices, and will probably enjoy his work all the more in so far as he can throw his glove in the face of the world, and show his scorn of conventional laws. But an error of this kind shows either an inability to enter into what is fundamental in other men's minds, or the utmost contempt for their inherent principles, neither of which is good, either in humanity or art. Whether actuated by the one feeling or the other, only a man without a country, so to speak, could, we think, have done this; and so much understanding mingled with an obtuseness so remarkable, is one of the most curious features of the hybrid American. He knows almost as much of how Englishmen, Italians, Frenchmen, and even Easterns think as they do themselves; but this *almost* is defective just in the point which is essential: and his own nationality is so far from genuine that it does not help him to define what there is in national character which is inalienable. A man cannot gain so much without losing something.—*Blackwood's Magazine*

Historical novels are books that demand intrepidity in the writer, and some pluck and perseverance in the reader. In the torrid yellow fogs of July a man with difficulty braces himself to the study of a romance, dealing with fights fought so long, ago as 1715. But, once entered upon

* Mr. Isaacs. Dr. Claudius, To Leeward. A Roman Singer.—By F. Marion Crawford.

† Vice-Versa. The Giant's Robe.—By F. Anstey.

‡ Called Back. Bound Together. By J. F. Fergus.

Mr. Besant's *Dorothy Forster** presents no difficulty to the reader, except the difficulty of leaving off. As generally happens in a historical novel the interest of narrative is discounted, we know beforehand what was the end of the hero (if he really is the hero), Lord Derwentwater. We do not exactly know what became of that charming North country gentlewoman, the heroine, because historians seem to differ, and one genealogical critic, at least, does not agree with Mr. Besant. In any case, it is foreseen that she cannot marry her "young lord lover," but this does not in the least spoil the charm of the story. We do not think we overpraise *Dorothy Forster* when we call it the best historical novel since *Esmond*. To the rank of *Esmond*, indeed, it does not attain, but it reminds one more of that masterpiece than any other story we can think of. The historical accuracy has been attained, not without labour; but we do not think the labour too conspicuous. The narrative is put in the mouth of the heroine, who communicates her own refinement to the manner of its telling. The style is, as it should be, "old and plain," and full of humour, of humour showing itself in the heroine's quaint obsolete ways and prejudices, and in her insistence on genealogical details. Whether Mr. Besant intends it or not, Dorothy really seems to be in love with that admirable Crichton of a chaplain, Mr. Hilyard. This character obviously is and deserves to be a favourite with the author, and he has an excellent foil in that wise and crafty statesman, the Prince Palatine. Indeed, the book is as full of admirably drawn character, as of happy touches of description, of pathos, and of humour. *Dorothy Forster* may or may not prove Mr. Besant's most popular book, probably many readers prefer the "actuality" of his contemporary satires and studies, but to our mind he has never excelled his latest essay in all his many volumes of romance. But why does Mr. Besant give his heroine blue eyes on one page, and brown eyes on another?—*Editor's Literary Record—Harper's*.

POETRY.

The Contributor's Club.

—I have tried to arrest in English the evanescent charm of Gautier's human landscape:—

ELEGY.

D'ELLE que reste-t-il aujourd'hui ? Ce qui reste,
 Au réveil d'un beau rêve, illusion céleste ;
 Ce qui reste l'hiver des parfums du printemps,
 De l'émail velouté du gazon ; au beau temps,
 Des frimas ne l'hiver et des neiges fondues ;
 Ce qui reste le soir des larmes répandues
 Le matin par l'enfant, des chansons de l'oiseau,
 Du murmure léger des ondes du ruisseau,
 Des soupirs argentins de la cloche, et des ombres

Quand l'aube de la nuit perce les voiles
 sombres.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

ELEGY.

OF her what doth remain to-day ? So much
 As of a dream survives the daylight's touch ;
 As of the scented, velvet-swarded spring
 The winter keeps ; as of the winter's sting—
 Hoar-frost and snow—the laughing summer
 feels ;
 As of a morning grief the eve reveals
 In infant eyes ; as sound of stream gone by ;
 As song of vanished bird ; as chimes, that
 die
 A silver death ; as shadows put to flight
 When day wings arrows to the breast
 night.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Marry Me, Darlint, To-night.

ME darlint, it's axin' they are
 That I goes to the wars to be kilt,
 An' come back wid an illigant shikar,
 An' a sabre hung on to a hilt.

They offers promotion to those
 Who die in definsse of the right.
 I'll be off in the mornin'—suppose
 Ye marry me, darlint, to-night ?

There's nothin' so raises a man
 In the eyes of the wurld as to fall
 Ferninst the ould flag, in the van,
 Pierced through wid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye can wear
 Some illigant crape on yir bonnet.
 Jist think how the women will shtare
 Wid invy whiniver ye don it !

Oh, swat a proud widdy ye'll be
 Whin they bring me carpsse home,—not to
 minton

The fact we can live (don't ye see ?)
 All the rest of our lives on me pansion !

W. W. Fink.

Madrigal.*

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCESCO DI LEMENE.

A MAIDEN, sorrowful and fair,
 Jove heard one summer eve lamenting,
 And to a birdling of the air

Transformed her : when, her woes still
 venting,

So sweet she sang in wood and vale,
 He fondly named her *Nightingale* !

It chanced Love heard the bird one day
 Upon a fair green hill-side trilling,
 And stood entranced, her wondrous lay
 His young and ardent bosom thrilling.
 "Oh, great is Jove ! he cried—"but I
 Can all his miracles outvie !"

Exclaiming thus, a soft, sweet spell
 Love wrought with gentle power, trans-
 forming
 The birdling of the grove and dell,
 With all her trills and carols charming,
 Into a lovely maid once more,
 And *Lilla* was the name she bore !

Alice K. Sawyer.

* *Dorothy Forster*. By W. BESANT. London : Chatto & Windus.

* This little madrigal, written in the seventeenth Century, was inscribed by the authors to a singer named Lilla.—*Bric-a-Brac—The Century*.



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WORDSWORTH.

I CANNOT but think it profitable for various men in various centres and repeatedly to draw attention to Wordsworth's great qualities as a poet. It is doubtful if he is as much read and pondered as he ought to be. He is usually thought of as a describer and interpreter of nature. And of course that he is. But on studying carefully the chief part of his best work, one certainly derives the impression rather of what Matthew Arnold especially calls attention to—*his fertile application of ideas to human life*. The mass and main weight of impression is, I think, ethical. You are braced in the mountain atmosphere of this poet. You become stronger, more hopeful, encouraged to do your own work vigorously and well. It is an air of faith-stimulating, healthful, with no miasma of luxurious languor, oppression, or despair. There is an outlook from it as from a snow-peak or a strong tower, upon fair infinite horizons, however veiled in vapour and dim with distance. It is a Puritan poetry, breathing comfort and courage, yet I think, with little of the Puritan intolerance and blasphemy of the good God. Being of old a lover of Wordsworth, yet having laid him aside for some years, I had somehow thought of him as a serene recluse withdrawn from the terrible world, and refusing to face its deadly problems—living by preference among virtuous Dalesmen, cheerful, frugal, prosperous, content. Now this view has assuredly a measure

of truth. This was the life he did elect to live, and his outlook on human nature had consequently limitations :

"The moving accident is not my trade ;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts ;
'Tis my delight alone in summer shade
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

The male characters he depicts are very much his own, and those he found at his own doors. He, and Byron, who was equally limited in his (less virtuous) way, could never understand each other, and Wordsworth never even appreciated Keats. But we may turn to other poets for other treasures. And this view has only a degree of truth ; for you may find a deal of human nature in your own soul, in your own house, and at your own door, if you know how to look for it. Charlotte Brontë did ; and Wordsworth is full of sympathy with sorrow. There is no pathos profounder than his. Some one speaks of the iron pathos of Crabbe. The phrase seems to apply to Wordsworth. It is a kind of inarticulate, still-life pathos. That of the episode of Margaret in the excursion would be crushing but for the old narrator's own calm faith. Our poet is austere, self-restrained : the storm and whirlwind of passion are not for him, as they are for Byron—nor fierce negation and revolt, which are the birthpangs of the Time-spirit, labouring to engender a new and larger life, casting off an old form as the snake sloughs his skin.

Certainly Wordsworth is one of our very great poets. For he can both soar with dignity and stoop with grace. His good and enduring work is not only ample in quantity but varied in scope. I say this in spite of recent detraction from writers who might have been expected to know better, but who have elected to make themselves the mouthpiece of ignorant prejudice. Wordsworth could hardly hope to escape the universal depreciation of Carlyle, but to Mr. Ruskin he might have exclaimed : "Et tu, Brute !" One may be sorry indeed, but one ought hardly to be surprised that Mr. Rossetti should have told his biographer that he grudged Wordsworth "every vote he got." For, although he himself has done some fine work, yet he was the head of a school which is the natural enemy of Wordsworth, and which would seem to have aspired to force us back into those old bad paths whence Wordsworth came to deliver us—paths of affectation and denial of the poet's true calling. They who tell us, by precept and practice, by criticism and verse, that the sole end of poetry is to amuse and tickle the long ear, that this most spiritual of all arts is a kind of æsthetic "hair-brushing by machinery" or soothing after-dinner cigar, can

have little in common with a poet whose mission, as he conceived it, was to "console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, to feel, and therefore become more actively and securely virtuous." The beautiful lines on the "Feast of Brougham Castle" describe him perfectly :

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

But Wordsworth expresses the conviction that his poetry "will co-operate with the benign tendencies of human nature and society, and will in its degree be efficacious in making men better, wiser, and happier." Cheerful wisdom, and a prevailing inward happiness, belong to him, very stimulating and refreshing in these days when languor, pessimism, despondency, and doubt have invaded so many hearts, and so much literature. Once he contrasts the nightingale, that "creature of a fiery heart," with the stockdove, rather to the disadvantage of the former.

"She sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending,
Of serious faith, and inward glee ;
That was the song, the song for me !"

How enviable the disposition of that man who could say, sweet-natured through all harsh judgment and neglect,

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning ;
Alas, the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning !"

Politically one may regret that the excesses and failures of the Revolution should have thrown back this "lost leader" so far into the arms of blind reaction and dull convention. Still it is not to be denied that the religious, reverential, ancestral elements needed a poetic champion and interpreter. For the profane all-dissolving understanding would tear remorselessly away all our mosses and lichen, all our herbage and flowers, laying us bare to the very stones, nay, threatens to take the solid earth from under our feet, if that were possible ! Scott and Wordsworth were formidably matched with Shelley and Byron ; and all these powers alike had a great work to do. Moreover, Wordsworth was himself essentially a child and product of the Revolution. For he glorified, or rather taught, us to recognise the glory in so-called ordinary persons and ordinary things, forbidding us to call anything common or unclean. Think

of Michael, Margaret, the Old Lecch-gatherer, the Brothers, the Old Cumberland Beggar, Matthew, Ruth, Lucy Gray, the Mad Mother, the woman in "The Thorn,"—figures chosen from the crowd, ennobled by misfortune or simple virtues, not refined or cultured with conventional refinement or culture, elementary and grand, dumbly pathetic in their pain, or innocent, sweet, and true, transfigured in the solemn light of imaginative charity and deep pitiful contemplation. Herein, as in his interpretation of nature, he proved himself a poet of the utmost originality, although the honour of this glorification of our common humanity must be shared with him by Burns. Nor is it fair to ascribe the revival of our poetry from the degradation entailed on it by Pope's school exclusively to these. Still there was a distinctly new element in Wordsworth's interpretation of nature, upon which I shall speak later.

Mr. Myers, in his admirable study of Wordsworth, well says: "The maxims of Wordsworth's form of natural religion were uttered before Wordsworth only in the sense in which the maxims of Christianity were uttered before Christ. The essential spirit of the lines on Tintern Abbey was for practical purposes as new to mankind as the essential spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. Not the isolated expression of ideas, but the fusion into a whole in one memorable personality is that which connects them for ever with a single name." This is excellent. My only doubt would be how far Rousseau must share with him this honour. But I repeat that the range of Wordsworth is wide, for, besides those fine narrative sketches already spoken of, austere statues hewn out of grey granite, we have delicate lyrics of childhood and dumb animals, occasional lyrics of rare perfume, also some of the noblest reflective sonnets in the language, together with the most faithful, yet spiritualized descriptive verse, added to philosophical poetry of very high order; though of the latter there is perhaps only a little of supreme excellence. In the fullest sense Wordsworth lacked dramatic power, but he did throw himself into, and graphically present the essentials of certain characters. As to the intrusion of his own personality—must not every great lyric meditative poet intrude his personality, and has he not done so? Do not Byron, Shelley, Burns, Leopardi, Tennyson, Victor Hugo? But it is a typical, a more or less representative personality that he "obtrudes"—one that feels more intensely the common feelings, one that sees more clearly and deeply the common visions, expressing these more perfectly in the supreme, royal, melodious utterance of song. And beyond this, he may be endowed with a prophet's revealing power. That Wordsworth may on rare occasions

have mistaken his own superficial, transient idiosyncrasy for that personality which is of eternal worth is probably true.

And this seems partly due to Wordsworth's very excellence. The spectacle of this poet, living on and greatening, serenely confident, unshaken, unsoured, benignant, amid persistent neglect, ridicule, defamation is noble and unique. Yet he must have known that he, like all original men of genius, could only be addressing an audience "fit though few," and that he had necessarily to mould his own public. Still not many artists have been so little sensitive to external sympathy or the want of it. There must have been some happy domination of calm and balanced temperament; over his House of Life presided chaste and peaceful stars; while within him lived a deep well-spring of religious faith. He was fortunate in his domestic surroundings, but none of these can avail a genius of in-harmonious nature, harassed by ill-health. But this temper, together with his own immovable self-approval, his seclusion from the world and the slight response vouchsafed by it to the deep accents of his soul, are perchance responsible for a certain opinionative hardness and undue accentuation of his less amiable peculiarities; he was thrown too much upon himself and the standards of his immediate circle, and so wrote with scarce sufficient reference to universal human feeling, and emphasized unduly the petty details of his experience; caring chiefly to satisfy the desire for self-expression, even that engendered by casual moods of merely passing interest.

We feel this in the grave sonnets commencing "Jones, as from Calais" and "Spade, with which Wilkinson;" also in the earnest copy of verse addressed to the landlady of his lodgings. But we feel it equally in the bold and pompous metrical prose he poured forth so abundantly, quite unconscious of its demerit; nor can it be denied that some of his pieces are trivial, though I am disposed to agree with Mrs. Owen when she contends in her paper read before the Wordsworth Society that there is far less trivial verse of Wordsworth than is constantly supposed. Even the "Idiot Boy," and "Peter Bell," have fine motives; there *is*, I think, a certain triviality about these poems; but that is rather because the materials are imperfectly fused in the poet's imagination, insufficiently penetrated by it, than because the subjects are trivial.

There is truth, however, in the criticism that Wordsworth poured forth verse too incessantly and on too slender a provocation. It will not do even for a great poet to break into verse on every possible occasion, from the singing of a tea-kettle to the opening of a Mechanic's Institute or the marriage of a princess,

however excellent and respectable such occurrences may be. In other words, a poet must be strongly moved to write if he would write well. There is something in the Demonic inspiration, in the Divine Afflatus after all, nor will that always come when it is whistled for. You may summon spirits from the vasty deep—but will they come?

Then no doubt there are occasional jars and gratings of harsh or inharmonious ideas, and pedestrian words. Wordsworth was not a perfect artist but perhaps he was something better! Remember Browning's "Andea del Sarto, the faultless painter." Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley were far greater poets than many a more faultless one. What, again, of Shakspeare?

But after all I deny that the so-called faultless ones *are* faultless. Gray and Campbell wrote very little, and yet a good deal that they wrote is very indifferent poetry indeed, however correct and elegant as to mere diction it may be. Of Don Juan Byron writes to Murray: "You may think yourself lucky if half of it is good. What poem is all good?" Dare we tell the truth about Dante or Milton? If so I must be bold enough to aver that there is almost as much dull and dry reading in the Divina Comedia or in Paradise Lost and Regained, as there is in the Prelude and the Excursion: but there is also much magnificent poetry, and I believe there is a great deal of that in Wordsworth. As regards *triviality*, there are few subjects that remain trivial after a true poet has laid his hand upon the heart of them. Instead of trivial, for all their simplicity of theme and treatment, the poems about Lucy, the Reverie of poor Susan, "We are Seven," the Blind Highland Boy, the Childless Father, and many another like them are perfect poetry.

In his ballad-anecdotes and narrative poems, Wordsworth deliberately elected to write in homely phrase, and in simple, direct, inornate language. In his revolt against the tawdry frippery, the cold, insincere, uninspired, conventional diction then in vogue, appealing to no heart and no vision whatever, perchance he went a little too far: but "The Waggoner," for instance, would have been the worse not the better for ornamental inappropriate phrasemongering. There Wordsworth made too much of mere insignificant details of every day. Good expression, a fine style, is that best adapted to heighten and interpret the substance of what is said or sung; and this may be either dignified, elaborate, metaphorical, or homely and direct. Wordsworth commanded both styles. I maintain that for interpretation of form and matter, which is style, he has

no superior. That is true of the Ode on Immortality, Yew Trees, "There was a Boy," Tintern, and equally so of Michael, Margaret, "We are Seven." In proof of it listen to this, but listen to it also for a proof that the poet's heart, to whatever party he professed to belong, beat in deep sympathy with human rights. It is addressed to Toussaint, the defeated slave, imprisoned by the tyrant Napoleon :

"Thou hast left behind,
Powers that will work for thee, earth, air, and skies :
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee, thou hast great allies ; •
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

This is superb in matter and form, severe, majestic and unlaboured. Other bards have been equal to writing antique poems like *Dion* and *Laodamia*, fine as they are ; and they have perhaps some of the inevitable academic coldness of all such verse, or I should instance these also. But what can be greater than the bald simplicity of the larger part of Michael—"a baldness as of mountain tops" as Matthew Arnold well says ? What can be more profound in pathos ? The story is briefly that Michael and his wife, having been well-to-do mountaineers, suffered reverses of fortune, and at last, with much heart sorrow, resolved to send their boy, Luke, adored by them both, away to seek his fortune in the great city where others had prospered before him. He had been his father's constant companion on the hills, learning from him the shepherd's trade. And before he goes, his father wishes him to lay the first stone of the new sheepfold they were to have built together, ere the necessity arose for sending the boy away.

"But lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands,
Nay, boy, be of good hope ;—we both may live
To see a better day. * • *
 * * ° * *
 * * Now fare thee well—

When thou returnest, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here : a covenant
'Twill be between us. But, whatever fate
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

I do not envy the heart that cannot feel the marvellous pathos of this. Akin to it, for the deep *humanity* of its interest, is "The Leech-gatherer," but here you have a style replete with dignity, because it is a meditative poem, dealing with general principles, only *illustrated* by the leech-gatherer himself as he is contemplated

by the poet. Note here too the strange other-world abstraction into which Wordsworth sometimes fell, while in face of the homely external fact, which from opaque becomes a transparent medium for him, letting in the too dazzling sun—a loophole, a portal opening upon the mysteries of eternity. The ordinary old man grows disembodied for him, and appears as God's angel, as does the beggar leper in the legend for her who received him.

Then note the serene faith of the conclusion, the lesson preached here *unconsciously* by the aged man's example, as by the old Cumberland beggar; the same lesson that is preached *consciously* by a similarly simple intellectual nature, though one very rich in moral and spiritual gifts, in the conclusion of "Margaret."

Next, I come to one or two of the poems referring to the period of childhood—"We are Seven" and one of the poems on Lucy. With these two I shall connect the great Ode on Immortality, for these three all refer, not only to childhood, but to death. They are simply perfect, each in its own delightful way. With the first of these poems all my readers will be familiar, but not, perhaps, with the stanzas on Lucy. Listen to these most sad, but wonderful verses:

"A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Here the terrible outward appearance of death mesmerises with strong eyes and clasps to its own cold breast, as in a death-trance, with no outlook beyond, the sensitive soul of this poet, as it often did that of Shakespeare before him. Contrast this with "We are Seven," where the child over whom the glory of its immortality "broods like the day," feeling her life in every limb, knows not, understands not, calmly overlooks death, while cheerily sitting on the green mound of the very grave;—herein related to the spiritual man or woman, who sees through and dwells not on the appearance, but builds a wondrous fabric of divine significance on the *assumption* of an immortality, which he stays not, nor condescends to prove.

Let me now quote one short passage from the magnificent "Ode":

" Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar.
 Not in entire forgetfulness
 And not in utter nakedness
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy ! "

What can be more stately in expression ! How well married are sense, phrase, and sound !

Mr. Matthew Arnold, found fighting often so nobly against the prejudices of to-day, yet in this instance perchance partaking the repugnance of his *Zeit-Geist*, of the spirit of his generation to Divine Philosophy, looks askance at the Ode, as at other philosophical poetry of Wordsworth. But, as Milton tells us "divine philosophy is not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute"—musical especially when the cold lyre of it is played upon by lambent flames from a poet's heart ; by such *Æolian* airs as wander from his soul. Too often indeed it is far otherwise, when not so transformed, in the mere uninspired verse even of Wordsworth ; as more recently also in the harsh, too crabbed, metrical dissertations of another philosophical poet, who at his best is yet powerful and profoundly poetic. There is, no doubt, a good deal of polemical, prosy, quasi-clerical moralizing in Wordsworth, justifying Mr. Arnold's amusing allusion to "the bold bad men and women who haunt social science congresses" and quote therefrom only for the correctness of the sentiments. But I venture to think the great Ode on Immortality a transcendent expression of profound primary truths, of highest import for all. Wherever the child came from immediately before birth, the auroral freshness of its dewy joy, so innocent and so pure, its guileless unquestioning trust, the glory that all things wear to it, the confiding humbleness, all prove that "their angels behold the face of the father," that the gleam of the sanctuary is upon him—though the glory may return even more glorious when dark experience grows as fuel in the fire, when the Divine Child looks forth in his eternal youth from the sadder and wiser eyes of Man. The child-spirit is alone in the highest sense immortal. "Except ye be converted and become as little children—" we know the rest. But the philosophy of imagination suffers detriment when translated into the language of understanding. In the sonnets we read :

"Plain living, and high thinking are no more ;
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws."

And now we come finally to the poetry of external nature. But in doing so we do not take leave, you will find, of the human and philosophical poetry. They are intermingled in Wordsworth. His rendering of nature is a spiritualized rendering, the presentment of some spiritual offspring which she engenders in a poetic soul ; of "the light

•
 That never was on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the poet's dream."

Our poet, indeed, has been accused of too great minuteness in his delineations of nature. No doubt there *may be* too much minuteness, if the general impression is interfered with by the laborious attention required for the appreciation of detail ; but this will be only, I think, when there is a want of unity in the mood or emotion with which the scene is contemplated by the poet. The objection probably owes its origin to a criticism of Lessing's, which I have never thought well-founded, though it has met with very marked approval. Substantially it is that word-painting of *co-existing details* is inadmissible, because, whereas in a landscape or picture the eye takes in the whole effect at once, words being only successively pronounced and understood, there cannot be the simultaneity of effect in a verbal description : you have to piece the parts together, as you would in a puzzle. That of course is true ; but then it is *not* true that in a landscape or picture, either the eye or the mind *can* take in the whole effect at once : on the contrary, you must travel over and realize the parts in succession, though it may doubtless be done in a painting with more rapidity, and in the former case you have to translate the sound symbols of one sense into their visual equivalents. The difficulty is that most persons only observe external nature occasionally and vaguely. To them, as to Peter Bell, "a primrose is a yellow primrose, and nothing more." It is, therefore, very difficult for them to realize a scene from the verbal description of it. But in any case the intelligence, the sensibility, the sympathy must be there ; we must be able to sympathize, to re-create the whole for our own selves. Neither nature, nor painter, nor poet, can save us the trouble of doing that.

But the poet can express, or suggest the analogies and affinities that add so much charm to the visible scene. The painter and the landscape leave much more to be done by the spectator himself. He must furnish a much larger contribution from his own spiritual

stores, in order to arrive at the same rich result ; for the poet can relate the past history of natural objects, and, ministering to all the inlets of sensation, can blend space and colour with odour and with sound, all being obedient to his so potent Art. Is the ordinary man sure to have in readiness these materials for use in the interpretation of landscape or picture ? If not, he may resort with advantage to the poet. Even then, however, trained faculties are implied. Neither nature, nor painter, nor poet, can speak with profit to the lazy, the worldly-minded or the unprepared. There is indeed a "wise passiveness," but it must be responsive and ready, if it is to reap what Wordsworth beautifully terms "the harvest of a quiet eye." We see what we bring the power to see. And hence descriptive poetry of an elevated order is unpopular.

People do care for scenery in a general way. Therefore Scott's descriptions are not unpopular, nor were those of Thomson before him. As a rule, they describe the surface and general look of things with accuracy, and in Scott's case with a good eye for broad effects. There is even an unrealized influence of scenery upon the uncultured, especially on mountaineers. But the great majority who give a passing glance at the landscape, can scarcely understand the rapt contemplation of nature, which is as the long look of a lover. And when these are called on to translate elaborate word-pictures, not only into the visual, but even into the spiritual imagery begotten in the poet from his intimate familiarity with nature, it is as if a man born blind were called upon to describe a scene. And how can this be poetry for after dinner, or for reading in an express train ?

The man makes you think too in all sorts of ways ! He has a meaning—thoughts of his own—and his own way of putting them moreover. It is a kind of thing that no fellow of either sex can be expected to put up with or care for ! Away with a poet who makes upon us such demands ! We turn, with what relief, to the last exciting novel from Mudie's. But to the elect, how dear in all ages will such a poet be ! The shy, subtle, delicate emotions, the ever-varying play of sweet evanescent expressions on the face of nature, few indeed have noted with the same loving fidelity. Byron is great when he interprets her large massive effects, her sublime and stormy language, in harmony with his own moods, but his touch is coarse, and his colour crude in comparison to those of his rival. Coleridge came near him, and the landscapes of Shelley and Keats, but they are hardly of the earth,

"Such gentle mists as glide
Curling with unconfirmed intent
 On that green mountain side."
 "Over his own sweet voice the stockdove *broods*."
 "The swan on still St. Mary's lake
 Floats double, swan and shadow."
 "His voice is buried among trees
 But to be come at by the breeze."

And those exquisite lines on the green linnet :

"There ! Where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back and body flings
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over,
 While thus before my eyes he gleams,
 A brother of the leaves he seems."

But when I say that Wordsworth *spiritualizes* nature, do not suppose I mean that he puts into it what is not there ! A lover is the only person who sees his mistress truly. When he is disappointed, it is because cloudy storms have drifted over her true self and that is hidden from view, or because his own eye is dulled. Only a loving eye can see. Transfiguration by love ! What is it but revelation of the hidden truth ? The meditative rapture of Wordsworth and Shelley passes at times into a kind of mystic disembodiment. The poet seems caught up into some third heaven, where the boundaries of sense are confounded, and our poor earth language falters

"With the burden of an honour,
 Unto which she was not born."

There is nothing of this in Chaucer, Goldsmith, or Gray, and less of it even in the great imaginations of Shakespeare or Milton. This difference belongs rather to the age than to the man. Landscape of old was a background, hardly a friend, still less one passionately adored, or an apocalyptic symbol. In our recent great poets of nature, there is an element we may call *Pantheism*. The soul of nature is as distinctly felt and recognised as it was in the old-world religions of Polytheism, though, in accordance with our modified religion and philosophy, it takes a different form. With Keats the gods verily live again. He is a Mythopœist. And even the Tory author of Ecclesiastical Sonnets passionately exclaims that he "would rather be a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, if he might but have glimpses that should make him less forlorn and hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn." With the shattering of the hard orthodox conceptions of an unspiritual Christianity at the Renaissance which culminated in the Revolution, and the substitu-

tion for them of a pseudo-scientific and soulless materialism, there heaved in poetic souls a revulsion towards more ancient faiths, which had discerned a Divinity not apart from, but pervading, the very life and substances alike of humanity and external nature. One common reason, one common heart, the same Divinity in both. And Nature has her transient superficial moods, as well as her tranquil sacred deeps, like Man. To me it seems that Ruskin is wrong in condemning what he calls the "pathetic fallacy" in a poet. There is verily a joy and a grief which the joyous and the sorrowful man feel according to their mood, though indeed the moods of Man and Nature are often out of harmony. But the old sage in *The Excursion* tells the poet not to read the forms of things with an unworthy eye, and points to the spear-grass on the wall with the dew upon it as a profound parable of tranquillity at the heart of things. And there is this deep calm in us too, could we only reach it. Nature is one grand parable, a revelation of God. And though Wordsworth was more or less orthodox in creed, yet in the presence of Nature, aye, and of the great facts of human life, his spirit refuses to be fettered by any rigid dogmas whatsoever. He felt, he saw—he little cared to understand. In such access of high moods even "the imperfect offices of prayer and praise were transcended ; thought was not in enjoyment, it expired."

I have said that Wordsworth represents chiefly the effect and influence of nature on poetic souls. Of course he must. But that is not altogether so. In "*Peter Bell*" a rude nature begins to be regenerated by the external scene it had begun by despising. There is always a danger of a poet's imputing himself to others. But nothing can be more lovely and true than the poem commencing "*Three years she grew,*" where the insensible influence of Nature in moulding a beautiful innocent young girl's character is celebrated in such sweet song :

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her, for her the willow bend,
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm

Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy."

Remember we need not be *poets* to have the poetic soul. There are many "silent poets" only "lacking the art and accomplishment of verse." Those who possess that indeed, often lack the far more essential poet's heart, and therefore these are far less truly *poets* than are those "silent ones." The "finest natures" Wordsworth tells us "are often those of whom the noisy world hears least." What happy sympathies and sensibilities are implied in such words as these : •

"It is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there."

"Then dearest maiden, move among these shades
In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods."

If such refinement of feeling adds to pain as well as to pleasure, at all events it unbrutalizes and uplifts. In the "Margaret" of *The Excursion* we find first noted the tokens of sympathy which Nature may give with a deep human sorrow, in the neglect and disorder that befell the once trim cottage garden of the poor woman, whose loving and beloved husband, her sole stay and support, has left her to enlist as a soldier, in consequence of overwhelming misfortune that befell both, and of whom, after long dreary suspense, she can gain no tidings ; a fellow-feeling to be noted also in the circumstance that those very sheep which fed upon the common now seemed to come unheeded and couch at her very threshold, for dull red stains and tufts of wool discoloured the corner stones of the cot ; but finally when the listlessness and languor of hope long deferred have bowed their victim to the grave, we hear of the encouragement this same Nature may infuse in correction of a too hopeless despondency, for the poet traces "with interest more mild"—

"That secret spirit of humanity
Which mid the calm oblivious tendencies
Of nature, amid her plants and weeds and flowers
And silent overgrowings, still survived."

RODEN NOEL.

INDIAN ENGLISH AND INDIAN CHARACTER.

Le style est l'homme même.—Buffon.

IN THAT SPARKLING, but now forgotten, novel of Albert Smith's, "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," one of the characters, Jack Johnson, on landing with the hero on French soil, proceeds to illustrate for him the difference between the manners and customs of the French and the English. "English soldiers," he explains, "dress in red coats and blue trousers; the French in red trousers and blue coats. The English take the left in driving, the French the right. The English allude to the pawnbroker as 'my uncle,' while the French call the same institution 'my aunt's.'"

In the same way contrasts might be drawn between the ways and manners of the Hindus and the English. Thus, it might be pointed out that, as a sign of respect, the Native takes off his shoes and keeps his hat (or what stands for his hat) on his head, while the Englishman takes off his hat and keeps his shoes on. The Native, again, invariably employs his right hand to carry food to his mouth; the Englishman, his left. The Native squats, using his heels as a chair; the Englishman sits, preferring a wooden one. In England only children fly kites; in India it is the favourite diversion of grown-up men. So also in India men "take hold of hands"; a practice reserved in England for children. The Native mother carries her child astride of her hip, the English mother carries him in her arms. The Native adores the ox when it is alive; the Englishman, when it is dead. Again, when a Native makes a call, till his host suggests that he had better go, politeness forbids that he should retire; whereas an Englishman would think himself treated with scant courtesy if his host took the initiative in bringing his visit to a close. No doubt many other instances might be given: one more shall be mentioned, which displays a spirit of "contrariness" that seems to be little better than perversity. It is a positive fact that where the Englishman writes *four*, the Bengali insists upon writing *eight*.

But it is not so much the object of this paper to dilate upon the differences, whether moral or conventional, that exist between the Indian and the Englishman, as to give a brief sketch of some of the chief characteristics of the Native, especially as indicated and illustrated by the style and the feelings displayed in his compositions in the English language. This is a point which has already been touched upon in the preface to a small collection of Indo-Anglian literary gems published for private circulation only ; but the compiler, while emphasising its interest, has merely glanced at the topic, and has, naturally and rightly, not attempted so to classify or arrange his matter as to show categorically how his selections afford illustration of Native temperament and character. This the scope and intention of his book forbade ; but, in dealing with the materials at the disposal of the present writer, it may be interesting to make an attempt in this direction. If “the apparel oft proclaims the man,” much more does his style and diction.

Many, of course, of the mental or moral qualities that mark the Indian are to be found all the world over ; and some of these—which the reader may be left to gather for himself—will, no doubt, incidentally come to the surface in the course of our quotations. To take a slight instance. So wide-spread is human depravity, that the youth of all countries, down to even the stolid Chinese, might probably afford us examples of a wonderful mental confusion under the stress of examination, equal to that recently displayed by an English girl in her answer to a Scripture question on the “antecedents” of the earliest of the Patriarchs. “Abrabam,” she wrote, “was the father of Lot, and had two wives, Ishmale and Agur (*sic*): one he kept at home and the other he sent away into the wilderness, where she became a pillar of salt by day, and a pillar of fire by night (!).” The ingenuity shown in this answer may perhaps be paralleled by that of the Native youth who, at a University Examination, was required to explain the following distich from Hood’s “Song of the Shirt” :—

Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

He paraphrased the passage thus :—“God ! that we see here that murder is easily done, men do not hesitate to murder one beast when their same purpose can be fulfilled by the vegetable products of Nature.” It is curious to observe here how ingeniously the Hindu abhorrence of killing the larger animals for food has twisted Hood’s verses into an indignant advocacy of vegetarianism. Equally naive and almost equally ingenious was the answer given

not long since by a Native school-boy, who, being asked to explain the phrase "a finished gentleman," wrote—"a gentleman who is dead." In the eyes of the examinee, our "gentleman" was, in fact, more than polished—he was "polished off!" As instances of boldness under difficulties, we may quote the example of the student who described Galatia as "a place of *glass* manufacture," or of that other who thought, somewhat buoyantly, that "Bob Logic" (the "Oxonian" in that once popular tale *Life in London*) might be fitly interpreted as "false logic." The explanation of "trireme" as "three-fold Government," and the suggestion hazarded by one examinee that the feminine of "duke" was "drake" indicate a like spirit of intellectual enterprise.*

To return, however, to our more immediate topic—the first characteristic to be noticed as especially marking Native composition in English, is one which we should naturally expect to find in the language of Orientals, *viz.*, a fondness for "tall" writing, a delight in "six-foot" words, and would-be grand expressions. Their literary patron saint is Dr. Johnson. Modern English writers of the better class have, under the ægis of a Freeman and a Tennyson, emancipated themselves from the thralldom of a style which was regarded by many, in the dictatorship of the dogmatic lexicographer, as the only proper book style; you might write, as Johnson himself did, a diary or a journal in simple English, but when you sat squarely down to compose a history, such as Gibbon's *Decline*, or a grave philosophical narrative, such as the master's own *Rasselas*, then you were expected to match the dignity of the subject by employing a correspondingly dignified style—*si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae*. The nightmare of sesquipedalianism sat heavy upon the pens of authors of that day. But while we have now for the most part got rid of this incubus,† our Native fellow-subjects, who began to learn our language before this transition to a more masculine style took place, are still half a century behind the times in this respect; and old habit joined to their natural liking for the strong and high-flavoured meat of Johnsonian Latinisms on which they have been nurtured, has spoiled their taste for the homely milk diet of plain Saxon English.

* Another adventurous youth once sent in to me an answer to a similar grammatical question, in which he gave vent to his conviction that the feminine (he had misread the gender) of "duck" was "duchess!"—an eccentricity which recalls the school-boy's famous translation of the Latin word *bulle* by the words "a female bull!"

† Not entirely. A writer in the *Globe* newspaper of June 15, 1880, commenting on the Channel Islands' cows, commences with the following wonderful sentence:—"If there be any one of his belongings more than another on which the Channel Islander prides himself, it is on having and holding in his *habits* a breed of horned cattle world-famed for symmetry and beauty, and, so far as the milky mothers of the herds are concerned, unrivalled in lacteal capabilities (!)."

Instances of this characteristic are very numerous. Thus, in place of the mean and ordinary "The doors will open," the notice outside a Calcutta Native theatre is (or was) "The portals will unfold at 9 o'clock." A Native citizen, writing to the newspaper to complain of mad dogs, calls them "the insanitary canine tribe." A Native author, again, in describing a quiet and healthy neighbourhood, gravely remarks that there was "no rattling of carriages to disturb the continuity of auricular repose, and no stench to offend the olfactory nerve." Another Hindu writer, commenting upon the depravity of the times, delivers himself thus: "But unhappily such is the degeneracy of the present age that the influence of wholesome admonition being shamefully ignored is often lost in the cataclysm of discord." The same author tells us that "Hindus are so passionately fond of their children, male or female, that can but ill brook the idea of a segregation." We find a newspaper advertisement of the intention of a Native graduate to establish a school, commencing thus: "Having roused myself from lethargy, I have undertaken to open a school in the Backergunge district under my superintendence, with the advice of my ambitious associates and companions."* Here, again, is part of an advertisement of a patent medicine, taken from a Native newspaper:—

The qualities of the powder have been proved to supersede those of the liquid in an extraordinary degree. It is never spoilt if not mixed with water, whereas in liquid form the spoliation of the medicine occurred at times, but the cause was quite invisible.

Take, once more, the following testimonial to character given by a friend or relative to a college student, and by him presented to the Principal, the naivety of which is delightful. I give it *verbatim et literatim*:—

I certified that — in present who remains at my home I know him very well, he descended from a good family therefore his charecter is such a good that I cannot express it, by any ideas. So far I can say that he is very careful and stonishing charectered man.

A— M— M—.

Dated, 22nd February 1876.

A Native provincial newspaper, a few years ago, in complaining that no rules of precedence were observed in assigning seats at a public ceremonial, thus strikingly expressed itself: "Rich zemindars and famous bankers were sent to a corner, while an offshoot

* This specimen reminds me of a passage from a preface to a school book by a Native M.A., which is worth quoting as seeming to show that an Indian University education tends to foster this literary style:—"The request of several eminent teachers has placed me in the path of proceeding with these questions, hints, and answers, wherein I have taxed a fine trouble to introduce various useful matters to facilitate the study of young learners. The expected utility will afford a delightful pride to find my troubles running in the helping way."

was seen flashing in a front row!" Both these latter extracts show further the importance attributed by both Hindus and Mahomedans to good birth and position, and help to prove how genuinely and deeply conservative is Bengali feeling, in spite of superficial professions of Ilbert-Billism and the like. The former extract illustrates this the more remarkably in that it represents *good character* as a natural and necessary consequence of *good family*. A precisely similar spirit dictated the action of a Native resident who recently petitioned a District Magistrate not to nominate to the Municipal Committee certain persons named, as "they are not able to this rank: they have not so much ability nor *any hereditary*."

Those adduced above are modern examples. The letter that follows was written many years ago by a Native *major-domo* of the day to his absent master, on the occasion of an outer window having been blown down by a North-Wester. This remarkable document has been quoted before, but so excellent an illustration of our subject will well bear reproduction here. It runs thus:—

HON'BLE SIR,—Yesterday vesper arrive great hurricane; valve of little aperture not fasten; first make great trepidation and palpitation, then precipitate into precinct. God grant master more long life and more great post.

P.S.—No tranquillity in house since valve adjourn. I send for carpenter to make reunite.

It may be noted here that, no doubt, in not a few instances, fine language is used by Natives to describe trivial matters in consequence of their unacquaintance with common colloquial English, such knowledge of the language as they possess being derived mainly, if not entirely, from books. Still, it is difficult to believe that the writer above was led to describe the "adjournment" of the "valve" by saying that it was "precipitated into precinct," through ignorance of such a common expression as "fell into the compound." Perhaps, however, the "trepidation and palpitation" experienced by the said "valve" may be an instance in point; just as the Native carpenter, who had made a wooden weather-cock to order, represented it in his bill under the periphrastic guise of "an axle to feel the air."*

Strokes of unconscious humour not unfrequently result from this fondness for magniloquence of style, coupled, as it often is, with incongruous colloquialisms. A naive irony that is very delightful marks, for instance, the phrase italicised in an account given by a

* It was a similar ignorance, though displayed in a converse fashion, that induced a Native baker at Ruar, proud alike of his English quarters and of the smattering that he had acquired of the English tongue, to set up in large letters over his shop door the words "European loafer (!)."

Native newspaper, a few years since, of a dacoity that happened in the Backergunge district. "As soon," we are told, "as the gang rushed out of the room where they hid themselves and attacked the Deputy Magistrate and his party (consisting of a body of constables who had been sent along with him to oppose and arrest the dacoits), the Deputy Magistrate *escaped by flight to ensure personal safety.*" After this it is gratifying to learn that "his servant behaved manly and succeeded in capturing one of the gang." Again, one of the Hindu writers before mentioned, in giving an account of the forcible seizure of the daughters of three Brahmans by a Mussulman nobleman, says that "they complained to the judge of the district, but obtaining no redress, they committed suicide by poison *under the nose of the unrighteous judge.*" In the Calcutta of 1875, the Tramway rails nuisance, which is at the present time afflicting the minds and the carriages of her citizens, rose into temporary prominence owing to the old tram-lines of the first Company (which was a failure) being left *in situ* on the roads where they had been laid; and a Native correspondent writes to a daily paper on the subject. "The rails," he complains with equal justice and vivacity, "stand above the level, and in crossing the rails carriages are dashed in contact being much above the level of the road; and the horses are to undergo Hercules's labour and endanger the lives of the passengers at risk of topsy-turvy." It is melancholy to think that after nine years of the progress of civilization the "risk of topsy-turvy" from the same cause should be more wide-spread and dangerous than ever.

The fondness for fine imagery, often derived from ancient classical sources, may be illustrated by the following wonderful advertisement published, a few years back, by a Native firm:—

OUR OWN ! OUR OWN !! OUR OWN !!! BRANDY.

Re. 1-4 per bottle.

Rs. 14 per dozen.

We respectfully beg to intimate to our friends, patrons, and the public in general for the recent consignment of the above celebrated brandy just arrived per *S. S. Viceroy*.

Owing to our having not of "OUR OWN" brandy in stock for a long time, we have been under the yoke of greatest discontent and criticism of the whole public at large, but to remove this with our utmost and strenuous exertions we have lately formed connections with the growers of the long expected brand called "OUR OWN" brandy. The purity of this brandy is universally admired. In order to reap the extensive patronage of this highly appreciative brandy, we have lowered it in price and have introduced it **FIRSTLY**—As a trial in the field of the distinguished votaries of Bacchus; and **SECONDLY**—For a comparison of price among the "advocates of Economy."

* * * * *

With a view for further road to fame we have imported "OUR OWN" brandy,

and offer it to the public with a small bargain to decide and pronounce how far it is practicable to suit the requirements of all ranks of consumers. In conclusion we state that the public will not entertain any spark of doubt and adverse idea relating to the above advertisement, or in other words the generality of mankind will not dub the undersigned as "CHANTING THE ENALOGY OF THE DECEASED MACKEREL."

R. & I. S——,
13-14, E—— Lane.

We can only hope that the "distinguished votaries of Bacchut" experienced much convivial enjoyment from the consumption of this highly "appreciative brandy" at Rs. 14 the dozen.

Another example of a similar classicism of tone, in which the 'rosy god' (this time in his proper syntactical proportions) again appears, may be found in a newspaper letter complaining of the nefarious proceedings of certain *chamars* living in one of the principal streets of Calcutta. The writer thus pathetically recounts their misdeeds:—

The neighbouring gentlemen of that part hardly had time to sleep on deeply and soundly with comfort, as the *chamars* generally make rows with their abominable songs, and tom-toms, following Bacchus's course nearly the whole night. I am exceedingly astonished, Mr. Editor, of such misdoings in the heart of the metropolis of India, where civilization and reformation take their sources for expansion. Is there no one to reprimand the evils of these myrmidons? If so, who is to be blamed and held responsible for the life of the neighbouring inhabitants? Several gentlemen of the quarter spoke to them of their frivolous deed, but they rejoined by showing only their thumbs (!).

Meanwhile, complains the writer, the chowkidars "stand like *sakeegopal*" and do nothing. The close of the passage quoted above reminds us of the rebuke addressed by the little Mookerjee to the "Cyclopean English Sailor," in the famous *Memoir*, whereby his "savage heart was moved." It is sad to think that the result of the remonstrance against the "frivolous" conduct of the *chamars* was so different.

Although, perhaps, not strictly speaking an instance of magniloquence of style, the following scientific (?) monograph on locusts sent some years ago by the tehsildar of Tinnevely to the Madras authorities, is too delightful a production to be "let die." There are two kinds of locusts, he says, in his neighbourhood:

One kind looks green, looks as parrots, has four legs besides a stretcher (capable of being folded on each side), has long nose with two horns paddle-like, disproportionately long, hops about, has wings. The other kind (grass-hopper perhaps) is of flat nose, unlike the former, has variegated colours, is spotted in the wing, cannot fly for more than a couple of yards, hops about. I guess the first kind 2 per cent.

There are some enterprising Natives—happily their number

is at present comparatively few—who have ventured to make excursions into the field of English verse.* Their productions in this line may generally be divided into two categories: the wildly magniloquent, and the painfully prosaic. Of the former class the following sonnet, which was published four or five years ago in a Native newspaper, will be a sufficient specimen:—

WAR.

O dreaded Molock, daubed with human gore !
 Wild woeful yells and groans, thy trumpet loud,
 Famine and Pest, Rapine and Chaos hoar
 With ceaseless care attend thy stalking proud ;
 Widows and orphans are thy brothers sad
 That smell with shatter'd thrones and troubl'd kings,
 Whole sea of blood can't cool thy nature mad,
 While Satan grim a horrid war-note sings ;
 Not only massive forts and mighty domes
 Fall flat before thy sweeping vandal rage,
 Minerva's towers with countless precious tomes,
 With thee alas ! a fruitless warfare wage ;
 O hell-bred War ! Ambition's deity dear,
 Avaunt from me and from this world so fair.

Here—if the words are “wild and whirling” and if widows apparently change their sex and then become odorous of strange things—the lines are at least metrical, and the rhymes are fairly correct : but in the class of poetic effusions to which we now come, the attempts at rhyme are often more novel than exact, while the laws of rhythm are usually cast to the winds. Many of these productions are poems composed by loyal Natives in honour of some great occasion or distinguished personage. Such is “A Welcome to His Excellency the Right Hon'ble Edward Robert Lytton Bulwer, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, for the Imperial Durbar” by the Head Clerk of a Sadr Post Office and author of an Urdu Moral Book—which runs thus :—

Welcome to our Viceroy Lord,
 Baron Lytton of Hertford ;
 For holding “ROYAL GRAND DURBAR,”
 Calling Chiefs from near and far ;
 Proclaiming Victoria
 The “EMPERESS OF INDIA ”
 In Delhi, Capital of Ind,
 Seat of many an old King,
 Next year's first month's first week-day
 Eighteen seventy-seven say ;

—and so on for eight lines more, including the aspiration that “ This

* In a few cases by no means unsuccessfully. Witness the Dutt family and its most gifted scion, the late Miss Toru Dutt.

fav'r of Her Majesty's may increase our dignities," the last six words being all printed in small capitals. Nor did the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on their first landing in Bombay, escape poetic recognition. A Parsee gentleman, "in the spirit of loyalty," as he tells us, composed and sent to a Bombay daily paper what he calls "India's Welcome to their Royal Highnesses," a poem of six stanzas. Here is the third :—

Who will not long to see our Empress' third son
As Major-General of Meerut Division?
May his career be crowned with all success
Over the dales, mountains, and fortress.

—with reference to which we may be allowed to hope that the idea of the Prince's careering over the dales and mountains, not to say the fortresses, of India, is merely a poetic flight of the author's and intended to be strictly metaphorical. When the royal vessel approaches, the writer's enthusiasm breaks forth on this wise :—

Lo ! there it is in sight, the steamer's first sail ;
So let us shout, congratulate, cheer, and hail ;
God bless the Empress and long may she reign,
Is the last chorus of the persons thronged in chain.

The poet is not contented with appending his name and the date to his verses in the ordinary way ; like the irrepressible Mr. Sam Weller who insisted on signing his valentine with the "verse"—"your love-sick Pickwick," our author pleasantly winds up as follows :—

And as this verse's editor
I remain, gentlemen and Dear Sir,
As loyal subject and sincere,
Chinoy, Jehangir Ardesir.

Bombay, 20th November, Eighteen Eighty-three :
Here is the conclusion, and I am free.

We will close our poetical examples with some extracts from a wonderful poem (we wish we had room for the whole) written ten years ago, off Dover, by another Parsee gentleman, in retrospect of his visit to England. The lines commence thus :—

Farewell ! Fare-thee-well, O Green old Isles,
As I depart from thy productive and sacred soil,
Let me cast on thee my last looks of smiles
Before recommencing my career of worldly toil.

On the Map of the World thou art a little spot,
But thy greatness was visible wherever I trot.
Thy Nation seems possessed of unfathomed wealth,
And thy charming climate invigorates its health.

* * * * *

Through Streets and Parks, wherever one may ride,
The Statues of Wellington, and Nelson, and others proclaim thy Pride,

* * * * *

The sight of thy Gardens and Museums so well arranged
Evoke from Foreigners the expression—How Strange!

After glancing at England's railway trains which "roll on" both underground and over "iron and stone constructed bridges"; at her "Majestic Flag," her "hardy sailors," and her soldiers that "swarm like bees," the writer passes on to the Scottish Highlands where, he tells us, "games and pastures of all sorts are to be found," and where "silvery streams roll down at all the hours." He continues:—

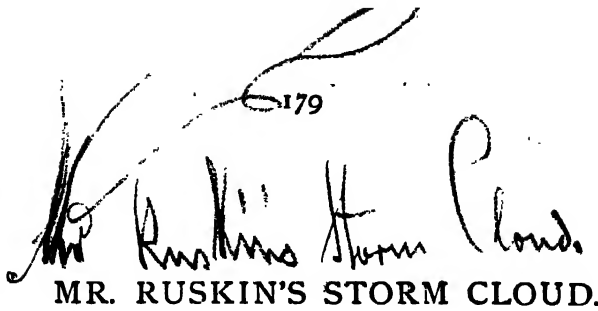
And with them they bring down the golden sands
For thy peasant to enrich his parched-up lands.
In August and September its glorious weather
Brings out in full luxuriance the Scottish heather.
Were one to wish an increase of weight by several pounds
H'as only to enjoy there a fortnight's morning and evening rounds.
On thy happy land people of all country and race
Find in thy sons' hospitality, urbanity and grace.
In June, 1874, they received me with open arms,
And put me amidst all the pleasures and charms.

At the beginning of this quotation the writer seems to have had in his mind's eye Heber's "sunny fountains" which "roll down their golden sands," but even the imaginative bishop does not attribute any fertilizing qualities to his sands, however golden.

Closely connected with this tendency displayed by Natives for fine language is their fondness for introducing, often by the head and shoulders, English idiomatic phrases and quotations from books into their writings. They will even sometimes venture upon slang, with a still more grotesque effect. But our limits are reached, and this part of our topic, "with many things of worthy memory" besides, must form the subject of a future paper.

ELLIS UNDERWOOD.

(To be continued.)



MR. RUSKIN'S pen has been busy of late. Besides a winter course of Oxford Lectures which themselves form a portly volume, he has been delivering two other lectures at the London Institution on "The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century," and has also found time to produce several numbers of his "Fors Clavigera" as well as to continue his various other periodical works.

Any new expression of opinion by Mr. Ruskin rarely passes unchallenged. His writings stimulate the mind in an exceptional degree, arousing it to steady thought, or at least to antagonism. They can never be ignored. The very persons who freely proclaim him mad and foolish—and there are many such—confess by their own zeal that he is neither, for the opinions of maniacs and fools vex nobody. The fact is Mr. Ruskin is one of the most individual of men. He often talks of his "masters"; Carlyle was one, Turner another, and De Saussure a third, for each from whom he learns is so entitled; but he echoes none of them. What he says is from first to last his own expression.

Another striking feature of Mr. Ruskin is his many-sidedness. We do not mean that his mind is of a judicial cast, for it is just the opposite of that. Few men have more and intenser prejudices than he. But his intellectual range is immense. He is not a writer only, indeed by some he might not be classed among men of letters at all, but, rather, he is a preacher who uses the press instead of the pulpit. He is also an artist of no mean calibre, and furthermore an accomplished geologist and naturalist. His courage is undoubted, for he holds no man or institution sacred against criticism, or rather he recognizes that criticism itself is a sacred right, and he has often startled society by the boldness with which he assailed conclusions which it had long since unquestioningly adopted. Yet he is not an example of the proverb that fools step in where angels fear to tread, for though many and various are the subjects upon which he has ventured to speak, in no instance has he been convicted of crass ignorance. If he be an iconoclast, he knows how to wield his hammer. Certainly he is not merely an iconoclast. Indeed, when we come to examine carefully the work he is engaged in, we find it is far more of the constructive than of the destructive sort. The latter is only casual.

Thus in the present lectures on "The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century" men of science in general, and Professor Tyndall—to whom he does some injustice—in particular, come in for some pretty hard knocks, but this is subordinate to the main purpose of the work. Mr. Herbert Spencer has long since pointed out that bias is universal. "Emotion of every kind and degree disturbs the intellectual balance." Class-bias is very strong. Every one views subjects more or less in the light of his occupation or station. None can put himself wholly in another's place. The majority of men and women can scarcely do so at all. Especially noteworthy is the bias of professional men. To the clergyman the church is the centre of creation, to the officer the army. The lawyer regards everything in its legal aspect, and the doctor believes everything, including health and life, must be sacrificed that he may make discoveries about disease. Legislation invariably bears the impress of the dominant class, and no code of laws is quite fair which has not been established in a truly representative assembly.

In like fashion and to an equal extent the man of science has his bias. Though he rejects revelation and insists on proving all things, he too, works into a groove, and authority, if only it be professional and not ecclesiastical, becomes as weighty as ever. To question the dictum of Dr. This or Professor That is impertinent. Eager to "account" for everything, the scientist, where he has no facts, himself resorts to theories, which coming from him bear a certain authoritative weight. The dividing line between proved facts and speculations based on those facts soon becomes indistinct. Yet the strictly logical or scientific mind is by no means the best adapted for the wise exercise of the imagination. This quality belongs rather to poets and seers, who perceive as necessary truths what the investigators do not prove to be facts till afterwards. In the event, a mass of superstition the same in kind, though different in dress, from that which clogs theology, clusters round the schools of science. The truly Scientific spirit Mr. Ruskin is the last man to condemn, but he will not admit an infallibility in professors any more than he will admit it in popes.

In his discourse on the Storm Cloud Mr. Ruskin's chief object was not to take his scientific brethren to task, but to state certain discoveries he had himself made, or thought he had made—a proceeding which, as might have been expected, gave great offence at first. What right had one, not of the elect, to talk thus or, indeed, to make discoveries at all, which the scientists had overlooked? "Absurd" cried some, and others said in an emphatic

way, "Well Ruskin *is* mad," as though there had been a glimmering of doubt on the point hitherto, which was now finally dispelled. Yet by and by the statements of this "mad" person will be quietly adopted, speculated upon and, in due course, dogmatized about, by the very cream of scientific orthodoxy.

Mr. Ruskin's statement is this:—He has noticed "a series of cloud phenomena which, so far as I can weigh existing evidence, are peculiar to our own times; yet which have not, hitherto, received any special notice or description from meteorologists." These are what he terms the storm cloud "or more accurately plague cloud" of the nineteenth century. "It is not yet twenty years since this—I may well call it wonderful—cloud has been in its essence recognizable." He finds no account of it in Homer or Virgil, Aristophanes or Horace, Chaucer or Dante, Wilson, Thomson, Wordsworth or Byron, or in any scientific treatise. He has himself been observing the weather for fifty years past, and he is convinced that until about 1871 no such clouds as "now often for months without intermission" obscure the sky, were ever seen in England, France or Italy. "In those old days," he says, "when the weather was fine, it was luxuriously fine; when it was bad—it was often abominably bad, but it had its fit of temper, and had done with it,—it didn't sulk for three months without letting you see the sun, nor send you one cyclone inside out every Saturday afternoon, and another outside in every Monday morning."

In the early spring of 1871 Mr. Ruskin first noticed the change. "Fors Clavigera" for August of that year contains this note of his:—"The sky is covered with grey cloud; not rain cloud, but a dry black veil, which no ray of sunshine can pierce; partly diffused in mist, feeble mist, enough to make distinct objects unintelligible, yet without any substance or wreathing or colour of its own. And everywhere the leaves of the trees are shaking fitfully as they do before a thunderstorm, only not violently, but enough to show the passing to and fro of a strange, bitter blighting wind. Dismal enough had it been the first morning of its kind that summer had sent. But during all this spring, in London and at Oxford, through meagre March, through changelessly sullen April, through despondent May, and darkened June, morning after morning has come grey-shrouded thus."

This bitter wind and mist Mr. Ruskin thought at the time looked as if it were made of poisonous smoke, only he thought mere smoke would not blow to and fro in that wild way, and so he made the fantastic suggestion that it resembled "dead men's souls—such of them as are not gone yet where they have to go, and may be

fitting hither and thither, doubting themselves of the fittest place for them." Since then Mr. Ruskin has continually observed the cloud with the accompanying wind, distinguishing it from other clouds, and the wind from other winds in various ways. It is a wind of darkness, while all other winds are more or less capable of existing with sunlight. Its favourite quarter is south-west, but it blows from any quarter of the compass. It blows tremulously, "making the leaves of the trees shudder as if they were all aspens, but with a peculiar fitfulness which gives them . . . an expression of anger as well as of fear and distress." It blanches the sun instead of reddening it. This "thin scraggy, filthy, mangy, miserable cloud (Mr. Ruskin is not complimentary), for all the depth of it, can't turn the sun red as a good business-like fog does with a hundred feet or so of itself." To know what the sun looks like behind the plague-cloud, "You've only to throw a bad half crown into a basin of soap and water."

We cannot afford to dismiss Mr. Ruskin and his statements with expressions of scorn and contempt. He has already, on different occasions, shown that he was a close and careful observer of natural phenomena. His theories may or may not be fanciful and absurd but his statements of fact have, hitherto, proved good. When therefore he offers what he says is the result of his observations over a lengthened period, we are neither to be surprised that he has been observing nor incredulous as to the result.

Nor is this all. Now that he has boldly stated his discovery, other persons come forward saying they also have been quietly noticing these things. Perhaps they were ashamed or afraid to speak first, doubting whether at this late age anything new could occur in nature.

Mr. Ruskin is not the man to be contented with a bold statement of facts. Facts signify something, and what they signify is to him the truly important point. In the present instance he contents himself with stating what meaning the plague-cloud "would have borne to the men of old time," namely, that the source of the physical gloom was the sin of the people. "Remember," he says, "for the last twenty years England and all foreign nations, either tempting her or following her, have blasphemed the name of God deliberately and openly, and have done iniquity by proclamation, every man doing as much injustice to his brother as it is in his power to do."

Why should our social life, different now from what it ever was before, go on without affecting the world? Mind and matter, man and nature are interrelated and we cannot change our ways with impunity. It is an acknowledged fact that great wars have caused

rainy seasons and that a country "made bald before its time," to use Thoreau's expressive phrase, is liable to drought. All this is "accounted for." Heavy firing will shake down clouds, trees will break them. When, however, no plausible explanation can be discovered or invented—that is, so soon as, with our limited powers of vision, we fail to detect the delicate connecting link of cause and effect, we cry "impossible."

May we not, however, in this instance suggest (and the idea seems to be in Mr. Ruskin's mind) that the link between some of our modern ways and the new plague cloud, is not wholly invisible? What becomes of the smoke which rises from the ten thousand chimneys of our English factories and from countless tobacco pipes everywhere? Has its passage ever been traced and itself satisfactorily disposed of? If, as Mr. Ruskin and many others think, the terrible development of machinery and of manufactures is the outcome of the greed of man, a possible association between physical and moral evil makes itself manifest.

Over against this explanation we must set the fact pointed out to Mr. Ruskin by a correspondent, that just one hundred years ago good Parson White noticed something very like this storm cloud of Mr. Ruskin. Smoke was certainly not so prevalent then as now. In the "Natural History of Scelborne" we read: "The summer of the year 1783, was an amazing and portentous one, and full of horrible phenomena; for, besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunder-storms that affrighted and distressed the different counties of this kingdom, the peculiar haze or smoky fog that prevailed for many weeks in this island, and in every part of Europe, and even beyond its limits, was a most extraordinary appearance, unlike anything known within the memory of man. By my journal I find that I had noticed this strange occurrence from June 23rd to July 20th inclusive, during which period the wind varied to every quarter without making any alteration in the air. The sun at noon looked as blank as a clouded moon, and shed a rust-coloured, ferruginous light on the ground and floors of rooms; but was particularly lurid and blood-coloured at rising and setting."

The meaning of the storm cloud, then, is not yet clear, but this passage of White's goes far to confirm the accuracy of Mr. Ruskin's facts; and these for the present may suffice, giving us, as they do, something for our thoughts to dwell upon.

WALTER LEWIN.

WANDERLIEDER.

I. LEBEWOHL.

1.

Lebe wohl, lebe wohl, mein Lieb !
Muss noch heute scheiden :
Einen Kuss, einen Kuss mir gieb !
Muss dich ewig meiden.

2.

· Eine Blüth', eine Blüth', mir brich
Von dem Baum im Garten !
Keine Frucht, keine Frucht für mich ;
Darf sie nicht erwarten.

II. IN DER FERNE.

1.

Will ruhen unter den Bäumen hier,
Die Vöglein hör' ich so gerne.
Wie singet ihr so zum Herzen mir !
Von unsrer Liebe was wisset ihr
In dieser weiten Ferne ?

2.

Will ruhen hier an des Baches Rand,
Wo duftige Blümlein spriessen.
Wer hat euch, Blümlein, hierher gesandt ?
Seid ihr ein herzliches Liebespfand
Aus der Ferne von meiner Süssen ?

III. MORGENLIED.

1.

Noch ahnt man kaum der Sonne Licht,
Noch sind die Morgenglocken nicht
Im finstern Thal erklingen.

2.

Wie still des Waldes weiter Raum !
Die Vöglein zwitschern nur im Traum,
Kein Sang hat sicherschwungen.

SONGS OF A WANDERER.

I. GOODBYE.

1.

Goodbye, my love, for this
 Is the day we are to sever ;
 Give me a kiss, one kiss,
 For I leave thee now for ever !

2.

And a flower, a flower from the tree
 That is blooming by the wicket ;
 No fruit, no fruit for me,
 I shall not be here to pick it.

II. AFAR.

1.

I will rest me here in the pleasant shade
 By the song of birds delighted ;
 Why is your song of my dearest maid ?
 What can ye know in this far-off glade
 Of the happy love we plighted ?

2.

I will rest me here by the brook so clear
 Where the sweetest flowers hang over ;
 Who can have sent you, flowerets, here ?
 Are ye a pledge from a maiden dear
 Sent to her far-off lover ?

III. A MORNING CAROL.

1.

Faintly breaks the day-dawn pale ;
 Deep in shadow lies the vale,
 Not a morn-bell ringing.

2.

Still and lone the greenwood seems ;
 Birds but twitter in their dreams,
 Not a songster singing.

3.

Ich hab' mich längst ins Feld gemacht
Und habe schon dies Lied erdact
Und hab' es laut gesungen.

IV. EINKEHR.

1.

Bei einem Wirth'e wundermild
Da war ich jüngst zu Gaste ;
Ein goldner Apfel war sein Schild
An einem lange Aste.

2.

Es war der gute Apfelbaum,
Bei dem ich eingekehret ;
Mit süßer Kost und frischem Schaum
Hat er mich wohl genähret.

3.

Es kamen in sein grünes Haus
Viel leichtbeswingte Gäste ;
Sie sprangen frei und hielten Schmaus
Und saugen auf das Beste.

4.

Ich fand ein Bett zu süßer Ruh
Auf weichen grünen Matten ;
Der Wirth er deckte selbst mit zu
Mit seinem kühlen Schatten.

5.

Nun fragt' ich nach der Schuldigkeit,
Da schüttelt' er den Wipfel.
Gesegnet sei er alle Zeit
Von der Wurzel bis zum Gipfel !

V. HEIMKEHR

O brich nicht, Steg ! du zitterst sehr ;
O stürz' nicht, Fels ! du draüest schwer,
Welt, geh nicht unter, Himmel, fall nicht ein,
Eh' ich mag bei der Liebsten sein.

UHLAND.

3.

I have been afield so long
I have conned this dainty song ;
I am up and singing !

IV. LODGING.

1.

A gentle kindly host was mine
With whom I lately tarried ;
A Golden Apple was his sign
Upon a long bough carried.

2.

My host was the good apple-tree
Where I took up my quarters ;
Sweet was the meat he spread for me
And fresh his sparkling waters.

3.

Right merry was his green hotel
With many a light-winged guest :
They hopped about and feasted well ;
Their glees were of the best.

4.

A grassy bed for sweet repose
My kindly host he found me ;
Himself he drew the curtains close
Of cooling shade around me.

5.

I bade him reckon up the cost :
He shook his head, "Nay, never !"
My blessing on thee, kindly host,
From root to crown for ever !

V. HOME !

Break not, O bridge that dost tremble and sway ;
Fall not, O rock that dost frown on my way ;
Sink not, O Earth ; fall not, O sky,
Ere we can meet, my love and I !

T. F. BIGNOLD.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

OLD WORLD IDYLLS AND OTHER VERSES. By Austin Dobson. Third Edition. London : Kegan Paul, Trench and Company. 1883.— This volume of Mr. Dobson's poems is based on a selection published in America in 1880, which, again, was drawn from the first two issues of his poetry, "Vignettes in Rhyme," published in 1873, and "Proverbs in Porcelain," which appeared in 1877.

One of Mr. Dobson's critics has said that he "has the grace of Suckling and the finish of Herrick, and is easily master of both in metrical art." This is high, perhaps too high, praise ; it is hard, we had almost said impossible, in this nineteenth century, to match the subtle old-fangled charm of style which marks the author of the *Hesperides*. There is an exuberant country freshness, a fragrance as of new-mown hay about the writings of the earlier poet, which, at any rate, Mr. Dobson will hardly claim to emulate. Herrick's "Corinna's Going a Maying," for instance, seems to us to be perfect both in finish and in metrical felicity, as do also the famous stanzas to Ben Jonson ; and where shall we find in "Old World Idylls" the mellow sweetness, the woodland harmony of such lines as these :—

The damask't meadowes and the peebly streames
Sweeten and make soft your dreames ;
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well weav'd bowrs,
With fields enameléd with flowers,
Present their shapes, while fantasie discloses
Millions of Lillies mixed with Roses.

That the nineteenth century poet, however, is a master both of style and metre may be at once conceded. His poems, in many cases, have a mosaic appropriateness of expression, where every word fits into its place with an harmonious exactness. Admirable too is his airy grace and delicate humour, which never fail him ; he never flags in his flight, and if he does not always soar, he at any rate never sinks. Everything Mr. Dobson has written is polished almost to the point of fastidiousness, and if a poem that he has previously published does not come up to his later standard of fitness, he ruthlessly suppresses it. Indeed, the most remarkable attribute of Mr. Dobson is, perhaps, the excellence of his literary taste ; of affectation, of

Indelicacy, of sentimentality, there is not a hint to be found anywhere in his writings ; and if it is not a piece of poetic exaggeration when he tells us

I sit and fill my painful reams,
there is at any rate no trace in the (apparent) sparkling spontaneity of his flowing verse of laboriousness as distinguished from elaboration.

Of Mr. Dobson's light and graceful humour his "Garden Idyll" is a good example. A friend of the present writer once met Tennyson (then crowned only with laurel) at the breakfast table, and diffidently and adoringly ventured to ask the poet what writer he referred to in the well known lines of *In Memoriam*—"I hold it truth with him who sings," &c. ; whereupon the great man grunted out "Can't give chapter and verse for everything," and so summarily dismissed the inquiry. In somewhat similar fashion is *The Lady* who in "A Garden Idyll" asks *The Poet*—

What was your thought ? You waited long.

Sublime or graceful,—grave,—satiric ?

A Morris Greek-and-Gothic song ?

A tender Tennysonian lyric ?

—treated by the man of song, who tells his would-be admirer

More empty things, I fear, than rhymes,

More idle things than songs, absorb it ;

The "finely-frenzied" eye, at times,

Reposes mildly in its orbit ;

And—painful truth—at times, to him,

Whose jog-trot thought is nowise restive,

"A primrose by a river's brim"

Is absolutely unsuggestive,

—and who, in the end, confesses that his "vagrant fancies only rambled back to the red-walled Rectory close" in search of "certain slowly-ripening peaches."

"A Gentleman of the Old School" and "A Gentlewoman of the Old School" are tinged with a pathetic humour of a deeper character, and seem to carry with them a scent of lavender and faded rose leaves. What a picture does this single stanza give us of the gentlewoman of the Addisonian era :—

For her e'en Time grew debonair.

He, finding cheeks unclaimed of care,

With late-delayed faint roses there,

And lingering dimples,

Had spared to touch the fair old face,

And only kissed with Vauxhall grace

The soft white hand that stroked her lace,

Or smoothed her wimples.

In "Une Marquise" and "A Virtuoso" Mr. Dobson has shown us that he can wing the shafts of a delicate sarcasm with no less skill and power; while the former poem, as do not a few others, points to the antiquarian tastes of the writer, and reveals the loving care with which he has studied the art and manners of the past. "The Ballad of *Beau Brocade*" is a further excellent instance of this study and research on the part of the author. Another delightful piece, quite perfect in finish and style, is "The Sundial" with its gently pathetic close.

"Essays in old French Forms" concludes this attractive little volume, rhythms of which a critic in the *Century* remarks that to Mr. Dobson primarily and to his fellow-workers is due the credit of acclimatizing these exotic metres of English literature.

It is not, (he says) that he was the earliest to write them in English—excepting only the ballade, of which the "Prodigals" (contained in this volume) was the first. Chaucer wrote roundels, the elder Wyatt rondeaus, and Patrick Carey about 1651, was guilty of devotional triolets! But * * * only in our own times, since M. de Banville set the example, has the true form been understood.

The famous "Ballad of Prose and Rhyme" is too long to quote here; we will close our remarks on this *merum sal* of a book with Mr. Dobson's rondel "The Wanderer," a poem whose delicate and melancholy sweetness reminds us of the "Tears, idle tears" of the Laureate.

THE WANDERER.

(*Rondel.*)

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling,
He fain would lie as he lay before;—
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

Ah, who shall help us from over-telling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!
Even as we doubt in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

A GENIAL ANECDOTE: *forming an episode illustrating a mysterious fracas between Royal spouses and peace.* By Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt, Retired Medical Officer on pension. Chittagong, the 17th July 1884.—This pamphlet, price 12 annas, is the latest lucubration of the well-known "Chittagong poet," a typical selection

from whose verses forms one of the attractions of that entertaining little book "Anglo-Indian Literature." If we may judge from this last effort, however, the "poet" seems to become more and more unintelligible as he grows older, and the "fracas" which he attempts to describe is so very "mysterious" that we defy the most acute reader to make head or tail of it. The poem is in fact so hopelessly incoherent that any amusement that might arise from its strange and wonderful style and composition is lost in the bewildering cloud of its rambling inconsequential style. The writer seems to be afflicted with a sort of *rabies scribendi*, and goes on stringing his words together equally careless of grammar, rhyme, punctuation, syntax, metre, meaning, or even orthography. Take, for instance, the following passage from page 9:—

The high gusty wind and nocturnal fury,
Had unprecedented interruption over scenery ;
Noisome loud noise of showery thunder,
Highest pitch of clangour of leafy oleanders,
Deadened the sound of Royal steps,
Naturally called all to sweet sleeps,
Miraculous views of night operation,
The female sepoy had none in imagination ;
None a body had these idea a slight,
Would be excited intensely monarchial delight,
None a soul preconceived a conspiracy,
Would boldly establish, with impodency
Where none a bird ever dared even to alight
Was impossible to think of, committed at night.

This nightmare of a poem is replete with similar passages ; and it becomes a matter of curious conjecture what method the writer pursued in the manufacture of his extraordinary verses. He seems to have gone on the principle of first making a heterogeneous collection of words and phrases extracted piecemeal from various English authors, and then fitting them together as best he might, adding a sprinkling of choice expressions from Roget's Thesaurus or some similar book. How else could he have put together a stanza like this from a "song under native tunes and dances"?—

The dadalian deep dalliance,
Sooner subdued sombre silence,
Succeeded concupiscence well a day,
There a ballet helter skilter,
Had a vice-versa encounter,
There a laughter proved philter in vis-a-vis play,
Life is not lasting it is lost, let be it lost yet we may not lose.

The "Emperor" is thus described :—

Emperor was tall, strong, and sinewy.
With stronger muscle and tendon
His mental agitation was billowy
As his sinister motive declared myrmidon.

The "Royal fracas" apparently ended happily, for—

Female organ of speech is known a powerful,
Made the Royalty evidently calm and cool,
The sweet style of woman tale in the ear of amorato,
Deliciously falls and drives pernicious incognito,
Stunning the affectionate heart by statue faces,
Which confronting him alone upon foot races,
While kissing factitiously and it heated frantic lover,
Whatever fault if committed all were over.

The Imperial spouse seems, however, to have suffered a good deal in the process, if we may trust her description of what happened :—

I had been up the best part of the night,
He thumped of fist and destroyed light,
And plucked my hairs in pursuit hot

* ° * *

And gasping with high breath and natural function,
My head went round and eyes were blood shot,
My hair in hideous fringe covered my face,
The knobe was out of order lost its grace,
The palpitation in the heart sooner begot.
My sweetheart handled till I was fainting
The stream of tears my cheeks was painting,

* * * *

I was chocked by sobs and tears of eye
While hauled me out cruallly fy fy fy.

This wonderful pamphlet of verse closes with the "Author's Regret." He seems, poor man, to be in sad case :—

I sit in door sullen and gloomy in disquietude
Object can no one divine with failing solicitude,
I look high wall when spire reached the sunray
I pass sleepless night and the disagreeable day
All the scene of injustice going speedily on,
Methinks, it is a mysterious heavenly fun ;
I am unsheltered by father and mother's tenderness
Can't help I am supposed as if left in wilderness.

The author, "a Retired Medical Officer on pension," complains of his orphan condition ; he should, we think, remember that we, his readers, are, as Mr. Mark Twain would say, poor unprotected orphans too.

OUTLINE GRAMMAR OF THE KACHARI (BARA) LANGUAGE as spoken in District Darrang, Assam. By Rev. S. Endle, Shilong. Printed at the Assam Secretariat Press. 1884.—Assam possesses so immense a variety of languages that it offers a rich field to the student of philology, a field which has been hitherto very inadequately cultivated. Any attempt, therefore, especially one so meritorious as this, to encourage and assist the labours of other workers in this little known region of language, deserves nothing but praise and support, and the Assam Government is to be congratulated that it is not behindhand in this respect. It is hoped also that the pamphlet before us may be found useful as a manual for managers of tea-factories and others similarly engaged, whose influence over their Kachári labourers may be greatly increased by an acquaintance with their language. “Few things,” says the compiler, “are more pleasing than to see the flush of real pleasure and intelligence which passes over the dull, heavy, expressionless features of the Kachári’s countenance on being addressed in his own mother tongue.” Hence, in addition to outlines of grammar and syntax and reading lessons, the book is furnished with collections of conversational sentences relating to travel, tea-factories, &c., and may thus be turned to practical as well as philological advantage. A very complete vocabulary in Kachári, Assamese, and English closes this useful little work.

THE CREAM

Of the Quarterly Review.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

JULY, 1884.

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THE CHRISTIAN HAREM.—The writer bases this article on the following passage from a weekly contemporary—a note of criticism having, he says, a real and permanent significance, and sounded with remarkable clearness and courage.

Mr. Trollope [says the writer in question] was thoroughly in earnest in wishing to teach a high morality by his tales, and no tales could be purer than his from anything like mischief; at the same time we should say that what he understood as a high morality was a morality of a very limited kind, and involved little more for men and women in general than insisting that girls should be modest and loving, and that men should be honest and diligent, and should know their own minds. *He hardly even teaches so much as that men should be pure as well as women, or that women should be courageous as well as men.*

Now, if "conduct is three-fourths of life," the first test to which the works of an influential writer should be brought is the ethical test; and we have a right to demand that such a writer shall not inculcate as high morality what is in truth a morality of a very limited kind. Surely the popular novelist should, at least theoretic-

tically, be ranged on the side of the highest goodness which has been revealed to the highest minds.

At the same time it must always be borne in mind that a popular author is the child of his age. He is its darling mainly because he confines himself to ideals that it can understand, and does not fatigue it with new-fangled disquieting enthusiasms.

Probably no English writer of modern times reflects more exactly than Trollope this comfortable, old-fashioned moral code, which, in the main, embodies to this hour the loftiest pitch at which the ethical aspirations of his countrymen have arrived. And it is precisely because his opinions are typical English opinions that we may permit ourselves to make use of his autobiographical confession of faith in order to illustrate the old order of morality, which, in the opinion of many, is destined to change, "giving place to new." Our modern critic, on the other hand, who has the hardihood to require of an author that he shall teach "men to be pure as well as women, and women to be courageous as well as men," may stand for the type of the new school of thinkers whose endeavour it is, in the teeth of prejudice and tradition, and of the opposition—official, orthodox, and scientific, as well as merely malicious and selfish—which every reform must expect to encounter, to promulgate what they understand by the higher morality.

The difference between the two schools may be summed up in one word—*equality between the sexes*. Not equality in social and civil rights, but *equality in virtue*. Now, theoretically, equality in virtue has long been recognised in the Western world, ever since, in fact, the Founder of Christianity refused to sanction the punishment by a cruel death of an erring woman except at the hands of an accuser, who could himself be proved to be immaculate. But the truth is, unfortunately, that the ethical creed of Jesus of Nazareth is not the ethical creed of the modern club and drawing room.

But to return to our point—the practical rejection by nominally Christian society of the Christian doctrine of equality in virtue. It is impossible to illustrate this better than by placing side by side in parallel columns the experiences of a young man in London, as given in the "Autobiography," with those of a young girl in London as given by herself. The young girl is imaginary, but her story, unhappily, is not. It is a story which any one who will give themselves the trouble may hear any day of the week in real life.

HIS STORY.

And now, looking back at it, I have to ask myself whether my youth was very wicked? I did no good in it; but was there fair ground for expecting good from me? When I reached London no mode of life was prepared for me—no advice even given to me. I went into lodgings, and then had to dispose of my time. I belonged to no club, and knew very few friends who would receive me into their houses. In such a condition of life, a young man should no doubt go home after his work, and

HER STORY.

And now, looking back at it, I have to ask myself whether my youth was very wicked? I did no good in it; but was there fair ground for expecting good from me? When I reached London no mode of life was prepared for me—no advice even given to me. I went into lodgings, some distance from my place of business, and then had to dispose of my time. I had not heard of a Girl's Friendly Society, and did not know of any place where I could obtain rest and recreation after hours of toil. In

spend the long hours of the evening in reading good books and drinking tea. . . . No training had been given me. There was no house in which I could habitually see a lady's face and hear a lady's voice. No allurements to decent respectability came in my way. It seems to me that in such circumstances the temptations to loose life will almost certainly prevail with a young man. Of course, if the mind be strong enough, and the general stuff knitted together of sufficiently stern material, the temptations will not prevail. But such minds and such materials are, I think, uncommon. The temptation, at any rate, prevailed with me.

such a condition of life a young woman should no doubt go home after her work, and spend the long hours of the evening in reading good books and drinking tea. No training had been given me. There was no friend's house in which I could learn refinement and self-respect or could innocently enjoy the society of men. My only opportunities of this nature occurred during my walks home at night. *Scarcely a day passed that I was not accosted in the street by some person, usually of gentlemanlike appearance.* No allurements to decent respectability came in my way. It seems to me that in such circumstances the temptations to loose life will almost certainly prevail with a young woman. At any rate, they prevailed with me.

Now compare the attitude of society towards these two offenders. To the stronger of the two, to the young man, society says: "You were young like the rest of us, and you sowed your wild oats. We can scarcely blame, certainly we cannot punish you." To the weaker of the two, to the young girl, society says: "You should know how to take care of yourself. You are a corrupt and vicious person. Take yourself out of our sight."

And what do the young man and the young woman respectively reply? Again the man's answer may be taken verbatim from the autobiography of our typical Englishman.

If the rustle of a woman's petticoat has ever stirred my blood; if a cup of wine has been a joy to me; if I have thought tobacco at midnight in pleasant company to be one of the elements of an earthly paradise; if, now and again, I have somewhat recklessly fluttered a £5 note over a card-table; of what matter is that to any reader? I have betrayed no woman. Wine has brought me to no sorrow. It has been the companionship of smoking that I have loved rather than the habit. I have never desired to win money, and I have lost none. To enjoy the excitement of pleasure, but to be free from its vices and ill-effects—to have the sweet and leave the bitter untasted—that has been my study. . . . I will not say that I have never scorched a finger; but I carry no ugly wounds.

Have we here a confession of guilt? Most certainly not. It is the old story, "I am not better than other people. I am no saint"—the sort of plea, in short, which is merely "Not guilty" writ large.

Because he has *betrayed no woman*—because, that is, he has stopped short of a depth of cowardly infamy which is only *not* loathed like murder, and *not* spurned like fraud, because—alas for our manhood! and alas for our civilization! and alas for our Christianity! it happens too often—because he has stopped short of this last abyss—the man has almost, forsooth, the right to plume himself! That he has been helping to maintain a class of outcasts made such, directly or indirectly, by his cruelty, kept such by his selfishness, that he has knocked one more nail into the coffin of some unhappy woman's self-respect, health, happiness,

and hopes of heaven ; that he has helped to lower instead of raising that standard of current public opinion by which—and not by any higher one—the young habitually measure themselves, so making it more difficult instead of more easy for all other boys to be pure and all other girls to be modest—that he has done all this counts for nothing with the man. He “*carries no ugly wounds.*”

And the woman ? What is the woman’s answer to those her accusers ? Why, the woman, stupified by centuries of injustice, of *inequality* in virtue, dazed by the ostracism which has excluded her from all contact with the pure, nay, with the respectable, and converted her from a victim into a pest, maddened at last into believing that they speak truth who say to her, “You were the weaker, *therefore* you should have withstood ; Nature already chastises your errors with whips—*therefore* the world does right to chastise them with scorpions,” the woman merely takes up the despairing cry of the outcast of old, “God and man be merciful to me a sinner !”

And this injustice of society is buttressed by the law, which encourages in the man not merely ante-nuptial immorality, but conjugal infidelity itself.

It allows him to plead the “consent” (!) of a child of thirteen to her own destruction ; it freely permits to him that “solicitation,” and “loitering for immoral purposes” which it punishes in the woman ; it abets him in the maintenance of a class of women-chattels by robbing them of their constitutional rights and reducing their degradation to a system ; finally it authorizes in him the greatest moral insult which a husband can offer to a wife, provided only that it is not accompanied with the lesser outrage of physical violence.

Of course there is a stereotyped answer to all this—that this so called injustice is founded upon natural law. A man, the reply is, cannot without dishonour condone infidelity, while a woman may, without injury to her character, forgive the offence, if it be discontinued.

But such a rejoinder is based on a fallacy, for the woman is allowed no choice in the matter. The law does not say to the woman, “You *may* forgive the offence,” but, “You *must* forgive it.” It is in the *compulsion* exercised in the one case and not in the other that the injustice lies. The true “natural law,” as women are at length beginning to discover, is this : that in sexual virtue, as in other things, the husband and the wife, the man and the woman, stand or fall together. Hence such legislation and such social conventions as seek to secure the chastity of the one, while they encourage the unchastity of the other, not only bear the brand of iniquity, but are necessarily foredoomed to failure.

The proof is not far to seek. In every country, in every class, in every epoch notorious for moral corruption, male laxity has for its invariable concomitant female levity—witness Athens and Rome in their decadence, witness our own Restoration and the Paris of the Regency and Second Empire ; witness all aristocracies festered with idleness and hypocrisy, or those less guilty, hopeless, homeless, bestialized masses who are the crime and the curse of our

modern Babylons. The evidence of history upon this point is conclusive, though, indeed, the appeal to history is, or ought to be, superfluous in a question of plain common-sense. The attempt to preserve intact the honour of certain women, because it concerns the honour of certain men that it should be so preserved, while, outside the charmed circle, every man is a law unto himself, is, on the face of it, as puerile as it is unrighteous. It is like drawing a line of chalk round the bed of a healthy child in a fever-stricken nursery, and assuming that no germ of disease will have the temerity to cross the boundary. Moral contamination—infinately more subtle than any known form of physical contagion—insinuates itself in a hundred known and in a thousand unknown ways where its presence is least suspected and least desired. Evils obvious and horrible, evils less obvious, but perhaps on that very account more dangerous, spread with a rapidity little dreamed of by those who are most concerned to avert them; the leaven works till society becomes corrupt to the core, and, at last, there is not a woman to whom purity is a thing absolutely beautiful and sacred, because there is not a man to whom it is imperative. "If chastity is a law for woman, it must be so for every woman without exception; and if it is a law for every woman, it follows necessarily that it must be equally so for every man." Here is the true "natural law," from which there is no escape. The choice is between this and chaos.

The fact is so self-evident, that we can but conclude that there is more behind. What is really at the root of the reluctance to acknowledge equality in virtue is the subjection of women, the desire that women should remain in a state of tutelage.

It is curious with what persistency this instinct of possessing some sort of property in women lingers on in the civilized world. We talk of the degradation of the zenana and of the harem, but we fail to see that all institutions whatsoever that keep grown women in a condition of pupilage—to use no stronger term—tend to deteriorate both them and their masters, and that, in particular, the moral or immoral license accorded to the one sex and strictly denied to *the appropriated portion* of the other, means simply polygamy, with all its attendant evils, direct and indirect.

The Christian Harem, in short, is what really stands in the way of a true moral equality between men and women, and consequently of a higher general standard of social life.

Few, perhaps, save the most cynical, would care to openly admit the fact, yet fact it is, that the principle of the harem has as real and practical an existence in our midst as some of the institutions of which we are proudest—as the Church, for instance, or the army, or the police. The Christian form of the institution must be understood to include metaphorically, not merely the wife and the chattels, past or present, of the representative of Western civilization who is its owner, but also all his near female relatives, all those women whose dishonour, *because they belong to him*, is his dishonour, although the converse does not hold good, *his* dishonour affecting nobody, not even himself. Safe beneath his ægis, enclosed, figuratively speaking, in the impregnable fortress of his name and fame, whoever touches them, or even suffers the breath of slander to approach them, does so at his peril.

But outside the Harem walls? There womanhood is no longer sacred; there a woman who has no proprietor becomes the lawful prey of the first comer. There is not found a chivalrous reverence for women, *as such*, nor any thirst after a manlike purity *for its own sake*.

That a woman has fallen is not the trumpet-call to every noble and wise-hearted man to raise her again as speedily as may be; rather it is the signal to deepen her degradation and do her to moral death. That opinion, that usage, that law, all tend to his impunity and to her enslavement, and outlawry is not a thought which fills a man with shame and indignation; that the class of appropriated and protected women treat him with lenience while they will not have their ears polluted with the mention of her name, is not a fact which sickens and appals him. Rather, he slips into an ignoble acquiescence in the injustice of opinion, of usage, of law, and of protected women, avails himself of it as a convenient if not a righteous arrangement, and moves no finger to combat wrongs which in many a conscience-stricken moment, many a miserable, ghost-haunted vigil, he knows to be unspeakable.

For, indeed, the man who sets little store by the virile virtue of purity pays for his error by a lessening hold upon other masculine virtues, such as honour, truth, love of fair play, generosity, and magnanimity. Such a man loses the sense of the sacredness of personal rights; whole classes of the community become mere *things* to be regulated, as he regulates gin-shops or sewers. He is governed by cynical principles, and loses touch of the more human and chivalrous virtues.

And what is true of individuals is true of nations; and the results upon national stamina and *morale* of the Oriental attitude towards one-half of the human race are most notoriously and tragically evident in the most (outwardly) highly-civilized of them all.

In France, purity, being supposed to appertain scarcely even to the married woman, but merely to the school-girl, to the "*jeune fille*," has long been degraded to the level of other school-girlish attributes, with the natural consequence that despotism and brutality, whether of monarch or of state, have struck roots of iron into an emasculate and polluted soil, and we have phenomena like the goading of a disaffected soldiery to gratuitous carnage; like the forcible expulsion of a harmless religious order; like the nightly raid of a Police of Immorality through the streets, sweeping fallen and unfallen alike into its net of perdition.

And here we may revert to our daring critic's bold demand that "women should be courageous as well as men." The co-operation, nay, the initiative of women is indispensable for many reasons, chiefly for the breaking down of those illogical social contentions of which women are—if not the framers—at any rate the staunchest conservators.

The mandate is a strange one in both its aspects, new and strange and very

audacious, as we began by remarking. But it has this justification, that the times are ripe for it ; that the animal in the man, that the coward in the woman, will go near to sap the foundations of modern States, as they have sapped the foundations of ancient ones, if it be not obeyed ; while, if it be laid to heart, our Christianity will become less hollow, and our humanity less hypocritical, and we shall with some pretence at sincerity co-operate with the forces that make for progress and mould the race to noble ends. That a doctrine is unfamiliar is no proof that it is unsound. We have hitherto, for the most part, said to a man, Be brave. We say to him now, Be pure. We have hitherto, for the most part, said to a woman, Be pure. We say to her now, Be brave. And what though the like teaching has not been heard before—or seldom heard—in the history of the world ? “ It is not history,” said Amiel, the sweet-souled Genevan mystic, who to a celestial purity of heart united a very delicate and subtle vein of philosophic thought—“ It is not history which teaches righteousness to the conscience ; it is the conscience which teaches righteousness to history. The actual is corrupting. It is we who rectify it by loyalty to the ideal.”

THE CREAM

Of the Monthly Reviews.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1884.

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IDEAS ABOUT INDIA. II. Race Hatred.—This paper, subjectively onesided as it is, has a special interest for Anglo-Indians and we shall therefore give as complete a survey of it as possible.

The writer begins by expressing his surprise at the high level to which he found native intelligence in political science advanced, during his recent visit to India. The newspapers of India are not on a par with our own; in India the oral arguments are always the best.

I was throughout struck by this. The native mind is quick, lucid, and, it seemed to me, also eminently judicial; and I found it distinguished by the absence of all such passionate exaggeration as I had been led to expect. Though in some of the public speeches I heard made at Calcutta the flowers of rhetoric was certainly not wanting, I did not find anything but what was substantial in the arguments used, and I was repeatedly conscious of being tempted myself to use stronger language than any which even at private meetings was indulged in by the speakers. It seemed to me that a great deal more might have been said.

without violating the truth, that evils were often minimised, advantages dwelt on, and that there was a general disposition to understate rather than exaggerate matters in discussion. Often in conversation I have been on the point of protesting against the too naïve confidence of men known as demagogues in the good faith of English political action, against their implicit trust in the virtue of reason and a just cause, and their belief that when they should have proved their griefs to be well founded relief would thereupon be given. They seemed intentionally to ignore the selfishness and indifference of party statesmanship in England with regard to India ; and to be only too willing, in spite of political deceptions, still to be deceived.

It is remarkable, continues the writer, that, with so much real ground of complaint, there should be so few agitators of Indian opinion who speak even in secret of any real rupture with England as a thing to be desired. Mr. Blunt hardly met with one such on his travels.

Froth, fury, and passionate denunciation I found little of in India. Of logical argument I found much, and of that reasoning from facts which is the best of all reasoning, and which in politics goes by the name of common sense.

Still, our traveller could not fail to observe the ever-widening gulf of personal dislike which separates the leaders of native opinion from the individual Englishmen who rule them, and which is so marked that it would be affectation in a writer on India to pass it over.

It is my distinct impression, from all that I have seen and heard, that the ill-feeling now existing in India between the English there and the indigenous races is one which, if it be not allayed by a more generous treatment, will in a few years make the continued connection between England and India altogether impossible, and that a final rupture of friendly relations will ensue between the two countries, which will be an incalculable misfortune for both, and may possibly be marked by scenes of violence, such as nothing in the past history of either will have equalled.

* * * * *

Let India once be united, as Ireland and Egypt are, in a common sentiment of hatred for all that is English, and our rule there will *ipso facto* cease. Let it once finally despair of English justice, and English force will be powerless to hold it in subjection. The huge mammal, India's symbol, is a docile beast, and may be ridden by a child. He is sensible, temperate, and easily attached. But ill-treatment he will not bear for ever, and when he is angered in earnest, his vast bulk alone makes him dangerous, and puts it beyond the strength of the strongest to guide him or control.

The account of this gradual estrangement given him by his native acquaintance is most instructive. In the old Company days, the general feeling of the natives towards the English civilian was one of respect and even affection. Nearly all the older men talk with reverence and esteem of their early teachers and patrons.

The English official of that day, they affirm, had more power than now, but he exercised it with a greater sense of responsibility, and so of honour in its discharge. He took pains to know the people ; and in fact he knew them well. Except in the very highest ranks of the service he was readily accessible. He lived to a great extent among the people, and according to the customs of the people. He did not disdain to make friends with those of the better class, and occasionally he married among them, or at least contracted semi-matrimonial relations with the women of the land. This may have had its ill consequences in other ways, but it broke down the hedge of caste prejudice between East and West, and gave the official a personal interest in the people, which no mere sense of duty, however elevated, could supply. The Englishman of that day looked upon India not unfrequently as his second home, and taking the evil with the good treated it as such. England could only be reached by the Cape route. Travelling was tedious and expensive, the mails few and far between ; and many a retired officer had at the end of his service become so wedded to the land of his adoption, that he ended his days in it in preference to embarking on a new expatriation. It is easy to understand from this that the Anglo-Indian official of the Company's days loved India in a way no Queen's official dreams of doing now. Also that, loving it, he served it better than now ; and was better loved in return.

Steam communication, however, began to effect a change which the Mutiny made complete.

Officers, returning from furlough, brought back a renewed stock of Western prejudices, and no longer occupied themselves exclusively with the politics of India.

Lastly, the Mutiny itself, with the bitter memories it left behind, put an end to the contracting by Englishmen of native habits and native ties. With the introduction of railways, quick posts, and telegraphic messages, Englishwomen ceased to dread India as a field of marriage ; and every official now dreamed of making an English home for himself in the station where he lived. Thus he cared yearly more and more for English news and English interests, and less and less for those of India. I shall no doubt incur anger by saying it, but it is a fact that the Englishwoman in India during the last thirty years has been the cause of half the bitter feelings there between race and race. It was her presence at Cawnpore and Lucknow that pointed the sword of revenge after the Mutiny, and it is her constantly increasing influence now that widens the gulf of ill-feeling and makes amalgamation daily more impossible. I have over and again noticed this. The English collector, or the English doctor, or the English judge may have the best will in the world to meet their Indian neighbours and official subordinates on equal terms. Their wives will hear of nothing of the sort, and the result is a meaningless interchange of cold civilities.

Nothing in the world can be more dreary than the mixed assemblies of the Indian natives and their Anglo-Indian patrons—inverted Barmecide feasts, where everything is unreal but the meats and drinks, and all the rest is ill-concealed distrust. I have more than once assisted at them, and always with a painful feeling. The English host seems constantly to be saying, "I like to see you at my table because I am an English gentleman and wish all there to feel

themselves at home. But I hope to God you will be careful in what you say, and take no liberties." The uneasy guest, though not with his lips, replies, "I am here because it is wise to stand well with those in power, but I know that your ladies look upon me as something of a wild beast, and you yourself perhaps grow a little brutal after your third glass of sherry."

Mr. Blunt says, he could relate more than one tale in illustration of this. The excuse commonly made for this lack of social cordiality is that the caste regulations bar real intercourse. The writer confesses he cannot see the force of the argument. Did not he himself form the most agreeable relations with Brahmans of high caste, Mohammedans, and Parsis, all of whom seemed quite willing to treat him on an equal footing? Besides, as regards Native Christians, the rule cannot apply, and yet they are as much excluded from the pale of English society as the rest. Mr. Blunt then quotes an instance of a Brahman gentleman of high position and large fortune in the Madras Presidency, who had gone to England, joined the Church of England, and married a Christian lady, and who yet was as distinctly a pariah with the Christian English of the cantonment where he lived, as he had become with the oldest fashioned of the Hindu relations he had left.

It will hardly be credited in England, but in this present year of grace, 1884, no hotel-keeper in India dares receive a native guest into his house, not on account of any ill-will of his own, but through fear of losing his custom. When I was at Bombay in the winter I was treated with the greatest kindness and attention by various members of the native community, and by none more so than by Mohammed Ali Rogay, the leading Mohammedan of the city. He had travelled in Europe, dressed in European dress, and had even so far adopted our manners as to subscribe to all the public charities and to drive a four-in-hand. Yet happening one day to ask him to dine with me at my hotel, it was explained to me that this could not be, at least not in the public room, "lest the English guests should take offence and leave the house." In Bengal and Northern India things are still worse, and I think it is not too much to say that no native gentleman, whatever his rank, age, or character may be, can visit a place of public resort frequented by Englishmen, especially if he be in native dress, without a certain risk of insult and rough treatment. Railway travelling is notoriously dangerous for them in this respect, and nearly all my native acquaintances had tales to tell of abuse from English fellow-passengers, and of having been turned out of their places by the guards to accommodate these, and now and then of having been personally ill-treated and knocked about. Men of high position, therefore, or self-respect, are obliged either to secure beforehand special compartments for their use, or to travel third class. The second class they are especially afraid of. I should not make this statement unless I had received it from unimpeachable sources. But I have been assured of its truth among others by two members of the Supreme Legislative Council at Calcutta, who separately narrated to me their experiences. I know also that one of the principal reasons with certain of the leading natives of the

Presidency town who have adopted the European dress has been to escape thereby from chance ill-usage.

The writer gives an instance. He had been staying at Patna with the principal Mohammedan nobleman of the city, Nawab Vilayet Ali Khan, a man of high repute and a C.S.I.

On my departure by the morning train on the 7th January last, he and some thirty more of the leading inhabitants of Patna accompanied me to the station, and after I had entered the railway carriage remained standing on the platform, as orderly and respectable a group of citizens as need be seen. There was neither obstruction, nor noise, nor crowding. But the presence of "natives" on the platform became suddenly distasteful to an English passenger in the adjoining compartment. Thrusting his head out of window he began to abuse them and bid them be off, and when they did not move struck at them with his stick, and threatened the old Nawab especially with it if he came within his reach. I shall never forget the astonishment of the man when I interfered, or his indignation at my venturing to call him to account. It was his affair, not mine. Who was I that I should interpose myself between an Englishman and his natural right? Nor was it till, with great difficulty, I had procured the aid of the police, that he seemed to consider himself other than the aggrieved person. Now I can affirm that there was absolutely no reason for his conduct. He was a middle-aged man of respectable appearance—a surgeon-major, as it turned out, in command of a district in the Punjab; he was travelling with his wife; it was in the morning, when ideas are calmest, and he was otherwise without excuse for excitement. In fact, it was a plain, unmistakable act of class arrogance, such as it has never been my lot to witness in any other Eastern country that I have yet visited. Moreover, it was evident to me that it was no unusual occurrence. The railway officials and the police treated it as a matter of small importance, did their best to screen the offender, and declared themselves incompetent to do more than register my complaint. On the other hand, the Nawab and his friends confessed with shame that, though they were insulted, they were not surprised. It had happened to all of them too often before for them even to feel any special anger.

Mr. Blunt then quotes passages from sundry letters he had received from the sufferers with reference to the incident. Here is one of them:—

"I beg to assure you," writes a fourth, "that the incident was not" (an only) "one of its kind, but such treatment is becoming general. The alarm and dread with which the Anglo-Indians are regarded cannot be described. Alas! we are hated for no other reason but because we have a dark colour; because we put on a national dress; and because we are a conquered race."

Mr. Blunt laid the case before the Government, and hopes it is taking it up.

The Nawab has lodged a formal complaint with the Collector; Lord Ripon has promised that it shall not be allowed to drop; and my only fear is, that through the procrastination with which all inconvenient complaints are met in India by the subordinate officials, the apology due to the offended gentlemen will be deferred so long that its effect will have been in great measure lost.

Another cause of the bad relations was explained to the writer to be that in the days of the Company its officers came from families already connected with India, and looked upon themselves as protectors of native India against all comers; and there was often more sympathy between the aristocratic official and the well-born Hindu or Mohammedan gentleman than between him and the English adventurer of the towns or the indigo-planter of the country districts. With the adoption of open competition for the civil service there has come a change.

A young fellow, say the son of an Ulster farmer, is pitchforked by a successful examination into high authority in Bengal. He has no traditions of birth or breeding for the social position he is called to occupy, and is far more likely to hobnob with the commercial English of his district than to adapt himself to the ceremonial of politeness so necessary in Oriental intercourse. He is looked upon by the European planters as one socially their inferior, and by the well-bred native as little better than a barbarian. He is lowered, therefore, I am told, in the social scale, and is far more frequently under the influence of his tag-rag English fellow-countrymen than in former days. I cannot say that I have met with men of this description myself, but I have heard of them frequently, not only from the natives but from the English too, as a new difficulty of the situation. What I did notice was, that throughout the agitation on the Ilbert Bill, the planters had a considerable backing in the official world. It was evident that the two societies were united in a way which would have been impossible in old times, in their opposition to the native hopes.

Moreover, the modern bureaucratic system entails many hours of office work upon civilians unknown in early times, which wearies their zeal and secludes them from the people. Red tape leaves them no time for personal intercourse with those they govern. And yet this was how Lawrence and Nicholson and Meadows Taylor gained their influence.

As regards the Ilbert Bill, it is the writer's opinion that it was an accident that the particular ground occupied by that Bill should have been chosen on which to fight the battle of race and prejudice. The elements of a quarrel were already there. Of Lord Ripon he writes:—

I am glad to be able to bear testimony to the fact that no Viceroy, Lord Canning possibly excepted, ever enjoyed such popularity as Lord Ripon did in the early part of last winter. Wherever I went in India I heard the same story; from the poor peasants of the south who for the first time had learned the individual name of their ruler; from the high caste Brahmins of Madras and Bombay; from the Calcutta students; from the Mohammedan divines of Lucknow; from the noblemen of Delhi and Hyderabad, everywhere his praise was in all men's mouths, and moved the people to surprise and gratitude. "He is an honest man," men said, "and one who fears God," and in this consciousness all have seemed willing once more to possess their souls in patience. To

say that Lord Ripon has been a failure in India, through any fault of his own, is to say the reverse of a fact patent to the whole native world. He has been the most successful governor India has ever had, because the most loved ; and the only sense in which he can be said to have failed is in so far as he has failed to seek the favour of the English ruling class or impose his will on the Home Government. Of his legislative measures I must speak with less enthusiasm. The spirit in which they were brought forward was Lord Ripon's own ; but the drafting of the Bills was the work of others ; and they have been doubtless disappointing. Thus, the Local Self-Government Bill, though admirable in idea as marking a first step towards native administration, is in itself a poor thing, and is appreciated as such even by Lord Ripon's most cordial admirers. The powers it grants are too exiguous, the ground it covers is too small, the checks it imposes are too stringent, for the Bill to excite any great enthusiasm with the natives, and it is difficult for an Englishman to peruse its provisions without wonder at its ever having gained the name of an important measure of reform. Put in a few words the Local Self-Government Bill means that the native communities are to be allowed to mend their own roads, to levy their own water-rates, and devise their own sanitation, on the condition and provided that the Commissioner of the district does not think them incapable of doing so. This for the first time after a hundred years of English rule ! I know what the natives think of the measure, and how little it fulfils their expectations ; but no higher tribute can be paid to Lord Ripon's popularity than that they have been sincerely grateful to him for it.

Thus too the Ilbert Bill was an infinitesimal measure of relief. It was dreaded in Bengal, because the English planters there saw in it a check to their system of managing and mismanaging their coolies.

I heard a good deal about this from some Assam planters with whom I sailed on my way out to India, and I know that that is how they regarded it. "It is all nonsense," these told me, "to suppose you can get on without an occasional upset with the niggers, and our English magistrates understand this. But if we had native magistrates we should be constantly getting run in for assault."

Mr. Blunt was present in Calcutta when the compromise negotiated by Sir Auckland Colvin was announced to the public. Everywhere it was looked on by the native politicians as a surrender, and a disgraceful one ; and it seemed at first doubtful whether popular indignation would not vent itself in more than words.

But Lord Ripon's personal popularity saved the situation, and moderate counsels prevailed. It was recognised even by the most violent that the pusillanimity of the Home Government, not of the Viceroy, was in fault : and it was felt that should popular indignation turn now upon Lord Ripon, no Viceroy would ever again dare befriend the people. The compromise therefore was accepted with what grace was possible, and bitter feelings were concealed, and the day of indignation postponed.

But after the weakness displayed by the Cabinet on this occasion, who gave way before the clamour of an insignificant section

of the public, abetted by the sworn enemies of all reform in India—the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, the writer doubts extremely whether the natives will ever again have confidence in Ministerial professions.

As to the suggestion of remedies, it must be remembered that—

The quarrel of India up to the present moment is with the Anglo-Indians only, not with the English nation; and though recent disappointments have begun to shake their confidence in the Home Government, the natives have not wholly lost their belief in the sympathy of the land where liberty was born. Between the two classes—the English of India and the English of England—they still draw a distinct line, and race-hatred in its true sense will not have been reached until this line is obliterated. They say, and truly, that in England such of them as go there find justice, and more than justice, that they are treated as equals, and that they enjoy all civil and social rights. They come back proud of being British subjects, and preserve none but agreeable recollections of the Imperial island. They do not wish for separation from its Government, and are loyal before all others to its Crown. But the contrast of their subject life in their own land strikes them all the more painfully on their return, and they are determined to procure reform. “Reform, not Revolution” is their motto, but reform they have made up their minds to have.

As to the direction any new change should take, the claim of the educated natives is that they are now out of their minority. The child is grown up. He desires a participation in the management of his own affairs and a share in the responsibility of rule. To speak practically, the civil service of India must be so remodelled as to make the gradual replacement of Englishmen by natives in all but the highest posts henceforth a certainty.

Their thought is that by degrees legislation as well as administration should be vested in native hands. First it may be by an introduction of the elective system into the present councils, and afterwards by something more truly parliamentary. The supreme Imperial Government all wish to preserve, for none are more conscious than the Indians that they are not yet a nation, but an agglomeration of nations so mixed and interblended, and so divided by diversity of tongues and creeds, that they could not stand alone. An Imperial Government and an Imperial army will remain a necessity for India. But they see no reason whatever why the practical management of all provincial matters should not, in a very few years, be vested in their hands. That the present system of finance and the exploitation of India to the profit of Englishmen would have to be abandoned is of course certain. But there is nothing in India itself to make this undesirable.

Mr. Blunt intends on another occasion to set forth his plan of ultimate self-government for India. But a change of some sort is immediately necessary. The danger is that time may not be given

for the slow growth of opinion in England as to the need of change. He concludes:—

I am convinced that if at the present moment any serious disaffection were to arise in the native army, such as occurred in 1857, it would not lead to a revolt only. It would be joined, as the other was not, by the whole people. The agricultural poor would join it because of their misery, the townsmen in spite of themselves, because of their deep resentment against the Anglo-Indians, and the native servants of the Crown because of the checks placed on their advancement. The voice of reason, such as now prevails in the academical discussions of the educated class, would then be drowned in the general noise, and only the sense of anger and revenge remain. I know that many of the most enlightened Indian thinkers dread this, and that their best hope is to make the reality of their grievances, the just causes of their anger, heard in time by the English people. They still trust in the English people if they could only make them hear. But they are beginning to doubt the possibility of attracting their attention, and they are very nearly in despair. Soon they may find it necessary to trust no one in the world but themselves. To-day their motto is "Reform." Let us not drive them to make it "Revolution" to-morrow.

P.S.—Since the above was written an ominous step has been taken in regard to India. Lord Ripon has been prematurely recalled and the appointment of his successor is being hailed with delight by all those interested in existing things as an indication of the final abandonment by the Government of its schemes of reform. This may not be so, and I trust that it is not. But it is impossible to look without increasing fear upon the future. Lord Dufferin's task will be to conciliate, and he will succeed if a man can. But I doubt if even he will find it any longer possible in India to serve its two masters, the Indians and the Anglo-Indians; and, unless he be prepared to protect the former in their growing rights at the expense of some popularity with the latter, he will not avert trouble. He will want all his courage for the task, and a fixed purpose, as well as all his skill.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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THE AMERICANS PAINTED BY THEMSELVES.—Is it fair to judge a nation by the pictures of society and manners given in its works of fiction? Whether it be so or not, it may at least be allowed that if certain persistently recurrent types occur, and if the other personages of the stories show no disapprobation of the style of manners permitted and the standards of taste held up by them, the former are at least commonly in use, and the latter are considered as agreeable to the national palate.

Taking then some recent very clever American novels, the first and most striking trait in them is the extraordinary respect for class distinction, position, "gentility," and money, among the characters described. The highest feather in a girl's cap is to have refused a "British nobleman," or at least one of the Boston "aristocrats." Next comes the value set upon dress. Miss Daisy Miller's flounces, and the many buttons of her gloves, are among the chief points of her portrait by Mr. James.

The respect for position runs as an undercurrent in every story.

The fine gentleman in the "Lady of the Aroostook" falls in love with a "school marm," who is accidentally the only woman on board the packet vessel

in which he is sailing, and by his own remarks and those of his friends, the reader is made to feel that an "alliance" with the girl is as impossible as one between a Schwarzenberg and a bourgeoisie of aristocratic Vienna. When "love is still the lord of all," and he marries her, the enormity of the sacrifice is borne in upon one's inmost soul; indeed it is only made possible at all by the pair resolving to go and settle in California, beyond the pale of his disapproving friends.

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In "Work," a story by Miss Alcott, the heroine is first a governess, then goes on the stage, passes through many chances and changes, and ends as "help" to a Quaker mother and her son, a nursery gardener, whom she tries to fascinate by "an apron with very effective pockets and frillings." Here she falls in again with the brother of her former mistress, who proposes to her. He has no one quality that is admirable, nothing but fine clothes, and what are taken by the author to be fine manners, and money; yet the heroine is only saved from accepting him by her Quaker friends' expostulations, and it is feelingly insisted on how great is the temptation and how noble and good is she who can resist such a lover. "Best society;" "great families;" "long descended;" the "exclusiveness" of the "fastidious American aristocracy," "who think as much of their positions as the haughtiest *vieille noblesse* in Europe;" these are a few gems culled from the different stories.

As for clothes, the most harrowing incident in "A Chance Acquaintance" arises from the heroine, Miss Kitty, having put on an old travelling gown.

The courage of the Boston fine gentleman, who has just engaged himself to her (and who, as the author loses no opportunity of assuring us, is "exactly like an Englishman") is not proof against the trial of acknowledging to some Boston "belles" that the inmate of a shabby toilette is the lady of his choice. He accordingly ignores her presence altogether, whereupon she not unnaturally refuses to have anything more to do with him. Is there any society in the world out of the United States, where such a piece of snobbism could be represented as possible in a *soi-disant* gentleman? *Noblesse oblige* in that state of life if right feeling be absent, and even the vulgarest of men would hardly dare elsewhere so to slight a woman whom he was about to make his wife, and whom he must then, at least, introduce to the well-gowned fair ones. There is a pretty scene in one of Miss Bremer's Swedish novels, in which the girl puts on her oldest and shabbiest dress, in order to test her lover, and he does not even find it out, his whole soul filled with the deeper thoughts of having won his lady. You feel in a higher atmosphere there than in the milliner's estimate of life, which seems to have got by mistake into such clever books as those by Mr. James and Mr. Howells.

Every gown which the "Lady of the Aroostook" wears is chronicled with affectionate minuteness, and an exact account is given of "the blue flannel with a scarlet bow," which is thought divine, and "the black silk fitting like a skin," in which the cabin boy takes a lively interest.

Gowns! gowns! gowns! they appear everywhere, and weigh upon the brain. Even in "Democracy" Miss Sybil's dress is an important factor, but then there is

some fun in the description of M. Worth's *chef d'œuvre* of inspiration, "The Dawn of a June Morning," composed for a princess of the house of Dahomey, of which he allows the young lady at Washington to have a duplicate, "having ascertained that the towns are not in the same hemisphere," and that the gowns are not likely to clash.

Dress becomes a nightmare, until at last it is evident that a new commandment has been added to the heroine's decalogue—"Thou shalt have thy gowns from Paris." In a novel in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the heroine, belonging to the very lower half of the middle classes, is about to "come out," and her mother sends to Paris for four gowns as a matter of necessity. The father who is in trade and not at all rich, is more than annoyed, and is really hampered by the expense, but his wife tells him it is quite essential for the happy future of his daughter, and there is an end of it. Strange incidental manners come out in this and other tales. At the ball where Miss Annie appears in one of the gowns in question, the daughter of the house stands by her mother to receive their guests, bearing in her hands six bouquets, "given by her *beaux*," to show the number of her admirers. This it appears is the common practice, and must make the girls look like flower sellers. When the dancing is over, although both father and mother are present, it is "Miss Annie Davies's carriage" which is called.

By far the most interesting point, however, in these stories is their illustration of the position and education of women. Is the American model a success? Take the question of marriage for instance; the manner in which Miss Victoria Dare in "Democracy" pursues and captures Lord Dunbeg, and in which Marcia in "A Modern Instance" forces that "poor cheap sort of creature" Hubbard to marry her is not exactly maidenly.

In the "Adventures of a Bashful Man," the way in which the damsel proposes herself in a railway carriage, and her victim is barely able to save himself by leaping from the car after it is in motion, is of course meant for gross caricature; but caricature is only amusing when it has at least some slight foundation of fact in the habits of a nation.

With regard to the older women, the type is given with curious sameness; they are limp, flaccid, nerveless. They go abroad with their daughters and nieces, utterly ignorant of art, of history, without interest in scenery and even in people.

Why they travel no mortal can explain, as they enjoy nothing, and would apparently be happier in watering-places and hotels at home. Mothers and daughters unattached alike thrust themselves into positions where, according to the received customs of Europe (which, whether wrong or right, are no sealed books to the heroines who always study English and French novels), they are misconstrued and ill-looking upon; as, for example, in the French *pension* where the Frenchmen of Mr. James suppose that they are made love to by the American heroine.

The American girl is depicted as ignorant and uninterested in everything on earth and in heaven. In the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" the heroine observes casually about a lecture on Spencer "*not* Mr. Herbert Spencer, as I always thought."

Upon such stocks of vacuity they undertake to do everything, and to decide all questions with an aplomb of ignorance utterly startling. In "A Foregone Conclusion" the young lady takes lessons from a young Italian priest, much addicted to mechanical pursuits; she comes to the conclusion that he is not sufficiently "pious" for a priest, and forthwith decides, off-hand, that he ought to leave the Catholic Church; after which step she and her mother (the usual fool whom the American mother is held to be) promise to take him with them to America, and launch him in a new life! He accepts the offer with joy, and they are just about to start when she discovers that the man is in love with her, and that he hopes on giving up his career to be free to marry; upon which she flings him over immediately, shows her horror of the very idea, and leaves him with scarcely a word of self-reproach. The *donnée* is a very difficult one, and the picture of the gentle, pure-minded, unworldly, inexperienced, child-like man is extremely touching and delicately done. He is friendless and hopeless; his uncle, an old Canonico, gets hold once more of him; in his bitter misery he returns to his Catholic allegiance, and dies in a very short time of misery (and fever). Miss Florida is apparently troubled with no remorse for what she has done, and indeed when she returns to Venice, married to a most odious Yankee, she is made to observe, "I know that I was not to blame!" She has thrust her ignorant hasty finger into the most sacred regions of a man's heart, his religion and his love, and having brought havoc and death there, is quite unconscious of the cruelty and cool impertinence of undertaking such a task, or of the miserable poverty of her own knowledge for the purpose. The elements of deep tragedy are in the situation, if either the girl had become conscious of her sin, or the writer had been conscious of it for her, and had marked the contrast between her shallow self-sufficient conduct occupied only with herself and her own interests, and the deep feeling she was trifling with in this airy fashion; but Mr. Howells rather seems to applaud her.

In "The Portrait of a Lady" the lady is an unattached heiress, Isabella Archer, who goes about the world breaking hearts, gets as many proposals as possible, and somehow the facts all ooze out to her friends, for her glorification.

As if to show how little of sense, common or uncommon, of intelligence, or of knowledge of character is obtained by the freedom permitted to the United States' girls, she chooses the very worst of her suitors, a bad man, without a single charm or recommendation of any kind, "from sheer cussedness;" and the complications with his illegitimate daughter, and the lady who has served as his wife at Rome, form as unpleasant a picture as is to be found in any of M. Cherbuliez's books, but without the power and the tragic pathos of those French editions of evil manners. The end of the story is that, having shown her husband very decidedly how cordially she detests and despises him, the "lady" goes off to the deathbed, in England, of one of the three lovers who have dangled about her after her marriage, in a way not usual with well-conducted young brides. Her husband has flatly refused to let her go, and threatened not to receive her again, which, of course, decides her departure immediately. The lover and cousin who has given her her fortune, though she was fool enough never to find out where it came from, dies with her hand in his, and she returns to London and is just starting again exactly as lover No. 3 arrives from America

at the house. The scene closes; you may choose your alternative, but if Mr. James does not intend her to go off with the constant and rich swain, he has certainly cast a very unnecessary slur on the reputation of his "lady."

The irrepressible infants, who do, say, and *eat* everything they please, have a large place in American society, and a literature of their own. "Helen's Babies" represents only their milder side. "The *Diry* of a Naughty Boy" is painted in darker colours.

The pranks are not those of healthy schoolboys, such as we are accustomed to, but spiteful, impish tricks, such as hardly enter into childhood's ideas elsewhere. The boy takes the photographs out of the books of his sisters, who have each of them, he says, one "bo" or more; they are adorned with elegant annotations, such as, "What a guy;" "Don't he think well of himself?" He carries these to the swains thus described, and gets up a quarrel between them and the ladies. Another time his kite has stuck in a tall tree. He thinks the boughs may break if he climbs up, so he persuades another boy to go in his stead, who falls and breaks his leg, whereon the hero rejoices greatly at his own perspicacity.

In every story is found the conviction that knowledge is heaven-born; that without training, practice, or experience, every man and woman is fit for any post.

In "A Foregone Conclusion" the Consul at Venice is a young artist, absolutely ignorant of trade, who wanted to go to Italy, and was accordingly thrust into the office because his friends were in power. He is removed as suddenly, and with no more reason, in favour of another man who knows as little as himself. The Ambassador to Spain in "Democracy" hopes to be reappointed, having a remarkable knowledge of its history, and having spent four years there—"this being the nearest approach to a patent of nobility and a Government pension that an American citizen can obtain." He is put aside because the new President had a friend "with a claim to the post-office of his State. The appointment had been given elsewhere, so the claimant was bought off with the Spanish Embassy." The Ambassador to Russia was an ex-War Minister, who has cheated his own Government by sending shoes with paper soles to the army in the Civil War, and when he could not get them passed, selling them to the South. It was convenient to get rid of him, so he was promoted to St. Petersburg. The President in "Democracy" is fresh from his Indiana farm, having begun life as a stone-cutter, and been thrust into greatness, while utterly unknown, in order to prevent the success of someone else.

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In one of these stories the young lady tries the circle of the sciences (and of some smaller occupations), and finally determines to be an artist, when she works for three or four months at drawing casts, in company with several young gentlemen, in an empty house, with no professor to look after them; at the end of which free-and-easy fashion of study she is supposed to have mastered such a small affair as art.

Perhaps this may account for the extraordinarily few men of distinction produced by America, which has hitherto enriched the

world with fewer thoughts than many a small Italian or Greek city, with a territory about the size of a pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Holmes in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" complains of the excessive dulness of American social life, its commonplaceness and narrowness. Hence probably so many novels take their heroines to Europe, or send their heroes to the Civil War.

There is a curious absence of descriptions of a "home," which, where so many families live in hotels, is evidently rare.

The background of the dwellings of the actors, always important in English stories, the pictures and furniture collected by many generations of a family, the gardens, flowers, and trees, are hardly so much as mentioned—they form no part of life; indeed, Mr. Lowell remarks on "the waste and aimlessness of our American luxury, which is an abject enslavement to tawdry upholstery." If furniture does not express the character of the inhabitants, if it has no history or association attached to it, it becomes utterly shabby and dismal.

The absence of any public occupation worthy of a clever man is shown in "A Gentleman of Leisure."

The hero having been brought up in England, soon finds himself extremely weary of the amusements of the "gilded youth" of New York, of driving a fast horse in a spider carriage, with some chosen fair one who is generally changed next day (riding appears to be unheard of); of walking "faultlessly attired" up Broad Street with some other damsel, whose dress is minutely described; of frequenting a club where the chief aim is to copy English fashion, and where the English peerage is the best-thumbed book in the house, and indeed is replaced every other year. He makes a rather unsatisfactory attempt to fill up his leisure by love-making, and then he finds out that the House of Representatives being impossible for a gentleman to seek to enter, he shall "try for the Senate." When it is considered what are the number of Senators, and what is that of the American population, this seems but a meagre supply of adequate political positions for the best men of a country.

The almost entire absence of an ideal of any kind, in men and women alike, of any poetic feeling of character, is strange in so young a literature. Society in America seems to have jumped at a bound into the artificial and conventional stage of that in the old world, but without the charm which being to the manner born gives it in Europe. But the Americans have missed "the quickening nourishment we once derived from superstitions and mythologies of a darker age" with which Carlyle credits races. This unconscious enrichment of the imagination of a people, a nation with no past must do without.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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DAILY LIFE IN A MODERN MONASTERY.—In the January, 1884, number of the *Nineteenth Century* there appeared an article by Dr. Jessop entitled "Daily Life in a Mediæval Monastery." The following passage occurs therein: "If desolation were to come upon our homes, where could we hide the stricken head and broken heart? To that question—a morbid question, if you will—I have never found an answer. The answer was possible once, but it was in an age that has passed away." And again: "Let the dead bury their dead. Meanwhile the successors of the thirteenth century monasteries are rising up round us, each after their kind. Pall Mall swarms with them, hardly less splendid than their progenitors, certainly not less luxurious. Our modern monks look out at the windows of the Carlton and the Athenæum, with no suspicion that they are at all like the monks of old. Nor are they." It is to "prevent the undisputed pretension of Pall Mall to the succession of monastic life, by putting forward the claim of the monasteries which still exist in other countries or our own" that the present paper is written, and the simplest way of attaining that object is to describe the actual daily life of one of these monasteries in our own land.

Let us go through a day. At five minutes to five precisely, for punctuality is a great matter, the big bell begins tolling for Matins. This is the modern equivalent of what used to be called the midnight office. In the thirteenth

century the hour was two A.M. ; now it is five ; in some monasteries on the Continent it is four. But in those days they went to bed at sun-down or soon after six, whilst we moderns think nine o'clock early. When the tower clock has ceased striking five, all rise, at a signal given by the superior, from the places where they have been kneeling and waiting in the chancel, and the *Matin* service begins. On ordinary days it lasts an hour and a quarter, and has not much about it of ceremony or ritual that could catch the eye of an onlooker. But on festivals it is an almost gay scene, and must begin earlier on account of its greater protraction. On such occasions a large number are arrayed in alb and cope ; the organ accompanies the chant, and sometimes the voices of boys mingle with the heavier tones of the monks. These little choristers are selected from the abbey school, of which more anon.

'Prime' is chanted at half-past seven ; the *Conventual Mass*—that is, the public mass of the day—is sung at nine o'clock, and at this the whole school assists. On festivals this is the great celebration of the day, and is more or less solemn in proportion to the greatness of the feast : a sermon often accompanies it. The next time that the community are called to the church is for the office of 'None,' already mentioned ; and after this, at half-past four, comes the evening office, or *Vespers*. This, like the mass, is sung with organ accompaniment, and these two, with *Matins*, make up the more solemn of the daily services, at which all are more stringently bound to be present. The office of 'Compline,' the closing prayer of the day, recited at half-past eight, makes the sixth and last time that the monks assemble in the church. They spend at least three hours and a half every day in this choral duty—on festivals much more ; it is one of the principal employments of monastic life.

This order of the day never varies, with the single exception that on Sundays and very great festivals the High Mass takes place at ten o'clock, for the convenience of those 'outsiders' who frequent the abbey church, and who might think 'nine' rather early.

The remainder of the day is filled up in divers ways, in the discharge of the various occupations which each has assigned to him. From the end of *Compline* till the end of *Prime* of the following morning is a time of the strictest silence and recollection ; not a word must be spoken for anything short of the gravest necessity, and no work or business is done. It is the time for the nightly rest, and for meditation and private prayer. But when *Prime* is finished the active work of the day begins. Foremost among this is the work of teaching ; for the monks of these days still maintain their ancient tradition of education, and the school is an almost integral part of a monastic establishment.

The north cloister communicates with the "College," as it is called, really a school where Latin, Greek, mathematics, the modern languages, &c., are taught by the monks to boys of ages from twelve to twenty. Passing through the west cloister you see the "guest house," a large block containing reception-rooms, parlours and sleeping-rooms for guests and visitors. An "enclosure screen" divides this from the north cloister where the silence of the "monastery" proper begins, and here, shut in from the world, the monk leads his real family life, in quiet and steady labour.

The cloisters are no longer the living and working rooms of a monastic community. For many centuries the 'dormitories,' as they are still called—and there are three of them, one above another, taking up the whole of the three upper stories over the cloisters—have been divided into 'cells,' separate rooms of about twelve feet square. Here, amid bare walls and carpetless floors, each monk has his straw-bed, table and armless chair, his kneeling-stool for prayer, together with a few little necessities, and here he passes many hours when not called to any public or other duty. Here he studies, or reads, or prays : for a monk must never be idle, and must be ready at any moment to give an account of what he does with his time. Few, indeed, have a chance of idling, for all have tasks assigned, and most have a post of some sort which entails some kind of responsibility. The cellarer, who is the 'materfamilias,' must see that the kitchen and refectory are supplied, and clothes and other necessities provided ; the "œconomus" must not allow dust or dirt to accumulate, or the building to get out of repair ; the procurator has his accounts to keep ; the librarian has his books to dust and label and bind, catalogues to make and keep, and strays to look after when they have been too long missing from the shelves ; the sacristan has the church in charge and the daily labour of preparing altars and vestments for the priests, to say nothing of the decorations for festivals ; the master of ceremonies has all the work of an earl-marshal, in the days when that office was not a sinecure. He has not merely to 'get up' the great functions, when the abbot celebrates, or a profession or ordination takes place, but also to keep eye on the every-day routine in church and refectory and cloister, to see that all conform to the external regulations of rule and ritual. Then there is the precentor, who has the care of the choral music—no slight charge in a monastery ; he must not only drill and instruct the choristers and novices, but once or twice a week he meets all the community to practise and correct the singing of the various antiphons and psalms. He, too, is generally organist, or, at all events, has an organ in charge, not to mention the other musical instruments destined for school use, on which he has probably to undergo that most horrible of tortures to a musical ear, the giving of music lessons to idle and unmusical boys.

Nor is this all. Besides the extern school there is also a somewhat busy intellectual life going on among the monastic community itself. There are the novices, with unlimited capacity for instruction, and to them the Psalms must be explained and commented on, the Rule must be taught and expounded, and the principles and obligations of monastic and religious life thoroughly enlarged upon down to the most minute details. Theology, too, must be taught, and therefore philosophy, and therefore science, for a monk is generally ordained priest, and a priest must be able to hold his own on all such subjects, especially now-a-days. Nor are history and archæology forgotten ; and probably one or two will be found to represent the genus 'bookworm,' as well as some who will know how to turn their special tastes to the benefit of others by writing and publishing.

Monastic labour does not end here. For health's sake and for variety's sake, as well as for the dignity of manual labour itself, and to keep the monk in memory of his vocation to penance and self-denial, the hand must work as well as the head. In the monastery proper no servants are allowed ; each monk from first to last must be

his own servant, even to the making of his bed sweeping of his cell and cleaning of his shoes. Besides this, cloisters must be swept, and staircases and dormitories, and there are many things to be done outside, in the garden and other parts of the enclosure, whether it be weeding walks, or digging, or planting trees and flowers.

So the days slip by, in calm and happy activity—no, not a ‘fugue,’ for there is no lagging of one part behind the other, or hurry or clash or wild movement, but a gentle harmony on a very simple theme, with a solemn accompaniment of tolling bells and processions and hymns of praise, varied with the bright smile and the cheerful laugh and the merry joke of a recreation hour, or the weekly ramble in true family style, father and sons, all together, along the glens or up the hills, or in the sweet greenwood; and beneath all, the deep firm bass of prayer and self-denial and the uncompromising war against the devil, and the flesh, and the world.

This is the monastic life in the nineteenth century, and it is remarkably like what it was in the thirteenth.

There are many differences, indeed, but they are the differences of the age, and not the monastic life that exists in it, and if a monk of the thirteenth century could come upon the earth again he would recognise his brethren. A reasonless clinging to mere forms, and a wooden persistence in propping up what is dead and rotten, is something so completely foreign to the spirit of the Benedictine Rule, that where such things exist decay must be inevitable. ‘It is the spirit that vivifies,’ and while I so anxiously maintain that the spirit of the thirteenth century still lives in the monasteries of the nineteenth, I am equally concerned to state, and to prove, if may be, that that spirit has never come nigh either the Carlton or the Athenæum.

When will people learn that a monastery is not, and never was, intended as a refuge for disappointed men? The “stricken head and the broken heart, may perchance occasionally ‘hide’ itself in the cloister, but it is very doubtful if one in a thousand such persevere in monastic life. The reason is not far to seek. The monastic life is essentially a life of self-sacrifice. Before a man is allowed to take upon himself the yoke of the monastic vows, he must satisfy not only himself, but others also, that he has the power and strength of character necessary to give up, first his own will and fancy and pet notions of whatever kind, and secondly self-indulgence, love of ease and comfort, and in general all such attachments as smack of womanish softness or childish want of self-control. He must be able to endure monotony, silence, and solitude—strong trials to the strongest natures: and finally he must prove by his conduct that he can stand correction, bear to hear the truth told him about himself, and practise childlike obedience to a man who is perhaps half his age, and his inferior in status and education.

Such a trial would certainly prove too much for one whose only qualification was a broken heart, or a disappointed ambition, or the morbid dread of ‘a lonely and childless old age.’ Such men, however, much we pity them—and a monk would be the first to pour out his heart to comfort and console them—are not themselves fit candidates for monastic profession. By the very nature of the case, they are weak characters, they lack the hero—and self-sacrifice must be in some degree heroic. In fact, as a matter of practice, what is first looked

for in a candidate for the monastic life is a bright and cheerful disposition, with a large fund of inner joy, sufficient to support him during the trying time while his habit is growing into second nature; and experience has often proved that the converted scapegrace has more chance of perseverance than the extremely proper but melancholy man, simply because the former has a brighter, and therefore a healthier and stronger character.

Again, a monastery does not exist for the sake of the world outside. Slightly changing Dr. Jessop's words, Father Cody defines a monastery as "the home of people whose lives are passed in the worship of God, and in taking care of their own souls, and making themselves fit for a better world than this hereafter." A large class of persons seem to think that a monastery is a religious house in theory only. To meet this point the writer proceeds to describe the moral and spiritual aspects of monastic life among his own order.

A Benedictine at his profession takes three vows, 'Stability,' 'Conversion of Manners' (or Life), and 'Obedience according to the Rule.' They are so named in the Rule of St. Benedict. In accordance with the first, the monk binds himself to remain in the monastery till death. This is so strictly observed that it is considered a most grievous offence, punishable with the gravest penalties, to go out of the monastic enclosure without express leave of the superior. No matter how short the time and distance, a monk may not leave his monastery without first asking permission on his knees, and stating where he wishes to go, and for what purpose. On his return he must again present himself upon his knees to announce that he has come back within the appointed time.

The second vow has a much wider scope. By it the monk is bound to aim at what Dr. Jessop calls the higher life, and what Catholics call "perfection." This latter word has a very definite meaning.

In the first place, it includes what are known as the Gospel counsels—namely, those rules over and above the ten commandments which our Lord gave when He said, 'if thou wilt be *perfect*, go sell all that thou hast and come follow me;' and elsewhere, 'He that will follow me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me' &c., &c. It includes the obligation of poverty, of chastity, and of obedience; it binds the monk to aim, not merely at the observance of the duties obligatory upon all Christians, but also to seek out the higher grades of virtue, and to practise them. By it he is bound to aim at humility, at patience, at self-denial, at meekness, and those other interior as well as exterior virtues which go to make up the perfect man. Now in a monastery this is not left barely to the individual conscience, but, by precept and example, by reproof and correction, by warning and punishment, as well as by encouragement and by help in various ways, the obligation is kept continually before the monk's eyes and forced upon his attention.

The very rules and detailed regulations of the monastery all tend to this same end.

One of these regulations is the daily 'conference,' in which the superior meets his community every evening, and addresses them for half an hour upon some ascetical point, or calls attention to some remissness, or encourages to fresh

vigour and fresh fervour in what is already well done. Then there is the weekly chapter of faults, in which the brethren, each in his turn, in presence of all the others assembled, accuses himself of any breaches of the rule he may have committed, and on his knees receives the reprimand and penance given him by the superior, or listens while other failings are pointed out, of which he was perhaps unconscious, and the means necessary for overcoming them. Such things as these must induce a habit of humility, of self-knowledge, of patience and meekness. There are many other practices which conduce to a similar end. If any one comes late to the church, or to the refectory, or to any public assembly of the convent, no matter who he be, abbot or the last novice, he must kneel in a conspicuous place for a short time as an atonement ; and if he has no good excuse for such tardiness, he may be kept kneeling during the whole of the proceedings. The same rule is observed if any one makes a mistake in the singing of any part of the Divine office—and this, of course, may happen in presence of a large concourse of people. Similarly, if a monk is reproved by his superior in a serious way, it is his duty to kneel at the superior's feet, and so listen to the correction. We can hardly imagine one of our Pall Mall monks, who talks of 'his honour,' and of being 'insulted,' taking a fault-finding in this sort of way ; with the monk it is a matter of course.

I pass on to other matters. A monk is not allowed even to possess money, much less to use it for himself ; even the necessaries he is allowed the use of are limited and prescribed, and he must ask permission for every fresh thing he needs, no matter how slight or trivial. This is to secure his poverty. To keep him from mixing up with the world which he has forsaken and renounced, he is not only bound to the enclosure in which he lives, but every precaution is taken to prevent him from having too much communication with what is outside. Letters never pass under seal, but are opened, and may be retained ; correspondence at all is only allowed when it is likely to do good ; newspapers are almost excluded. It was not in the ordinary course of things that the *Nineteenth Century* found its way into a monastic refectory : such a book would have been sent by a friend because it contained the article here in question. So, again, visitors are not encouraged, though, when received, in accordance with the most venerable tradition of the monastic Order, they are treated with all possible kindness and reverence. But monks may only see them at certain times, and in certain places, and they are not admitted beyond the closed doors before spoken of as leading into the private parts of the monastery. The object of all these regulations is to ensure detachment from all that the monk renounces by the vows of his profession ; nor should it be supposed that these rules are endured as burdens, or enforced like punishments upon unwilling minds. A novice has a long time to count the cost before he binds himself to their observance, and when he takes the step he does it freely and gladly, and obeys the rule with a cheerfulness inspired not by reason only, but even by the ease of long-continued custom.

The vow of obedience to the rule speaks of itself. It binds a monk to perfect obedience to all that is not sinful ; its terms give him at the same time a right of appeal in the unlikely eventuality of his being forced beyond his strength and intention.

Why then should monastic life, in which there is something over and above the mere banding together to lead a life in common for

the sake of the common good, be compared to life in what is the very acme of selfishness and luxurious egoism, the club house ?

I am probably less acquainted with the interior life of a club than is Dr. Jessop with that of a monastery ; but, putting together all that one has heard, I may not be far wrong in supposing that the very essence of club life consists in freedom from all interference with private convenience. A man prefers his club to his home, on the ground that in the latter he is subject to various little restrictions from which he is free in the former. At home he must lunch or dine at a certain fixed hour, and perhaps off certain things for which he has no great partiality ; he must make himself entertaining towards people who call, be interested in those whom he does not know, or does not care to know, or, still worse, of whom he knows too much ; he must submit to be annoyed with many little matters, to listen to complaints, to be occasionally found fault with, or now and then to be worsted in a one-sided encounter. At his club, he may do pretty much as he likes, eat and drink when he wills and what he fancies, be sulky or cheerful, talk or be silent, when he pleases, without reproof and without qualm of conscience. Club life in short is an emancipation from domestic rule, and more or less also from the formal etiquette of society in general. Now if there is anything that is essential to monastic life it is precisely this, that it is a family and domestic life, and subject to an almost endless code of petty rules and regulations. From morning till night there is scarcely a single act left to the monk's own discretion, at all events not to his own inclination. His very hours of rising and retiring to rest are rigidly fixed, his day is minutely parcelled out, and even in the discharge of his duties he is subject to a minute ceremonial which directs whether he is to sit or stand, where he is to walk and how, whether he shall cover his head or not, what he shall do with his hands or his eyes or his feet—a perfect slavery, if it were not a free self-subjection.

But a club has some purpose in its association ; it is to formulate and give expression to certain views, tastes, or methods—political, literary, mercantile, or otherwise.

Precisely so : its only laudable excuse for existing is that it, presumably, has a work to do for the benefit of the world. And for this reason it is still more unlike a monastery, which exists for the individual good of its members, and only does good to the outside world as if by accident. True it is the monasteries did a great work in the world ; it is also true they do a work still. They uphold to men the spectacle of an ideal Christian life carried into practice. They are centres of benevolence, of refinement, even of civilisation—for is not all civilisation based upon self-restraint ? and self-restraint needs teaching in these days, as much as, or sometimes more than, in days gone by. But the *raison d'être* of a monastery is that men may lead a monastic life ; and if monasteries continue to spring up, it is because the demand still exists, as it has continued to exist ever since the euphemistically-termed Reformation, and as it always must exist as long as the Gospel precepts are preached and believed in.

The Reformation, and its child, the Revolution, though they have destroyed many a noble monastic building, have not annihilated the monastic life. The tradition has survived and still exists. Even in

England the succession between mediæval and modern monastic life has not been broken.

Since the coming of Saint Augustine in the sixth century, Benedictine monks have never been wanting on English soil, and at the present moment, besides the monastery in which I am now writing, there are at least three others within the four seas which claim lineal descent from, and even identity with that very corporation to which the thirteenth-century monasteries belonged. The mediæval monasteries of England, therefore, do not need successors. They still exist. Or if they must have successors, such can surely be found elsewhere than in Pall Mall. During the three centuries which have passed since the spoliation of the English monastic houses, numerous religious corporations have sprung into existence, which, without being exactly monastic in their nature, have inherited the principles of monastic life, have taken up much of the work which the monasteries once fulfilled, and in the altered circumstances of modern life, have taken that hold upon the popular mind which the monasteries once exclusively enjoyed. These may be truly regarded as 'the successors of the thirteenth-century monasteries.' They may not exist in Pall Mall; but in other busy thoroughfares of London and our large towns, as well as in their slums and back streets, will be found the Oratorian and the Passionist, the Redemptorists and the Jesuit, the Father of Charity and the Marist, the Vincentian and the Christian Brother, along with a host of congregations of women, who, under the name of Sisters of Charity or of Mercy, the Little Sisters of the Poor, or Sisters of Notre-Dame, and fifty others, carry on the work of Christian love, by teaching, reclaiming, feeding, clothing, nursing, and carrying for the poor and the little ones of Christ. In almost every town, and even in many a country hamlet, will be found these truly worthy successors of the very best days of English monachism, whose self-sacrifice and devotion to the needs and weaknesses of others, not only emulate the deeds of their predecessors, but cry shame upon much of the luxury and heartless self-indulgence which is threatening to eat the heart out of English society. When the Pall Mall club-house is the only representative of the monastic ideal in this land, God help England! But we have not yet fallen so low, nor are we likely to do so. The national character is too thorough, too energetic, too masculine. Even outside the Catholic Church there is a movement of return to the old externals of 'the higher life.' The vagaries of Llanthony, and some other failures, have been part of the result; but a growing appreciation of the dignity and necessity of self-sacrifice and voluntary self-denial, has also ensued, and much of the old vulgar contempt and uncultured hatred of the name of monk is dying away.

THE SPOLIATION OF INDIA: A REPLY.—Those of our readers who amused themselves by the perusal of the exaggerations and reckless assertions which formed the staple of Mr. J. Seymour Keay's articles with the above heading, the substance of which was given in former issues of the *Indian Review*, will appreciate the ludicrous figure cut by that irresponsible and unscrupulous agitator when confronted by the plain facts contained in Mr. Lionel Ashburner's concise and complete "Reply." It is to be regretted, as Mr.

Ashburner remarks, that official etiquette does not allow the officers of the Indian Government to expose the fallacies of Mr. Keay's articles ; for, appearing as they do in the *Nineteenth Century*, they obtain a circulation and an authority they would not otherwise be entitled to. The published records of the Indian Government contain abundant material for refuting the whole of Mr. Keay's arguments, but they are not available to the general reader, who requires the very dry subject of Indian taxation to be made easy of comprehension.

Mr. Keay's general contention appears to be that both land and water are cruelly rack-rented, or, to quote his own words : " The Survey Department throughout India have only two objects—firstly, to screw as much of the ryot's produce out of him as possible ; and, secondly, to convince themselves and the public that they are, after all, taking only a very small share of it."

Mr. Seymour Keay could hardly be expected to master the details of the several survey and assessment systems of India, and it would be a very unprofitable task to endeavour to enlighten him. It is sufficient to say that he entirely misrepresents the mode of assessing the land revenue in the Bombay Presidency.

In the first place, he is mistaken in stating that the assessment of the land revenue is entrusted to the Survey Department. The fact is, that department merely measures each field or separate holding, and classifies the soils according to their fertility, facilities for irrigation by lift or flow, proximity to markets, liability to drought or floods, distance from the village and consequent exposure to depredations of wild hog, deer, and other animals, and every advantage or disadvantage that might possibly affect the rent-paying capability of the soil.

This information is laid before the Collector of the District, who reviews it and hands it on to the Commissioner of the Division, with his opinion as to the suitability of the rates of assessment suggested by the Survey Department.

The Commissioner, who is an officer selected by Government, of long experience and proved judgment, then lays the whole subject before Government, making any modifications he considers necessary in the rates suggested by the Collector and Survey Department, and it is then considered by the Governor in Council, who fixes the rates of assessment per acre, subject to the approval of the Secretary of State, who finally sanctions or modifies the rates that are to be in force for the following thirty years.

The best proof that the Bombay system is based on sound principles is to be found in the immediate extension of cultivation that occurs wherever it is introduced.

A rack-rented peasantry does not readily extend its agricultural operations, nor does rack-rented land sell for forty years' purchase on the very eve of a revision of the assessment.

In eight typical talookas of the Deccan cultivation increased during the first thirty years of the settlements from 950,000 acres to over 1,800,000 acres ; population increased by about 41 per cent. ; agricultural stock increased in a still larger proportion ; wells for irrigation, made by the ryots themselves, increased about 78 per cent. Fully assessed land was found to be selling during the last few

years of the settlement term at thirty, forty, and even sixty times the assessment, and the revenue was easily and punctually paid—uncollected balances averaging yearly a mere fraction less than 1 per cent. of the demand. The same results followed when the Bombay system was extended to Mysore in the south, and to the Berars in the east, of the Presidency ; but it would be impossible here to give the details of agricultural development for each district of the Presidency. These statistics are quoted in a very able article in the *Statist* of February 10, 1883, and have evidently been taken from official records of undoubted authority. The writer of that article further shows that in these eight talookas the average rate of assessment in the seven years prior to the survey of 1836 was 2s. 0½d. per acre. It is now 1s. 1¼d. ; and while in the first period the assessment absorbed 22 17 per cent. of the value of the produce, it now takes only 11·15 per cent. The value of the produce was calculated on the market price ruling in the town of Indapur, in the centre of one of the talookas.

It is more than a year since these figures were published in the *Statist*, yet no one has ventured to controvert them or to question their accuracy.

But a more convincing proof of the moderation of the revenue demands of the Bombay Presidency may be derived from the trade returns.

Cotton is well known to be the staple produce of Western India, and its most important article of export. It is grown without irrigation in land of medium quality, and is considered to be a more profitable crop than the ordinary food-grains, but less so than rice or the more valuable products of superior irrigated land. It may therefore be taken as a fair average crop.

Besides the cotton which is produced in the Presidency proper, a very large quantity reaches Bombay from the Central Provinces, Berars, Katiawar, and other native States ; but the railway traffic returns and the statistics of the Port of Bombay show accurately the quantity of cotton exported from each locality ; the agricultural returns also show the area of land cultivated with cotton, and the total area under all kinds of cultivation.

Now in the three years 1880—81 to 1882—83, the average quantity of clean cotton—*i.e.*, cotton separated from the seed—imported into the Island of Bombay was 5,584,791 cwt., valued at Rs. 15,36,23,446, but of this only 2,521,880 cwt., valued at Rs. 6,93,50,609, was produced in the Bombay Presidency.

The area of land on which this latter quantity of cotton was produced was 2,535,625 acres calculated on an average of the same three years ; but this includes 455,974 acres of what is called alienated land—*i.e.*, land wholly or partially exempted from payment of land revenue—which must be deducted in order to show the true produce of revenue-paying lands.

Making this deduction, the area of fully-assessed land bearing cotton in Bombay remains at 2,079,651 acres, and it produced 2,039,840 cwt. of clean cotton, valued at Rs. 5,60,18,397.

It is usually estimated that the cost of carriage to Bombay, merchant's profit, and other charges absorb about 15 per cent. of the value of the cotton, but to make the calculation quite beyond dispute, let 25 per cent. be deducted on this account ; there will then remain Rs. 42,013,799 as the value of the cotton to the cultivator. The total occupied area of fully-assessed lands in the Bombay Presidency, excluding Kanara, which produces no cotton, for the same three years

averaged 21,498,530 acres, and it paid a gross revenue to Government of Rs. 2,20,08,845. To this sum must be added $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or Rs. 1,375,553 for local funds, education, public works, &c., making a total of Rs. 2,33,84,398 as the land revenue paid by the ryot.

It thus appears that the produce of $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the fully-assessed lands pays the whole of the revenue demand, and leaves Rs. 1,86,29,401 or 78 per cent., in the hands of the ryot, in addition to enormous quantities of wheat, rice, linseed, sugar, millet, and other agricultural produce grown on the remaining $90\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the land.

In other words, the revenue of the Bombay Presidency, including local funds, averaged as nearly as possible $\frac{1}{10}$, or 5 per cent. of the value of the produce.

But this calculation assumes that the whole of the cotton produced in the Presidency is imported into the port of Bombay, which is not the case. The rural population is chiefly clothed in cotton clothes made in the hand loom, and large quantities of cotton are made into quilts, bedding, &c.; there are, besides, mills worked by steam power in Kaira, Ahmedabad, Broach, Surat, Kandesh, Thanua, and Sholapore, which are estimated to consume 100,000 cwt. of clean cotton per annum. Nor is the value of the cotton seed included in the estimate.

This article is well known to be very valuable: a useful oil is extracted from it, and it is used as food for cattle. The proportion of seed to cotton is well known to be as two to one, the quantity of seed must therefore be 4,079,680 cwt., all of which is retained by the ryot, in addition to the cotton stalks, which are employed for basket work, fuel, and a variety of useful purposes.

The value of the cotton has been calculated from the declared value as shown in the Custom's returns, checked by the application of the average price for each year of the cotton known at Manchester as 'Fair Dhollera,' the medium quality of cotton quoted in the Bombay trade returns. The result of both modes of calculation is almost identical.

It is hardly necessary to comment on these figures—they speak for themselves; for to quote Mr. J. Seymour Keay's own words, 'Obviously, if anything like 90 per cent. of the cultivator's produce is left to him, he can have no cause of complaint.'

It would be easy to show that the quotations in Mr. Keay's article do not fairly represent the opinions of the gentlemen whose names are dragged in to support his statements. Some of them are garbled and misquoted, others refer to a state of affairs no longer existing, which, in fact, the Survey Department was specially designed to correct. Two instances are given to illustrate Mr. Keay's mode of dealing with facts.

He represents the late Sir Bartle Frere as having stated that the poverty of India is due to the evasion of the Secretary of State's order, which limits the revenue to 50 per cent. of the net produce, and its having become 'a mere paper instruction.' Not a word to this effect is found in Sir Bartle Frere's minute quoted.

Mr. J. Seymour Keay puts the following words into Sir Bartle Frere's mouth :—

He frankly declares that so far from only taking half of the net produce, the assessments made on the miserable ryots really resolve themselves into three categories, namely, 1st, 'a land tax levied more or less arbitrarily, absorbing a varying proportion of the net produce ;' second, 'a full rent, leaving nothing to the cultivator but the wages of his labour and interest on his capital ;' and third, a full rent and something more, sometimes trenching on the wages of labour or profits of capital.

It will hardly be believed that this passage is an entire perversion of Sir Bartle Frere's meaning. He is describing the varying proportion of the produce that is or has been taken by the State, *including the native Governments*, and he is careful to explain that in Bombay, the Punjab, North-West Provinces, and Central India, though it is true that the Government demand is 'a land tax,' fixed more or less arbitrarily, and absorbing a varying proportion of such rent, *i.e.*, a true rent—yet, where it is levied, as in Bombay, 'for a limited term of years, the variations from a real land tax will be smaller and less permanent ;' and Sir Bartle Frere adds that : 'The process required to correct this imperfection is careful enquiry and record of facts connected with the land, its produce, &c., &c., the customary rights and liabilities attached to it.' In fact, the very process which he carried out in Bombay with so much advantage by means of the Survey Department.

The passage of Sir Bartle Frere's minute which Mr. J. Seymour Keay has thus shamelessly mutilated will be found at page 139 of Appendix I. of the Famine Report. It is to be regretted that our space does not permit it to be quoted *in extenso*.

Similar liberties are taken with the evidence of Mr. Gribble, the Collector of Cuddapah, in Madras.

He is represented by Mr. S. Keay as having stated that the wells in Madras which drew their supply of water from Government tanks by percolation were taxed in order to prevent the ryots using their own water, and to compel them to take and pay for water from the tanks. Mr. Gribble said the very contrary to this. What he really stated was that a survey officer had suggested to him that if wells were not assessed, people would use the water from them and not from the tanks, and he says, 'This I do not believe ;' and he shows the absurdity of the suggestion, 'because,' he adds, 'water can only be taken from these wells by lift, and the cost of lift for one month is more than the water rate which the ryot would pay for a whole year.'

Comment on this mode of conducting a controversy would be superfluous. Courtesy does not permit us to describe it in its true colours, but it is to say the least, unscrupulous.

The assessment of wells in the exceptionally favourable positions described by Mr. Gribble is evidently justified by sound principles. The tanks are built at great expense by Government, they retain water and keep the wells supplied, even after the surface water has dried up.

Nothing is more common than to find an abundant supply of water flowing below the surface of an apparently dry river bed.

In Kandesh and elsewhere irrigation is carried on from rivers long after the surface water has disappeared by merely throwing a dam across the beds of rivers, and thus bringing the subsoil water to the surface. The same phenomenon no doubt occurs in Madras ; for Mr. Gribble, in the report which is quoted by Mr. Seymour Keay, states that very few wells ran actually dry during the worst part of the late famine. He also appends a statement at page 135 of Appendix I. of the Famine Report, which shows that it is only in these exceptional instances *that wells are taxed at all in Madras*. This fact Mr. J. Seymour Keay omits to mention.

The subject of irrigation from wells is very little understood. Sir W. Wedderburn has lately written a pamphlet on this subject, which is quoted by Mr. Keay, in this instance correctly. He will be surprised to hear that it does not pay to irrigate from wells where the water has to be lifted more than 50 feet, and it is only in more favoured positions that water is found so near the surface as this.

Throughout the greater part of the Bombay Presidency the water-supply in wells is very precarious, not only in quantity but in quality. The ryot can not afford to invest say 200 rupees per acre in sugar cultivation, unless he is quite confident that the water will not fail or become brackish in the hot season. Sad experience has taught him that, except in the wells fed from tanks, this is too often the case.

Again, after the land commanded by a well has been cultivated continuously for some years, the soil sometimes becomes impregnated with a saline deposit called 'reh.' It is exhausted, and will not produce a crop till fertility has been restored by a rest of ten years or more. This circumstance often misleads the grievance-monger. He counts one hundred dismantled wells in a morning's ride, and having multiplied the miles of road in the district by one hundred, he calculates that there cannot be less than 10,000 ruined wells ; and that there can be no other cause for this shocking state of affairs than the oppressive land tax. He sheds tears over the wrongs of what Mr. J. Seymour Keay calls a 'conquered race,' and on his return to his native land he writes a little book in which the cruelty and incompetence of the Indian Government are thoroughly exposed, and the proverty of the Indian ryot fully explained and accounted for.

Mr. Keay's account of the action of the Bombay Government with regard to the assessment of land irrigated from wells is especially incorrect.

Prior to the organization of the Survey Department, the revenue to be paid by each village or individual ryot was the subject of special contract with the representative of Government. Lands were granted rent free or liable only to a reduced rental for a term of years, on condition that wells should be dug. When the Survey was introduced it merely confirmed these special contracts, and extended the exemption from extra water rate to *all* wells during the currency of the settlements ; but long before the settlements expired, *vis*, in 1865, the Survey Act extended this principle and gave to *all* wells built by private enterprise a perpetual exemption from water rate.

Notwithstanding Mr. J. Seymour Keay's statement to the contrary, the ryots have the fullest confidence in this guarantee, for during the last nineteen

years they have dug many thousand wells, and not one of them has, directly or indirectly, been assessed at a higher rate than that of the ordinary dry crop-land.

The provisions of the Bombay Revenue Code, declaring the right of Government to impose an assessment on the natural advantages of the soil, are quite equitable, for it will hardly be contended that where the water is near the surface in a rich alluvial soil it should not pay a higher rate than in barren uplands, where the water is so far from the surface that it does not pay to lift it for irrigation. It is obvious that any assessment on the land on account of its potentiality of irrigation is not a taxation of an improvement, for the proximity of water to the surface is a quality inherent in the soil, and is considered in fixing the assessment, whether the improvement is made or not.

The long quotation from an 'influential native paper' contains, as the manner of native papers is, so many mis-statements that the only way Mr. Lionel Ashburner deems he can deal with it is by direct contradiction.

It is *not* the case, as stated by Mr. J. Seymour Keay, that, according to the present system of assessment, all wells which existed at the time of the new Survey have been held liable to a water rate, nor are all the adjacent lands subjected to garden rates, whether the holders of them derive the benefit of the neighbouring well or not. Such a mode of assessment would be contrary to an express provision of the law, and would render any Revenue officer liable to dismissal who attempted to impose it.

Equally contrary to fact is Mr. Keay's description of the mode in which the crop experiments are made.

He would perhaps be surprised to hear that the crop experiments are not made by the Survey Department, but by the district officers. The produce of whole fields, and not a mere fraction of them, is threshed out and carefully weighed. The price of the produce is *not* 'calculated on the mere nominal prices of grain in all the chief villages of the district,' but on the actual prices of the village in which the experiments are made.

These experiments have now been carried on for about fifteen years, and as they must be made simultaneously all over the country at the period when the crops are ripe, it would be obviously impossible for the very few Survey officers who could be available for this duty to make them, though it is possible they may have assisted in the district in which they happened to be employed. The value of the crop experiments may be a matter of opinion, but no one can deny that they are an honest and persevering attempt on the part of Government to ascertain the average produce of land in the constantly varying conditions of season, soil, and agricultural capital. The best proof that they are honestly carried out is to be found in the very small returns of produce reported in many villages. These statistics only become valuable when the average extends over a long series of years, and to every variety of soil.

It is satisfactory to observe that in the *Times of India* of the 25th of April, 1884, Mr. J. Seymour Keay speaks of his writings in this Review in an apologetic tone; he admits that they 'might appear somewhat crude and ill-advised,' and asks that they may be considered in connection with other articles shortly to

appear. We may, therefore, still hope for a recantation of his errors, and an apology to the gentlemen whose names he has taken in vain.

Mr. J. Seymour Keay asks 'what would be the feelings of the Irish tenants if placed under such a system as that above described.'

The Irish tenant would with confidence reply : If I had had an absolute, indefeasible, hereditary, saleable right to my holding at a quit rent fixed for thirty years, at a rate equal to half or less than half of a rack rent, and not enhancible on account of any improvement of my own (for that both by law and custom is the tenure of the Bombay royt), all the sedition and bloodshed of the last half-century would have been obviated, and Mr. Gladstone would never have passed the Irish Land Act.

The Indian Land Act, it may be said, was passed in 1836, and having firmly established the principle of a judicial rent, the result has been an enormous increase of agricultural wealth and the general contentment of the people. It would, indeed, have been a bright day for Ireland, if a similar principle had been established in that unhappy country in the early part of this century.

Superficial observers hear so much of the poverty of India that they seem to imagine the people are on the verge of starvation, but the fact is there is less starvation in India than there is in England.

The people in India have fewer and more simple wants, and, except in periods of famine, they support themselves without aid from the State ; but in England, besides the large numbers who are not on the poor-rates, but who are habitually underfed, insufficiently clothed, and lodged in dens from which the lowest native would turn with disgust, there are many millions who are dependent entirely on the poor-rates for their daily food, clothing, and lodging.

A famine in India occurs about once in a decade, and costs six or eight millions ; but in England nearly as much as that sum is spent on her poor annually. They are, in fact, in a chronic state of famine ; while in India famine and poverty only occasionally prevail ; and when the public works which are now in progress are fully carried out, though the people may suffer from scarcity and dearness of food, there will be none of that waste of human life that occurred during the late famine.

Famines are not confined to India ; deaths from starvation occur not unfrequently in the streets of London, and in Ireland the sufferings of the poor in the famine of 1849 were almost as severe as in India in 1877 and 1878.

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THE VALUE OF REDISTRIBUTION: A NOTE ON ELECTORAL STATISTICS.—Lord Salisbury's great speech at Glasgow has proved him, if proof were needed, to be undoubtedly the fittest *promachos* of the Conservative Party in the contest now being fought. In the present article, which is said to have had, on thoughtful readers, an effect as convincing as that of his speech on the Glasgow audience, the Conservative leader's object is to prove by figures that, unless the redistribution is joined with the extension of the franchise, the result will be a great and unjust loss to the strength of his party, and will involve, in effect, a suppression of minorities. We give the article almost in its entirety, compressing, so far as is possible, the statistical tables.

Lord Salisbury commences with an apology to his readers for the obtrusion of statistics, and promises to confine the offence within endurable limits. •

My main object in appealing to figures is to refute a calumny which has been directed, with lavish reiteration, against the Conservative Party during the last two months. It is said that we are dishonest in the account we give of our

own wishes and motives ; that we are insincere in professing to accept the Franchise Bill, if coupled with redistribution : that we really dread both franchise and redistribution, and are only desirous of delay. Mere denials, however emphatic, do not diminish the confidence with which this false charge is repeated. Perhaps I may convince some of those who make it of its emptiness, if I show them by figures that we should have no cause, for Party reasons, to dread enfranchisement coupled with a fair redistribution—even if the strictest numerical principles were its only guide. I believe that the statistics in our possession show that the householders of Great Britain in town and county, if the proportion of Conservatives and Liberals among them could be exactly reproduced at Westminster, would elect a House of Commons much more favourable to us than that which sits there now ; and that, therefore, we have every motive to desire extension of the county franchise, under as fair an apportionment of seats as can be obtained. It can also, I believe, be shown, by figures, that extension without redistribution would aggravate, certainly to some extent, and perhaps very seriously, the artificial and unjust disadvantage to which we are at present subjected ; and that, therefore, our resistance to a one-sided Reform Bill is no mere move of Party tactics ; it is dictated by the strongest instincts of self-preservation.

In view of the many strange opinions that have been attributed to him, deduced from what he has said by the most singular logic, the writer proceeds to explain not only what he does mean, but also what he does not mean.

Because I deal only with numbers, I do not mean that a Redistribution Bill should take account of no other than numerical considerations. I shall dwell on the injustice which minorities would suffer by the mutilated legislation which has been proposed ; but I do not mean that they would be the only sufferers : I am dealing with only part of a large case. I do not mean in these few pages to offer, or to suggest, any legislative project ; for I think that proposals for legislation on such a subject would come more usefully from Ministers of the Crown, who can command the information necessary for the elaboration of practical provisions. More especially, I am not proposing a plan for equal electoral districts. I say this, because I shall have to make some use of the first four rules of arithmetic ; and I have observed that when any speaker in the course of an argument refers to arithmetical considerations, the proper reply to him, according to the controversial usage of the hour, is, " Oh ? you are in favour of equal electoral districts." Now, as I shall presently show, equal electoral districts would, in most communities, not attain the object I desire to recommend. They proceed exclusively on the system of direct territorial representation, to the exclusion of virtual representation altogether ; and I doubt much whether any mechanism can be found to give anything like an exact copy in Parliament of the wishes of the people, which does not make use of the principle of virtual representation. What is true of equal electoral districts is true, to a great extent, of many of the less sweeping plans which are in vogue. They are apt to have this grave defect, that they seem to be constructed on no other principle than that of advancing by steps, more or less hesitating, towards an equal electoral division. To cut off a certain number of small boroughs at the bottom of the list, and to add a corresponding number of new large constituencies at the top, is assumed to be the only

mode of operation possible to the reformer ; and a moderate measure seems to differ from a drastic measure only in the number of the small boroughs that are so effaced. But there is no security whatever that a true representation will be the issue of such a process. A sensible removal of the inequalities of representation must, no doubt, be one of the effects of any redistribution ; and in remedying the inadequate representation under which some great districts of the kingdom suffer, it will mitigate a very real grievance. But a Reform Bill, which does not tend to reproduce with fidelity the balance of opinion in the country, wholly misses the main object at which it should be aimed. Even equal electoral districts may be so devised that they will produce injustice as great as the most grotesque anomalies could achieve. Indeed, in a community where opinions are profoundly divided, such a result of a purely numerical system would be highly probable. These are two sets of circumstances, completely different, in which equal electoral districts would cause a flagrant misrepresentation of the people. First, suppose the case of a province—let us say in Belgium—consisting of Catholics and Liberals, in the proportion of eight of the one to nine of the other ; and suppose the population to be so well-mixed and stirred together, that in each part of the province the same proportion of the two parties is accurately preserved. It is obvious that in such a case the Catholics would be completely effaced by a system of equal electoral districts. In every constituency, no matter how you divided them, the Liberals would be in the majority, and would return every single member ; and the representation of the province would be wholly Liberal. The Catholics of the province would be as entirely deprived of any share in the government of their own country as if they were a subject race. If by some military revolution they were entirely deprived of Parliamentary institutions, they would be neither worse nor better off—so far as their representation was concerned—than they had been under Parliamentary institutions.

But the same result might spring from an arrangement of the two populations of an exactly opposite kind.

Suppose another province of Belgium, in which the Liberals inhabited a large city lying in the centre of the province, while the Catholics had exclusive possession of the country round. Let the electors be in the same proportion of about eight Catholics to nine Liberals—say, roughly, 400,000 Catholics to 450,000 Liberals—and suppose there are seventeen seats to be disposed of. A symmetrical legislator arises profoundly impressed with the beauty of equal constituencies and accurate divisions. He proposes that seventeen lines should be drawn from the centre of the city to the borders of the province, so distanced that each of the triangular figures or compartments thus described should contain 50,000 voters. Nothing would appear superficially more fair, more regular, more exactly in accordance with the demands of a rigid equality. But each of these equal electoral divisions would contain, in round numbers, 24,000 Catholics and 26,000 Liberals, and the representatives would belong exclusively to the latter party ; and the Catholics would be as entirely outside the right of representation, would be as completely paying taxes which they had no share in voting, and obeying laws made by their bitterest enemies as if they belonged to a subjugated province.

The object of adducing extreme cases of this kind is not, of course, to suggest that in this exact form they are likely to occur in practice, but to point out how far the unequal action of equal electoral division may conceivably

extend, and how little limit there is, except that of pure chance, to its unjust operation. The necessity of guarding against this danger becomes more imperative in proportion to the increasing regularity and unbroken level of the franchise. The apparent symmetry tends to mask the misrepresentation which, if the community be sharply divided into two in matters of creed or in material interest, equality of division is apt to produce. And the last illustration is not so entirely foreign to our practical experience as may at first sight be thought. Suppose the Liberal city, instead of being collected into a great central nucleus, is scattered in towns and urban patches over each of the supposed electoral districts, and you have a state of things not inaptly representing the condition in which many an English county will find itself if the new voters are divided into constituencies by existing boundaries. The urban voters will be so marshalled that, upon questions which divide the two, they will in many districts wholly silence the agricultural minority, whose right to vote, as Mr. Mill says, will be converted into a right to be out-voted.

The ordinary and plausible answer to these considerations is that, however theoretically sound they may be, they are in practice remedied; that the parties into which the population is divided chance to be so disposed geographically that the domination of one party in one region is in sufficient proportion balanced by the domination of the other party in another region.

This ground was strongly held by Mr. Bright, in the discussions on the Minority clause in 1867; and he used to point to the instance of Liverpool, whose steady Toryism went far to counterpoise the unvarying Liberalism of Birmingham. This answer is practically sufficient if it rests on a sufficient basis of fact. If it be indeed true that the minorities effaced in one district are so balanced by the effacement of opposite minorities in another district, that, on the whole, the true dimensions of each party in the nation are accurately reproduced in their representative assembly, it is undoubtedly a very interesting case of providential compensation. But is it the fact? Does this balance exist even under the present system? Will there be any remnant of such a balance if the county suffrage shall be extended without redistribution, and the tenant-farmer vote, which unquestionably does now operate as an element of counterpoise to disproportion and inequality elsewhere, shall be entirely submerged?

These questions lie at the root of the present controversy. The statistics seem to me to show that the balance does not exist; and that on the hypothesis the most adverse to the Conservative Party, the house-holders in this island are much more Conservative than those who represent them in the House of Commons. If this be the fact, it should protect from charges of insincerity those who are claiming that the extension of the county franchise shall be accompanied by a measure which will make the House of Commons a more faithful mirror of the opinions of the people. If it can also be shown that enfranchisement within existing boundaries will not only not tend to this result, but will cause the reflection of the mirror to be more distorted and more untrue than it is at present, the Conservatives who have resisted this aggravation of existing evils should be acquitted of having acted on any trivial or temporary motive. The new justification of his policy which Mr. Gladstone has

learned from Birmingham is that enfranchisement is a good in itself, even if no redistribution occurs to make it better. This cannot be; unless it is a good to provide an electoral system which shall misrepresent the opinions of the nation.

Ireland is left out of the account; the questions at issue there are wholly different, and would require to be separately treated. The General Election of 1880 is taken, as the most recent period at which full information is available concerning the opinion of the electors.

The date will not be challenged as one unduly favourable to the Conservatives. The question, then, is, what was the true strength of the two parties among the householders of Great Britain, in county and town, in April 1880? We know the opinion of the householders of the towns, for the poll-book is there to tell us. We know also the opinion of the county electors under the present law. But what would have been the view of "the two million"—the householders in the counties—if they had had the vote? Different men will form very different estimates of the state of opinion in this vast multitude, according to their temperament or the political prepossessions from which they argue. Some think the county householders will be nearly as Conservative as the present county electors—especially if they are reinforced by that faithful army of lodgekeepers and gamekeepers whom Mr. Gladstone, with a condescension of which he is never weary of reminding us, has admitted into the ranks of capable citizens. Others, on the contrary, hold that Liberalism will be as powerful among the householders of the counties as it has hitherto been among the householders of the towns. There is something to be said for both views, according as the industrial or the agricultural portion of England is under consideration. The experience of some of the widely extended boroughs in which there is a large rural area, such as Shoreham, Wilton, Eye, and Wenlock, goes to show that the agricultural householder does not differ in his politics from the present electorate of the rural counties. On the other hand, the strong Liberalism developed by the boroughs which were created out of urban districts in the counties by the Act of 1867, such as Hartlepool, Middlesborough, and Dewsbury, shows that such localities are not distinguished in sentiment from the older boroughs in the same neighbourhood. But though, under the light of these examples, estimates may vary much, according to the proclivities of the enquirer, there are limits on each side to the range of possible hypothesis. The most sanguine Radical does not expect that the new county voters will, as a whole, be more Liberal than their brother householders in the towns. The most optimist Conservative does not venture to hope that, as a body, they will be more Conservative than the existing county voters. Setting aside eccentricities of opinion, the field of reasonable conjecture may safely be bounded at either end by these two assumptions. Guided by them, let us enquire what, in either case, would have been the composition of the House of Commons if the county householders had been enfranchised, and the constituencies had been arranged in such a manner that the strength of parties among the members should be exactly the same as the strength of parties among the electors.

Lord Salisbury first proceeds on the assumption that the householders in the counties of each division would vote exactly like

the householders in the towns of that division ; that is to say, that there would be the same proportion of Conservatives and Liberals among them.

In order to find what the Parliamentary result of this supposition would be, we must ascertain for each division what percentage of the aggregate votes polled in the contested boroughs was given to each side, and then apply the percentage to the number of members which that division would have in proportion to its population. Fortunately for my purpose, contests in the boroughs were almost universal in 1880, so that the contests furnish a broad basis for induction. Out of 220 boroughs in Great Britain, only twenty-one were uncontested ; and of these, Liverpool had a contest two months before, and thirteen others had contests at one time or other during the present or the last Parliament. In every case I have taken the highest number polled on each side as the strength of that side. In Birmingham and Glasgow it has, of course, been necessary to halve the numbers polled for all three Liberal candidates taken together.

For the purpose of fixing the number of members to which, on the hypothesis of a proportional representation, each division would be entitled, I have taken the figures furnished for the counties by Mr. Henry Bernard in his very useful pamphlet on Redistribution. They are obtained by dividing the population of each county by the number of 54,242—a number which is the result of dividing the population of the United Kingdom by the number of borough and county members in the House of Commons. One member, consequently, is allowed for each $\frac{1}{813}$ of the population. In publishing these figures, Mr. Bernard expresses an opinion in favour of adopting a rigid electoral equality among all counties in the United Kingdom ; and he negatives very summarily the idea of meeting any portion of our difficulties by increasing the members of the House of Commons. In employing his figures for a statistical purpose, I must guard myself very distinctly from being thought to accept his legislative views ; but the arithmetical data which he has brought together are well worthy of careful examination.

I have grouped the counties according to the divisions of the Registrar-General, except that I have not put Monmouthshire into Wales.

England, Wales, and Scotland together are divided for electoral purposes into eleven divisions, and under each of these are given the aggregate number of votes in boroughs, Conservative and Liberal, and the percentage on each side ; the percentage on the Conservative side will be found in the table given on the next page.

If the percentages thus obtained are multiplied into the number of members assignable to each division under a strictly numerical system, we shall have the precise constitution of the House of Commons that would reflect faithfully the condition of political opinion among the people—always on the assumption with which we are now dealing, that the county householders and the borough householders each contain the same proportion of Conservatives. The numbers of members assignable to each division are taken from Mr. Bernard. The following table gives the result. The fourth column is obtained by multiplying the second and third, and dividing by 100 ; the fifth column, by taking the fourth from the third.

Districts.			Percentage of Conservative Borough. Voters 1880.	Total Num-ber of Members under Numer- ical System according to Bernard's Tables.	Computed Conservative Proportion.	Computed Liberal Proportion.
South East	49'4	68	34	34
South West	47'55	35	17	18
South Midland	46'53	76	35	41
Eastern	47'4	26	12	14
West Midland	39'9	60	24	36
North Midland	35'35	31	11	20
North Western	48'03	76	37	39
Northern	31'06	30	9	21
Yorkshire	37'5	53	20	33
Wales	39'98	25	10	15
Scotland	27'4	69	19	50
				549	228	321

The Liberal majority in Great Britain in 1880—setting aside University members—was 128. If household suffrage in counties had existed in 1880, with an absolutely fair apportionment of seats, even on an assumption so adverse to the Conservatives as that which I have made, the majority would only have been 93. In other words, the Conservatives would have been stronger on every division by thirty-five. It is not necessary for me to examine in detail the effect on our recent political history which a difference of 35 votes in the House of Commons, in favour of the Conservatives, would have produced. It is enough to say that that dissolution, which we desire as a measure both of justice and of safety, would already have taken place.

The opposite hypothesis is now taken. Even on the former assumption, the one most unfavourable to the Conservatives, it has been shown that the Conservative strength is short by 35 votes of the number they should legitimately belong to it. The other assumption will show even a larger deficiency from what should be the Conservative numbers.

Let us assume that the new county voters will vote precisely on the pattern of those who have the county franchise now. To ascertain how a House of Commons, chosen on this hypothesis, would be composed, it will be necessary to number, in separate columns, those elected by the counties and those elected by the boroughs. For we assume that the boroughs will continue to vote as they did in 1880. Therefore, the right strength of parties among their members must be found by multiplying the percentages already ascertained into the number of members assignable in each division to the boroughs in proportion to their population. But for the county members under this hypothesis a new percentage must be found, calculated from the votes which the present county electors gave in 1880. The computation is a little less trustworthy than that which concerns the boroughs, because contests were less general; for of 127 county constituencies in Great Britain, 32 were uncontested. In ten of these cases, I have been able to use the figures of contests which took place in this or the last Parliament. Of the remaining 22, two are split seats, eight are Liberal,

and 12 are Conservative. The effect, therefore, of the withdrawal of these constituencies from the calculation is, so far as it goes, adverse to the Conservatives ; but it probably makes little difference.

The members assigned, according to Mr. Bernard's figures, to each division, are, in the following tables, assigned respectively to the counties and boroughs, in proportion to their population.

TABLE I.

Division.	Aggregate of County Votes, 1880		Conservative Per- centage.
	Conservative.	Liberal.	
1. South Eastern	46,500	34,418	57'5
2. South Western	16,317	15,121	51'9
3. South Midland	30,865	24,737	55'5
4. Eastern	22,765	19,431	53'95
5. West Midland	41,113	38,736	51'49
6. North Midland	27,093	25,535	51'48
7. North Western	47,447	43,575	52'13
8. Northern	23,419	26,092	47'30
9. Yorkshire	38,938	43,237	47'4
10. Wales	15,128	20,448	42'52
11. Scotland	27,574	32,224	46'11

TABLE II.*

Col. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Division.	Conservative Percentage.		Members assigned to		Computed Proportion of Total.		Total members assigned by Bernard.
	Boroughs.	Counties.	Borough Popula- tion	County Popula- tion.	Conser- vative.	Liberal.	
1. South Eastern	49'4	57'5	32	36	37	31	68
2. South Western	47'55	51'9	11	24	18	17	35
3. South Midland	46'53	55'5	25	51	38	38	76
4. Eastern	47'4	53'95	4	22	13	13	26
5. West Midland	39'9	51'49	31	29	28	32	60
6. North Midland	35'35	51'48	9	22	14	17	31
7. North Western	48'03	52'13	36	40	37	39	76
8. Northern	31'06	47'30	13	17	12	18	30
9. Yorkshire	37'5	47'4	26	27	22	31	53
10. Wales	39'98	42'52	9	16	10	15	25
11. Scotland	27'4	46'11	30	39	26	43	69
			226	323	255	295	549
						255	
			Liberal majority ...			39	

Real Liberal majority of 1880=128 ; Conservative gain on the assumption made, 89.

* Columns 4 and 5 are equal to column 8 ; so are columns 6 and 7.

Amounts in col. 6=col. 2 × col. 4 + col. 3 × col. 5

$$\frac{100}{100} + \frac{100}{100}$$

The upshot of these computations is as follows: Reckoning the county householders to be as Liberal as the householders of the towns, the Conservatives are weaker now in Parliament by 35 votes than they should be with a true distribution and the proposed enfranchisement. If it is believed that the county householders are as Conservative as the present county electors, the party is weaker by 89 votes.

Two objections that might be taken to this mode of looking at the matter are now answered. The first is that too rigid a division is assumed between Liberal and Conservative; that there is a moveable intermediate body which swings to one side or the other, as it may be impelled by its opinion on the passing events or passing statesmen of the day, and cannot be ranged permanently under either flag.

This is no doubt the fact—though this transferable quantity is much smaller than is generally assumed, as may be evident from the fact that the last election, sweeping as it seemed to be, was turned by some two thousand persons. But the defect suggested is undoubtedly inherent in these, as in all statistical computations which concern human beings. And therefore, a prediction, for any particular occasion, can never be safely founded on them; for it may be falsified by any passing gust of feeling. But there are very strong elements of stability in both political parties, arising out of religious persuasion, local or family tradition, and material interest; and these are changed by processes so slow that for our purpose they may be taken as permanent. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that I have selected the dissolution of 1880 as my moment of comparison; and the Liberal flood which ran at that time swept away in its rush everything that was loose and friable, and left nothing of the Conservative formation but the bare rock.

The other objection may be raised on the ground of the impracticability or difficulty of obtaining this perfectly fair distribution.

No arrangement, it may be said, has yet been proposed, which could be relied upon to give at Westminster an exact reflection, in reduced proportions, of the political divisions of the nation. It may be so; but no such assertion can be made with confidence, for the effort has never been really made. Excepting the enactment as to three-cornered constituencies, inserted by Lord Cairns in the last Reform Bill, which was necessarily scanty and tentative, no provision having this end directly in view has been placed on the Statute Book since Parliamentary Reforms commenced. It is doubtful whether this clause can be usefully carried further; but the cumulative vote in School Board elections has worked satisfactorily; and material redress might be afforded by good boundary provisions, by giving to urban and rural populations a fairer relative representation than they have now, and by a recourse, when it is needed, to Mr. Cobden's principle of single-membered constituencies. But I am not engaged in drawing a Reform Bill. I am concerned with its object; and wish that Reform Bills should rather be judged by the end they achieve than by their manner of effecting it. The object at which every measure of the kind should aim, and to which, in its degree, it should approach, is the perfect representation of the interests, the opinions, and the divisions of the

nation ; of minorities as well as majorities ; of interests which are weak, as well as of those which are strong. That a complete solution of the problem may be difficult, I do not deny. But I am convinced that we may arrive much nearer to it than we stand now. The interest of agriculture is suffering a serious wrong by the existing arrangements ; and the middle classes in some of our great towns have much cause to complain of an effacement, which at present, perhaps, is only a theoretical injury, but which tends to become more practical every year. We are never likely to reach an ideal state of things in this, or any other respect ; it may cost much effort to attain even to a condition of substantial redress ; but the indispensable condition of any remedy is that the extent of the evil should be recognized. And at least we may avoid the error of making it worse—a result which would undoubtedly be produced by a mutilated Reform Bill.

Having shown why Conservatives have no cause to dread the proposed enfranchisement, if it be coupled with a redistribution which is even moderately fair towards interests, which, by the existing arrangement are submerged, the writer proceeds to show that his party have very cogent reasons for objecting to the omission of redistribution altogether.

How many county seats now held by Conservatives will fall, if, with the enlarged franchise, the present boundaries of borough and county be maintained ? That is the question we have to solve. The answer must, of course, depend on the assumption which we make with respect to the political views of the county householders. If we believe that they will vote as the present electors do, it is obvious that no change will be made by their admission to the present county registers. If we take the opposite extreme, and assume they will vote like the already enfranchised householders in the towns of their respective districts, the following table gives the losses which (calculating on the polls of 1880) omission of redistribution would inflict on the Conservatives.

That I may not seem to be a prophet of evil, I must observe that I do not put forward this issue as a probable event, but rather as the limit of what may reasonably be thought possible, in the way of loss, on the least favourable assumption.

The number of probable new voters is found by taking 79 per cent. of the houses in the county and deducting the existing resident voters. That proportion is the one in which houses now are found to furnish voters in the towns.

	Probable Number of New Voters.	Percentages of Conservatives in Boroughs of Divisions	Estimated Number (by Percentages in last Column) of		Estimated Majority of Liberal New Voters	Conservative Majority at the Election of 1880.	Seats transferred.
			Conservative New Voters.	Liberal New Voters			
Bucks ...	14,315	46·53	6,661	7 654	993	166	1
Mid-Cheshire ...	13,256	48·03	6,366	6,890	524	*326	1
Essex, E. ...	17,544	47·4	8,316	9,228	912	392	2
Essex, S. ...	24,983	47·4	11,842	13,141	1,299	517	2
Essex, W. ...	14,271	47·4	6,764	7,507	743	625	1

* One seat only.

	Probable Number of New Voters.	Per-centages of Conservatives in Boroughs of Divisions.	Estimated Number (by Per-centages in last Column) of		Estimated Majority of Liberal New Voters.	Conservative Majority at the Election of 1880.	Seats transferred
			Conservative New Voters.	Liberal New Voters.			
Lancashire, S. W. ...	39,658	48'03	19,048	20,610	1,562	*1,239	1
Leicester, N....	11,249	35'35	3,977	7,272	3,295	695	2
Lincoln, S. ...	10,768	35'35	3,806	6,962	3,156	938	2
Lincoln, N. (1881) ...	11,300	35'35	3,995	7,305	3,310	471	2
Monmouth ...	16,327	39'9	6,514	9,813	3,299	513	2
Norfolk, N. (1879) ...	15,767	47'4	7,473	8,294	821	490	2
Norfolk, W. ...	15,260	47'4	7,234	8,026	792	367	2
Northumberland, N. ...	7,129	31'06	2,214	4,915	2,701	654	2
Nottingham, N. ...	17,017	35'35	6,015	11,002	4,987	*10	1
Nottingham, S. ...	8,968	35'35	3,170	5,798	2,628	1,046	2
Shropshire, S. ...	6,919	39'9	2,761	4,158	1,397	757	2
Somerset, W. ...	12,581	47'55	5,982	6,599	617	219	2
Stafford, W. ...	11,827	39'9	4,719	7,108	2,389	779	2
Suffolk, E. ...	21,173	47'4	10,036	11,137	1,101	753	2
Wiltshire, N. ...	9,634	47'55	4,581	5,053	472	*50	1
York, E. R. ...	15,111	37'5	5,666	9,445	3,779	1,220	2
York, N. R. (1882) ...	18,344	37'5	6,879	11,465	4,586	386	1
Ayr, N. ...	8,262	†38'14	3,151	5,111	1,960	45	1
Ayr, S. ...	8,904	38'14	3,396	5,508	2,202	247	1
Inverness ...	9,671	†27'4	1,650	8,021	6,371	29	1
Dumbartonshire ...	6,037	§30'	1,811	4,226	2,415	9	1
Haddingtonshire ...	3,707	37'3	1,263	2,444	1,181	92	1
Total loss							42

To these must be added five divisions where a Liberal headed the poll, but the second seat was not contested by a Liberal—Carmarthenshire, W. Cumberland, N. Northamptonshire, N. Staffordshire, S. Leicestershire. On this assumption, therefore, the total loss to the Conservatives by enfranchisement without redistribution would be 47 seats, counting 94 votes on a division. On the same assumption, they are already weaker by 35 than, according to the numerical strength of their party in the country, they should be.

These computations are not given as in any sense a prediction of the future. The elements of variation and uncertainty are too large to make a forecast possible. But these figures do show the momentous significance of the question whether there is to be a redistribution or not, and whether, if there is one, it is to be fair.

They show that whatever the influence of the Conservative Party may be, whatever measure of success or failure awaits them, a just solution of the question of redistribution means to them a difference in their favour of some hundred votes in the House of Commons. This result does not depend on the truth of either hypothesis, or of any more moderate supposition lying between them. It accrues in any case. If the best is true, and the new county electors think like the old, then we are at this moment weaker by 89 votes than we ought to be. If the worst is true, and the county householders think like the householders in the towns, then

* One seat only.

† Percentage taken from Ayr burghs

‡ " " " Scottish burghs generally.

§ " " " Kilmarnock burghs.

|| " " " Haddington burghs.

we are at this moment 35 weaker than we justly should be, and we shall lose under the existing boundaries 47 seats, counting 94 votes, into the bargain. If there be no fair redistribution, be our party prosperous or unlucky, it appears that in either case we shall be defrauded of from 89 to 130 votes to which, on the mere principles of numerical representation, we should have an indefeasible right. It hardly seems that any issue of the present controversy which could possibly occur would be worse for us than this or more unjust to the cause we represent. Mr. Gladstone's doctrine, "Enfranchisement is a good in itself," might be a sound one if the divisions into which the new voters are to be arranged were just. By fastening the new enfranchisement on to the old distribution, he practically claims the right so to parcel out his new voters that the Conservatives amongst them shall be effaced.

The above argument proceeds on the assumption that no system of distribution is completely just which does not formally or virtually give to the minority a representation corresponding to its actual weight. This contention, says Lord Salisbury, is generally resisted by the Radical Party, in whose language freedom means little more than the right of the majority to choose an absolute ruler. Mr. LeFevre, in arguing against the rights of the minority, even borrows the phrase with which the Duke of Wellington defended the state of things that existed before 1832. "How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?" According to this view, the only function of popular election is to provide a master when he is found, the less he is impeded by criticisms of the minority the better.

Such a doctrine implies a belief on the part of those who hold it that the party to which they belong will generally be uppermost, and is not likely to be well come to their opponents, who have not that ground for admiring it. But, apart from the natural disinclination of a minority to surrender all power of self-defence, there are, in the present drift of the political struggle, dangers ahead, which give an especial value to the rights of a minority. A dozen years ago, Lord Beaconsfield epigrammatically divided his indictment against his opponents into two counts, "plundering and blundering." In doing so he marked a great change which had come over political warfare in recent times. Formerly, it was in most cases only "blundering" that an Opposition had to deal with. Occasionally there were wide divergences of principle; but the ordinary work of an Opposition was to convince the country that the Ministers were guilty of mistaken aims and incompetent administration, and the obvious and indeed only cure they had to recommend was that they should be allowed to try their hands and prove their own superiority. This is the essential function of an Opposition under a system of party government, and must remain so as long as party government exists. Perhaps it tends to justify the old definition of party, "the madness of the many for the profit of the few"; but the mechanism can be worked in no other way. It is not possible to remedy the blunders of a Government, except by changing the men who compose it. But in addition to this primary duty, the shifting of political issues has imposed upon the Conservative Opposition a totally different function, which can be fulfilled, at least to a considerable extent, even when a change of Government is impracticable. They

have to prevent "plundering," as well as to remedy "blundering"; and the performance of this duty interests their followers throughout the country quite as much as the leaders in the House. When a Radical Government, now-a-days, comes into power, with a strong majority at its back, a feeling spreads itself abroad among all sorts of people who belong to any class electorally weak, similar, at least in kind, to that which is felt in a Turkish province on the announcement that a new Pasha has been appointed. They know that the process of "conveyance" is about to begin. Whether they be land-owners, or ship-owners, or belong to an old corporation, or are members of an endowed Church, they look forward to the future with misgiving, for they know that reform, of the predatory species, is in the air. To this portion of the Conservative party—a very large one—it is not of so much importance to displace the Government, or at least it is not indispensable for them to do so. Much of the safety, which is their chief desire, can be secured by the existence of a strong minority. A Government bent on plundering seldom polls its whole strength in the House of Commons. A certain—though small—portion of every majority is accessible to argument, especially on this subject, and a strong Conservative Opposition can usually prevent any serious wrong from being done. The calm and moderate legislation of the Liberal Parliaments of 1837, 1847, and 1859, show the enormous advantage which a strong Opposition may confer on the Conservative interests of the country. Under the influence of bye-elections, a gleam of moderation gilded the declining years even of the Parliament of 1868. Such moderate Parliaments are not to be looked for if the new Liberal plan for the suppression of minorities is allowed to succeed. A fair redistribution—that is to say, a recognition according to their true strength, so far as possible, of all interests in the country—is needed, not so much to decide the race for office, as to maintain, and indeed to restore, that equable temperature which, for many generations before 1868, was one of the distinctive features of our legislation.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1884.

John Cann's Treasure. <i>Illustrated</i> —
The Sanatorium of the Southern Ocean —
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Queer Flowers 244
A Glimpse of Wales a Hundred years ago —
The Talk of the Town. By JAMES PAYN. <i>Illustrated</i> —

QUEER FLOWERS.—When Sir Stamford Raffles was in Sumatra, he happened one day to light upon a gigantic parasite, which grew on the stem of a prostrate creeper in the densest part of the tropical jungle. It measured nine feet round and three feet across; it had five large fleshy petals with a central basin big enough to hold six quarts of water: it weighed fifteen pounds avoirdupois: and it was mottled red in hue, in colour and texture surprisingly suggestive of raw beefsteak. Specimens were forwarded to England, and it was at last duly labelled (by no fault of its own) after the names of its two discoverers as *Rafflesia Arnoldi*.

This mammoth among flowers possessed a very curious carrion smell, exactly like that of putrefying meat, which attracted large numbers of flies by false pretences to settle in the centre of the cup. The real significance of this has only of late years come to be perceived. The majority of flowers get themselves decently fertilized by bees and butterflies, who carry the fecundating pollen on their heads and proboscises from one blossom to another.

But *Rafflesia*, on the contrary, has positively acquired a fallacious external resemblance to raw meat, and a decidedly high flavour, on purpose to take in the too trustful Sumatran flies. When a fly sights and scents one, he (or rather she) proceeds at once to settle in the cup, and there lay a number of eggs in what it naturally regards as a very fine decaying carcass. Then, having dusted itself over in the process with plenty of pollen from this first flower, it flies away confidently to the next promising bud, in search both of food for itself and of a fitting nursery for its future little ones. In doing so, it of course fertilises all the blossoms that it visits, one after another, by dusting them successively with each other's pollen. When the young grubs are hatched out, however, they discover the base deception all too late, and perish miserably in their fallacious bed the

helpless victims of misplaced parental confidence. Even as Zeuxis deceived the very birds with his painted grapes, so *Rafflesia* deceives the flies themselves by its ingenious mimicry of a putrid beefsteak. In the fierce competition of tropical life, it has found out by simple experience that dishonesty is the best policy.

There are, too, wasp-specialized flowers, and the peculiar likes and dislikes of wasps have produced a curious effect upon the shape and hue of the blossoms which owe their traits to these greedy and not very æsthetic insects.

Your bee has a long proboscis and a keen sense of colour ; so the flowers that lay themselves out on his behalf store their honey at the end of a long tube, and rejoice in brilliant blue or crimson or purple petals. Your wasp, on the other hand, in his matter-of-fact Philistine fashion, cares for none of these things : he asks only plenty of honey, and no foolish obstructions in the way of getting it. Accordingly, wasp-flowers are remarkable for having a helmet-shaped tube, exactly fitted to a wasp's head, with abundant honey filling the bottom of the bell, while in colour they are generally a peculiar livid reddish brown, more or less suggestive of a butcher's shop.

The minuteness with which plants adapt themselves to the merest tricks of habit in the insects that visit them is well illustrated in the figwort.

Bees and butterflies, and all other regular flower-haunters, have a trick of beginning at the bottom of a spike of flowers (as in foxglove or sage), and working gradually upward ; so in these cases the pollen-bags ripen first, while the sensitive surface of the seed-vessel doesn't mature till a later period. Thus, the bee, lighting first on the older and lower flowers, in their second stage, fertilises them with the pollen he has brought from the last plant ; while on the upper part of the spike he gathers more pollen, which he carries away to the next plant, and so ensures the great desideratum of nature, a healthy cross. But the wasp, with his usual perversity of disposition, reverses all this : *he* begins at the top of the spike, and works gradually downward. To meet this abnormal fancy of the vespine intellect, the fig-wort makes its sensitive surface mature first, while its pollen-bags only shed their mealy dust a little later. So the wasp, lighting first on the newly opened blossoms at the top, comes in contact with the ripe summit of the seed-vessel, on which he rubs the pollen from the last spike he visited ; and then, proceeding downward, he unconsciously collects a fresh lot to carry away to the next fig-wort.

While wasps are very sharp and wide-awake, flies are the most gullible of insects ; and many unprincipled blossoms deliberately lay themselves out to deceive the poor foolish creatures by false appearances.

On most mountain bogs in Britain one can still find a few pretty white flowers of the rare and curious Grass of Parnassus. They have each five snowy petals, and at the base of every petal stands a little forked organ, with eight or nine thread-like points, terminated, apparently, by a small round drop of pellucid honey. Touch one of the drops with your finger, and, lo ! you will find it is a solid ball or gland. The flower, in fact, is only playing at producing honey. Yet so easily the are

flies for whom it caters taken in by a showy advertisement, that not only will they light on the blossoms and try most industriously for a long time together to extract a little honey from the dry bulbs, but even after they have been compelled to give up the attempt as vain they will light again upon a second flower, and go through the whole performance again, *da capo*. The Grass of Parnassus thus generally manages to get its flowers fertilised with no expenditure of honey at all on its own part.

* * * * * * *

The very malodorous carrion-flowers (or Stapelias) are visited by bluebottles and fleshflies, while an allied form actually sets a trap for the fly's proboscis, which catches the insect by its hairs, and compels him to give a sharp pull in order to free himself; this pull dislodges the pollen, and so secures the desired cross-fertilisation. The Alpine butterwort sets a somewhat similar gin so vigorously that when a weak fly is caught in it he cannot disengage himself, and there perishes wretchedly, like a hawk in a keeper's trap.

Other flowers actually imprison flies in a strong inner chamber, until they have duly performed the penal servitude of fertilisation.

The South European birthwort, a very lurid-looking and fly-enticing flower, has a sort of cornucopia-shaped tube, lined with long hairs, which all point inward, and so allow small midges to creep down readily enough, after the fashion of an eel-buck or lobster-pot. "Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras"—to get out again is the great difficulty. Try as they will, the little prisoners can't crawl back upward against the downward-pointing hairs. Accordingly they are forced, by circumstances over which they have no control, to walk aimlessly up and down their prison yard, fertilising the little knobby surface of the seed-vessel with pollen brought from another flower. But as soon as the seeds are all impregnated, the stamens begin to shed their pollen, and dust over the gnats with the copious powder. Then the hairs all wither up, and the gnats, released from their lobster-pot prison, fly away once more on the same fool's-errand. Before doing so, however, they make a good meal off the pollen that covers the floor, though they still carry away a great many grains on their own wings and bodies. One might imagine that after a single experience of the sort the midges would have sense enough to avoid birthwort in future; but your midge has really no more intelligence than your human drunkard, or gambler, or opium-eater. He flies straight off to the very next birthwort he sees, conveys to it the pollen from the last trap he visited, and gets confined once more in the inner chamber, till the plant is prepared to let him out again on ticket-of-leave of short duration. Thus, like an habitual criminal, he spends almost all his time in getting from one gaol into another. His confinement, however, is not solitary, but is mitigated by congenial intercourse with the ladies and gentlemen of his own kind.

The wild arum or cuckoo pint, which repeats the lobster-pot tactics of the birthwort, appears actually to hocus its nectar.

I have often seen dozens of these tiny flies rolling together in an advanced stage of apparent intoxication upon the pollen-covered floor of an arum chamber; and the evidences of drunkenness are so clear and numerous that I incline to believe the plant actually makes them drunk in order to ensure their staggering about in the pollen and carrying a good supply of it to the next blossom visited.

It is a curious fact that these two totally unrelated plants (birthwort and arum) should have hit upon the very same device to attract insects of the same class though not the same species. The trap must have been independently developed in the two cases, and could only have succeeded with such very stupid, unintelligent creatures as the flies and midges.

From plants that imprison, to plants that devour insects alive is a natural transition. Of these the sundew is the best known and most easily accessible.

The leaf of the sundew is round and flat, and it is covered by a number of small red glands, which act as the attractive advertisement to the misguided midges. Their knobby ends are covered with a glutinous secretion, which glistens like honey in the sun-light, and so gains for the plant its common English name. But the moment a hapless fly, attracted by hopes of meat or nectar, settles quietly in its midst, on hospitable thoughts intent, the viscid liquid holds him tight immediately, and clogs his legs and wings, so that he is snared exactly as a peregrine is snared with bird lime. Then the leaf with all its "red-lipped mouths" (I will own up that the expression is Mr. Swinburne's, *ubi supra*) closes over him slowly but surely, and crushes him by folding its edges inward gradually toward the centre. The fly often lingers long with ineffectual struggles, while the cruel crawling leaf pours forth a digestive fluid—a vegetable gastric juice, as it were—and dissolves him alive piecemeal in its hundred clutching suckers.

Our little English insectivorous plants, however, are mere clumsy bunglers compared to the great and highly developed insect-caters of the tropics. The Indian pitcher-plants or *Nepenthes* bear big pitchers closed in the early state with a lid, which lifts itself and opens the pitcher as soon as the plant has fully completed its insecticidal arrangements.

The details of the trap vary somewhat in the different species, but as a whole the *modus operandi* of the plant is somewhat after this atrocious fashion. The pitcher contains a quantity of liquid, that of the sort appropriately known as the Rajah holding as much as a quart; and the insect, attracted in most cases by some bright colour, crawls down the sticky side, quaffs the unkind *Nepenthe*, and forgets his troubles forthwith in the vat of oblivion prepared for him beneath by the delusive vases. A slimy *Lethe* flows over his dissolving corse, and the relentless pitcher-plant sucks his juices to supply his own fibres with the necessary nitrogenous materials.

The Californian pitcher-plant, or *Darlingtonia*, is a member of a totally distinct family, which has independently hit on the same device, and the practically-minded Californians accordingly keep the pitchers growing in their houses, to act as fly-catchers. All these insect-eaters grow in very wet and boggy places, and have taken to these insect-devouring habits simply because their roots are very badly supplied with manure or with ammonia in any form, without which they could not live.

The principle of Venus's fly-trap is somewhat different, though its practice is equally nefarious.

This curious marsh-plant, instead of setting hocussed bowls of liquid for its victims, like a Florentine of the fourteenth century, lays a regular gin or snare for them, on the same plan as a common snapping rat-trap. The end of the leaf is divided into two folding halves by the midrib, and on each half are three or five highly sensitive hairs. The moment one of these hairs is touched by a fly, the two halves come together, enclosing the luckless insect between them. As if on purpose to complete the resemblance to a rat-trap, too, the edges of the leaf are formed of prickly jagged teeth, which fit in between one another when the gin shuts, and so effectually cut off the insect's retreat. The plant then sucks up the juices of the fly; and as soon as it has fully digested them, the leaf opens automatically once more, and resets the trap for another victim. It is an interesting fact that this remarkable insectivore appears to be still a new and struggling species, or else an old type on the very point of extinction, for it is only found in a few bogs over a very small area in the neighbourhood of Wilmington, South California.

In a few cases, the relation between the plant and the insect that fertilises it is even closer and more lasting than any we have yet considered.

Everybody knows those large and handsome tropical lilies, the yuccas, with their tall clustered heads of big white blossoms. Well, Professor Riley, the great American entomologist, has shown that the yuccas are entirely run (to use a favourite expression of his countrymen) by a comparatively small and inconspicuous moth, solely for its own benefit; and so completely is this the case, that the yucca can't manage to exist at all without its little winged intermediary. Professor Riley has therefore playfully named the little insect *Pronuba Yuccasella*; freely translated, the yucca's bridesmaid. The moth bores the young capsule of the flower in several places, lays an egg in each hole and then carefully collects pollen, with which it fertilises the blossom, of set purpose, thus deliberately producing a store of food for its own future larvæ. The eggs hatch inside the capsule, and the young grubs eat part of the seeds at the same time prudently leaving enough for the continuation of the yucca family in the future. As soon as the grubs are fullgrown, they bore a hole again through the capsule, lower themselves by a thread to the ground, and there spin a cocoon which lies buried in the earth all through the autumn and winter. But in the succeeding summer, just fourteen days before the yuccas begin to flower, the grubs in their cocoons pass into the chrysalis stage; and by the time the yuccas are in full blossom, they issue forth as perfect moths and once more commence the fertilisation of their chosen food plant, and the laying of their own eggs. So singular an instance of mutual accommodation between flower and insect is rare indeed in this usually greedy and self-regarding world.

The odd inside-out flowers of the fig owe their fertilisation to a still more complicated cross-relationship. Hardly anybody has seen a fig-flower, because it grows inside the stalk, instead of outside, and so can only be observed by cutting it open lengthwise.

The fig, in its early youth, in fact, consists of a hollow branch on whose inner surface a number of very small flowers cluster together; and when they are ripe for fertilisation, the eye or hole at the top opens to admit the insect

visitor. This visitor is the fig-wasp, who comes, not from other cultivated fig-trees, but from a wild tree called the caprifico. On this tree the mother wasps first lay their eggs in the inedible figs, which thereupon swell out into galls, and become the nurses of the young wasp grubs. When the wasps are mature, they eat their way out of the wild fig where they were born, and set forth to lay their own eggs in turn, either on a brother caprifico or on its sister, a true fig tree. Those wasps which enter the wild figs of a caprifico succeed in carrying out their maternal purpose, and lay their eggs on the right spot for more grubs to be duly developed. But those which happen to go into a true fig merely fertilise the flowers without laying their eggs, because the figs are here so constituted that there is no proper place for them to lay on. In other words, the true fig is a cultivated wasp-proof caprifico. But as the figs won't properly swell without fertilisation, it becomes important to conciliate the attentions of the wasps; and for this reason the Italian peasants hang small branches of the caprifico on the boughs of the cultivated fig-trees, at the moment when the eye of the fig opens, and so shows that they are ready to be fertilised. The wasps, as they emerge from their own homes, enter the figs at once, and there set the little hard seeds, on whose impregnation the pulpy part of the fig begins to swell.

The fruit of the caprifico itself never comes to anything; but since the true figs are dependent upon it for pollen, it follows that if the caprificos were ever to become extinct, the supply of best Eleme in layers would forthwith cease entirely.

TEMPLE BAR.

OCTOBER, 1884.

A Perilous Secret. By CHARLES READE	—
On the Reading of Books	—
Doctor Beroni's Secret	—
Emma, Lady Hamilton	—
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A Haunted Castle. By KENINGALE COOK	—
Recollections of the London Stage	250
Lines written when about to leave England	—
Peril. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL	—

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LONDON STAGE.—Fifty or sixty years ago, when the number of metropolitan theatres barely reached a dozen, managers were enabled to pick and choose their actors exactly as they wanted them; engagements were usually contracted for a term of years, and a perfection of all-round acting was ensured which it is impossible at present to attain.

A glance at the "casts" of those days will suffice to show the care with which every part from the highest to the lowest was distributed. Take for example the following interpretation of "The School for Scandal"—Sir Peter Teazle, Fawcett; Sir Oliver Surface, Terry; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Liston; Joseph Surface, Young; Charles Surface, Charles Kemble; Crabtree, Mathews; Moses, Simmons; Trip, Farley; Lady Teazle, Miss O'Neill (her first appearance in comedy); Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Faucit; Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Gibbs; and Maria, Miss Foote! Nor was Melpomene less admirably cared for than Thalia; it may be doubted if "Julius Cæsar" has ever offered a similar attraction to the play-goer. Mark Antony, Charles Kemble; Brutus, Young; Cassius, Macready; Fawcett was Casca; and Mrs. W. West, then an excellent actress, although she subsequently descended to the level of a Marylebone audience, Calpurnia. Three leading tragedians in one piece; "think of that, Master Brook!"

Young's latter days were passed at Brighton. Among many other theatrical anecdotes he amused us with one of Mathews the elder.

"I was then," he said, "at Liverpool, with Lewis and Knight; and on Mathews's arrival there on a starring engagement, we became intimate, and

during an afternoon ramble he confided to me a trick he had played on his old manager Tate Wilkinson at York. Emery was then a member of the company, and, like many of his professional brethren, not altogether satisfied with the characters generally assigned him; an amiable weakness by which Mathews, with his instinctive love of a joke, determined to profit. Imitating with scrupulous exactness the handwriting and signature of his colleague, he addressed a letter to the eccentric manager, the purport of which was a request to be allowed to play *Othello* (of all parts the least suited to him) on his benefit night; and, watching his opportunity, secretly laid it on the table of Tate's private sanctum.

An hour or two later, when the actors were assembled in the green-room awaiting the summons to rehearsal, in rushed Wilkinson, his "brown George" ominously awry, with the unlucky epistle in his hand; and, in accordance with his usual habit of never calling people by their right names, angrily inquired if Mr. *Gomery* had arrived.

"Here I am, sir," replied the unsuspecting Emery, stepping forward.

"Oh, you are there, are you?" retorted Tate. "Then, sir, may I ask what *this* means?" brandishing the letter as he spoke, and glaring at the supposed offender. "*You* play *Othello*, man! Have you lost your senses, Mr. *Mummery*?"

All this was Greek to poor Emery, who stared and scratched his head with a most ludicrous expression of dismay. "I don't understand, sir," he stammered out.

"You don't understand!" sarcastically echoed the manager. "Why man, here it is in black and white, in your own handwriting!"

"By goles!" said the actor, "it's none o' mine. It's a hoax, sir, that's what it is, and if I knew who did it, I'd *smash* him!"

This was said with such terrible energy that Mathews, who had hitherto been enjoying the scene, began to think that the joke was going a little too far; and mentally resolved to keep his own counsel and not breathe a syllable of the matter, even to his wife. Tate appeared only half convinced, and more than once afterwards, when Emery had been unusually successful in his personations of north-countrymen, qualified his approval by saying: "Stick to the tykes, man, and don't meddle with Shakespeare; make a fool of yourself if you do. D'ye hear that, Mr. *Flummery*?"

In my younger days, says the writer, my favourite theatre was the Haymarket, during the long run of "*Paul Pry*," with its inimitable interpreters, Liston and Madame Vestris.

Poole was indeed fortunate in securing for his master-piece not only the most popular comedian of his day, but also, in the person of Eliza Vestris, one of the most delightful actresses and irresistibly fascinating women that ever trod the stage. She was then in the full luxuriance of her beauty, all archness, vivacity, and grace; her exquisite contralto voice had acquired a richness of tone which few even among the best singers of her time could boast, and nowhere was it heard to more advantage than in her never-to-be-forgotten "*Cherry Ripe*." Many a year, alas! has elapsed since then; but every note of that simple melody—and I may say as much of Mrs. Waylett's equally incomparable "*Kate Kearney*"—is still as fresh in my memory as on those happy evenings when I enjoyed the privilege of listening to them.

I remember Maria Tree in the opera of "Native Land," it was her singing that inspired Luttrell's pretty epigram described by Rogers as quite a little fairy tale.

"On this *tree* when a nightingale settles and sings,
The *tree* will return her as good as she brings."

It was at St. James's that I saw Dickens's "Strange Gentleman," with the bustling Harley in his white overcoat as the hero.

The mention of Harley reminds me of an anecdote related to me of that most excellent and amusing actor. He had played a leading character in an unsuccessful comedy, the author of which, nevertheless, dissatisfied with the verdict of the critics, considered his production worthy of publication, and presented his interpreter with a copy, at the same time handing him the draft of a letter addressed to a newspaper Aristarchus who had treated him rather roughly.

"Don't show it to any one," he said; "I have not quite settled whether I shall send it or not, so oblige me by putting it in a safe place."

"Make your mind easy," replied Harley, with a roguish twinkle of his eye, "I'll slip it between two pages of your comedy; no one is likely to look for it *there*!"

Planché tells us that James Wallack, after his success in the "Brigand," complained that the part had done him more harm than good; the public being unwilling to hear him in any other.

This was confirmed to me by the manager of a provincial theatre, where the actor, contrary to my informant's advice, had determined on commencing a starring engagement as Rover, instead of appearing in his popular character of Massaroni. The result was a "beggarly account of empty boxes," and Wallack's disappointment was by no means lessened on hearing next day from a casual acquaintance that, as he had been described in the bills simply as Mr Wallack, the local playgoers had mistaken him for his brother Henry, a far inferior artist and had reserved their money until the real Simon Pure should honour their town with a visit, and gratify them with a performance of the "Brigand Chief."

"The deuce take Planché and his piece," exclaimed the mortified comedian; "we must put up the thing after all. If your good folks here, Mr.—, fight shy of 'Wild Oats,' perhaps a little *chaff* will suit them better!"

I heard Malibran only once, in the "Maid of Artois" at Drury Lane; but happened to be at Manchester at the time of her death there in September, 1836, and was much struck at the general sorrow exhibited by all classes.

I remember, when in Paris, meeting a journalist who had known her well, by whom I was told the following anecdote. She was one evening at the French Opera with Rossini and the narrator, and in the course of the piece felt her powers of endurance severely taxed by the deplorable execution of a *sextuor*; two of the singers shouting with all their might, while the remaining four were almost inaudible. The *maestro* took it very philosophically. "This," he said, "is evidently intended to represent a duel, and the four gentlemen yonder," designating the incapables, "are of course the seconds." "In that case," observed

his fair neighbour, "it is their bounden duty to stop the fight, for the honour of their principals ought to be satisfied by this time ; I only wish I could say as much of my ears !"

Old Tayleure, the "Lancashire Liston," though he came to London heralded by a great provincial reputation, failed somehow to hit the taste of the town.

When I knew him, he had left the stage some years, and was established as a print and autograph dealer in Adelaide Street, close to the Lowther Arcade ; his wife, a clever actress and the original Mrs. Dismal in "Married Life," continuing her profession as before. Tayleure's memory was an inexhaustible storehouse of anecdote, and hardly a day elapsed without some theatrical celebrity dropping in for a chat with him, whose presence, with a keen eye to business, he generally contrived to utilise in the following manner. Keeping his visitor engaged in conversation, he quietly selected from his stock as many portraits of the latter as he could lay his hand on ; and by a little well-timed flattery induced him to affix his signature to each, by which ingenious stratagem he was subsequently enabled to dispose of what otherwise would have been barely worth sixpence for half-a-crown.

He had a precious collection of "Garrickiana," which after his death was sold by his widow for an almost nominal sum ; had it been preserved intact until the present day, when every scrap of dramatic illustration is bought up by our own and American amateurs at ten times its value, it would have realised a small fortune.

When Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews visited America in 1838, Planché was left in charge of the Olympic, and did his best to secure the co-operation of the most popular dramatists of the day.

I have before me an amusing epistle addressed by him to Oxenford, which is worth reproduction here, and which, it may be added, was gallantly responded to by the contribution of a pleasant little comedy entitled the "Idol's Birthday."

"ROYAL OLYMPIC,

"Monday night.

"What the d—— are you about, Mr. John Oxenford ? Sink the Haymarket ! Where's my picce, sir, eh ? Let me see something from you of the *right sort* in double quick time, or dread the vengeance of yours truly, J. R. P.

"Do you know we open on the 29th, sir, eh ?"

One short and pithy extract from a characteristic note of Bob Keeley to Elliston, dated April 11, 1817, and I have done :

"My terms are two pounds a week. You know what I am worth, and *now I know it too !*"

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1884.

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AN ENGLISH LITERARY COUSIN.—In Hawthorne's "Old Home" occurs a passage in which, with delightful unscrupulousness, he appropriates Leigh Hunt as a sort of stray American with whom he is bound to fraternise.

"There was not an English trait in him from head to foot, morally, intellectually, or physically," wrote our wilful romancer: "beef, ale or stout, brandy or port-wine, entered not at all into his composition. . . . It was on account of the fineness of his nature generally that the English appreciated him no better, and left this sweet and delicate poet poor and with scanty laurels, in his declining age. It was not, I think, from his American blood that Leigh Hunt derived either his amiability or his peaceful inclinations; at least, I do not see how we can reasonably claim the former quality as a national characteristic, though the latter might have been fairly inherited from his ancestors on the mother's side, who were Pennsylvania Quakers. But the kind of excellence that distinguished him—his

fineness, subtilty, and grace—was that which the richest cultivation has heretefore tended to develop in the happier examples of American genius, and which, though I say it reluctantly, is perhaps what our future intellectual advancement may make general among us. His person, at all events, was thoroughly American, and of the best type, as were his manners; for we are the best as well as the worst mannered people in the world.”

It goes toward the confirmation of Hawthorne's theory that Benjamin West, the painter, who married one of Leigh Hunt's relations, once told him that meeting himself or any of his brothers in the street and knowing naught of them he should unhesitatingly have pronounced them Americans.

This lost compatriot of ours, then, this literary changeling, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, one hundred years ago this month,—October 19, 1784. Like Emerson, he was descended from an ancestry of clergymen, and from venture-some people who left their homes for the New World. His father's father was rector of Bridge Town, Barbadoes. His father, a Tory in politics, who afterwards found it safer to return to the mother country, took his degrees in New York and in Philadelphia, where he married the daughter of Stephen Shewell, a merchant of that city, and a friend of Franklin and Thomas Paine.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, a namesake of his father's favorite pupil, was the youngest of a large family, “all of whom inherited the knack of making sacrifices for the sake of principle.” “I call myself,” he said, “in every sense, etymological not excepted, a son of mirth and melancholy: for my father's Christian name (as old students of onomancy would have heard with serious faces) was Isaac, which is Hebrew for laughter, and my mother's name was Mary, which comes from a word in the same language signifying bitterness. And, indeed, as I do not remember to have seen my mother smile, save in sorrowful tenderness, so now my father's shouts of laughter are ringing in my ears.” Passing over his school life at the blue-coat school, which he left as first Deputy Grecian, in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as his predecessor, Charles Lamb, *viz.*, the slight stammer in his speech, we record a couple of incidents of his youth which he remembered in after life.

An incident of Hunt's early youth reveals his exceeding proneness to deliberation and leisurely fancy. He had gone out in a little decked skiff on the Isis, with a friend: he had fastened the sail-line, thrust his feet into a small opening, and placidly betaken himself to reading. The wind suddenly arose, and, so caught, over went the skiff, the bookish mariner fastened to it. Worst of all, the sail-line got tangled about his neck. Now, in this imminent danger, which his comrade escaped, and from which he was at length rescued by Oxonians, started the diverting mental reflection that he, Leigh Hunt, was about to nullify an ancient and respectable proverb which averred that a man born to be hanged

would never be drowned, as he was likely to suffer both ways ! The coherence of that under-water speculation was worthy of Shelley.

He retained, to record it over sixty years after, a ludicrous reminiscence of Boyer, the famous Christ's Hospital master, and of a luckless pupil who read badly, drawled, and forgot his periods. The victim is supposed to stand before the awful Boyer, holding the text-book, Dialogues between a Missionary and an Indian, and casting an eye over the corner of the page towards the locality whence blows are to proceed. Here is Leigh Hunt's narration :—

"*Master.* Now, young man, have a care, or I'll set you a *swingeing* task. [A common phrase of his.]

"*Pupil.* [Making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering the stop after the word missionary.] Missionary can you see the wind ?

"[Master gives him a slap on the cheek.]

"*Pupil.* [Raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting the stop.] Indian no !

"*Master.* God's-my-life, young man ! have care how you provoke me.

"*Pupil.* [Always forgetting the stop.] Missionary how then do you know there is such thing ?

"[Here a terrible thump.]

"*Pupil* [With a shout of agony.] Indian because I feel it !"

"The pity of it" may be evident, but the humour is irresistible.

In 1809, after a great deal of deliberation, no doubt, on the respective merits of a single life and its opposite, he married Miss Kent, the "Marian" of his charming verses. Of Mrs. Hunt's keen and quiet wit, swift as a rapier thrust, one good example may be recorded. Byron, who did not admire her to excess, once complained to her at Pisa that Trelawney had been speaking slightly of his morals. "It is the first time, my lord," was her laughing but caustic answer, "that I have ever heard of them." My Lord never forgave her.

Leigh Hunt is known to the careless majority as the author of *Abou Ben Adhem*, and as the man who spent two years in Horsemonger Lane Jail, for a just if unsparing attack in *The Examiner*, on George IV, then prince regent. With his customary invincible cheerfulness, he made the best of a position sadly detrimental to his prospects and his health. His wife and children being allowed to join him, he hung the doors of his cell with garlands, covered the walls with prints, casts, and hangings, sent for a piano, "and lived, despite the king's attorney-general, in a bower ;" even planting an apple-tree near his window, out of which he managed to eke a pudding the second year : typifying, in smiling quaintness, said Richard Hengist Horne, the sweetness and bitterness, the constraint and gay-heartedness, of his whole life beside. Long after he recalled the two among his keepers who were kind to him, and instanced the exquisite delicacy of the jailor's wife, who, obliged to secure the doors against her prisoner at night, was only once caught doing it, so softly had she turned the key, for fear of distressing him. He notes also that to his imprisonment he owed his friend of friends, Percy Bysshe Shelley, who, knowing him but lightly before, now wrote to him, making him a princely offer, of which, however, he would not avail himself. Once liberated, Leigh Hunt and his brother John, who

had been implicated with him, continued to edit *The Examiner*; "H. R. H.," as the more brilliant of the two wrote, "still affecting us with anything but solemnity, as we took care to manifest."

The writer does not propose to follow the events of Hunt's career, nor to chronicle in due order the journals he edited, nor the delightful books that he made. He was all his life friend and abettor to men of genius; exceedingly personal and unreserved with his gentle reader, he talked of them and to them in public, with a gracious word for those who died prematurely, like Egerton Webbe, and whose morning was full of promise. He had to battle with the coarse and rancorous abuse of *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* criticism, such as is fortunately obsolete now and out of all adequate conception.

"It was nothing to revile Hunt's opinions, his writing, his public conduct," says a living author; "his private and dearest relationships, his very person and habits, were made subjects of attack, and under the wildest misconception in regard to them all." Rumor announced him as a rash speculator in the money-market: "I who was never in a market of any kind," he cries, "but to buy an apple or a flower." A more amusing instance of this false interpretation, which pursued Hunt wherever he went,—a "sample of the fantastical nature of scandal," as he called it,—is given in the anecdote of Wordsworth, who, when asked his opinion of the young Whig editor (before having met him), said that he had nothing against him save that he was badly given to swearing! Now Hunt, as a child, had been bred into an intense abhorrence of violent words. Once he got into a corner, quite by himself, to indulge in the forbidden novelty, and thereafter endured awful pricks of conscience when patted approvingly on the head, each caress forcing him to soliloquize in the depths of his small troubled spirit, "How little they know that I am the boy who said 'D—n it!'" Hunt had occasion, many years later, to send for Theodore Hook's acceptance a certain sketch, which for absolute accordance with the characters introduced needed a few light oaths, and begged hard, pleading the practice of the honest old English writers, for their insertion; Hook, on his editorial virtue, persistently refusing, put the would-be swearer into a singular predicament. Wordsworth had probably heard of the incident in some perverted shape. Subsequently to the "fearful joy" snatched in the corner, it so chanced that an oath never escaped Leigh Hunt's lips; although he hoped no good fellow would think less of him for it, and promised, in that contingency, immediately to begin swearing, purely to *vindicate his character*.

A pretty incident is narrated showing Leigh Hunt's constitutional love of praise. Mary Cowden Clark tells us how as a young child in her father's house she crept around to the sofa-back where Leigh Hunt's hand was resting, to kiss it softly and shyly and steal away, while her idol, with a nod and a smile to his little votary, tossed his lithe foot to and fro, and went on with his vivacious talk.

Hunt's humour exactly fitted Thackeray's noble definition, wit and love.

It was born of natural gladness of heart, of airy courtesy and assurance. Its sparkling wing flitted ever and anon over his earnest essays and along the windings of his musical verse, showing most of 'all, if we are to believe those who best knew him, in his every-day conversation. It was of the flavor which Suckling's had once and Carew's ; roguish always, and always humane. It runs into the delicious doggerel,—

“ Saint of sweethearts, Valentine !
 Connubialest of clergymen ;”

into the bantering preface of the Round Table, and into the choice of its topics ; into the triumphant dating of the Seer “ at our suburban abode, with a fire on one side of us, and a vine at the window on the other, this nineteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, in the very green and invincible year of our life the fifty-sixth.” Hunt's keenness enabled him to give epigrammatic expression, when he so willed it, to his criticism. He said of his friend, his “ splenetic but kindly philosopher, who worried himself to death over the good of nations,”—

“ Dear Hazlitt, whose tact intellectual is such
 That it seems to feel truth, as pure matter of touch.”

He cites “ Spenser's fine stanza, with its organ-like close.” He stamps Rossini as “ the genius of animal spirits ;” Händel as the “ wielder of choirs : his hallelujahs open the heavens. “ Wonderful !” he utters, as if all their trumpets spake together.” “ There is champagne in the thought of him,” is his disquisition on Thomas Moore. This deft touch, which he knew to be his, Leigh Hunt exercised in *The Royal Line*, where every English sovereign, down to George IV., is struck off to the life in a single rhyming pentameter.

Some of Leigh Hunt's most admirable qualities were the generous simplicity, the utter tolerance and patience, which enabled him, after long annoyance, to waive an unlovely relationship, and to take with affectionate hope the hand of a contrite foe.

When Christopher North, who in by-gone days had penned it of Hunt that “ to the mowling malice of the monkey he added the hissiness of the bill-pouting gander and the gobble-bluster of the bubbly-jock,” and a hundredfold more of such elegant Jocoseria,—when Christopher North atoned cordially and kindly for his treatment not only of Hunt, but of Shelley and John Keats (whom, in a certain sense, he “ hooted out of the world”), Hunt, without any airs of injured innocence, quietly accepted the proffered reparation, and spoke thereafter of his “ rich-writing Tory,” as if they had been friends from boyhood on. All this cost Hunt a pang, for he held the memory of Shelley and Keats jealously at heart. But his sense of honor forbade even the ghost of a resentment when the blade that had been lifted against them was surrendered to him in sorrow. Had he not, as Lord Houghton beautifully said, “ a superstition of good”? Was he not, as a celebrated associate also wrote of him, “ the visionary in humanity, the fool of virtue”? Under all obloquy, he confidently expected the righting of it, and viewed the change, when it came to pass, with calm content. It was as if Plato's cave-dweller fostered a life-long dream of sunshine and of moving crowds, glad with life ; and, released from the darkness and the silence, walked without surprise through the hitherto invisible world, unjailed by all its mystery and wonder.

Leigh Hunt's friendship for Keats and Shelley brought him into undeserved reproach, but he never for an instant wavered in his allegiance to either of them.

Magazines of the Blackwood stamp looked on him as the arch-vagabond of the literary world, and on the two young poets, whose genius was greater than his own, as his meek and deluded disciples. Hunt was the herald and helper of John Keats : he introduced him to public notice before he had published a line ; he discerned the beauties of *Endymion* when its very name was drowned over England in hisses and sneers ; he filled number after number of his journals with the same careful, discriminating, enthusiastic criticism of his young friend's work as he would devote to the *Faërie Queen* itself. He kept Keats with him in his house, and watched mournfully the first symptoms of his physical decay. He delighted to associate himself with that "monastic mind" in writing a sonnet, or a review, or an essay. Most of all, he talked of him as he talked confidently to the public, of everything he cherished, year after year. When the *Memoir* appeared, in which were chronicled Keats' excusably petulant words that he once suspected both Shelley and Leigh Hunt of a desire to see him undervalued, the surviving friend, deeply wounded, could find nothing harsher to answer but that "Leigh Hunt would as soon have wished the flowers or the stars undervalued, or his own heart that loved him." Of Keats he wrote to the last with unvarying affection and admiration. He prized him for his "fine heart and his astonishing faculties ;" not indeed, he adds, with his quaint candor, "so dearly as Shelley, because that was impossible."

In *The Examiner*, under Hunt's editorship, Shelley had his first hearing. Their esteem for each other, even at its closest, was something impersonal and exalted. Nothing pleased them more, in the Italian days, than utterly to confuse the limits of their material belongings. Hunt would appropriate indifferently a book or a dinner ; and Shelley, with his childish air, would walk in upon the household arrayed in his friend's most elaborate waistcoat. Keats' last volume, which, after the memorable storm in the Bay of Spezia, was found open in Shelley's pocket, belonged to Hunt, and was laid upon the funeral pyre and consumed. It was at this time, in 1822, that Hunt wrote to a correspondent, with a stoicism unconsciously plaintive, "I have reason to be thankful that I have suffered so much during my life, as the habit makes endurance now more tolerable." The final words which Leigh Hunt penned for the public were to correct a misapprehension in regard to Shelley ; the last letter he dictated had reference to him, and served a like purpose. He lived to see England intensely proud of the exile whom she had scorned. Hunt never lost his veneration for genius, however familiarly he walked with its outward self. Scarce any contemporary so well understood Landor, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and especially Charles Lamb. In and out of his bright intercourse with high minds ran a steady fibre of homage. He would have associated just as gracefully, just as reverently, with Marvell or Sir Thomas Browne. Yet he records with merriment how Shelley sailed his paper boats, or screwed his bright brown hair into "horns," to divert the children ; how Keats used to sit listening, clasping one foot over his knee, and how the title "Junkets," a whimsical *liaison* of his names, was given to him because of his fairy-folk ; and how he, Hunt, in turn became "Leontius," though "Christian nomenclature knows none such." Nothing

more beautiful than Hunt's friendliness for the author of *Adonais* and the subject of it can be found in the literary annals of the nineteenth century ; it was fellowship, and it was also a prophetic tribute of mind to mind.

In person Hunt was tall, erect and slender, with the sweet and earnest look that Shelley notes.

"His face was like a summer night
All flooded with a dusky light,"

In his early manhood, and sparkling with animation ; but in his declining years the gaiety, save in his smile and in the occasional "flashes of youth" in his fine eyes, seemed to have died away ; and in its stead came the aspect of grave thoughtfulness which we see in the portrait prefixed to his latest book. He had undergone the combined attacks of melancholy and ill-health, but his step was always elastic and his chest ample. His head was handsomely shaped, and covered with rather straight, Indian-like black hair ; Byron's hats, as well as Keats' and Shelley's, were too small for him. Carlyle somewhere refers to his "pretty little laugh, sincere and cordial ; his voice, with its ending musical warble ('chirl,' we called it), which reminded one of singing-birds." It would have been better for Hunt, since his lines lay not in the planet Mercury, but in this rough-and-tumble world, had he been cast in a less delicate mould ; unless we hold with Lowell that the infusion of "some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared" is no drawback, and that Nature

"Could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man."

Hunt's preferences were after Evelyn's own heart, and turned towards books and a garden. He was not too exacting ; he relished a page "bethumbed horribly," and found beauty in a toadstool. But he had little personal claim over any land or any library. He was *doctor sine libris* the greater part of his life ; wretchedly poor from 1830 to 1840, and forced to sell his folios for the bare necessities of life.

"Fair lover all his days of all things fair,"

none deserved better, by services, temperament, and generous habits, to be surrounded with luxuries, and to be blessed with some other revenue than his good spirits merely. Hazlitt understood his needs and their involved denials. "Leigh Hunt," he said, conscious that he was speaking in a world where labor is the immutable law, "ought to be allowed to play, sing, laugh, and talk his life away ; to patronize men of letters ; to write manly prose and elegant verse." Not a tithe of such luck befell his sunny-hearted friend. The deprivations which Hunt could not lessen, he bore with philosophic serenity.

This brings us to a mention of his money matters, and to the question of Harold Skimpole. First and last, it should not be forgotten that Leigh Hunt would have been comparatively prosperous if his political opinions had accommodated themselves to the powers that be, as did those of several of his brother poets.

He was to some extent improvident, as his father, "deeply acquainted with arrests," had been before him. Of the vicissitudes of his own childhood the son wrote : "We struggled on between quiet and disturbance, between placid readings and frightful knocks at the door, between sickness and calamity and hopes which hardly ever forsook us." The

younger Hunt had a sort of wilful attachment to his inherited failing. He would almost have chosen to be poor, on the odd principle that it showed forth his friends clearly, and that it hindered his heart from being eaten up with the love of gain. "I could not dabble in money business if I would," he writes with fastidious directness, "from sheer ignorance of the language." Just as for his thrift and unspiritual shrewdness he disliked Franklin, whom he believed, with all his ability, to be merely at the head of those who think man lives by bread alone, so he rejoiced in Christmas time, for one reason, because Mammon was then suspended; and so he honored his elected saint, Francis of Assisi, because neither he nor his followers could be brought to handle the coin of the realm. Hunt was thoroughly impractical, and very willing to own it. He was full to the brim of what he himself called "other worldliness," and he knew it. Yet he spared no legitimate effort, not desperate, for his family's sake. He was a persistent worker, busy with book and pencil even at the breakfast-table; but somehow the largesses never came, and he found it fitting to despise Mammon, since Mammon so unconscionably slighted him. While in prison, under a heavy fine, Leigh Hunt refused all aid, and his brother and himself paid the last farthing; later, however, he learned to go a-borrowing. From Shelley he received regal help, which there was no obligation to return; unless Jaffar and perfect fidelity to his memory more than discharged the debt. Happily, it was Shelley himself who wrote of Leigh Hunt that no man could so nobly give or take a benefit, though he ever conferred far more than he could receive. Bounties, indeed, Hunt accepted from none other, save, long after, from Shelley's widow and his heir, the present Sir Percy; and offerings, in the case of friends like these, lose their name, and are not to be considered.

Nothing monetary worried Hunt so much that he was not able to jest over it. It may have been at a time when he most lamented his "handsome infirmity" that he wrote, with boyish humor, to Mrs. Novello, "Somebody in the world owes me tenpence. It's a woman at Finchley. I bought twopenny worth of milk of her one day, to give a draught to Marianne" (Mrs. Hunt), "and she had n't change; so I left a shilling with her, and cunningly said I should call. Now, I never shall call, improvident as you may think it; so that, upon the principle of compound interest, her great-grandchildren, or their great-great, or whichever great it is, will owe my posterity several millions of money. I mention this to give you a lively sense of the shrewdness experience has taught me."

Thornton Hunt (the 'favourite child' of Lamb's pretty poem) states that his father had a real incapacity to understand any subject when it was reduced to figures. Leigh Hunt in the decline of his life averred with jocose penitence that he had never known his multiplication table.

All this is Harold Skimpole to the life. We can go further. The fantastic gentleman of Bleak House desires to lie upon the grass by the day, and declares that he was born to lie there, gazing tranquilly at the sky, and free of meaner obligations, eking out solace for any and all of his woes. Leigh Hunt, with his "gay and ostentatious wilfulness,"—has he no parallel to Mr. Skimpole's rural unconcern? "In the midst of awful vexations, the sight of one open face, I could almost say of one green and quiet field, is enough to make

me hope to the last. . . . I could spend the rest of my life lodging above one of the bookseller's shops on the Quai de Voltaire, where I might look over to the Tuileries, and have the Champs Elysées in my eye for an evening walk. . . . Oh, I wish we were all of us gypsies!—I mean all of us who have a value for one another; and that we could go, seeking health and happiness, without a care, up all the green lanes in England, half gypsy and half gentry, with books instead of peddlery." Skimpole's earnest and disinterested *wishing* his dues to the butcher, who in turn wishes that he had wished Skimpole the lamb in the same sense, and Skimpole's reply that that could not be, as he, the butcher, possessed the meat, and he, the eater thereof, had not the money, are exquisitely funny to any one who knows Leigh Hunt, and who knows, moreover, that though Hunt never committed so palpable an absurdity, it was in him to make a like arch and innocent reply

It is a pity to confess the casual reciprocity between an odious character in fiction, and a man of such sane and upright temper as Leigh Hunt, and the admission, certainly, should never be made to those who do not understand,—besides this irreconcilable difference between the two—Charles Dickens's method of appropriating remnants of real life for his novels, and the laws whereby the transferring of such material is fair and desirable.

Dickens was a little piratical in this respect: he could not lose the chance of a favourable effect, even if the indulging of it sacrificed the memory of his not over-admirable parents. To him, Hunt offered extremely tempting oddities; and for Hunt, at the same time, he had a cordial regard, which had been more than once proven. The whole affair became, ultimately, painful to all concerned; but no grudge should stand now against the trusty and affectionate explanation of Dickens, given in *All the Year Round*, in 1859. Leigh Hunt's "animation, his sympathy with what was gay and pleasurable, his avowed doctrine of cultivating cheerfulness," and his insisting on these traits with a "gay and ostentatious wilfulness" impressed Dickens as "unspeakably whimsical and attractive:" they furnished the airy element he wanted for the man of his tale; and after taking them for his purpose, he showed proofs of the sketch to Hunt's best friends, that they might alter whatever was too much like his "way." With all this careful manœuvring, the public were bent on identifying Skimpole with Leigh Hunt. No one mistook that Arcadian carelessness, that inexpressibly engaging manner, even linked, as they were, with disagreeable sequences. Bleak House is written, and the excitement is over; but there is the witchcraft of resemblance to be traced out. Alas, not every reader is so constituted as to realize that enjoyment of Mr. Skimpole is compatible with loyalty to Leigh Hunt.

On August 29, 1859, Leigh Hunt died, and in Kensal Green whither many of his family had preceded him, and towards which he looked often in his solitary walks, with "eyes at once most melancholy, yet consoled," he was laid to rest.

FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, *4th October* 1884.

THERE ARE TWO QUESTIONS which engross the most vivid attention, or rather absorb it—China and Egypt. Both involve the prestige of France, and the existence or rather the fall of the Cabinet. France is in a complete fix with regard to China. M. Ferry has miscalculated his foe; he concluded threats and rashness, vapouring and outrageous demands for a questionable compensation would have carried the day. Homœopathic shellings of Kelung, awkward destructions at Foochow, and raids upon Formosa, have only made the Celestials more resolved to resist. In that tiring-out policy they have all the chances in the world of producing a Cabinet crisis here, and so allow a new ministry to overrule the blunders and deceptions of M. Ferry, who, up to the present, has not had the courage to produce the treaty of Tien-Tsin, and so allow the deputies and the public to examine, if a date was inserted for the evacuation of Bac Le. And if not, what becomes of M. Ferry's ambush theory, his claim for 250 or 80 millions of francs, or the taking of material guarantees? The Session which opens on the 14th instant will show that the deputies will no longer be hoodwinked. It is too perilous an enterprise for France to be held in a vice by China, when the political horizon is so lowering and threatening. Even the newly-pledged and only ally of France—Prussia—cannot drag her out of the slough. Bismarck is omnipotent only at home,—save to unite three Emperors for ten days; already the Emperor of Austria is cold towards the Czar.

The ministerial press is being hounded on against England: its violence and insolence is discreditable to France as a nation claiming to be well-mannered, and is a grave political imprudence. The cause is, England's resolve to fix up Egypt by settling herself down in the country, and keeping France out in the cold. England must eventually become security for the Nile creditors of the first

degree at all events, and that will divide the Continental Powers. And Egypt, the command of the Canal, the possession of the Soudan and its vast future as the emporium of Central Africa, with Khartoum for a half way house to the Red Sea, are worth the risk and the responsibility. In no case must France be allowed to enter, and England does well to indicate that, if necessary, the helping hands will be Italy or the Sultan. France threatens to invade Ireland, to trot out the colonels again, &c., so as to facilitate the better Bismarck's designs to ruin the Gaul. The meeting of Parliament will be very important and will provoke passionate discussions about Ferry's goings on with Prussia, his abandoning poor Alsace, and his having alienated England—for ever. The general elections next year are already being taken in hand, and will re-open the question of Revision. The Senate is certain to come to an open rupture with the Chamber of Deputies before the close of the year, and the country is becoming sullen and discontented, because business is paralysed, distress spreading, deficits in the budgets accumulating, and no signs of the revenue increasing or the necessities of life becoming cheaper. The Republic is on its trial; it has produced no statesmen, and the country is disgusted with political bonzes and brawling mediocrities. The craze for colonization will soon subside; the reaction has set in against the ribald attacks on England. The latter has been brought about not a little, by the fact, that John Bull will augment his navy—at last; that he is determined to evoke the spirit of "Old Pam," and free from *alliances* however belle, and *ententes* however cordiale, will rely on his own strong arm and prove true to himself.

Captain Bouinai and Professor Paulus, in the *Revue Maritime*, treat of the present condition of Cambodia—so named by the Portuguese who first explored the country. Its superficies is about one-fifth of the size of France, and its population 945,954. Having just been "protected" by France, its position in proximity to Siam—the future Afghanistan between France and British India, becomes important. The form of the kingdom approaches that of a rectangle. The mountains and hills are generally wooded and are said to be rich in minerals—iron specially. The natives proper do not like to reside in the highlands, they fear "woodfevers" and hobgoblins. Savages camp there, and such inoffensive beings as seek a refuge from slavery. A great fresh water lake exists north of the capital: it is 82 miles long by 16 broad: in the dry season it only occupies about the one-sixth of

this surface, and from being 40, becomes only 6 feet deep. It is extremely rich in fish, which affords employment to 30,000 fishermen. In the season the Chinese erect temporary villages to cure and export the catch to China and Singapore, and it amounts to 8,000 tons yearly. Fish is the chief food of the Cambodians.

There are two seasons in Cambodia, corresponding, as in India, with the two monsoons. Small-pox and cholera are the diseases which affect the natives; diarrhoea and dysentery, the Europeans. The Chinese doctors are the most in repute. Since the introduction of obligatory vaccination by the French, the most marvellous reduction in the small-pox death-rate has ensued. It was in 1516 that the Portuguese penetrated into Cambodia, which was about the same time that they entered Siam.

The French, according to their custom, cry out aloud against India cultivating opium to export to China. But it is France who forms the opium and cognac trades in Cambodia; she does the same in Cochin-China, and the contract for opium in the "new take" of Tonquin has been entrusted to a French firm also, which pays a handsome annual revenue to France. The lovers of "decorations" ought to take note, that since Cambodia has become French, its puppet-king, Noroden, has created an "order of chivalry," on the same lines as the Legion of Honor. It consists already of 3,000 members, and a decoration is about as easy to obtain as the green rosette of the Shah of Persia, open to all who are vain, and—can pay.

The royal palace is divided into two wings; one serves as the private residence of His Majesty and encloses the harem. The ladies of the latter are classed according to their dignified birth, the favour in which they stand with the King, or their ability to find out, by *espionnage*, the infidelities of their sisters. His Majesty has only three hundred handmaidens. The second wing of the palace is devoted to official receptions and *fêtes*.

The Cambodian is essentially lazy, has no taste for instruction, and cannot be civilized. The Cambodians fly before the Annamites like sheep, though taller and more vigorous. The Mandarins have to drink every six months the "Oath water," at Phnum Penh; this secures their loyalty. If a Mandarin cannot attend, from sickness, he is fined, and the water brought to him. The natives, like the Irish, love "shillelahs"—but 9 feet long, with which to fight, and every inhabitant is bound to keep a stock of these sticks in his house, so that, if necessary, the well-disposed can arm themselves at a moment's notice. It was proposed after the Commune that Parisians should form themselves into *goudron*, or truncheon clubs.

The idea of being possibly whacked in return, caused the failure of that patriotic league of defence.

Young people do not readily meet ; if they be matrimonially inclined, the young lady sends her presumed lover presents of cooked food, prepares his "plugs" of betel, and rolls his cigarettes. If "Barkis is willin," the marriage can come off in ten days, or a fortnight : if diplomatic considerations intervene, the ceremony may be postponed for years, in such case the children may be able to 'give away' their parents. The man is held responsible for the seduction ; the girl is prohibited from accepting other lovers, and should she prove guilty of infidelity in this mistress-existence, she incurs all the pains and penalties of adultery. A Cambodian can have only three wives : the first is imposed by his parents-in-law, the second, by his own family, and the third, he may select after his own heart. But the lady No. 1 is considered the mother of all the progeny, although she may not have an infant herself. Adultery is not a hanging offence : Don Juan is let off with a light fine. The woman, however, is marched through the streets, with a bamboo cage over her head ; her ears and neck being ornamented with red-roses, and she is bound to vociferate a *peccavi*. There are few natural children in Cambodia, because the young girls are kept under a kind of lock-and-key protection. If on going to a fountain, Rebecca observes an Isaac, she is at once bound to fly home like a frightened hare and conceal herself. The dead are interred, but almost as soon exhumed and cremated. Like the Spiritists, the people believe in *sevenants*. A piece of money, value three francs, is placed in the mouth of the deceased to meet his travelling expenses in the other world. When the *fête des morts* arrives—at the close of September, the inhabitants bring cakes, rice, fruit and "sauces" to the pagodas, for the use of the departed. Naturally, the priests having to live by the altar, the bonzes or clergy consume the offerings.

The only paper the Cambodians employ is palm and mulberry leaves, on which they write with a *poignon*, or punch. They have some proverbs worth noting : one for general use : "Never dispute with women ;" the second is to be recommended to the French : "Never have a quarrel with the Chinese." Three months is the average time a pupil devotes in his life to acquiring useful knowledge at school, the teachers being the bonzes. One of the thirty-nine articles of the latter is, absolute abstention from politics. The Christian might take a hint from the Buddhist ministers in this respect. To build a pagoda, or give alms, is the sure road to a happy life hereafter, or at least it guarantees the benefactor from

the torments of the terrible Nirvana. Talismans are in great request ; one would be very useful if proved to be genuine, *viz.*, that a morsel of an elephant's tusk, prematurely fallen, is a preservative against rifle balls. The hairs of a tiger's whiskers are a violent poison, the tooth of a dog or a crocodile will keep away ghosts. A special preparation, made up like fish balls, will enable a man to take the wings of a dove and fly to a Mahomedan paradise.

Monkeys are never hunted, but treated with a-man-and-a-brother regard. This is in memory of Auld Lang Syne, when the quadrumana took part, in Ceylon, on behalf of the Brahmanical religion against the Infidels. The cat is a curiosity ; its tail is of the corkscrew pattern. It is to be hoped that some specimens will be sent to our "International Feline Show" next year. The quills of the fretful porcupine serve as hair pins. The elephant is hunted for its ivory, its flesh is rather tough ; however, its trunk, when cooked under warm ashes, resembles a neat's tongue. The skin is cut into strips and exported to China, where it is made into delicious gelatine. French cooks could not equal such a feat. M. Barnum will be glad to learn there is no such animal as a white elephant, but only an animal having certain special peculiarities like the Apis bull of the Egyptians ; it ought to have "white spots" only, on certain parts of the body, and white hairs about the ears. A rhinoceros is captured by ramming iron-clad stakes down its throat and running away. It soon dies. The horn reduced to powder cures as many diseases as Holloway's Pills. The skin "grilled" is said to be very toothsome. Pigs perform the duty of scavengers. Their flesh, whether men, fly or *trichiné*, does no harm, because it is well boiled before being eaten. The large white ant hills, three feet high, are utilised as lime-kilns. Apertures are made beneath and at the top, and the lime-stone thrown in. What says Sir John Lubbock to this holocaust ?

The city of Peking, that is to say, the imperial part of it, possesses no book-sellers' shops : to reach these, it is necessary to pass into the Chinese city proper, where a street actually exists—a kind of Paternoster Row, for literary productions. The shop is cautiously guarded from the external world, but once within, the client is seated on a sofa, in a kind of private parlour. The books are not ranged on shelves, but piled over each other ; every volume is however wrapped in paper, to secure it against dust ; on this is a band, setting forth the title of the enclosed volume. The imperial editions are bound in yellow silk, and the liturgical works of Buddha are kept in sandal-wood boxes. As Peking produces nothing, has no industry—everything being brought there from the four quarters of the world

so it is with books. It is a kind of Leipsic fair. These books date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Nothing is printed in Pekin, save the daily official journal, and the list of functionaries, which appears quarterly. Occasionally a few insignificant pamphlets are brought out.

The first circumstance that strikes one about a Chinese book is the paper. It is yellow, inclining to grey; white paper is employed either for worthless, or very rich books. The leaf being printed only on one side, the leaves of a book naturally open like a fan. As the Chinese do not bind their books, the sheets are kept in card, or wooden cases covered with silk. A very ancient printed book in the market is the "Annals of Chinese History." It was printed at Nankin in 1282, an epoch when poor Europe had to wait more than two centuries still for Gutenberg. "The Mirror of Antique Literature" is also a classical volume, dating from 1685—the epoch of the Chinese renaissance. The writing is very neat, but the greatest curiosity is the multicolour printing. The base of the letter-press is black, the annotations of the authors, deceased at the time of striking off, are in blue ink, that being the colour of mourning with the Celestials; those by the Emperor Kangchi are yellow, the colour of his dynasty, which reigns still over the empire of the Blest. The annotations by his tutors are in green ink, while those made by the contemporary *savants* are in red, the colour of the living. These five colours are so arranged as to produce a most harmonious effect. Many of the "Notes" are intercalated in the body of the text, in the margin, or at the "top" of the page, for the Chinese do the exact contrary of the Westerns. In dating also, they place the year first, next the month, and last the day. To print in five colours two centuries ago, by rude machinery, and so satisfactorily, is wonderful even in our age of chromographs. It is not the get-up of a book which determines the price with the Celestials, but its age.

The celebrated novel *Kin-ping-mei* relates the rakish life of a Lara, left to himself with an immense fortune—that heritage of woe. It was interdicted two centuries ago on account of its obscenities. It might be regarded as the parent of Balzac's Human Comedy, or Zola's *Nana*.

The geography of the empire consists of 124 volumes, which were printed in 1744. The Westerns cannot surpass it in its method and accuracy. The average price of Chinese old editions, ranges from 500 to 2,000 francs.

Every year witnesses the publication of a new edition of Lafontaine's Fables. But then it is the classical work *par excellence*

of the French language. M. Legouez has brought out an edition, specially adapted for girls following the secondary course of education. Indeed it might safely be placed in the hands of pupils of any Lyceum. The first volume is composed of the first six books of the Fables, and the explanations are simple and of a transparent clearness. In the second six book, while the grammatical notes are not forgotten, they partake more of a literary character so as to aid the student in acquiring excellence of style and facility of composition. M. Legouez has been faithful to the dictum of Joubert: "Education consists of what it is necessary to say and what not to say, of silence and instruction."

Un homme d'Etat russe, by M. A. Leroy-Beaulieu. The Russian statesman here depicted is Nicolas Milutine. The work is a useful study of the empire of the Czars. The information has been taken from original documents, or certified copies of archives. The style is wanting in animation. Milutine was the principal agent of Russian emancipation, while also the instrument for the Russifying of Poland. But we do not gain much light on these two questions still shrouded in so much shade—the emancipation of the serfs, and the affairs of Poland since the insurrection of 1863, still less on the great agrarian laws. This is compensated by an exposition of the imperial administration of Russia, and of the bases on which its autocratic Government rests.

La Vie rurale dans l'ancienne France, by Albert Babeau, continues to be much read. It is interesting and instructive. The author studies the public and official life of the village, enters into the dwellings of the peasants, takes Asmodeus peeps, and notes everything touching their existence. The cabin or home is sometimes glazed, but too often open to all the winds of heaven. Ordinarily, it was divided into three parts; on the right, the stable, on the left, the barn, in the middle, the habitation. The clothing of the villagers is happily described, the plaited jackets of the men and the elevated head-dresses of the women, besides the rich caps of the Bressanes. If these were years of scarcity, when the people had to live on black bread as dry as a remainder biscuit, they had also their years of plenty. Society had a hierarchy of its own, but in every grade of it, all were eligible to ascend and enter. There was the gentleman of the village, the middle-classes, the school-master, and the barber-surgeon. The *Curé* was a real guide, philosopher and friend, mixed with all the sports, and was the confident of all the joys and sorrows of his flock. The "gentleman" was generally poor, and vegetated rather than lived

envying even the life of the bailiff and the laborer. Dancing and games, were the chief amusements, but all were subject to the approval of the *Curé*. There were special "stag parties," where only confirmed bachelors were admitted. The character of the peasant was, briefly, rude and *rusé*; energetic, but easily discouraged; capable of revolt and devotion. He complained and growled, passed rapidly from dejection to gaiety; from uneasiness to confidence. He is avaricious but yet tolerable; instinctively intelligent; he becomes more moral, more informed, more pliable when instructed. He displayed the traits which Dr. Rigby described in 1789: a worker, contented, and possessed of common sense.

M. O. Tche—k is a Russian, whose writings have among Socialists and Anarchists a certain weight. Hence, his "*Science de l'Organisation de la Société*," is a kind of programme. As a rule, the platform of the Anarchists and "Collectivists" reveals more of passions than ideas. The present publication is no exception to the rule. It is full of injurious recriminations and violent objurgations. Assertions and commonplaces make up the rest. There is no discussion about principles of right; nothing about the laws of political economy; no analysis. The Socialists have an unbounded stomach for material well-being, that is the great object of their covetousness. And society ought to aid this well-being, but in accordance with principles of justice. While so doing, it should point out to them, that there are certain other essentials which also enter into the wants of man—those of a moral nature. While the Socialist is pursuing his ideal of human happiness, he should do nothing to obstruct the realization of another's ideal.

M. Emile Monté-gut, in his *Nos Morts Contemporains*, reprints his contributions to reviews on the deaths of contemporary celebrities. Such an enterprise may be interesting for the literary and the curious, but it is questionable if the public care for such reprints, when they have lost their wild-freshness of morning. The essays are heavy and too academical; they smack of funeral orations, though full of fine analysis and transparent clearness. But here and there one meets with an idea incompletely expressed. If the author does not exhibit the penetration of a Sainte-Beuve, or a style, living and rapid, his judgment is sincere and he is a conscientious worker. Only we feel the work. His language is correct and courteous; full of discretion and good taste. And these are qualities that merit encouragement in an epoch where the tendencies are just the other way with writers.

Depuis 89, by Mario Proth, is more or less a collection of ancient articles, retouched and made as good as new. The work is dedicated to the memory of Gambetta, and savours a little of gush. All in this volume is written with warmth, ardor, and sincerity : it contains kindly views, and the style is pleasing. The book consists of "eleven studies" ; an outline of the Revolution of 89, Saint Just, Fouquier-Tinville, Lakanal, &c.

It is a series of sensational *tableaux*, of political and literary struggles, of manners, appetities and passions, depicted by a firm hand and a sure pencil. It is a healthy book, full of lessons for the young, and of happy souvenirs for their elders.

C. DE LUTECE.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

THE MEETING of the three Emperors at Skiernivice, and the promulgation by the Egyptian Government of a decree temporarily suspending the payment of the assigned revenues into the Caisse of public debt, may be considered the two great political events of the month.

Of what passed between their Imperial Majesties or their Chancellors in the Polish fortress the world is profoundly ignorant. Even rumour, which, before the meeting was busy enough about its purpose, has been singularly reticent regarding its results. On the principle "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*," they are, however, generally assumed to have been of the highest importance. The world refuses to believe that three men of such exalted position, one of them sufficiently advanced in years to make a long railway journey no light undertaking, and all of them more or less pre-occupied with important affairs of State at home, could be drawn together at so remote a trysting place by purely personal considerations; and the world is, no doubt, right. On the other hand nothing has occurred to warrant the supposition that any specific engagements between the three powers were entered into, or that their relations to one another, or the rest of Europe, have, as a result of the interview, undergone any radical change.

The report that the establishment of a league against England was one of the principal objects of the interview may be unhesitatingly dismissed as baseless, if for no other reason than that such a league would be opposed to the interests of at least two of the powers concerned. The speech of the Emperor of Austria at the opening of the Hungarian Parliament, again, lends no countenance to the belief that a new triple alliance was either formulated or concluded at Skiernivice. As to the rumour that the meeting was held mainly with the view of concerting common action against the anarchists, it is sufficient to say that the matter is scarcely one of

such delicacy as to demand the personal consultation of three crowned heads for its settlement.

But though there is no sufficient ground for supposing that the meeting at Skiernivice was convened for any of these purposes, it may be reasonably presumed that it was the occasion of an interchange of views on more than one important question of international policy, and that its general effect has been to strengthen the bonds of friendship between the three great Empires which may be said to represent in a special degree the Conservatism of Europe.

That in such an interchange of views the question of Egypt would be ignored is highly improbable; and it is, perhaps, no very difficult task to form, from a study of what is passing around us, taken in connection with the more obvious interests of the principal actors in the scene, a general conception of the character of the understanding arrived at.

This, however, is a matter which will be more appropriately considered in connexion with the second of the events above alluded to.

On the 18th ultimo the Egyptian Government, acting presumably under the advice of Lord Northbrook, officially notified to the members of the Caisse that, for the next six months, the assigned revenues, instead of being paid into their hands by the collecting departments, assigned by the Law of Liquidation, would be paid into the Ministry of Finance—the Government taking on its own shoulders the responsibility of discharging the coupons that might fall due in the interval.

The importance of the decree from a financial point of view lies in the fact that, while, after paying the interest on the debt, there is a considerable surplus of the assigned revenues which has hitherto been devoted to the redemption of the principal by purchases of bonds made in the open market, the unassigned revenues are insufficient to pay for the Government of the country.

Almost before the ink of the Khedivial decree was dry, M. Barrère, the French Consul General, with characteristic impetuosity, not only lodged a strongly worded protest against it, but peremptorily demanded its withdrawal.

Strenuous efforts were made by France to obtain the adhesion of the other parties to the Law of Liquidation to a joint note in the same sense, and it was at first rumoured that Germany, Austria, and Russia had determined on submitting such a document.

But a demand for the withdrawal of the decree, besides implying disapproval of the substance of a measure, the necessity of which is

indisputable and was virtually admitted at the Conference, would have committed the Powers to ulterior action in concert with France, which is wholly opposed to their general policy.

France, therefore, had to choose between taking isolated action and moderating her tone. She elected the latter course; and the result is, that the four Powers have presented identical notes, protesting against the decree, as a violation of an international compact, and declaring it to be null and void.

Italy, acting in consonance with her attitude at the Conference, has contented herself with expressing her regret at the action of the Egyptian Government in setting aside the Law of Liquidation without the consent of the other contracting powers.

To these protests the Egyptian Government is understood to have replied with an expression of regret that the necessities of the situation left it no other course than that adopted. The British Government, though not technically responsible for the decree, has furnished diplomatic assurances to the same effect, while it has at the same time deprecated further discussion of the matter pending the submission by Lord Northbrook of his report on the entire question of Egyptian finance.

In the meantime, the Caisse, in the persons of its French, Austrian, and Italian members, has instituted a suit against the Egyptian Government before the mixed tribunals for the purpose of testing the validity of its action. As, however, the suit does not come on for hearing before the 20th instant, and cannot be finally decided till long after that date, when the period of the decree will have expired and the Government, in all probability, have communicated its final plans to the Powers, the decision of the tribunals will have lost most of its practical interest.

The promulgation of the decree was seized upon by both the French and the German Press as the occasion of a furious outburst of animosity against England. Not merely a Franco-German alliance, but a European league, to curb her selfishness and vindicate the sanctity of international engagements, was threatened. The anti-English journals, however, have since discovered, not only that Europe has no interest in picking chesnuts out of the fire for the benefit of France, but that the bond-holders have every reason to congratulate themselves on the practical effect of a step which, by saving Egypt from bankruptcy, has saved it for the time being from the necessity of repudiating its obligations in a way much more detrimental to their interests.

The tone of the Italian and the Russian Press has been from the first either distinctly friendly, or conspicuously moderate, both condemning the manner, while they admit the necessity of the action that has been taken.

The general impression on all hands appears to be that no further diplomatic steps will be taken by any of the Powers pending the receipt of further communications from England regarding her ultimate policy in Egypt.

At this point we may not inappropriately glance at the positions which Germany, Russia and Italy severally occupy in relation to the Egyptian question.

Viewing it, first, as a question between England and France, it need hardly be pointed out that anything which might tend to weaken or pre-occupy the latter Power, would tend, *ipso facto*, to the advantage of Germany, while, on the other hand, anything that might tend to pre-occupy or weaken England, would similarly tend to the advantage of Russia, by paralysing British action in Asia and so enabling her to prosecute her designs in that quarter undisturbed.

Now nothing would tend to pre-occupy and weaken both France and England than a war between these two Powers, and it necessarily follows that such a war would be eminently agreeable to both Germany and Russia, but with a difference.

To Russia the ultimate issue of such a war would be a matter of comparatively small importance, as long as it gave her time to consummate her plans.

To Germany, on the contrary, the issue of such a war would be a matter of paramount importance; for, should France emerge victorious from the struggle, the immediate benefit would be far more than counterbalanced by the ultimate injury. It would, therefore, be essential for her to guard against the possibility of such a contingency, and to do this without embroiling herself with France. An understanding with Italy, that, in case of the two Powers coming to blows, she would throw in her lot with England, would be a device admirably adapted for this purpose. Italy, being hardly less interested in preventing the conversion of the Mediterranean into a French lake, than Germany is in keeping France out of Alsace-Lorraine, would naturally fall in with such an arrangement.

So far as it concerns European, as distinguished from specially English, or specially French, interests, all the great European Powers have, more or less, a common interest in the Egyptian question; but it is an interest which would be served by any arrangement which would secure the free navigation of the Canal, fairly good govern-

ment to the country and punctual payment of the claims of the bondholders.

We may, therefore, reasonably presume that, if the three northern Powers have come to any mutual understanding regarding Egypt, it is to leave England to carry out her work of re-organisation with as much freedom as may be consistent with these objects, and to interfere only in case of her abandoning, or failing in, her task; to observe, in the meantime, a strict neutrality, as between France and England, and to leave Italy free to follow the dictates of her own interests in case of their coming to blows.

The part marked out for Italy in case of an Anglo-French war is so obvious, and her naval armaments are so formidable, as to make it in the highest degree improbable that France will push matters to extremities.

As long as common European interests are respected, the more vigorously England acts, the less inclined the northern Powers will be to challenge her position, for her failure must inevitably re-open the entire Eastern question and light up a conflagration for which they are unprepared. At the same time they may be expected to abstain scrupulously from anything which might tend to facilitate an understanding between England and France.

The news received from Khartoum during the past three or four weeks has been full of interest.

Taking the despatches in the order of their arrival, we have, first, a series of telegrams from General Gordon to the Khedive, Colonel Baring, Nubar Pacha, and Lord Wolseley, which reached Cairo on the 17th ultimo.

The full text of these documents, which appear to have been despatched on or about the 25th August, has not been, and is not likely to be, divulged. The following summary of their contents has, however, been communicated to the Press.

"I am awaiting the arrival of British troops, in order to evacuate the Egyptian garrisons. Send me Zebehr Pacha, and pay him a yearly salary of eight thousand pounds. I shall surrender the Soudan to the Sultan as soon as twenty thousand Turkish troops have arrived. If the rebels kill the Egyptians you will be answerable for their blood. I require three hundred thousand pounds for soldiers' pay, my daily expenses being one thousand five hundred pounds

"Within a few days I shall take Berber, where I have sent Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and the French Consul, with a good number of troops and Bashi-Bazouks, who, after a fortnight's stay there, will burn the town,

and then return to Khartoum. Colonel Stewart will first go to Dongola, and then to the Equator, to bring back the garrisons from thence.

"I disbelieve the report of the Mahdi's coming, and hope the Soudanese will kill him. If Turkish troops should arrive they should come by Dongola and Kassala, and you should give them three hundred thousand pounds."

It is generally understood that, in the telegram to the British Representative at Cairo, General Gordon strongly protested against the abandonment of Khartoum, and at the same time positively refuses to leave his post unless not only the retirement of the garrison but the protection of the civil population, were provided for.

By way of compensation for this unwelcome missive, the government, a few days later, received through the Mudir of Dongola information that, within a week of its despatch, General Gordon had gained two great victories over the rebels, which had resulted in the siege of Khartoum being raised on the 30th August.

The operations which led to these events were in all probability undertaken in connexion with the project of despatching a force against Berber, referred to in the telegram already quoted; and subsequent intelligence from independent quarters justifies the belief that the promise to raze that place was no vain boast. On the 2nd instant news reached Dongola from Ambukol, that a messenger from Gordon had arrived at the latter place, who reported that the General had ascended to Berber, with four steamers and several barges, bombarded the town for two days and put the garrison to flight, though whether he had landed was uncertain.

Unfortunately there is every reason to fear that this operation was immediately followed by a catastrophe to a portion of the force which more than counterbalances the success achieved.

A report has reached Cairo from various quarters to the effect that, shortly after the bombardment, Colonel Stewart, while on his way to Dongola, was treacherously attacked, and, together with all but four of his party, murdered by the Arabs.

The following, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are the circumstances under which this lamentable occurrence took place:

After driving the rebels out of Berber, General Gordon returned to Khartoum, and Colonel Stewart with forty men on board a steamer went on down the Nile, in pursuance of General Gordon's original design, by which Colonel Stewart had to proceed to Dongola to open up communications with the Mudir. On the way down the river from Berber the steamer struck upon a rock and was unable to proceed. After futile efforts to get her off, negotiations were entered into with the natives on the banks, and an Arab chief engaged to

provide them with camels and forward them across the desert to Merawee, a few miles above Ambukol. Trusting in the good faith of the chief a landing was effected, but as soon as the party touched the shore they were massacred to a man. The natives then swarmed over the sides of the steamer and killed all on board, excepting four.

The reports received so far are all from native sources, but they are remarkably consistent with one another and with what were known to be General Gordon's plans. Little doubt of their truth seems to be entertained on the spot, and there is some reason for fearing that Mr. Power and the French Consul, both of whom, it will be remembered, were to have accompanied the Berber expedition, may have shared Colonel Stewart's fate.

A doubt also arises whether General Gordon himself could have been present during the operation against Berber. It seems scarcely probable that both he and Colonel Stewart would have left Khartoum together. If they did, it may reasonably be inferred that Mr. Power remained behind. If, on the other hand, Gordon was not with the expedition, it seems hardly likely that the portion of the force which returned to Khartoum would have been unaccompanied by any European, so that in that case, too, there is considerable ground for hoping that Mr. Power may have escaped.

In addition to the above despatches and reports, we have a series of letters from Mr. Power, published in the *Times*, and narrating the story of the siege from the middle of March to the 31st July.

During this period, it will be remembered, the Government repeatedly met the enquiries of the Opposition as to the steps it was taking to relieve Gordon, with the assurance that there was no reason for believing him to be in any immediate danger. During this period Mr. Gladstone displayed the exactness of his information regarding the actual position at Khartoum by declaring that that place, although encircled, was not surrounded by the enemy. During this period the Government graciously gave Gordon permission to return from Khartoum by any route he pleased; and, to quicken his movements, added the comforting assurance that no force would be sent to his assistance. During this period, too, some of the more ignoble of the ministerial following, led by Sir George Campbell and Sir Wilfred Lawson, did not scruple to accuse Gordon of obstinately resisting the injunction of the Government for the purpose of gratifying his own fire-eating propensities.

One turns, therefore, with some curiosity to Mr. Power's journal

to see how far these assurances and accusations are borne out by the actual facts as narrated therein. The result is hardly calculated to increase one's confidence in either the capacity or the honesty of the Government.

We learn that during the five months preceding the 31st July, the date of Mr. Power's last letter, the siege had been so close that the enemy's bullets fell constantly from all sides into the palace. From the 17th March to the same date hardly a day passed without firing, while serious engagements against overwhelming numbers were of frequent occurrence. Though General Gordon's troops generally came off victorious in these contests, their success was achieved under conditions which rendered it certain that any attempt to leave Khartoum by land must have resulted in annihilation. The bulk of the garrison proved such arrant cowards that a single Arab horseman was enough to put hundreds of them to flight, and on one occasion their misconduct had resulted in a serious defeat, in which Gordon's most valuable native officer lost his life and Colonel Stewart narrowly escaped the same fate.

The negroes were the only troops that could be depended on, and they were too few for any distant operation to be undertaken with success.

During the whole of this time, in fact, General Gordon's opportunities of movement outside the defences of Khartoum were practically limited to the navigable stream of the Nile in his neighbourhood, and his power of attack to such of the enemy's posts as lay within range of the floating batteries improvised by him on the steamers and barges at his disposal. Even had he possessed sufficient means of transport for the garrison and been willing to abandon the non-combatant population to its fate, the first serious obstruction in the river would have placed him and those with him at the mercy of the enemy.

On the 31st July the garrison had only enough food to last two months, after which, but for the fortunate and as yet but partially explained turn events have since taken, he must at last have succumbed,—months before the tardy relief now on its way could have reached Khartoum.

In spite of the low Nile, the operations connected with the advance of the expeditionary force have made wonderfully rapid progress.

With the aid of the Mudir of Dongola, who has displayed the most praiseworthy energy in beating up camels and boats, the Sussex Regiment arrived at Dongola on the 19th ultimo, having

accomplished the journey from Sarras in native boats in twelve days ; and nine or ten days later, two hundred of the mounted infantry reached the same place by similar means.

Lord Wolseley and his staff left Assouan for Wady Halfa on Friday, and the following day, Sir Charles Wilson and his party passed through Sarras *en route* to Dongola.

Preparations for the extension of the railway from Sarras to Ambigol are being rapidly pushed on, but engines and rolling stock are urgently required.

Owing to the favourable change in the aspect of affairs wrought by Gordon's victories, the despatch of two additional battalions which had been ordered from Malta has been countermanded.

It seems questionable, however, whether a too sanguine view has not been taken of the extent to which the position at Khartoum has been improved by late events. The destruction of Colonel Stewart and his party may be expected to inspire the enemy with fresh courage, and the loss of the steamer which was taken by the enemy at the same time, will have seriously impaired General Gordon's means of defence. The period for which the place was provisioned has already expired, and it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether the raising of the siege would have enabled Gordon to revictual it.

On the whole, the chances probably are that, unless a dash is made from Dongola with a comparatively small force the expedition, like that to Suakim, will be too late.

Though every week that passes continues to add its fresh quota to the long catalogue of meetings on the Franchise question, it has long since been evident to all, but the agitators themselves, and is probably fast becoming evident to them, not only that, as far as argument is concerned, the discussion itself is exhausted, but that the public, who have never taken any serious interest in it, are by this time heartily sick of it. Disgust at the obvious insincerity of the disputants is fast deepening into indignation at the waste of power involved in the strife—a waste which would under any circumstances, and which in view of the critical state of our foreign relations is criminal.

The announcement that on Saturday last Lord Hartington threw out a suggestion which bids fair to open the way for a compromise, has been received on all hands with a deep sense of relief.

" If," said the Minister for War, " Lord Salisbury and his friends had said that upon seeing our Redistribution Bill and on satisfying

themselves that it was founded on fair principles, that it was intended to secure a fair representation to the whole country irrespective of Party—to the whole population of the country whether they dwell in towns or country parts—if they had said that upon seeing the Bill and satisfying themselves that it was founded upon such principles, and that, without pledging themselves to any detail, it was in their opinion one which could be made the foundation of a settlement, that they would then proceed to take up and dispose of the Franchise Bill, and then join with us in the consideration of the Redistribution Bill, relying upon the good faith of Ministers and the good sense of Parliament, there would have been in such a proposal as that some of the elements of a compromise."

The suggestion, as it stands, is not free from vagueness, but if it is sincere and has the sanction of the Prime Minister, it constitutes an overture of the greatest importance. It amounts, in effect, to a suggestion that the leaders of the two parties should endeavour to come to a mutual agreement regarding the principles of the Redistribution Bill, and to an offer on the part of the Ministry to pledge themselves that, in the event of such an agreement being arrived at, the measure brought in by them shall be shaped in accordance with it. If both sides are animated by a sincere desire to remove the question of electoral reform from the region of party politics and thus avert a conflict which, whatever its ultimate results might be, must prove in the highest degree detrimental to the interests of the nation at a most critical moment in its affairs, there is no reason why such an arrangement should not be attended with success.

A profound impression has been created in the public mind by the publication in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a startling article on the condition of the navy, followed by a perfect deluge of testimony from experts of all shades of political opinion to the essential truth of the writer's facts and inferences.

The conclusion to which the writer comes is that, while since 1868 our trade has increased by 40 and our mercantile marine by 30 per cent., we are spending less now on our navy than we did then. During the same period the naval expenditure of foreign countries, especially of France, Italy, and Germany, has largely increased; and the result is that, instead of being in a position to cope with any combination of foreign navies brought against us, it is doubtful whether we are a match for that of France alone which, though somewhat weaker than our own in ships, has the advantage of it, in guns, armour, and speed. While we shall have

at the end of the year only twenty-four first class torpedo boats, France will by that time have fifty and Italy forty-three, and Germany is building seventy of the most formidable character. To protect nineteen thousand merchantmen, we have only twenty-four fast ocean cruisers, and none of these are equal in speed to the requirements of the day or to the fastest ships of the same class possessed by other powers. Most of our coaling stations abroad are practically at the mercy of an enemy ; in the whole of India we have not a single dock where an ironclad could refit, and only two of our home ports are adequately protected.

There has been no attempt on the part of those responsible for the navy to deny these allegations. The only criticism that has been brought to bear on them by any competent authority is that they understate our weakness. The late First Lord practically admits their truth and calls for the appointment of a commission, not so much, it may be presumed, for the purpose of discovering what is only too well known, as for that of strengthening the hands of the Admiralty by furnishing it with an unanswerable case for the expenditure necessary to restore things to a proper footing.

To such an extent have party considerations obliterated patriotism that each Government has been content, in its turn, to witness the steady disappearance of our naval supremacy rather than incur the odium of presenting the country with a heavier bill than its predecessors. Unless the nation makes its voice heard, no Commission will be of any use, for without a distinct mandate from the nation no ministry will take on itself the responsibility of expenditure which its adversaries might throw in its teeth.

Among the minor events of the month the annual Congress of the Social Science Association at Birmingham holds a prominent place. The address delivered by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, as President, was little more than a panegyric of the results of the socialistic legislation of the past twenty or thirty years. He had no difficulty in showing that the measures by which the legislature has during that time sought to promote the corporate interests of the community at the expense of individual liberty have all and each resulted in an increase in the material welfare of the many. Whether the general happiness has been at the same time enhanced is, of course, another question, and one which the speaker left untouched. The defect of social science as understood by the Association, is its one-sidedness, and this defect was more or less conspicuous in most of the speeches delivered at the meeting, in none more than in those of the doctors who, in the pursuit of perfect health for all, would destroy

the source of all health by placing men under a hygienic code so drastic as to make life miserable.

Mrs. Kendal's paper on the state of the drama has, perhaps, attracted more attention from the general public, and is not likely to prove less really useful than any of the dry disquisitions on mortuary statistics, political economy, conservancy, and the like, of which the daily bill of fare chiefly consisted. Her view of the present state of her art is, perhaps, on the whole unduly optimistic, but the more prominent abuses of the day did not escape her censure, and she was justly severe on the rage for extravagant advertisement, and the tendency of a certain class of journals to substitute debasing personalities for honest criticism.

A severe outbreak of typhoid fever at Kidderminster has furnished a practical illustration of the radically defective state of the conservancy of the average English town. Some eight hundred persons have been attacked, the fact that the bulk of them are total abstainers affording an unmistakeable clue to the origin of the disease in contamination of the water-supply by sewage.

The shooting season which commenced on the 1st promises to be one of the most favorable within living memory.

The weather has been just such as sportsmen desire, and from all parts of the country come reports of an almost unprecedented abundance of birds. In many places, owing to the prolonged dryness and unusual warmth of the weather, second broods of pheasants have been hatched, and in all the hens have been most prolific. The bags on the first day ranged from twenty to thirty, and even forty, brace, and there have since been no signs of diminution, while hares and rabbits also are unusually abundant.

The mortality from cholera at Naples, which at the height of the epidemic approached four hundred a day, has, since the middle of last month, steadily diminished. A severe outbreak, which occurred at Genoa towards the latter end of the month, is also rapidly subsiding; and, though the disease has shown itself at several fresh places in Italy, among them at Venice and in Spain, it exhibits but little tendency to spread. On the other hand, it still clings to its original foci in France, and during the last few days there has been a sudden increase in the number of deaths at both Toulon and Marseilles.

The French Commission appointed to investigate the disease have submitted their report, the chief conclusions arrived at by them being that it is non-contagious, but transmissible by means of the blood, that the primary lesion is in that fluid, and that the bacilli of Dr. Koch are innocuous.

The destruction of Foochow and the Ming forts by Admiral Courbet's squadron was followed by a long period of inaction, rendered necessary by the want of troops with which to effect a landing. Reinforcements having, however, reached from France and from Tonquin, he, on the 30th ultimo, left his anchorage at Matsou and proceeded to Kelong, which place was occupied on the 4th instant with trifling loss. At the same time the squadron under Admiral Lespes was directed against Tamsui, which was bombarded on the 2nd instant. In attempting, however, subsequently to occupy it, the French met with a serious check.

Rumours have been current of a disposition on the part of the Chinese to treat; but there is no reason to suppose that any fresh overtures have been made by them, and the probability is that they will prefer the permanent loss of Formosa to the payment of an indemnity of a hundred million francs.

It is generally believed that France, having possessed herself of this guarantee, will abstain from further hostilities.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, *October 8th*, 1884.

INDIA.

THE coming Viceroy has, of course, had to run the gauntlet of interviewers and deputations, and it is no small praise that to neither party has he yet shown his hand, Rajah Rampal Singh having failed equally with Mr. Lethbridge, C.I.E., in drawing Lord Dufferin into anything beyond neutral commonplace. But in his speech at Belfast the Viceroy elect may be said to have issued his manifesto, and both in England and India men have been quick to recognise and to admire the comparatively lofty view that his Lordship takes of his imperial duties, joined as it is with so delicate a regard for the feelings of the retiring Viceroy, that there is not in the whole speech a vestige of a sneer at the now discredited policy that dictated the Ilbert Bill. Lord Dufferin's worthy panegyric on the Indian Civil Service should go far to remove that bitterness of feeling, that

"high disdain from sense of injured merit,"

which has been present of late years in the breast of many an Indian Civilian since Lord Ripon's Local Self-Government Resolution.

By the time these pages are in the hands of our readers, "Lokil Sluff," as our Aryan brethren have with ingenious brevity dubbed the Local Self-Government Scheme, will be well within the sphere of practical politics, and throughout Bengal the village peepul tree

hitherto the canopy of the familiar punchayet, will be the rendezvous of the free and enlightened ryot-electors. There are certain difficulties in the way of carrying out the elections according to the very minute regulations laid down; one of these rules makes it allowable for every candidate and his proposer and his seconder to deliver an oration on the day of election; in a village municipality, not 100 hundred miles from Chowringhee, there are 43 candidates; we fear that even the intelligent and independent ryot may find some of the later of these 129 speeches in one day a little wearisome.

The 'Blavatsky correspondence' has been examined and reported on by Mr. Gribble, a well-known Madras Civilian, now retired. He concludes that it is as clearly proved as it is possible for anything to be proved, that neither M. nor Madame Coulomb forged the disputed letters, and that they were, in short, written by the clever old lady whose name they bear. It seems as if we are at last justified in bidding a long farewell to "occulted" cigarettes, astral letters, and the bladders of Christofolo.

Mr. Behramji Malabari has been heading a crusade against what he considers the two great social evils of Hindu society—infant marriage and enforced widowhood. He has shown conclusively what most people have *à priori* been tolerably sure of, that infant marriages lead frequently to most ill-assorted and unhappy unions. Indeed there is hardly a more pathetic figure in the great tragi-comedy of life than that of the child-wife torn away in girlish immaturity from the side of her mother, delivered to the exacting and unsympathetic rule of a mother-in-law, to be the plaything of a boy often too young to know what tenderness means.

Every true friend of India must sympathise with a reformer who dares openly to expose these abuses and seek to get rid of them. But few, we imagine, will agree with Mr. Malabari's ideas as to the machinery which should be put into motion to remedy the evil. He does not actually advocate legislative interference, being perhaps aware how hard it is to make men virtuous by Act of Parliament, but he proposes that "after due notice, the University [? Universities] (which is not a State department) may declare the married candidate ineligible for matriculation, and that Fellowships and Scholarships may be likewise refused to married students at college. Further, that heads of Public Departments may prefer the unmarried candidate to the married, other qualifications being equal." As to enforced widowhood he would have the State set its face against it to this extent: (a) A handsome allowance from her husband's effects should be claimable by the widow, so as to make

her independent of those whose interest it is in many cases to keep her a widow all her life. (b) The re-marriage ceremony should be made as inexpensive as possible—registration being declared sufficient. (c). Government should make annual grants for a few years to a Widow Marriage Fund. (d) Special educational facilities should be provided for widows to enable to qualify themselves as school-mistresses, midwives, &c.

Mr. Malabari proposes to publish in book form all the opinions received for and against his proposals, and to distribute the compilation and translations of it into the vernaculars throughout India. "The next thing," he says, "is to form an association." But he goes on to say. "*If this Association is subsidised by Government . . .* it may do much good by means of pamphlets, lectures, appeals, and other modes of popular education." The passage we have italicised points direct at the weak spot in this as in almost every other scheme of reform sketched by natives of this country.

"Know ye not

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"

When will native reformers lay this truth to heart and cease to look for "fiats" and "strokes of the pen" to effect sudden transformations of habits which have been growing for centuries? That child marriage and enforced widow-hood are crying evils few educated natives will deny, but many would resent—and we think rightly resent—the least pressure from public bodies or from Government in a matter of social customs. Mr. Malabari might be recommended to read Matthew Arnold's advice, and to find comfort in his conclusion: "Let us think of quietly enlarging our stock of true and fresh ideas, and not as soon as we get an idea, or half an idea, be running out with it into the street, and trying to make it the rule there. Our ideas will in the end, shape the world all the better for maturing a little."

The Arunghatta Railway accident on the Eastern Bengal State Railway, whereby some eight persons were killed outright and several others injured, has, in response to a very general demand, been made the subject of a public enquiry. The result has been to exonerate the native station master from any culpability more serious than that of having been somewhat prostrated by horror after the collision. It seems incontestibly proved that the unfortunate driver neglected a well known rule to slacken speed on approaching the station where a line clear message had to be picked up; he was probably asleep until his train was not far from the

station ; the guard, who suspected danger, had no means of communicating with him, and the distance signal was not in the best of order ; he did not, when half awake, realize his position. The reports that a diminution of the strength of the European staff of the railway was effected on the lines being taken over by Government have been shown to be untrue. We feel bound, however, to protest against the apparent desire on the part of Railway Officials to keep the public in the dark as to the exact details and causes of such mishaps until feeling is so roused as to force an investigation by Government. We have not seen anywhere an explanation of the very serious accident on the Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway, when a trolley was upset and several persons sadly injured. There is little doubt that the trolley, under charge of a member of the Railway staff, was just before the upset being driven, or being allowed to run at a speed considerably above the licensed rate. Railway managers cannot, by any amount of churlish reticence, keep the facts from leaking out, and their action causes a much deeper distrust in the organization and discipline of the Company's staff than the plain truth, honestly avowed, could do.

Two cases of disorderly and rebellious conduct on the part of young persons *in statu pupillari* have recently been the cause of some very tumid abuse of officials in the columns of the native press, and of that English newspaper which is generally credited with being conducted in the interests of its native mortgagees. In the accounts of, at any rate, the latter of these occurrences, the most exaggerated statements of boys have been printed without the slightest verification, and palpable falsehoods have been made an excuse for much malignant vilifying. In the Nuddea students' case the district authorities seem to have acted with more zeal than discretion, and have received a punishment from the Government which many think harsh and unfair. The Lieutenant-Governor's name had been most unjustly dragged into the matter by those public prints who never weary of the endeavour to fling mud at Mr. Rivers Thompson, and it seems almost as if a natural desire on the part of Government to show the groundlessness of these false accusations had unconsciously led to the enhancement of the penalties inflicted. In the other case, at the Presidency College, the prompt severity of the educational authorities quickly curbed the spirit of insubordinate rowdiness.

GENERAL NOTES.

✓ On the Reading of Books.

Always read the preface to a book. It places you on vantage ground, and enables you to survey more completely the book itself. You frequently also discover the character of the author from the preface. You see his aims, perhaps his prejudices. You see the point of view from which he takes his pictures, the rocks and impediments which he himself beholds, and you steer accordingly.

Understand every word you read; if possible every allusion of the author; if practicable whilst you are reading; if not, make search and inquiry as soon as may be afterwards. Have a dictionary near you when you read, and when you read a book of travels, always read with a map of the country at hand. It enables you to follow the author correctly; and it imprints the facts upon your mind. Without a map, the information is vague and the impression transitory.

So also if you read on any subject capable of illustration, for the object of teaching is not to teach words but things. Therefore, have the object or a printed representation of it by you. If it be of the manufacture or ornamenting of China, for instance, have a vase or other figure, as the case may require. If you read of natural history, prints of birds or animals will materially help you to retain in your memory what you may read concerning them. The memory retains better what is impressed on two senses than on one.

Books relating to a science or a profession should be studied carefully. But the quantity of study in each day should be moderate. Do not overburthen your mind with too much labour.

After having read as much as your mind will easily retain, sum up what you have read—endeavour to place in view the portion or subject that has formed your morning's study; and then reckon up (as you would reckon up a sum) the facts or items of knowledge that you have gained. If any of these should not be distinctly impressed on your mind, turn back to that which is imperfectly remembered and freshen your memory. It generally happens that the amount of three or four hours' reading may be reduced to and concentrated in half a dozen propositions. These are your gains—these are the facts or opinions that you have acquired. You may investigate the truth of them hereafter. The next day revert to your last reading, and try if what you obtained yesterday still remain as so many precise facts in your mind.—*Temple Bar*.

REVIEWS.

Who is Sir Lepel Griffin, the author of *The Great Republic*?* In England we know, but an American literary paper says that, Sir Lepel Griffin is "a British nobleman." There seems to be some mistake here.

Even "the unfortunate nobleman languishing in Dartmoor," as his friends described the Tichborne Claimant, was, on his own showing, a baronet, but this other "British nobleman," only adds to his name the unassuming letters K.C.S.I. In any case the author of *The Great Republic* appears to be living in the Pre-Pickwickian mental condition. When Mr. Pickwick was immured in the Fleet, it will be remembered that the elder Mr. Weller, in a romantic moment, conceived the plan of rescuing the sage from the dungeon. Mr. Weller's plan was to introduce a piano, to take out the works, insert Mr. Pickwick, send the piano away "to be tuned," and so enable Mr. Pickwick to flee from duress and reach America. And he can make his fortune by writing a book on them, said Mr. Weller, "provided he abuses them sufficient." Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I., may perhaps have been struck by this advice of Mr. Weller's, and may expect to secure wealth beyond the dreams of avarice by writing a book on the Americans, and "abusing them sufficient." He has written his book, but it may be doubted whether either a literary or a pecuniary fortune will reward his labours. The tone of the work is indicated by the motto, "The Commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts." This is quite in the vein of George Eliot's "Grandcourt," who briefly disposed of the claims of persons he disliked by calling them "beasts." Sir Lepel Griffin's little volume is in that childish tone of international spitefulness which we can study in certain performances of some American scribes, who think educated Englishmen cannot speak or write their own tongue correctly. Sir Lepel Griffin thinks that American women are not nearly so pretty as his countrywomen. Well, what of it? How puerile is all this frenzied discussion of the comparative loveliness of ladies, this jangling over the dropped aspirate! Angry school-girls snapping at each other could not be further removed from the proper tone of international criticism than Sir Lepel Griffin, and his American antagonists. According to Sir Lepel Griffin, the love of equality has left the literature and art of the Americans "as monotonous a wilderness as their own prairies." The novels of Mr. Howells and Mr. James are "poor platitudes." In no country, save Russia, is life not "better worth living, less sordid and mean and unlovely," than in the States. This kind of thing is not criticism, it is on the same level as an American estimate of Dresden and the Saxons published some years ago. Probably the author will be more or less satisfied if he succeeds in irritating the people whose guest he has been, but it is improbable that the better periodicals of America will notice the British nobleman seriously.—*Harper's*.

* *The Great Republic*. By SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN. London: Chapman & Hall.

DEAN CHURCH, in his *Bacon** (Macmillan & Co.), adds perhaps one of the best volumes to a series in which there are many degrees of merit. Dean Church is at least as far from Mr. Spedding's view of Bacon as from Macaulay's thundering verdict; but he has more of Mr. Spedding's sympathy than of Macaulay's exaggerated epigram and paradox. To be brief, he thinks Bacon lacked the sense of honour. His father's untimely death left him without his due "start in life," and he had to make the running for himself, in an age when courtiers were licensed beggars. "We call ourselves *askers* in the profession," said a beggar maid once to a benevolent lady. Bacon was an indefatigable *asker*. "He began, what he never discontinued, his earnest and humble appeals to his relative, the great Lord Burghley," says Dean Church, and through life Bacon remained an assiduous suitor. Hence, as we think, "it was not only an unhappy life, it was a poor life." What man of heart would accept honours and wealth and office at the price of endless toadyism and self-advertisement? But why was Bacon so pitifully anxious to be rich and powerful? Because, says Dean Church, charitably, "without power and without money he could not follow what was to him the only thing worth following on earth, a real knowledge of the amazing and hitherto almost unknown world in which he had to live." Were Gilbert, Copernicus, Campanella, Tycho Brahe, Kepler so very rich and powerful? Why had Bacon, who certainly added less to knowledge than some of these, to stoop so very low? We cannot excuse his conduct to Essex on the ground that he was merely trying to procure endowment for Research, after the manner natural in his age. We believe that Bacon wished to be rich and great, at any price, because it was his nature to "admire mean things, meanly," or, at least, that was part of his nature, a statue of gold with feet of clay. As for that side of us which is turned from the world to things unseen, Dean Church holds that Bacon "believed in God, and immortality, and the Christian creed and hope." Alas how little belief sways conduct, how wholly we are the fools of temperament and circumstance! In parting with this earnest and careful book, we may express regret that Dean Church permits himself such unexpected laxities of style as amaze us in the following sentence: "He was born at York House in the Strand, the house which, though it belonged to the Archbishop of York, had been lately tenanted by Lord Keepers and Lord Chancellors, in which Bacon himself afterwards lived as Lord Chancellor, and which passed after his fall into the hands of the Duke of Buckingham, who has left his mark in the Water Gate, which is now seen, far from the river, in the garden of the Thames Embankment." Here be too many relatives. Another period, as remarkably ill-constructed, will be found at the end of page 5. Where the matter of a

book shows leisure and thought, it is a pity to neglect the manner.—*Harper's Magazine*.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP'S *Earth's Voices, and other Poems** are chiefly short studies from nature. Mr. Sharp seems to enjoy nature and to like singing of her; but we can scarcely say that he possesses the touch which turns description into creation. That magic we have not found in his poems, but then in how few poems do we find it? The names of the lords of this secret, the secret of Keats and Wordsworth, may easily be counted. Mr. Sharp writes a number of brief snatches of song on rivers. There is no more delightful topic. We know Wordsworth's Yarrow, and the Yarrow of the old ballads, and Shelley's Nile, and Homer's Enipeus, and the Thames of Spencer. Here is the Nile of Mr. Sharp:—

"From Afric depths I come
With ever mightier flow,
Thro' deserts vast I go,
Past crumbling cities dumb
And dead, and sphinxes fair,
That, with a stony stare,
Brood on in old despair.
Past Thebes and Memphis I
Roll on my turbid flood;
Tired now of ceaseless blood,
Beneath this blazing sky,
I fain would bring long peace
From drought a long surcease."

Does this add to any man's sense of the mystery and the majesty of the River of Egypt? Are the sphinxes really "fair"? Was it not rather the people whom the Sphinx encountered than the "enigmatic hound" herself who suffered from "old despair"? Why is the lower Nile "tired now of ceaseless blood"? Is that a reference to our majestic victories in the Soudan, or to affairs at Khartoum? Once more Mr. Sharp makes the East wind say—

"Keen and relentless
My blasts sweep across
Where the Baltic billows
And North Seas toss;
Like bolts from the bow
In a tumult of war,
They rush and strike
Wild wastes afar"

No doubt this is all true, and pity 'tis 'tis true. But we all know that the Meteorological facts here asserted by Mr. Sharp are correct, and the question arises, what do the facts gain, in interest or beauty, by Mr. Sharp's way of stating them. The East wind is very disagreeable, and when we have said that, we have said all that need be expressed on the subject. There is more human interest in the lay of Sospitra, suggested to Mr. Sharp by one of "Ouida's eloquent books." Sospitra lived, it appears, where "the fiery wild ass raced," in a "joy of wild asses," like Cambridge in the time of Gray. There are passages of considerable power in this poem, though perhaps we are scarcely helped to comprehend the force of the love for whose sake Sospitra became subject to death. "Transcripts from Nature"

* *Bacon*. By Dean Church. London: Macmillan & Co.

* *Earth's Voices, and other Poems*. By William Sharp. London: Eliot Stock.

are like leaflets torn from a little sketch-book, and very pretty—indeed some of these tiny sketches are. As an example of a graceful conceit, we quote—

“**FIREFLIES**”

Softly sailing emerald lights,
Above the corn-fields come and go,
Listlessly wandering to and fro.
The magic of these July nights
Has surely even pierced down deep,
Where the earth's jewels unharmed sleep,
And filled with fire the emeralds there,
And raised them thus to the outer air.”

It is not easy to guess how Mr. Sharp lays the accents in the last line but two. Does he pronounce “jewels” as a word of one syllable?

—
POETRY.

The First Step.

My little one begins his feet to try,
A tottering, feeble, inconsistent way ;
Pleased with the effort, he forgets his play,
And leaves his infant baubles where they lie.
Laughing and proud his mother flutters nigh,
Turning to go, yet joy-compelled to stay,
And bird-like, singing what her heart would say ;
But not so certain of my bliss am I.
For I bethink me of the days in store
Wherein those feet must traverse realms unknown,
And half forget the pathway to our door.
And I recall that in the seasons flown
We were his all—as he was all our own—
But never can be quite so any more.

Andrew B. Saxton.

—
A Kiss in the Rain

One stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town ;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her as she tripped along
Till madness filled my brain,
And then—and then—I know 'twas wrong—
I kissed her in the rain !
With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak
My boldness to oppose ;
She strove in vain, and quivering
Her finger stole in mine ;
And then the birds began to sing.
The sun began to shine.
Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below ;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow ;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain ;
She says I am her *rain beau* since
I kissed her in the rain.

Samuel Minturn Peck—Century.

Coming into Port.

I HAVE weathered the turbulent tape of storms
Where the winds of passion blow ;
I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to foam
The shallows they lurk below ;
I have joyed in the surge of the whistling sea,
And the wild strong stress of the gale,
As my brave barque quivered and leaped, alive,
To the strain of its crowded sail.
Then the masterful spirit was on me,
And with Nature I wrestled glad ;
And danger was like a passionate bride,
And Love was itself half mad
Then Life was a storm that blew me on,
And flew as the wild winds fly ;
And hope was a pennon streaming out
High up—to play with the sky.

Oh the golden days, the glorious days
That so lavish of life we spent !
Oh the dreaming nights with the silent stars
'Neath the sky's mysterious tent !
Oh the light, light heart and the strong desire
And the pulse's quickening thrill,
When Joy lived with us, and Beauty smiled,
And Youth had its free, full will !
The whole wide world was before us then,
And never our spirits failed,
And we never looked back, but onward,
onward
Into the Future we sailed.
Ever before us the far horizon
Whose dim and exquisite line
Alone divided our Earth from Heaven,
Our Life from a Life divine.

Now my voyage is well nigh over,
And my stanchest spars are gone ;
And my sails are rent, and my barnacled barque
Drags slowly and heavily on.
The faint breeze comes from the distant shore
With its odours dim and sweet,
And soon in the silent harbour of peace
Long-parted friends I shall greet.
The voyage is well nigh over,
Though at times a capful of wind
Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails,
And furrow a wake behind.
But the sea has become a weariness,
And glad into port I shall come
With my sails all furled, and my anchor dropped,
And my cargo carried home.

W. W. S.

Blackwood.



The Indian Review

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THE BENGAL TENANCY BILL.

IT IS QUITE in keeping with English political traditions that the controversy over the Bengal Tenancy Bill should have been marked, from first to last, by the absence on either side of any formal declaration of economic principles. Had a question of similar magnitude been under discussion in France, or, indeed, in any European country but England, the practical issues involved would have been smothered under intolerable theoretical discourses beginning with Rousseau and ending, it may be, with Mr. Henry George. Here we have had nothing of the kind. Its place has been taken in a manner equally characteristic of our political methods by a diligent search for constitutional precedent in the records of the Permanent Settlement. We have been so busy with Cornwallis that we have had no time to think about Ricardo.

The constitutional question has now been finally settled by the authoritative declaration of the Secretary of State, and whatever interest it may ever have possessed, has become a thing of the past. To appeal to the Permanent Settlement as an argument against any particular provision of the Bill would now be simply an anachronism.

Something, however, is wanted as a relief from the interminable detail of the Bill itself. Human endurance recoils from the bewil-

dering array of sections and subsections which make up the bulk of the clearest of the recently published opinions, and asks whether there is no clue to guide it in the labyrinth, no principle which will indicate what side to take in each of the numerous controversies which arise at every turn. It seems to me that some sort of leading principle may perhaps be found in the consideration of certain questions which even now, in the final stage of the rent controversy, remain practically untouched. They may be stated thus—

(i). To what extent does the theory of rent, usually known as Ricardo's, apply to the agricultural conditions of Bengal?

(ii). If that theory is not wholly applicable, what practical consequences follow?

It will be remembered that both of these questions were discussed in 1880 by the Rent Commission at pp. 19—24 of their Report. With the utmost respect for so high an authority, I venture to think their treatment of this portion of their subject somewhat unfortunate and insufficient—unfortunate in that they committed themselves to the statement that Ricardo's theory "has no application" to the rural economy of Bengal; and insufficient, because their practical conclusion was imperfectly worked out and put forward in a form peculiarly distasteful to their opponents of the zemindari school. Their economic heresy was attacked with damaging effect by an independent observer, while the inference they sought to draw from it shared the fate of their principles.

Now, without entering upon the differences between the school of Ricardo and that of Carey and Bastiat, and merely applying the obvious correction that other things, beside fertility, have to be taken into account, it may safely be said that Ricardo's theory rests upon two main assumptions—the varying productiveness of land, and the existence of effective competition. The first is nothing more than a statement of a natural law which any one can verify for himself, *viz.*, that the capacity of different pieces of land to yield a profit to their cultivators varies almost indefinitely in proportion to their fertility, their cost of cultivation, their means of communication, their nearness to markets, and a number of other considerations which it would be tedious to enumerate. Hence it follows that all classes of land, except that least favourably situated, yield to their occupier a profit over and above the standard rate of profit for agricultural undertakings. The worst land must yield the normal profit, or it would not be cultivated at all; consequently the best and the intermediate qualities must yield more. At this point the

second postulate comes in, and determines what is to become of the surplus. Competition among tenants for land secures that no tenant shall get more off his land than the normal profits of his trade. The balance in excess of this will be paid to his landlord as rent. Competition among landlords for tenants, on the other hand, secures that no landlord shall get more from his tenant in the form of rent than will leave that tenant the normal profit on his labour and capital. What the rent should be in any given case is a question which the theory, as now understood, does not attempt to solve. It depends on the haggling of the persons concerned regarding a variety of intricate data which no theory could be expected to grapple with.

Turning now to the first question stated above, *viz.*, how far does the theory apply to the agricultural conditions of Bengal, it is clear on the face of things that the first postulate is as true for Bengal as it is for the rest of the world. The rich garden lands of Hooghly and Howrah, lying on either side of the East Indian Railway, and with a constant and increasing demand from Calcutta for their produce, differ as widely from the stony ridges of Bankura and Manbhoom, which bear a scanty crop of oilseeds once in three years, as land in the Orkneys differs from the best arable of Middlesex. Instances need not be multiplied where the facts are so familiar. Land in India varies as much as it does elsewhere. As regards the second postulate—effective competition—the case is altogether different. Here we are dealing with no natural law. The question is merely whether a certain set of social conditions, established after centuries of progress in the England of Ricardo's time and our own, exist in Bengal at the present day.

To this I answer, without hesitation, that they do not. It is no doubt the case that in certain parts of Eastern Bengal effective competition prevails both between landlords and tenants. An exacting landlord loses his raiyats and is ruined ; a fair landlord keeps his, gets more, and prospers. But in by far the greater part of Bengal proper, and certainly throughout Behar, competition by landlords for tenants does not exist at all, while competition by tenants for land grows fiercer every year. And this competition is all the stronger and more searching because it operates in a number of small centres—villages, groups of villages, taluks, and the like—in such a way as to give the landlord of each group practically unlimited power to adjust the rate of rent within the group. The power no doubt is exercised in very different ways by different men, and this, amongst other things, has given rise to the extraordinary diversity of rates brought to notice by certain special officers in 1882.

But wherever it exists the only check upon its ultimate exercise is not the ability of the raiyat to make better terms for himself with a neighbouring landlord, but the possibility of his abandoning his holding and sinking to the status of a day labourer, or emigrating to Assam or the Colonies. Experience has shown agricultural emigration from the more crowded to the less crowded districts of Bengal to be practically beyond the reach of the ordinary cultivator. It is confined to those aboriginal and semi-aboriginal races who have peculiar aptitudes for reclaiming jungle-covered waste. The average cultivator is unfitted, by habit and tradition, to go forth as a pioneer. He can only stay where he is between the landlord and the deep sea and wait for the next famine, or with the so-called assistance of touts and recruiters go to work as a coolie in Assam or the West Indies.

If this sketch of an ordinary cultivator's position is only approximately correct, it follows that one of the main factors of Ricardo's theory—competition among landlords for tenants—is only operative in certain exceptional tracts in Bengal. Those tracts may be more numerous than I have represented them to be, but they make up a very small portion of the area of the province. And as population spreads they are continually growing less, so that we may fairly look forward to the time when they will be subject to the same economic conditions as the rest of Bengal. Those conditions may be summed up by saying that rent is determined by the principle of monopoly. The landlord, being free from competition by men of his own class, and having a complete command of the land in his estate or tenure, is virtually in the same position as a patentee who may charge what royalty he pleases for the use of his invention. Really the landlord is far the stronger of the two. People may get on without the invention: they cannot exist without the land. I do not mean to say that this most formidable force has as yet come fully into action. Monopoly is still tempered by custom, and hampered by certain technicalities of the present law. But the force of custom grows weaker daily with the gradual disintegration of the old *régime* of native society. Population is increasing, caste traditions are breaking up, and the standard of living of the landlord classes is tending to rise. Meanwhile, the cultivating classes, for whom, under a system of monopoly, the rent forms no inconsiderable part of the cost of production, are threatened with a constant reduction of their standard of living, leading them to resort to inferior staples of food, and continually diminishing their power of resisting scarcity or famine.

Enough has been said to show that the question, what theory of

rent holds good in Bengal, so far from being a mere academic exercise, lies at the root of the whole matter. If Ricardo's theory applies there is nothing more to be said. Things will, indeed things *must*, adjust themselves, and no legislative interference is called for. If, however, the monopoly theory (a case so rare in Europe that economists have paid little attention to it) holds good for nearly the whole Province, that fact of itself constitutes a State necessity of the highest order, and justifies intervention of a far more downright character than any that is now contemplated.

Unregulated monopoly determining agricultural rent means simply the wholesale impoverishment of the cultivating classes. It means under the present circumstances of Bengal that the responsibility for famine which Government has deliberately accepted will go on growing indefinitely as the cultivators' standard of living is lowered, and that the people at large will be taxed to meet the exactions of the landholding classes. Whatever rights might have been conferred on any section of the community by the Permanent Settlement, were they many times more extensive than they have ever been alleged to be, would be bound to give way to so paramount a necessity as this. *Salus populi suprema lex.*

I now propose to show that the present Bill, with the amendments suggested by the Government of Bengal, so far from going the length that theory would justify, is in fact far more favourable to the landholding classes, particularly to the zemindars, than they seem to be at all aware. For this purpose I shall take the extreme case of a landlord who acquires an estate by auction purchase from a hostile vendor, and who wishes to make it pay as a commercial investment, not merely to reside on it as a local magnate. I assume that the incoming purchaser gets no zemindari papers of any kind from his vendor, and that all the raiyats of the estate combine to resist him. What is his position under the existing law? What steps can he take to ascertain and adjust his rent roll? The road-cess papers will no doubt tell him approximately the existing *mofussil jama* of the estate, but they will not take the place of a regular *jama bandi*, nor will they enable him to say whether a particular raiyat pays a fair rent or not. Clearly, then, his only possible means of getting the estate into order is to measure up every holding, to ascertain the existing rents, and then to endeavour to raise them to a fair standard. It sounds simple enough, and under the law as it stands it is no more than every landlord is entitled to do. Difficulties, however, meet him at every stage of the process. In the first place his measuring

ameens are driven off directly they show their faces in a village. Then he applies to the Collector or to the Civil Court, as the case may be, to establish his right to measure. It takes time to get the applications brought to trial, and when the parties are before the Court, many raiyats contest the right to measure by setting up *lakhiraj* and *brahmotter* titles, which a landlord, who comes in as a purchaser, finds it difficult to disprove. However, in one way or another, he probably succeeds in measuring up the greater part of the estate, the result being a pile of *chittas* or measurement papers, showing the plots of land held by every raiyat and the rents paid for them. By the time this mass of papers has been brought into order, it has become clear that the estate is much under-assessed, that no rates of rent are ascertainable, and that the widest discrepancies prevail between the rent of one raiyat and his neighbour's, though the quantity and quality of the lands held by both are approximately the same. At this stage of the proceedings it is possible that the raiyats, if judiciously managed, may agree to some adjustment and enhancement of their rental, and there things frequently stop. If, however, they determine to resist all efforts to raise their rent to a fair standard—and every one knows that such combined resistance is far from uncommon—the landlord has two courses of action open to him: either he may bring an indefinite number of suits against individual raiyats for enhancement of rent on the grounds laid down in section 17 of Act X of 1859, or he may elect to attain his end by what is euphemistically called in some of the published opinions “amicable agreement.” I assume that he chooses to proceed according to law. And I appeal to every one who has had to do with enhancement suits in any capacity to say whether a landlord in the very common case which I have selected is not embarking on one of the most hopeless and expensive undertakings that any person can commit himself to. The grounds of enhancement under the existing law are well known and need not be repeated here. Taking them in reverse order, I find that my auction purchaser cannot prove that any particular raiyat holds more land than he previously paid rent for, because, in the absence of zemindari papers, he cannot ascertain how much the raiyat did pay for at the last Settlement. All that the incoming landlord, who has just completed an expensive measurement, can say is that so and so holds, say, 20 bighas of first class land and pays, say, Re. 1-6 rent for it. As for proving in Court that the value of the produce or the productive powers of the land have been increased independently of the raiyat, no one, with any experience of suits of

the kind, would dream of attempting it. There remains then only the ground that the rent paid by the raiyat who is sued is below the prevailing rate payable by the same class of raiyat for land of a similar description and with similar advantages in the places adjacent. It happens however that the raiyat in question pays a lump sum from which no rate is deducible and all his neighbours do the same. Or, to put it in another way, if any rates are deducible from the lump *jamas* ascertained, they differ so widely that they cannot be called prevailing rates in any sense of the term. They are merely rough averages, worked out by the *amcen* whom the court deputed to make a local enquiry, and the chances of their standing any judicial examination are, to say the least of it, infinitesimal. On this point some details of an actual case, which I happen to remember, may serve to illustrate the position. A man of the Zemindari Brahman caste held an entire village of first class land at a nominal rent, say, 500 bighas of cultivation, for Rs. 7 or thereabouts. His father had described himself as *ijaradar* or farmer, and there was no doubt that this was the original status of the tenant. The zemindar sued him in the Civil Court for *khas* possession and failed to get a decree, the Court holding that, although the tenant could not be ejected, he was liable to assessment under the rent law. The case then came before the Revenue Court under Act X of 1859. All the grounds of enhancement were pressed, and all failed conclusively except that of prevailing rate. On this the lower Court gave the plaintiff a decree for what appeared to be a fair rent on the basis of certain averages of the kind described above. The judgment was reversed on appeal, the appellate Court remarking that no doubt the plaintiff was entitled to something considerably in excess of the nominal rent he was receiving, but that he had failed to prove either that the raiyat paid rent at any rate at all, or that such a thing as a prevailing rate existed in the Pergunnah. The case was in that stage when I last heard of it, and I very much doubt whether that zemindar could ever hope to get a decree for a reasonable rent under the law as it stands.

Returning now to the hypothetical case with which I started—a case which in every detail is based upon actual facts—I go on to say that no landlord will submit to be thwarted in this fashion over the whole of a large estate. He will insist on getting a fair rent in one way or another, and if a prevailing rate does not exist, he will simply manufacture one. I need not here enter into the details of the process, necessarily a tedious one, by which prevailing rates are manufactured. It is sufficient to remark that rates so

manufactured are usually high in proportion to the difficulty and expense of establishing them.

All these things constitute a legitimate grievance. No doubt the landlord wins in the long run, but the struggle embitters his relations with his tenants to an extent which it is difficult to describe adequately. Were the contest confined to the Civil Courts the result might perhaps be less disastrous. But for every enhancement suit of importance there are probably twenty criminal cases, and it is this criminal litigation which produces the bad feeling, which here and there comes to a head in a serious outbreak.

What will the Tenancy Bill do to alter this deplorable state of things? In what respects will our auction-purchaser be better off under the new law than under the old? In the first place two alternative modes of procedure are available for determining and consolidating his rent roll. He may apply under Chapter X of the Bill for a record of rights (sec. 110), or for a settlement of rents (sec. 117) by a Revenue officer. In the first case he will merely get the existing rents recorded; in the second, fair and equitable rents will be fixed for occupancy raiyats and for tenure-holders whose rent is liable to variation. It may be, I think it probably will be, the case that many landlords may consider this procedure too expensive, and will hesitate to invite such minute interference with the details of their estates. To landlords who take this view the procedure of Chapter XI is offered, under which a Revenue officer, without enquiring into the rents paid by individual raiyats, will classify the lands either of the whole estate or of convenient sections of it, and will fix a fair and equitable rent for each class of land. This procedure, which has already been tried successfully in two large estates, seeks to effect a convenient division of labour between the Revenue officer and the Civil Court. It leaves to the former the intricate economic problem of classifying land and fixing the rates of rent, while it reserves for the latter the easier task of deciding whether any particular raiyat can claim exemption from those rates. Its practical effect is to confine litigation to those cases in which privileged titles, *mukarrari*, *bahmottar*, and the like, are set up. There the burthen of proof rests on the tenant who pleads a special title and the landlord is not met by any unreasonable difficulty.

Under section 131 of the Bill the rates of rents thus settled remain in force for from 15 to 30 years as the local Government may determine. On the expiration of this term the landlord may

take measures to readjust the rates. It must not, however, be supposed that his rental will remain stationary throughout the term. He has a right of measurement every ten years, and any surplus area ascertained by such measurement will, *ipso facto*, become liable to assessment at the standard rates without the necessity of resorting to a suit for enhancement as under the present law. I believe the prohibition of frequent measurement will in the long run operate to the landlord's advantage by encouraging the reclamation of waste. Raiyats will not enter upon the laborious process of breaking up fresh land unless they can count upon holding it unassessed for a reasonable period.

Returning now to the rates, let us assume that, since the table was drawn up, a railway has passed through the estate and prices have risen. Under the present law the landlord would have to prove an increase in the value of the produce, and all experience goes to show that he has extreme difficulty in demonstrating this in Court. Under sections 43, 45, and 52 of the Bill, the local Government will furnish him with ready-made and conclusive evidence of the prices prevailing before and after the opening of the railway, and the Court is further directed to decree an enhancement of rent proportionate to the rise in prices, subject to a certain deduction (the amount of which is not yet finally settled) for increased cost of production and subject to a maximum limit of 20 per cent. of the value of the gross produce.

I ask any one with practical experience of zemindari management to look on this picture and on that, and to compare the years of embittered litigation which must pass under the existing law before a new landlord can get his estate into order, with the short, simple, and cheap procedure laid down in the Bill. Let any one test the provisions of the Bill, as I have endeavoured to test them, by applying them to the conditions of a particular estate. Let him start from chaos, as the estate I had in my mind started some two years ago, and let him follow the working of a table of rates through all the detail which I have no space to reproduce here. Instead of hundreds of contested suits, each costing a small fortune and each yielding a different result, you have, as it were, one test case, conducted before a cheap tribunal which can consider all kinds of evidence, and resulting in a decision which, within certain limits, holds good for the entire estate. It may be that the actual enhancement will be less than might have been obtained through the Courts, but if the difference of cost be taken into consideration, it will be seen that the gain to the zemindar is enormous. Better a fair rent within ten

months at a nominal cost than a possibly unfair rent after ten years of strife and fruitless expenditure. Capitalists at any rate, who look to zemindari as a form of profitable investment, may be trusted to appreciate the position.

So far, then, as the occupancy raiyat is concerned, the Bill appears to proceed on thoroughly sound principles. It controls the operation of monopoly in two ways—by providing in certain special cases for the intervention of the Revenue Officers of Government, and generally by strengthening and extending the status of the occupancy raiyat. The attempt throughout is to retard the movement from *status* to *contract* which has gained ground so rapidly since 1859. With this object the rights of the occupancy raiyat are carefully defined, and he is prohibited from contracting himself out of them. He is given a firm position, and is compelled to maintain it. In his interests the ancient common law of the country is revived, if not in its entirety, at least as fully as modern conditions permit.

When, however, we examine those provisions of the Bill, which deal with the large and important class of non-occupancy raiyats, we pass at once within the range of a wholly different set of ideas. The leading principle of the present legislation seems somehow to have dropped out of sight, and we realize with difficulty that the non-occupancy raiyat finds no place among the chosen people of the Bill. To him the promised land of status is closed, and he is left to die in the wilderness of contract.

Not only this, but the distinction between the two classes of raiyats is so strongly marked and brought into such prominence as to suggest to the landlords the very course of action which it should be the object of the Legislature to prevent. In many parts of the country at the present time there is no practical distinction between the occupancy and the non-occupancy raiyat. Ask a man whether he has got occupancy rights, and he probably will hardly understand your question. As a rule, he will say that he has, but it does not follow that he could prove this in Court. No reasonable landlord wishes to disturb his raiyats so long as they pay their rents and agree to occasional enhancements, and the result is that, with the exception of obvious nomads who have no fixed habitation, every cultivating raiyat is treated as if he had rights of occupancy unless the question of enhancement crops up.

Let these still waters once be troubled by the sharp distinction which the Bill draws between occupancy and non-occupancy raiyats, and serious changes will follow. You will have introduced as it were a system of agricultural bi-metallism in which the non-occupancy

raiyyat stands for gold and the occupancy raiyyat represents silver. The landlord can take payment in either, and there is no device to equalize their value. It is difficult to forecast the results precisely, but there can be little doubt that two lines of action will be largely resorted to. In the first place, all vacant holdings will be let either to genuine non-occupancy raiyyats or to persons who will execute deeds describing themselves as such in order to obtain the land. The stock of land available in any given village for the extension of occupancy holdings will thus be continually diminished, and the landlord will be enabled to bring severe pressure to bear upon the occupancy raiyyats of that village. I can imagine no process more likely to breed ill-feeling between a landlord and his raiyyats than the continual introduction of outsiders to take up vacant holdings. In one way and another the amount of land which falls into the landlord's hands is considerable, though from the nature of the case no statistics are available on the subject, and in the long run the landlord will profit by the village quarrels and the criminal litigation which the system will produce. Secondly, vigorous efforts will be made to prevent the accrual of occupancy rights in future. To do this effectually is merely a question of organization. If it is worth the landlord's while to take the trouble, he has merely to sue or threaten to sue his non-occupancy raiyyats for ejectment on the expiration of their leases, and in nine cases out of ten they will agree to pay the enhancement demanded of them. Section 59 of the Bill with its elaborate provision for a judicial lease will remain a dead letter, as every landlord will get what he wants without resorting to it. It may also be regarded as certain that in order to retain the power of forcing enhancements landlords will insist upon the tenant vacating his holding, be it only for a day. Thus the provisions of the Bill regarding the statutory lease will result in the periodical ejectment of a class which under those provisions will tend continually to increase. It needs no prophet to foretell the injury thus done to the agriculture of the country.

The consequences of all this will no doubt be more disastrous if the prevailing rate is retained as a ground of enhancement. But even if it is struck out as, having regard to the opinions of local officers, it certainly should be, one of the main objects of the present legislation will be defeated and the millennium of universal fixity of tenure will be indefinitely deferred. The intention of Act X of 1859 was thwarted by the Courts; it has been left to the present Bill to carry the process further, and to withhold from the non-occupancy raiyyat the prospect of attaining a position which the custom of the country concedes to him without question. The

Legislature of 1859 sinned in error ; the Legislature of 1884 has the power to retrieve the error, and it may be hoped that no spirit of compromise will dissuade it from doing so.

To discuss the whole Bill within the limits of a single article would obviously be impossible. I have, therefore, singled out what appear to be its most important provisions, and have endeavoured to show how they will actually work. They rest upon the principle that where the social conditions of a country are such as to leave agricultural rent to be determined by monopoly, the State is as much justified in defining the terms upon which that monopoly shall be exercised as it is in limiting the period for which a patentee shall have the exclusive privilege of making and selling an invention. In particular, where the State has been driven by force of circumstances to assume the obligation of saving all classes of its subjects from famine, it is bound, on pain of bankruptcy, to intervene on behalf of those on whom the monopoly presses most severely. The measure of such intervention may vary from time to time, but it will tend to grow as population increases and the commercial way of looking at things gains ground. The test of its applicability to any particular case is easy to state : if things are left as they are, will the cultivators' standard of living be lowered or not ? If it will, a case is made out for adjusting the law accordingly. Tried by this test I believe the present Bill to be a singularly moderate one. Further than this, I am confident that its immediate result will be an extensive re-adjustment of rents greatly in favour of the zemindars. In many points it will redress the injustice of the present law and will tend to fix fair rents for the present generation. More than this no one has a right to ask, except that whatever is to be done shall be done quickly, and that a measure, rumours of which have now reached the general body of raiyats, shall not be allowed to remain in the clouds for another year. Raiyats with ideas sometimes do unexpected things and do them on an inconveniently large scale. With the present Revenue Law of Bengal a No-rent agitation would be a disaster, the ultimate consequences of which no man can foretell.

H. H. RISLEY.

INDIAN ENGLISH AND INDIAN CHARACTER.

II.

Le style est l'homme même.—BUFFON.*

THE keen appetite of the ordinary Native writer of English for interlarding or, as he thinks, embellishing his periods with misplaced or misquoted idioms and phrases, forced allusions, tags of quotation, and such bits of Latin, perhaps, or French as he has picked up second-hand, is, as has been already remarked, closely allied to his fondness for fine writing generally. It is the delight of the Oriental in a patch-work of gaudy colours and a cheap profusion of finery for his holiday decorations, carried into the domain of literature; in his diction, as at his festivals, he is apt to mistake gairishness for splendour, tinsel for ornament.

Thus, a Hindu writer, in a work of considerable merit, speaking of the rival charms of the women of various Indian districts, says :—“The dress and costume of the Khottanees certainly *kick the beam* in their favour.*” The phrase—perhaps a relic of the writer's study of the *Paradise Lost*—had to be used, and so, *coute qui coute*, it is dragged in here. Later on in his book he tells us how ill the Bengalis who happened to be serving or trading in the Upper Provinces fared in the time of the Mutiny. Proscribed by the inhabitants, “the out-of-door Bengalees had been at their wits' end how to *fly off in a tangent* to their homes.” Now, however, with the old order of things restored, many Bengalees, he says, are to be found in the up-country districts. “*Turning the tables*, they are now seen to *give themselves high airs*, and to lord it over the crest-fallen and cowed-down Hindoostanees, whom you see to go along the roads like so many *knights of the rueful countenance*. Those who purposed have mightily succeeded ‘to *establish a great funk*’” It will be noticed that in the case of two of the phrases italicised, the correct expression even is not given. According to the same author (and herein he certainly shows his discernment), dawking “soon turns out to be a sore method of locomotion.” His own mournful experiences

* The italics, in all the quotations, are mine.

were on this wise :—"The horse at the third stage was a most stubborn animal. He was brought out and harnessed, but an attempt to start him made him rear violently, and to stand straight on his hind legs. Our companions had a better luck, and scampered off past by us, hallooing and hurraing in a John Gilpin style,—while, left at a dead stand, we had to cry out for the Mazeppa of Byron." Again, in the course of a passage in the same work describing the horrors of famine, this sentence occurs :—"Then do men cast cannibal looks, and *fall foul* of each other," where the phrase used is ludicrously inappropriate. It is even more so in the following sentence which occurs a few pages further on, where the author tells us how he halted, in his journey, at a magnificent tope, and pictures for us the "motley crew" that had already gathered at the shady resting-place. "The hungry chap," he remarks, "who had *dropped in* first of all, *was measuring his length* upon the earth, and enjoying his *siesta* with his head upon the baggage for safe custody." Fancy "dropping in" to a mango tope, and then deliberately "measuring your length upon the earth" as a preliminary to a *siesta*. Our author, again, has evidently read Gray's poems and knows about his "Theban Eagle,"

Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air,

for does he not tell us of the houses at Benares, which are mostly six or seven stories high, that "this *dominionizing in the air* is certainly for being pinched for space below?" Here the vernacular familiarity of the latter part of the sentence is in odd juxtaposition with the lofty imagery of the former.

A letter from a Native, which appeared some years ago in one of the Calcutta newspapers, will afford us examples under this head, and it is in other respects also somewhat of a literary curiosity.

The letter complains of the high-handed conduct of the police in the writer's district, who, it appears, negligently arrested one Gungadhur Sircar by mistake for one Gungadhur Ghose, the name mentioned in the warrant. "You may fancy," says the writer, "the horror of this poor man at the sudden appearance of these Pluto's horror-striking messengers, while he was not guilty in any shape." The poor man "was quite thunderstruck and frightened as a half burnt cow by the red clouds in the sky." However he manages to get rid of the "myrmidons" for the time being by sending a *salaam* to the head Baboo with a message that "he (Gungadhur Sircar) after washing himself is following up their rear." But such a dilatory course of action was far from pleasing the "assistant chiefs,"

who "got furious as fire by oil, and sent some eight or nine haughty and turbulent myrmidons" to arrest the supposed culprit forthwith. The picture of their proceedings is a striking one :—

They came in their full dress, with beards curled and with liveries cleansed on their shoulders, and immediately took poor and unfortunate Gungadhur out of the *zenana*, at not a second cast of the eyelid, away in their infernal destination without a single hand to rescue him from his emergency, while he was eagerly gazing for the same with brimful tears in his eyes, like a stag at the mercy of a hunter, sometimes towards the co-lodgers, and at other times towards the land, and sometimes again towards his lodge !

But there is no rescue, the lookers-on being "in a manner petrified at this frightful conduct of the police," and fearful of sharing his fate. Taken into the "infernal region" (presumably the interior of the police thannah), he is there threatened and beaten by one of the officers, his "malice-bearer."

Notwithstanding the incessant threatenings and assaults, he asked the chief *Avinasa*, 'what heinous and unmentionable crime have I committed under the sun, that I am thus ill-treated like a malefactor?' He said, '*Sala*, your crime needs no description—a murderer, a dacoity, a villain, a rogue, and a plague you are of this place.' What is all this to a good-natured man? *Echo answers what?*

To end the story, the unlucky Gungadhur is released on bail "from the custody of the infernal region by the good rites of his forefathers," and afterwards, the writer tells us, "came to ours and showed me the marks of oppression in the moustache, in both the cheeks, and on the back, which all got swollen up." Our correspondent could not, he says, "suppress tears at the loud cries the unfortunate man was giving out while he was showing me the several marks."

The Biblical phrase "crying in the wilderness," like the Shaksperian "there's the rub," is a very favourite one with native writers. A petition, for instance, to a late High Court Judge from a Bengali who "forwards himself for a post," concludes with the touching appeal :—"Your petitioner is bold enough to intrude your valuable time with the above few lines with the hope that you will not leave your petitioner's *cry in the wilderness* and pine away amidst the pangs of misery and starvation." Sometimes the phrase is varied, as in the following extract from a letter addressed, years ago, by certain "students" to the Principal of one of our Colleges :—

How happy had we been had we such professors as Mr. L———, our soul, though a foreigner, and as the learned and dutiful Mr. P———, the object of every one's veneration. Sir! B——— B——— will be a great benefactor to his country if he applied for a pension. Lastly though our pen speaks our hearts, our tongue will never, from the fear of what must befall us if our cries be *cries to the woods*.

Another Native student, desirous of possessing one of his correspondent's publications, winds up his letter requesting "your honour to send a copy of the book to such a poor boy like me" with the words—"Ask and it shall be given unto you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock and it shall be opened unto you. Luke xi, 9," and applies his Biblical quotation to the case in hand by the further remark—"and I am praying to God always to get an affirmative reply from you" (!).

Or take the following letter, addressed, many years since, to a University Registrar, which at the same time well illustrates the strange views held by not a few of our Native students as to the possibility of their being credited with passing an examination on other grounds than those of merit.

To the sympathising heart of Mr. S——.

Sir,—I believe you can recognise me. Providence knows only why I seem to trouble your peace.

It is therefore my sincere prayer that you may be instrumental in shedding some light upon the cold and *callus* heart that prompts all these lines. I am one of the university-stricken students.

I am pushed back so many times. I have fallen in melancholy with thought of my future soul. This attempt is fourth chance. I know not what will be decided. My case is peculiar. I have some indeed peculiarity. I have some peculiar heavy trials. I have told some of them to Mr. F—— and M——. We live in a society and world where so many wants are felt. Some are obliged to gain their living by unfair means. Shall I be one of them? Token of discontent meets us at every turn. Helpless creatures we are. Such a mean I am that I have become impatient for fame instead of thanking God. (Byron). The present century is very critical one. Let me confirm my faith on religion by upholding my case. God knows only my affliction. *My heart knows its own bitterness.* Pray do not be cruel. Take my case in your kind consideration. I hope you are well. I remain most obediently and university-stricken, B——P——C——.

P.S.—I may be absent from you, but your noble figure shall not be impaired from my memory. God be very with you. May he prolong your days in peace and comfort. I herewith send 1 stamp, fearing that you may forget to favor me with your fatherly advice. I know you can spare 1,000 stamps for nothing. Pray do not find fault with it.

Your's obediently,

B. P. C.

The English poets, as we have seen, in somewhat strange fashion, are not unfrequently pressed into the service when a phrase is wanted. A Hindu writer, from whom we have already quoted, commenting on the eagerness of the Bengali for a handle to his name, remarks :—"As a ripe man of vivid ambition and lofty aspiration, he necessarily hankers after and is *all agog to dash through*

thick and thin for these new honors and decorations.”* A babu clerk in one of our merchant's offices, on being found fault with by his master, ingeniously replied :—“Sir, *to err is human, to forgive divine.*” This gentleman had evidently not read Pope's *Essay on Criticism* for nothing.

This fondness on the part of the Native for introducing English phrases and idioms into his compositions, not unfrequently leads to the employment of slang expressions. Thus we find a Hindu author, after pointing out the degraded attributes of the modern Shiva, remarking that “Shivaism may have had a purer origin in the beginning, as some choose to think. But it has certainly *gone the whole hog* to come to the bosoms of men.” In the University examination papers of candidates also slang expressions are beginning to crop up pretty frequently. One student, treating of Jewish history, informs us that on one occasion “the Jews received a severe *thrashing*”; while another vivaciously announces the sudden disappearance of his hero by stating that “the man *made himself scarce* immediately.” A third comments somewhat disrespectfully upon Belshazzar's conduct with the remark, “so careless this *devil of a king* was,” and goes on to tell us that “he (Belshazzar) always indulged himself to drinking and *high jinks*.” Another, dwelling on the ill fortune of the Athenians, says they “were *awfully* unsuccessful in this war;” and a B. A. candidate, in a prose version of the story of Appius and Virginia from Macaulay's Lay, describes how, “as the man caught hold of her, poor Virginia was *awfully* embarrassed and raised a hue and cry (!).”

Some years ago, an Anglo-Indian journal had some remarks on the capacity of the intelligent Native for acquiring English slang, and gave the following instance:—A lady in Simla, happening to be indebted to the native gentleman in charge of a neighbouring Post Office to the amount of nine rupees, remitted to him a currency note for ten rupees. In due course the balance was returned by her messenger with the following laconic epistle: “Honored Madam,—By this chap I send one dib.”†

In a wonderful drama, entitled *Lord Likely*, written by a Madras schoolmaster, and published in 1876, the following passage with its “ivories” curiously illustrates this part of our subject. The persons

* This author curiously misuses the word *outwit*. In the bantering encounter that took place at a Hindu marriage between the women and a young bridegroom of his acquaintance, he represents the latter as “*outwitting* all the females present.”

† With the strikingly homespun style of this letter may be well contrasted the superb language of another, written by a babu, who was unable to cash a bill at the bank, to his employer: “Honored Sir,—I have the honor to represent that I am the recipient of disbursements in the negative (!).”

of the scene are Lady Homely, the sister of a "retired Indian Governor" and Sir Dreadful Dash, "an Algerian Colonel," who, after lamenting his unsuccessful pursuit of another woman, suddenly, and with no apparent reason, tells Lady H. that he "has long eaten into himself for love of her." The lady is naturally indignant, and does not scruple to show it after a very emphatic fashion :—

Lady Homely. O faith ! O honesty ! (*rising to go.*)

Sir Dreadful. Nay, Madam, this is not charity. (*Stands up and grasps her hands together with his.*)

*Lady Homely.** Alas ! Sir Dreadful, to what would you drive me ! (*Hits a severe blow at his mouth ; his ivories fall down.*)

Sir Dreadful. (*Picking up his ivories.*) Madam, that those gentle hands should have dealt such a blow !—these tiny things that sparkle on the ground, like the stars of heaven, were once part of a mighty beast, which these now powerless hands shot down like a rabbit ; and I ween, had I missed the mark and got the brute's tusks right at my face, I wouldn't have felt it half so much.—(*feels his mouth*). Ha ! in mortal frames such power doth wrath inspire ! *

But to pass on. There is another trait which is especially conspicuous in Native compositions, namely, a spirit of complaisance, an over-eager desire to please, which, like the fondness for fine language, seems to be an essential characteristic of the Oriental temperament. Everyone who has lived in India knows the kind of reply that an Indian peasant will give to the most ordinary query—a reply almost unrivalled in its mingled caution and servility. For in answering your inquiries, he has two objects in view—to treat you with the utmost respect, and at the same time not to commit himself in any way. Thus the question and answer will proceed somewhat after this fashion :—

Sahib.—Who are you ?

Peasant.—I'm myself, so please your honor.

Sahib.—What's your name ?

Peasant.—According to your lordship's desire.

Sahib.—Is it likely to rain ?

Peasant.—God knows.

Sahib.—Where does this road lead ?

Peasant.—Whither your honor commands.

There is a passage in M. Renan's "Recollections of my Youth" which so admirably delineates this over-complaisant attitude of

* I have given the latter part of this quotation (besides that containing the "ivories") as an additional illustration of the Native fondness for stilted language, in which this "drama" abounds. Here are a few more specimens :—" 'Tis money that, like Jupiter's bolt, sucks up many a fume from ill-reputed life and gives to bastards a new birth."—"Woman's heart, as the world would often say, is like a honeyed bloom ; and true, the bee that primus gets thereat has the best sweets of love."—"Till now none so sad and gloomy !
* * * But now, to smile and sing and paint the glad heart on the beaming tapestry of the face, there shall not be my match in Britain."

the Hindu, and especially of the Bengali, mind, that I cannot forbear quoting it here. M. Renan is describing his own character in that vein of playful sarcasm which he is so fond of indulging. In talking and in letter-writing, as opposed to his books (in which he has been "outspoken to a degree"), he tells us he is at times singularly weak.

"I say to people just what I think is likely to please them. * * * With an inveterate habit of being over polite, * * * I am too anxious to detect what the person I am talking with would like said to him. My attention, when I am conversing with any one, is engrossed in trying to guess at his ideas, and, from excess of deference, to anticipate him in the expression of them. This is based upon the supposition that very few men are so far unconcerned as to their own ideas as not to be annoyed when one differs from them."

We in India are so used to this over-complaisance and the dependence of character that accompanies it—what we may call the *ma-bap* habit of mind—that we think little of it; and the everlasting "with due respect and humble submission," with which letters from Natives asking a favour almost invariably commence, strikes us as nothing extraordinary, nay perhaps as even appropriate. But, in fact, this Native characteristic is not one that we can afford to contemplate with indifference, much less with satisfaction; and that (apart from general moral considerations) for two main reasons: in the first place, because it is liable to be feigned or exaggerated from interested motives, till expressions of humility and subservience come to be looked upon as mere unreal formulas; and in the second place, because it inevitably leads, under the influence of an education that leaves the moral feelings untouched, to a revulsion to the opposite extreme. There is no insolence more intolerable than that which is begotten of the reaction from servility.

This dependence of character finds various modes of expression. Sometimes it is shown in a timidity such as that displayed by the fellow-villagers of our friend Gungadhur Sircar above, who "could not give vent to their sorrow, lest they also share the same fate" with unlucky Gungadhur, and kept silence." It would have been an innate reverence for the law and not a fear of "sharing the same fate" that would have (possibly) kept "brutal Anglo-Saxon" villagers from mobbing the police under similar circumstances.

About ten years ago a Eurasian youth was stabbed by a Native in some brawl in one of the squares of Calcutta. The occurrence seems to have roused bad blood in the neighbourhood, and a Bengali gentleman writes to the newspaper as follows:—

To the Editor &c.

Sir,—Yesterday evening at about 6 P.M. a European youth, being stabbed

by a Hindoo (as rumor told me) was lying out of breath at the site of the west fence of Wellington reservoir. I with one of my friends returning home from our respective duties, passed the tumult where the corpse was: and when we reached the middle of the reservoir a young gentleman of the East Indian extraction came suddenly over me and hurled me down with a push: whereupon some of the by-standers laughed at me but not to him. The haughty youth after passing 5 or 6 yards—returned, and saying “you black niggard and scoundrels of the dust,” joked at me, stroke a blow to my friend—unmercifully and without any cause whatever. I for humanity’s sake begged his pardon if we had offended him in any way. But the reward of this my gentle behavior is a slap on my head and some abominable curses. And had I uttered a single word more, he would have undoubtedly given me some good blows with his fist.

The letter goes on to show how this “haughty East Indian” went so far as to emulate the Emperor Nero, and “loudly expressed his ardent desire to make one neck of all Hindoos of the universe, and he to strike a single blow, thereby to extirpate the whole nation at all.” “In conclusion,” says the writer, “I with my friend heartily forgive the haughty Christian, for the sake of brotherly love”—an admirable sentiment, but one that hardly seems to meet the necessities of the case.

But, in this instance, we have the inoffensive Oriental pitted with, apparently, a very blustering youth of semi-European stock; and the result of the encounter is the less to be wondered at. Let us now take a letter written by a Native student to the Principal of an Indian College, complaining of an occurrence in which the dispute lay between himself and one of his Native fellow-students.

To

THE PRINCIPAL, ——— COLLEGE.

HONOURED SIR,

I beg most humbly to inform you that last evening I saw some boys in the Gymnasium trying a common feat in an unusual way, which might have brought much injury to them, whereof I told to some of my friends, not directly pointing to any one, that that sort of play is strictly prohibited in the *Manual Exercise*, and hence it came to pass that a young daring fellow came forward and cried rashly, “You don’t know anything,” and pointing to a little baby he continued, “this boy can teach you for several years.” Moreover he challenged to me directly which as a student I did not accept. Meanwhile our teacher came and dispersed us. Now as the stripling was fiery out of temper sought every quarrel by cracking thousands of taunts on my poor’s self, and these I did pocket up and remained stone-quiet, but to my great surprise at the very gate of the Gymnasium he came upon me with blows and satisfied his brutal virulence with severe blows.

I afterwards came to know him as one K—— C—— M—— of the 8th year class. I am very sorry to mention this mishap, but cannot help otherwise than by bringing it to your notice, for another such outrage is sure to endanger my very

bones. I hope your kindness will never lack in taking proper care of a dutiful student of your's from such ruffians.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Yours most obedient pupil,

D—— N—— D——.

Dated, the 17th July 1884.

Student, C. S. Class, one year.

Far be it from us, of course, to advocate the "punching" of heads or other such drastic measures in cases like these. The sufferers, in both instances, acted, no doubt, in strict accordance with law and regulation; but none the less do they afford us examples of that timid dependence of character and absence of what the bluff English mind would call wholesome self-assertion, of which we are treating at present.

Natives have a great and perhaps not unnatural dread of Cholera, a terror from which the educated classes are by no means exempt, and which to the less emotional Englishman often seems excessive. The letters received by College authorities from their Native pupils in time of an epidemic of this disease are often quite pathetic. Here is one :—

To

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE D—— COLLEGE.

SIR,

Cholera, raging in the town, just frightens us to the core of our heart. We cannot work at all. The idea of meeting with untimely death reigns uppermost in us and prevents us from thinking of other things

The only relief to this imaginary uneasiness is, we suppose, to live at home. The thought of premature decease of many a friend at D—— our guardians refer to and state it as a cause for not working hard and even staying here at D——.

Under these circumstances we crave the mercy of your exempting us from the annual examination at hand.

We are,

Yours most obediently,

25th October 1875.

The students of the 3rd year.

Another newspaper letter, with a Native signature, parts of which we quote, is a good example of the refraining from any interference for fear of the possible unpleasant consequences,—of the shrinking from all self-assertion, to which we have referred. The writer complains of the cruelty to animals "which the merciless drivers of carts and carriages indulge in so wretchedly." "Yesterday," he continues—

I saw a young *Jehu* of a 2nd class carriage beating a poor mare in the yoke (quite powerful) by a piece of wood so cruelly that the unhappy creature being unable to withstand the severe shock of the beats fell down to the ground in a

deadly swoon. All the passers by, as is natural, stood motionless at this horrific tragedy, and stared towards the pitiless Jehu in the face.

The writer went off to the police station to get the man arrested, where he "spoke the matter to a corpulent Baboo, a head constable, it might be." But—

He, instead of being alert, began to shift out means to evade, and at last gave me this, taunting as it stands, reply, 'that let the horse die or live; no matter; the owner will buy a new one!' Now, Mr. Editor, see how unwarrantably impertinent must this reply after all be; he was quite deserving a box in the face for it: but as a public servant *I couldn't dare to speak to him any thing big*, and so left the station in a perfect disgust.

As a consequence of this Native dependence of character, the Indian Government cannot help being "paternal," its Hindu subjects being quite determined to look upon it as their patron, their *ma-bap*. The following letter, the naivety of which is amusing, is an admirable example of this leaning of the Native upon Government and of his belief in the omnipotence of the *Sircar*:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE———.

SIR,—This morning an office Babu, resident of Konenaughur, told me that he had a narrow escape from a "shark-bite," and that a young man of 18, bathing with him side by side in the Ganges, felt some prickling sensation in one of his arms, and a minute after he found he was *minus* of that arm. The youth, having the presence of mind, ran away to the adjacent dispensary, and God knows what had become of him. During the mid-day another man came into my office, who was an eye-witness of another man of Ootturparrah loosing one of his entire lower extremities from the same source. He was senseless when taken out of water. *Unless Government take peremptory measures to kill such fearful and destructive animals*, many such incidents will result.

B. L. B.

If such is the temperament prevailing among the educated and English-speaking classes of the Indian community (a phase of character we hope to illustrate still further in a future paper), what must be that of the great mass of the Indian peoples with their old and long traditions of unresisting submission to authority—a nation who have been "all their life-time subject to bondage," whether under Native or alien rule?

ELLIS UNDERWOOD.

(*To be continued.*)

FIFTY YEARS OF A COLONY'S INDUSTRY.

Cinnamon and Pearls. By Harriet Martineau. London, 1830.

The Ceylon Almanac. Published by the Government, 1833 to 1853.

The Ceylon Blue Books. Government Press, 1833 to 1883.

Ceylon. By Sir J. E. Tennent. London, 1855.

Times of Ceylon. Colombo, 1883-84.

WHEN the courageous Waghorn first braved the hazards of the Egyptian desert with a camel-load of letters at a guinea an ounce,* when philanthropic England paid down twenty millions sterling in order that human beings should not be huckstered in British colonies, when steam upon the ocean was in its infancy—in the year 1833, two elderly gentlemen had just formulated a document† destined to be the Magna Charta of a small but fertile Indian island, then scarcely known—a document fraught with the gravest consequences to that island and its people.

Ceylon, though endowed with a glamour of romance as the historical abiding place of peacocks, apes, and pearls, though claiming to possess the loadstone rock on which Sinbad the Sailor was wrecked, and the mountain-peak on which our first parent Adam stepped forth from Paradise into that “Eden of the eastern wave,” had hitherto passed an existence so unobtrusive that it might almost be termed ignoble, until a writer of the softer sex, Miss Harriet Martineau, added to her long array of works on political economy by one on this island, in which she dwelt with far more vigour than truth upon the wickedness of its cinnamon monopoly and the enormity of its pearl fishery, both then in the hands of the local Government. The quiet little Anglo-Dutch community of this island had been a party to trafficking in

* The first $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. overland letters paid 2s. 6d. postage and fees of 3s. 6d.

† *Report on Ceylon.* By Commissioners Colebrooke and Cameron, 1832.

spices and pearl-divers for a life-time, all unconscious of the heinousness of their offence, until Miss Martineau's little book went forth and took the world by storm. Then the philanthropists, having got their hands in with the West-Indian slaves, resolved to deal as summarily with the monopoly in pearl-diving, cinnamon-growing, and forced labour within this island. And so it came to pass that two Ceylon Commissioners, skilled in all the wisdom of the Orient, built up a new constitution for the island, a key to the whole art of Government so perfectly drawn that law-makers have been busily engaged upon it ever since, tinkering and patching, much to the confusion and despair of law-dispensers and greatly to the satisfaction and profit of law-breakers. A Charter of Justice, a Legislative Council, the abolition of the cinnamon monopoly, and of all forced labour for the public service, were amongst the boons conferred on the island, with what solid advantages remains to be seen.

As I have said, Ceylon was leading a happy, though somewhat sleepy, life, when the philanthropists took it into their keeping. If its commerce was small, it was at any rate lucrative, and so well was the mercantile interest cared for in those primitive days, that for every commercial firm established in Colombo there was a full regiment of soldiers for its protection,* besides Artillery and Royal Engineers.

The changes which fifty years have wrought in the political and industrial conditions of Ceylon are scarcely greater than those in the external features of its capital. Seen as the traveller approached it from afar, it was a fine old picturesque fortress, with walls lofty and of great thickness, and with umbrageous trees dotted along its ramparts. Landing amongst a pile of low-roofed stalwart buildings, the traveller found himself within as romantic a range of battlemented walls as a lover of the picturesque could desire. The grim significance of the loop-holed walls was relieved by a mass of foliage on rows of trees flinging a grateful shade over bastion and footway. Everywhere there was pleasant shade raised by our Dutch predecessors, who loved foliage above all things, next to water.

The old low-roofed Custom House, the Salt Stores, the Commissariat, the Harbour Master's look-out, all belonged to a past generation, and strollers across the Fort Green looked upon a long

* There were then five mercantile firms in Colombo, and the regiments quartered there were the 58th, 61st, 78th, 97th, and the Ceylon Rifle Regiment.

low pile of buildings and the church of to-day, which in years past was the Dutch Governor's Hall of Audience. There was beyond this the rickety old drawbridge and the moat, green with stagnant water. At night, when the moon was at the full, it lit up the old Sooriya trees that lined the fort streets, where now are merchants' lofty offices, but where then stood family dwellings with spacious verandahs alive with pleasant gatherings, and where the sound of music and merry voices resounded, echoing amongst the mortars and the piles of bomb shells in the Ordnance yard opposite.

Those early days were simple days, but they were days of money-making as well as merry-making, though in a quiet small way. Of merchants there were few,—not even a half dozen; of planters there were but two, for the sole wealth of the island had been, until that time, believed to be in its cinnamon and in its pearls. The former was cultivated by the Government to be sold by them as a monopoly, at fixed prices, usually so high that the revenue from it yielded upwards of £100,000 a year, the export duty being three shillings a pound, the culture and preparation of the spice being in the hands of a special caste known as the *Mahabaddé*, under a staff of European officials. The monopoly of the right of fishing the pearl banks had been for two centuries in the hands of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the British Governments in succession—a rich but uncertain source of revenue from which in some years the proceeds have realised £80,000 and upwards, while in others they have been a blank. Why pearl oysters disappear as suddenly as they come in the form of spat or spawn, and whence this spawn is derived, will probably never be known; but it is supposed there are boundless deposits of the precious bivalve deep down in old ocean, and that our oyster beds, large though they are and rich, are but the driftings from those parent beds far beyond the reach of divers. These oyster banks are fished by divers from India in the calm weather between the monsoons, the divers being paid one-third of the oysters brought up, the Government taking two-thirds, which they sell upon the spot by auction to native merchants who flock thither in great crowds. There are long gaps in these fisheries of sometimes seven years, and the proceeds are fully as variable.

The great intellectual upheaval, in the days of Wilberforce and Brougham, Cobbett and Harriet Martineau, produced, amongst other works on Political Economy, a small tale by the latter, called "Cinnamon and Pearls," written to denounce the two monopolies in Ceylon, but so utterly at variance with fact in almost every particular and so grossly unreal as to have excited only ridicule

where the iniquities were said to exist. It had, however, its influence amongst the ignorant of the parent country, and soon the fiat went forth which led to the abandonment of the official cultivation and trade in the precious spice.

Glancing at some of the mawkish sentiment which disfigures this effusion of an otherwise very clever woman, one feels astounded at the arguments used and their application. Miss Martineau dwells with unfeigned distress on the fact that the poor divers are forced to go forth *half-naked* to their work, to gather what, according to the ingenious writer, belonged to them as the natural owners of nature's gifts : yet they were kept poor in order that a few might be enriched, and Miss Martineau goes on to say :—

“And why is all this injustice and tyranny? That a few, a very few, may engross a resource which should enrich the many. Yet not many things are more evident than that to impoverish the many is the most certain method of ultimately impoverishing the few ; and the reverse. If the Government would give away its pearl banks to those who now fish those banks for the scantiest wages which will support life, Government would soon gain more in a year from the pearls of Ceylon than it has hitherto gained by any five fisheries. If buyers might bid for pearls from every quarter of the world to those who might sell anywhere, and after their own manner, Cingalese huts of mud and rushes would grow into dwellings of timber and stone ; instead of bare walls, there would be furniture from a thousand British warehouses ; instead of marshes, there would be rice-fields ; instead of rickety coasting boats, there would be fleets of merchantmen riding in the glorious harbours of the island ; instead of abject prayers from man to man, as the one is about to suffer the dearth which the other inflicts, there would be the goodwill and thanksgiving which spring from abundance ; instead of complaints on the one hand of expensive dependence, and murmurs about oppression on the other, there would be mutual congratulation for mutual aid. Ceylon would overpay, if required, in taxes, if not in advantageous commerce, any sacrifice of the monopolies by which she has been more thoroughly and ingeniously beggared than any dependency on which British monopoly has exercised its skill, and Britain might disburthen her conscience of the crime of perpetuating barbarism in that fairest of all regions, for whose civilization she had made herself responsible.” *

* *Cinnamon and Pearls: A tale.* By Harriet Martineau. London, 1830. *

Fortunately for the now failing resources of Ceylon, the pearl banks were not flung open to the world, as Miss Martineau would have had, as a civilising agent and a dispenser of undreamt of happiness. Had such a step been taken, the banks would have been swept clean of even the youngest oysters, and pearls would have ceased to be a product of Ceylon.

Of cinnamon and its monopoly the same writer discoursed, not more correctly, but with greater success, for her little tale had much to do with the fiat that went forth sealing the doom of the State connection with the spice. Perhaps the only few lines in her *brochure* which by some accident happened to be true to nature, were those describing the glimpses of scenery in the cinnamon gardens ; these are accurate enough. "The Blue Lake of Colombo, whether gleaming in the sunrise or darkening in the storms of the monsoon, never lost its charms. The mountain range in the distance was an object for the eye to rest lovingly upon, whether clearly outlined against the glowing sky or dressed in soft clouds from which Adam's Peak alone stood aloft like a dark island in the waters above the firmament."

But when Miss Martineau discoursed on the Government monopoly of cinnamon she grossly exaggerated the facts of that close trade, and made statements which had no foundation whatever, such as that a part of the spice was burned in order to enhance the price of the remainder, a practice known only to the Dutch, and when she wrote of a close monopoly of the trade in cardamoms, pepper, and other such products, she was absolutely dealing in fiction fully as much as when in describing the process of packing cinnamon, she makes it take place in the open air instead of in the Government sorting warehouses, and as being packed in cases instead of in bales covered by sacking !

The Commission of Enquiry which ensued gave the colony not merely free trade in cinnamon but trial by jury and a legislative council of officials and unofficials, the latter in a hopeless minority endowed with no power but that of talking. The progress of the colony in most things has been phenomenal since that time : the old fort walls, the gloomy drawbridge, and the green stagnant moat have all disappeared long since, but the Council of Legislators remains the same as ever, the type of a past generation, though the household franchise has been made low enough for municipal electors.

At the commencement of the half century of which I write, the

revenue of the colony, though aided by pearl fisheries and cinnamon monopolies, but rarely reached £400,000, and for 20 years after that date, with the help of the then infant coffee enterprise, had barely reached the half million sterling. The value of the island's exports in 1833 amounted to not more than £132,530, of which only £42,403 were shipped to Great Britain.

At that time, the opening up of the island by the cultivation of tropical products, such as coffee and sugar, was in its infant stage. The Governor, Sir E. Barnes, had planted a little coffee on the Central Province hills, and two private individuals had followed his enterprising example ; but it was not until the quality of the produce had been approved at home, and troubles amongst the freed slave labourers in Jamaica and Guiana consequent on emancipation gave an impetus to the trade in coffee, that the enterprise extended in Ceylon, and by an industrial revolution "converted a sluggish military cantonment into an enterprising British colony, transferring the supply of one of the first requisites of society from the western to the eastern hemisphere."*

At the time of which I write the upset price of land of the finest quality was but five shillings the acre, and as there was ample for all comers in the boundless jungles of the interior, there were no competitors, and all was sold at the upset price. The first great rush of capitalists to Ceylon for coffee-planting was between 1840 and 1843, when the yearly sales amounted to from £42,841 to £78,685. Most of the purchasers were strangers to the country and entirely devoid of all planting knowledge, acquiring a little experience only from the few first pioneers, themselves but beginners.

"The mountain ranges on all sides of Kandy became rapidly covered with plantations ; the great valleys of Doombera, Ambegama, Kotmalie, and Pusilawa were occupied by emulous speculators ; they settled in the steep passes ascending to Newera Ellia ; they penetrated to Badulla and Oovah, and coffee trees quickly bloomed on solitary hills around the very base of Adam's Peak.

"The first ardent adventurers pioneered the way through pathless woods, and lived for months in log-huts, whilst feeling the forest and making their preliminary nurseries preparatory to planting ; but within a few years the tracks by which they came were converted into highways, and their cabins replaced by bungalows,

* *Ceylon*. By Sir J. E. Tennent, Vol. II, page 229.

which, though rough, were picturesque and replete with European comforts. The new life in the jungle was full of excitement and romance, the wild elephants and leopards retreated before the axe of the forester, the elk supplied his table with venison, and jungle fowl and game were at hand and abundant.

"The coffee mania was at its climax in 1845. The previous Governor and the Council, the Military, the Judges, the Clergy, and one half the Civil Servants had penetrated the hills, and become purchasers of Crown lands. The East India Company's officers crowded to Ceylon to invest their savings, and capitalists from England arrived by every packet. As a class, the body of emigrants was more than ordinarily aristocratic, and if not already opulent, were in haste to be rich. So dazzling was the prospect that expenditure was unlimited; and its profusion was only equalled by the ignorance and inexperience of those to whom it was entrusted. Five millions sterling are said to have been sunk within less than as many years; but this estimate is probably exaggerated. The rush for land was only paralleled by the movement towards the mines of California and Australia, but with this painful difference, that the enthusiasts in Ceylon, instead of thronging to disinter, were hurrying to bury their gold."*

But the recoil of all this bounding enterprise was at hand. One large district, that of Ambegamoa, situated in the region of Adam's Peak and opened up exclusively by Civil Servants, and through which their influence had secured the construction of a splendid road at a cost of £80,000, began to show signs of failure as the last culvert on the road was finished. The financial crisis which shortly afterwards made itself felt in London commercial circles and was reflected in Ceylon, completed the havoc in that district, wherein almost every estate was soon afterwards abandoned. The monetary disturbance led to the failure of some of the largest Colombo firms in 1848-9, and paralysis overtook much of the planting enterprise which not long before had given so much fair promise; many estate-owners abandoned their properties and left the island; others, unable to pay their coolies' wages, disposed of their plantations for less than the value of the crop nearly ready for gathering. One estate which had been purchased, just planted, in 1843, was sold for £40,⁷/₄ and the amount of the coolies' wages. Other properties were left to grow up in jungle and recleared a few years afterwards, once more to prove remunerative estates when the

* *Ibid.*, Vol. II, page 231.

price of coffee again resumed its normal value. In 1849 the best plantation coffee from Ceylon, which had previously realised 102s., was then selling by insolvent firms in London at 38s., whilst fine Onosk native coffee was selling in Colombo at 13s. per cwt.

The financial distress and ruin was completed when the Bank of Ceylon closed its doors, having locked up most of its capital in advances to estate-owners whose crops were now all but valueless, and for several years the coffee enterprise languished, until prices once more advanced, and plantations, whose soil was still abounding in fertility, by dint of ease and economy, again became a source of profit to their owners and of value to the island trade.

Within ten years from the date of which I have just written, so recuperative was this island's chief industry that the forests of the interior had been further encroached upon in many directions, some in entirely new districts, until an extent of land was opened up sufficient to form upwards of four hundred estates, comprising eighty thousand acres in twenty-seven districts. The Onosk country, since forming so large an area of the coffee-producing land of the island, was at that time not half developed, whilst the Moorooa Korle was untouched, the now important districts of Dickoya and Maskeliya were in dense forest, and the still more extensive districts of Upper and Lower Dimbula contained each but half a dozen estates, though these were amongst the oldest in the country and have yielded abundant crops to the present time, despite the recurrence of adverse seasons and the ravages of coffee pests.

The extension of coffee-planting was carried on with unflagging energy, despite the advance in the upset price of Crown land from five shillings to a pound an acre, which had taken place some years before. The collapse of the Ceylon Bank had been followed by the development of the Bank of Western India into the Oriental Bank, and in 1854 the Chartered Mercantile Bank was established and by the introduction of fresh capital and the granting of banking facilities to merchants and planters, aided in the general advance of the island's industry to a higher degree of prosperity than it had ever before attained.

The arrival of Sir Henry Wood in the Colony as Governor in 1855 gave a new impetus to enterprise, both European and Native, and ere he left, in 1860, roads had been opened up in various directions, irrigation works in aid of paddy cultivation had been taken in hand, and the first railway in the island was projected; it was not, however, opened for traffic until 1867, when a fresh impulse was given to coffee-

planting and the newly-opened or extended districts of Lindula, Dickoya, Begawantalawa, and Maskeliya were rapidly opened out until they formed vast regions of busy industry stretching in one case for forty miles without a break. The rule of Sir Charles MacCarthy, 1860-63, was scarcely such as to do much for public enterprise, if we exempt the construction of one important line of road opening up the then rapidly increasing district of Oudah on the eastern confines of the Great Mountain zone.

It was during this period that the cinchona plant, destined to play an important part in Ceylon exports, was introduced by the Government. A small nursery was formed at Hakgalla on the south-east slopes of the central mountain plateau, at an altitude of about 5,500 feet. The object of Government was not to cultivate the tree on its own account, so much as to test its suitability to the climate and soil of Ceylon. In 1862 the first small sale of plants was made at 5s. each. By August of the following year there were in the Hakgalla nursery nearly 23,000 plants for sale, chiefly *Succinubra officinalis*.

"To that date eighteen planters had applied, some for large numbers of plants, and it was now decided, at Dr. Thwaites' suggestion, to make a *free* distribution to all who would give a written undertaking to cultivate carefully. A number of the more enterprising men took advantage of this liberality, and by November 1865 over fifty planters had made application for about 500,000 plants, of which 180,000 had been actually given out. Yet, notwithstanding their favourable reports as to growth, there was but little further demand for some years. So satisfied were all at this period with coffee-growing, that few would have to do with any other cultivation, and there were even instances of cinchonas, planted by a predecessor, being rooted out by a new comer as rubbish.

"It was not till 1872, that the planters began to realize that they were neglecting a profitable business in not taking up cinchona-growing. A moderate charge (Rs. 5 per 1,000) instead of a free gift of plants was therefore fixed at the Hakgalla nurseries, and this proceeding seems to have stimulated the demand. Cultivation was now taken up with vigour; in 1873, 670,500 plants were sold; in 1874, 826,000; in 1875, 794,500; and in 1876, the large quantity of 1,196,000; of these the *Succinubra officinalis* were still principally from cuttings, the *calisaya* mainly from seed, much being naturally hybridized. Thus in the six years, 1873-78, nearly 4,000,000 plants were sent out to planters. As private nurseries were now

becoming common, the distribution from Hakgalla rapidly declined, but by the end of 1879, the cultivation was so widespread that it was estimated that at least 7,000,000 cinchona plants had been put out in the colony. The serious falling-off in the yield of coffee for these years, consequent on the results of leaf-disease, was the chief stimulus to the cultivation of cinchona in Ceylon.”*

Resuming the thread of my narrative I recur to the year 1865, when Sir Hercules Robinson took up the administration of affairs upon a great onward tide of prosperity, leading to the inauguration of large public works, amongst which were the Colombo Break-water scheme, the construction of a railway to Nawalapiliya, the demolition of the fort walls of Colombo, and the commencement of some large irrigation works in the Southern Province. Coincident with the latter work was the appointment of a Commission to report upon cattle murrain in infested districts, and the introduction of a decimal system of currency into the island, in place of British money, the denomination henceforward being in rupees and cents.

The island revenue at this date advanced steadily under almost every head of public income, until it had totalled up beyond the million sterling, or in the newly adopted currency Rs. 1,12,16,791. To this large amount the sales of Crown lands contribute Rs. 7,35,000 in the last year of this administration, whilst the Kandy railway yielded a sum of Rs. 19,82,649.

The opening of three additional banks of exchange and discount in the island had much to do with the rush into coffee which took place at that time. These institutions were the Asiatic Bank, the Bank of Hindostan, and the Royal Bank of India, whose operations were confined to Colombo and Kandy; their career was, however, brief and inglorious, and they had all disappeared before 1867, after an existence of two years, being succeeded by the Bank of Madras which, conducted on totally different principles, has enjoyed a good share of public support to the present time. In the meantime, as railways and roads continued to be extended through the various planting districts of the island, the Oriental Bank established branches in addition to those in Galle and Kandy, at Badulla, and ultimately at Haldanulle, Newera Eliya, and Dimbula.

The onward flow of the tide of prosperity continued into the

* ‘*Cinchona in Ceylon.*’ By Dr. Trimen (*Handbook to Ceylon Court*, Calcutta Exhibition, 1883.)

rule of the succeeding Governor, Sir William Gregory, culminating in the last year of his administration in an unprecedented amount of public revenue, Rs. 1,70,00,000. But this period, distinguished as it was by the advocacy and adoption of a policy of railway extension at any cost, has become memorable as the epoch of a fatal turning-point in the coffee enterprise—an enterprise for which that railway extension was demanded.

The coffee plant during many previous years had been liable to attacks of a black bug which, however, had never extended beyond a few fields in some particular estates, though at one time it had given rise to much anxiety. In 1869 the attention of planters in a remote district of Oudah was called to the appearance of an orange-colored fungus on the undersides of coffee leaves, which was evidently spreading through the fields on which it was noticed, but as no ill-effects from its presence were discernible, no further notice was taken of the matter at the time, especially as a local naturalist stated that he had seen the fungus on plants for several years previously but no harm had come of it.

By degrees, however, the new pest made itself felt in a rather serious manner, causing a heavy fall of leaf from the plants, which were frequently entirely denuded, and at the same time extending to other districts. In the course of half a dozen years there was scarcely a district entirely free from its ravages, and within ten years from its first appearance it became evident that the plants were feeling the drain upon their constitutions in having to replace fallen foliage at frequently recurring intervals. The effect of this undoubted weakening was to lessen crops, not seriously at first, but gradually.

The services of an eminent mycologist, Mr. Marshall Wood, were secured to investigate the nature of this disease, with a view to providing a remedy or palliative, but two years spent in the closest and most continuous researches, failed to throw any light upon its origin, or the means likely to stay its ravages; all that could be suggested was to cultivate highly, so as to enable the trees to withstand the oft-repeated attacks of the enemy. There is little doubt but that where this course has been adopted good crops have continued to be gathered in the generality of cases.

Those who looked upon this new visitation as a serious matter disposed of their properties on the best terms procurable, whilst others who had embarked deeply in the enterprise and now found Banks and Colombo Agents unwilling or unable to continue cash advances on

the old illusory scale, were compelled to adopt a low style of cultivation, which, coming on the back of "leaf disease," as the fungus pest is termed, and followed by a succession of unfavourable seasons soon reduced the yield of their estates to one-fourth of what they had given previous to the appearance of the disease. In the palmiest day of the coffee enterprise in Ceylon, fifteen hundredweight per acre were not unusual for a crop, and I have known cases in which a ton an acre has been gathered over an entire estate; but ten or twelve hundredweight were, until comparatively recent times, looked upon as fairly good crops. I have known estates, during the low prices which followed a year or two of trade depression, abandoned for the reason that their crops of four hundredweight per acre did not cover the cost of working the properties: to-day that extent of crop is considered an excellent return; years of evil times have taught the planters the secret of producing coffee at half its former cost, and even less! At the present moment the low rate at which Ceylon plantation coffee is selling in European markets adds very materially to the difficulties under which they labour.

There is a fact connected with the yield of coffee per acre which has a deep interest for the planter and the naturalist: it is this, that in the present day, though the finest virgin soil be selected, bearing the heaviest timber, in one of the most approved localities, where the climate is perfect, if that land be most carefully opened and prepared, the plants put out upon it will not produce more than half the quantity that was in the olden days of coffee-planting considered a fairly average crop. The question for consideration is—Can the plants, which produce the seed employed in forming new estates, have undergone degeneration during the continuance of reproduction for the last forty years, or have our trees suffered constitutionally from repeated attacks of leaf disease?

When Sir William Gregory, in an early period of his administration, influenced by the scientific opinion of Dr. Thwaites, the then Director of our Botanic Gardens, ventured to suggest the non-permanency of coffee in this island, his utterances naturally encountered strong opposition, especially from some sanguine spirits who insisted on taking optimistic views upon everything connected with our chief enterprise. The Governor had travelled through some districts in which were the vestiges of dead and buried plantation grown up in jungle, and with the ravages of the newly found enemy, leaf-disease, in view, he could but feel diffidence in supporting the project for extending the existing expensive line of railway through distant coffee

districts, the geographical features of which foreshadowed excessive cost.

Unfortunately for the counsels of prudence, the coffee markets of Europe were in an exceptionally inflated condition, and induced most of those engaged in the enterprise, both the enthusiasts and the "plungers"—and there were many of the latter—to believe in a golden future. In 1871 Java coffee, which is regarded as the consols. of the coffee markets, was at 35 cents.; a speculation ring worked prices up by 1874 to 72 cents.; whilst fine Ceylon plantation coffee realised 110s. and 115s. During the three following years it appeared as though the coffee "plungers" in Ceylon were to have it all their own way, for Java coffee continued to range at between 60 and 50 cents., and Ceylon plantation coffee between 90s. and 105s. No marvel then that brilliant visions dazzled the eyes of railway extensionists at any price, ending in a line of fifty miles being sanctioned a few years later.

Heedless of the warning contained in the mysterious progress of the coffee-pest from one end of the district to the other, the planting "plungers" had a right royal time of it. There had been seasons of inflation in previous periods, but not to such an extent as was now the case. Crown forest was bid up to Rs. 100 an acre, and ordinary coffee estates were appraised by men whose duty it was to make things pleasant, at Rs. 1,000 an acre, writers in the local press cheering on the inflationists with prognostications of coffee rising to 200s. in the London market.

The Governor of that day, Sir William Gregory, left the colony in the noon-tide of its prosperity. The public revenues were of an unprecedented amount, enabling him to undertake the relief of some of the famine-stricken districts by the initiation of a system of minor irrigation works calculated to restore the cultivation of food to something like its normal condition.

The arrival of a new Governor in the person of Sir James Longden was coincident with the largest season's shipment of coffee hitherto recorded: the total amounted to cwts. 941,335: he remained until 1883, when the exports of this staple had fallen to cwts. 260,053. The summit level of the island's prosperity had been reached and overpassed, and steadily both the industry and the revenue so largely dependent upon it, began to decline, until before this ruler's unregretted departure the revenue, from £1,700,000, had steadily declined to £1,162,179, whilst the value of the island's exports sank during the same period from £5,730,051 to £3,330,900.

The ravages of leaf disease and the frequency of unseasonable weather so destructive of the coffee blossom at most critical periods of its existence told seriously on crops and on the hopes of planters. There was a general stampede of "plungers," and properties began to revert to mortgagees with terrible recurrence, until at the present time it is believed that one-half the estate properties in Ceylon have changed hands at a loss to both original and second owners. How great has been the exodus of planters in search of "fresh fields and pastures new" during the last half a dozen years and their partial replacement by new colonisers, may be learnt by reference to the local directories of 1877 and 1884. Not a few of our late proprietors, having made over their estates to mortgagees, are now to be found in the ranks of superintendents, whilst these latter have suffered a reduction of salaries from £500 to £150 per annum.

The introduction of cinchona cultivation into the island by the agency of Government was a fortunate circumstance for the planting industry, as by its means many of those who had been struggling against adverse times, short crops, and low prices of coffee (which had fallen to 62s. from 102s.) must have succumbed but for the timely aid obtained from cinchona trees. Experience has, however, shewn that "cinchonas are by no means plants that will grow anywhere and in any climate and without attention, as, to judge from the proceedings in 1878-81, was apparently assumed by many. Very much disappointment has been caused, but principally to those whose expectations were extravagant and unwarranted, and whose course of action could only tend to inevitable failure. To others, giving proper forethought and careful attention, cinchona has afforded very good returns, and the cultivation has undoubtedly been of the very greatest assistance to the colony during the past six years of serious depression. At the present time, cinchona is cultivated throughout the hill country, within the zone of coffee-estates as well as somewhat above and below it."*

It was well for the planting industry of the island that, as the exports of coffee declined, those of cinchona increased, until, from a few thousand pounds' weight exported half a dozen years ago, there will be this season as much as ten million pounds of bark shipped. The quality of our cinchona is so well appreciated that it realises the highest rates in the London market; and, although this produce has fallen considerably in value, it is still remunerative to the grower.

In the cultivation of tea the planters of Ceylon have found a new and hopeful direction for their energies which promises to restore much of the departed prosperity of the island. Stirred by the accounts of success in the tea districts of Darjeeling and Assam, one or two of the planting community commenced the growth of tea on a small scale a dozen years ago, and so marked was their success that the example thus set was shortly afterwards followed by others, who found that reliance upon coffee was no longer possible as a profitable industry. "But Ceylon teas attracted very little attention from buyers, and were scarcely noticed in Brokers' reports until last year, when improved cultivation and more careful manufacture enabled far better samples to be shipped: these at once attracted the attention of the trade: consumers very shortly afterwards found the quality of our teas superior to most China leaf and equal to the best breaks from India, and as a consequence the article rapidly rose in public estimation. Tea Brokers notice our brands with marked approval, and one of the leading firms in Mincing Lane now publishes a Fortnightly Circular devoted entirely to Ceylon Teas, while all give a place to the now frequent sales of this article."*

Not only have estate owners planted large tracts of their abandoned or unproductive coffee land with tea as a means of retrieving their changing fortunes, but fresh capitalists have entered the field, and opened considerable blocks of forest land at a lower elevation than that at which coffee thrives, where the rainfall is abundant and the soil suitable for the cultivation. It is estimated that at the present time there are fifty thousand acres under this new product, by far the greater portion but recently planted, and it is estimated that there are in addition to this extent about two hundred thousand acres of land available, more or less suitable for this industry.

The planters of this island have brought an incredible amount of energy and intelligent application to bear upon the cultivation and manufacture of tea, resulting in the production of qualities second only to the finest of the Indian teas, and this after but a brief experience. The teachings, moreover, of a period of adversity in coffee, have resulted in such sharp economies of culture and make, that with the natural advantages of situation and accessibility they are able to ship their tea at lower rates than can be done with the commonest qualities in China.†

* *The Ceylon Handbook to the Calcutta Exhibition*, p. 6, 1883.

† The lowest quality of tea from China cannot be laid down in London in bond under 9d. per lb. Ceylon tea is laid down at 7d. per lb.

Some years may elapse before the production of tea in the island equals in value that of coffee in its palmiest days, but an agricultural industry must be valued not so much by the quantity and money's worth of an article as by the amount of profit per acre yielded by its cultivation. Viewed in this light it is believed that the economic value of tea as an investment will before very long equal that of the majority of coffee estates in the olden time.

Another breakfast-table product, cacao, has been introduced into Ceylon with marked success. It first became known forty years ago, but only about ten years ago some attention began to be paid to the plant, and on the produce being favourably reported upon in London, planters took more interest in the cultivation, which has generally extended in several suitable districts, and now, from a trifling export of a hundred hundredweight five years ago, the shipments amount to about nine thousand cwts. realising remunerative rates in the home market.

Cardamoms have also proved a success, though the planted area of these is not large: they are however very fairly remunerative where attention is paid to their growth and curing; they appear to thrive best at a medium altitude of from five hundred to a thousand feet.

The cultivation of cinchona, although disappointing in many situations, has proved highly remunerative in others, and there is no doubt the product of this tree, selling as it has done usually at the highest rate ruling in the London market, has proved of very timely aid to planters suffering from losses on their coffee. Within six years the exports of this bark have risen from a few hundred thousand pounds weight to ten million pounds in the current season. But this quantity has been reached by an effort induced by the pressure of adverse circumstances, much having been harvested which under other conditions would not have been gathered and the result will be a marked short fall in the shipments of the ensuing season.

If on many sides are to be seen evidences of the decay of a once important industry; if the tall chimneys of Colombo coffee mills are seen to smoke but fitfully and the once busy streets are half deserted, the interior, the great planting heart of the island, still throbs and beats with industry; new products fill up the gaps created by the coffee pest and cheer the planters with new hopes and aspirations for the future. They have still the old fertilising climate, the soil still rich in many needful elements, and so they live on in faith in their own strong will and courage.

In this sketch I have endeavoured to give a faithful picture of half a century of the industry of Ceylon colonists and of European enterprise in the island. To have embraced the entire industry of the native population in addition, cocoanuts, cinnamon, coir, plumbago, &c., would have involved larger demand upon space than was available. The vicissitudes moreover of the past fifty years have fallen chiefly on European enterprise; despite the fluctuations in markets and the depressions in the financial world, the native proprietor of cocoanut and cinnamon land has had a tolerably smooth time of it until the past year. His resources are many, and he possesses the means of adjusting profits and prices unknown to the European planter. The game of industrial life to him is a lottery without blanks!

JOHN CAPPER.

LORELEI.

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
 Das ich so traurig bin ;
 Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
 Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt
 Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein ;
 Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
 In Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungflau sitzt,
 Dort oben wunderbar ;
 Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
 Sie kämmt ihr goldnes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme,
 Und singt ein Lied dabei ;
 Das hat eine wundersame
 Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe,
 Ergreift es mit wildem Weh ;
 Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
 Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen,
 Am ende Schiffer und Kahn ;
 Und das hat mit ihrem Singen,
 Die Lorelei gethan.

HEINE.

LORELEI.

I know not what omen is o'er me, ,
That I feel so sad and low ;
Or why it is ever before me,
That tale of long ago.

The lift is cool and darkling
And gently flows the Rhine ;
But the mountain peak is sparkling
In the gold of even-shine. .

Above in her beauty beaming
There sits a maiden fair ;
Her jewels of gold are gleaming,
And she combs her golden hair ;

Her comb itself is golden,
Her golden locks among ;
And she sings a weird and olden
And mighty Siren-song.

The boatman feels it move him
To an ecstasy of woe ;
He sees but the singer above him,
Alas for the rocks below !

The little boat will founder
And the boatman drown and die,
For the glamour cast around her
By the song of the Lorelei.

T. F. BIGNOLD.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

HENRY DEROZIO, THE EURASIAN POET, TEACHER, AND JOURNALIST. With appendices. By Thomas Edwards. *Calcutta: W. Newman & Co., Ltd.*, 1884.—The title of this book is somewhat of a misnomer. Mr. Edwards has done for Derozio, on a smaller scale, what Mr. Masson has done for Milton; he has given us, indeed, an account, and an interesting account, of the man himself; while he has, at the same time, made use of his hero as a sort of peg whercon to hang a critical presentment of the Indian social and religious aspects of the time in which he lived. Such a sketch as is here given is, no doubt, of considerable value, and the author deserves credit for his research, and for the clearness and method with which he has set its results before his readers. The thread of connection, however, is at times somewhat slight. Thus one of the 13 chapters is devoted to the career of James Drummond, Derozio's schoolmaster (including his "arguments against phrenology"), which, we think, might well have been spared; while another, entitled "Christian Effort in India," seems to be introduced mainly, if not altogether, with the object of contrasting Dr. Duff's method of encountering Hinduism with that of Derozio (if it can be called a method) in the succeeding chapter.

At the same time, as we have said, the survey which Mr. Edwards's book enables us to take of a period which was, in several senses, a critical one both for the Hindu and the Eurasian communities, is useful and interesting; and the not unimportant part which the young Derozio played in relation to them both, as a teacher, a journalist, and a public man, is one that sufficiently justifies the sympathetic treatment which it has received at the hands of his biographer. We commend this volume especially to the notice of the Eurasians of British India, whose cause their gifted compatriot knew so well how to advocate, and to whom this lad of 21 (the age at which he died) has left an example of energy, of public spirit, and of liberal-mindedness, worthy alike of their recognition and of their imitation.

The story of his life is soon told. Henry Louis Vivian Derozio was born in Calcutta in 1809, and was sent at the age of six to a private school in Dhurrumtollah, where he remained till his 1½th year, devoting himself chiefly to English poetry and philosophy. On leaving school he was for two years a clerk in the firm of Messrs. J. Scott & Co., in which his father had long held a responsible position. He then went to live with an uncle, an indigo-planter, at Bhaugulpore, where the romantic rock of Jungheera rising from the bosom of the Ganges inspired him to write his longest poem, the *Fakir of Jungheera*; and in the year 1827, a lad of 17, he returned to Calcutta and saw a collection of his verses through the press, which at once made him famous. Abandoning indigo-planting, he now became Assistant Editor of the *Indian Gazette*, Editor of the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*, and Assistant-Master in the Hindu College. Here he established the *Academic Association*, a kind of debating society for the students of the College. The unfounded suspicion that the influence of Derozio was subversive of religion and morality led to his removal from his mastership in 1831, and he confined himself to journalism and public matters for the brief eight months of life that remained to him. He projected, managed, and edited the *East Indian*, the first organ of the Eurasians, advocating their claims in its columns and on the public platform; and he took a prominent part in the effort which was at that time made, by petitioning Parliament, to remove the disabilities under which the Eurasian community was labouring. On December 17th of the same year he was seized with cholera, and died six days later.

By far the most interesting portion of the career of Derozio is the influence that he exerted upon the Native thought of his day. To quote the words of his biographer—

Native society was in a perfect ferment, and the full consequence of the impact of European thought and speculation on Eastern ideas and systems had been fairly realised, and partly demonstrated by the teaching of Derozio, before Duff reached India. The great truths and wide speculations opened out by the study of moral philosophy had been unfolded in a series of lectures to which crowded hundreds of English-speaking Hindu youths, delivered by Derozio at the invitation of David Hare. (pp. 38, 39.)

And again :—

The establishment of the Academic Association and the full and free discussion nightly carried on at its meetings was followed within a few months by the establishment of between twelve and fourteen newspapers chiefly conducted by natives, advocating views of all sorts, from orthodox Hinduism to Materialism, and carrying on in print the discussion of questions raised in the Academic Association and in the numerous debating societies, which sprung up as offshoots and auxiliaries of the parent society. Duff's lectures on the evidences of Chris-

tianity, as well as the rise of about a dozen native schools supported by Hindus, all these were but the outcome of the training of the Hindu school, and the influence and teaching of Derozio. (p. 41.)

It is instructive to note that Duff's first two converts, Mohesh Chunder Ghose and Krishna Mohun Banerjea, were pupils of Derozio, youths in whose minds he had first planted a love for truth and a determination at all risks to follow its mandates.

But for further investigation of this interesting topic we must refer our readers to Mr. Edwards's pages, which will well repay perusal.

Derozio's position as a poet has already been characterised in this Review.* "His," as his biographer remarks, "was the first glad song of conscious power, poured forth steeped in the feeling, passion, and imagination of his simple boyish nature." Further than this we may not go. Derozio's poetic faculty seems to have been an early efflorescence, which was hardly blighted even by his premature death.

We may add that the book is printed in Messrs. Newman & Co.'s usual excellent style.

THE POEMS OF MASTER FRANCIS VILLON OF PARIS, now first done into English Verse. By John Payne. *London: Reeves and Turner.*—The name of Villon has only of late years become known to general English readers mainly through the sympathetic recognition which he has met with at the hands of such writers as Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and last, but not least, Mr. John Payne. Every one now-a-days knows what rondeaux and triolets are, and has come across translations of some of Villon's famous ballades, as those of "Old-time Ladies" or of "Good Doctrine to those of Ill Life." But every one does not know the life that Villon led in the Paris of the 15th century—a life full of sad humour and a kind of weird pathos—or what his *Lesser* and his *Greater Testament*, which form the setting for many of his finest ballades, are about. Those who desire to form a better acquaintance with this exquisite poet and his works would do well to read the wonderfully interesting introduction of some 80 pages which Mr. Payne has prefixed to his version of the poet—pages which throw a stream of light over old Parisian social life and manners, and then to go on to the translation itself, which admirably represents the original not merely in spirit but also in rhythm (Villon's metrical forms being all preserved), and in language; the 15th century style

* *Indian Review*, Vol. I., pp. 419—422.

of the French poet being well represented by the delicate flavour of antiquity which Mr. Payne has imparted to his English version.

As his translator has well said, all Paris of the 15th century relives in the vivid hurry of Villon's verse. We find there no hint of nature's beauties, no description of landscape; he does not sing of flowers and stars, sun and summer; it is men and women, the crowded streets of a great city, the joys and the sorrows—the passions and the crimes of common human life, that are woven into his verse with such strange sweetness and consummate art. It is interesting too to trace there the tone of mingled sadness and humour—misery tempered by epigram—so characteristic of the French people, that “has so often been content to starve upon a jesting ballad”—an experience with which the poet himself was only too familiar in the mournful melodrama of his life.

We shall permit ourselves to quote, in conclusion, one stanza from his famous epitaph of the gibbeted corpses, almost unmatched for sombre horror, commencing “*La pluie nous a debués et lavés :*”—

We are all blanched and soddened of the rain,
And eke dried up and blackened of the sun :
Corbies and pyets have our eyes out-ta'en
And plucked our beard and hair out, one by one.
Whether by night or day, rest have we none :
Now here, now there, as the wind shifts its stead,
We swing and creak and rattle overhead,
No thimble dinted like our bird-pecked face.
Folk, mock us not that are forespent and dead :
The rather pray, God grant us of His grace !

SPORTING FIREARMS FOR BUSH AND JUNGLE. By Captain F. F. R. Burgess, Bengal Staff Corps. *London : W. H. Allen and Co.* 1884. This handy volume has been lying before us for review for some time. The work is professedly intended less for the experienced shikari than for “those young fellows who are about to embark in a career in India or the Colonies, where firearms form a useful, if not a necessary, part of a man's outfit.” We think that a book giving skilled advice as to choice of gun and rifle should be presented to every young griffin before leaving the paternal roof. We have not lost the recollection of the sad fate of young Mr. Landon, of the Bengal Civil Service, who, in ignorance of the necessity of using a powerful rifle for heavy game, attacked a man-eating tiger with a small carbine, and was killed on the spot. Chapter VII of the present work gives thoroughly sound advice on this point. “What is wanted for large and powerful, thick-skinned and heavy-boned, or ferocious

beasts, is a weapon that propels with a heavy powder-charge at a good high velocity, a ball of good weight and penetrating power, with a large striking surface, capable of smashing heavy bones and inflicting a paralysing shock which will kill or disable the animal, or at any rate render it powerless for mischief till the sportsman can put another ball or two into him and finish him. A rifle for heavy game should be capable of *stopping* an animal instantly." These general recommendations are followed up by special detailed advice as to the class of rifle that best fulfils these conditions. Other chapters of the book deal with "the care and preservation of firearms," "the loads for shot-guns," "the effects of explosive bullets and shells," "pistols," "correction of faults in the sighting of rifles," "the fit of a gun or rifle," and "equipment, clothing, &c." The work is illustrated by a few engravings of a rather blotchy character. The type is large and pleasant to the eye, and the volume is of a convenient size.

REVUE POLITIQUE ET LITTERAIRE.

FROM THE LAST ISSUE of this *Revue Bleue* we translate a short leader by M. John Lemoinne on the situation in Egypt. The sober good sense of this veteran political writer, *Sénateur et Académicien*, and the friendly feelings he expresses towards England, are in pleasant contrast to the late malicious and irresponsible ravings of a large part of the French daily press.

"We are among the number of those who have desired most heartily and have hailed with the most lively satisfaction the miscarriage of the London Conference for the ordering of affairs in Egypt. To our eyes this specious pretence of an European Conference presents many dangers. To begin with, it invited the introduction, or one might call it the intrusion, of all the Powers into a question which, by both history and tradition, has always remained in the exclusive domain and jurisdiction of France and England—a question in which two parties are interested and which has received the name of *condominium*. One might, without any paradox, assert that this is no 'Eastern' Question. That which is traditionally called the 'Eastern Question' is really always a Western question. The whole matter depends upon the amount of alliance and accord between the two great Western Powers—France and England. It has always been so, and it is an historic arrangement which it would be very wrong to upset.

We may possibly have numerous wordy controversies with the English, casual disagreements regarding colonial or commercial affairs; none the less do France and England remain the two pillars of freedom for Europe and the world at large. Side by side they uphold, like cariatids, the edifice of the liberty of mankind; if parted, they will cause its downfall. This London Conference was nothing more than a snare into which we showed ourselves only too ready to fall. We must surely be remarkably innocent to imagine that in a European Congress summoned by the great monarchic powers of the Continent, the French Republic would find sincere and upright allies. We ought to know how to realise our position: we are isolated,

and we ought to be isolated, on the Continent. The representative of the supreme power that as a fact governs Europe, the Crown Prince of Germany, has just lately been sounding the call to arms in foreign courts and rallying the regiment of inferior kings. The three great Emperors,—to leave out of count, quantities that may be neglected,—have held their Amphictyonic Council, and have taken preliminary steps of which we know nothing. To counterbalance this enormous force there is only one combination possible : alliance between the two great Western nations.

Now it was just this alliance that was fatally compromised in the London Conference. We were to have been entrusted with the task of asking the questions ; we were to have been allowed to enter into engagements and to commit ourselves ; it was we who were to propose conditions to England. And the very day when words ought have given place to actions, we should have found ourselves completely isolated, having lost, and converted into foes, the only possible allies we had in Europe. We should have run counter to the freemasonry of thrones ; which always recognises its secret watchword against the republic, and not only against the republic but against the first French Revolution, the source and origin of all evils. After all, it is England alone that does not demand from us either certificates of birth or of baptism, and this Conference has been nothing more than the comedy of Bertrand and Ratan.

It is quite unfair for us to cry out against the English, complaining that they have driven us out of Egypt. As a matter of fact, we did not make up our mind either to go there or to stay there. When that wretched insurrection broke out of Egyptian corporals headed by a burlesque pacha, which was crushed out like a straw bonfire at Tel-el-Kebir, two or three thousand marines or infantry of the two nations could have at once re-established order in Egypt. The legislative and the executive power of France refused to provide one soldier or one franc. England found herself quite alone and, at heart, she desired nothing better, since France abandoned Egypt to her. By this insane and guilty abstention France renounced all her rights, all her traditions, all her interests ; in a word France has been false to her own history. The English saw the place open and took it. Who is to blame ? The French Chambers, the French Government then existing, must ask itself the answer to my question.

The fact that we threw up our part is surely no reason for preventing others from fulfilling theirs. It is a very small mind that can contemplate with satisfaction the defeats

which the English have sustained in the Soudan. The blows they have received recoil upon us, upon our civilization, upon the whole of Christendom. In conquests achieved or still to be achieved over barbarism, France and England ought to be sisters instead of rivals, friends instead of foes.

When there shall come the scattering of those ashes which we still call the Ottoman Empire, a forecast of the future of politics points out the shares in the distribution of that mass of corruption. While France holds Algeria and Tunis, Austria is creeping step by step towards Salonica, as Russia is towards the Dardanelles. In harmony with her history, France, if she does not yet once more throw that history aside, may become supreme in Syria. But whatever we may say or do, or try to do, Egypt will, as sure as fate, be under the supremacy of England once more. Without wishing to utter a paradox, we repeat that Egypt was lost to France on the day when a man, who is called 'the great Frenchman,' made the Suez Canal. The English have always opposed with all their powers this famous undertaking. Lord Palmerston, the incarnation of English Chauvinism, jeered at it in every shape. He sent to Egypt commissions of Engineers, Stephenson among them, who declared the project impracticable. Lesseps's energy, his perseverance, his obstinacy, his indomitable push triumphed over this opposition. But the day the Suez Canal was opened, England said: "It must belong to me."

We do not here trouble ourselves with the financial question, which we do not understand. We look only at the political side. The long resistance of England to the opening of this new road of communication with the East appears quite easy to understand. So long as England is mistress of the sea, sovereign of the waves, it matters little to her whether she have to take the longest or the shortest route. At the same time that she has settled stations on the Mediterranean, she has them also at the extremity of Africa. She occupies the Cape of Good Hope just as she keeps her hold on Gibraltar.

The opening of the Suez Canal has given to all the nations of Europe the start over England in the Mediterranean, and consequently has opened to them the shortest and most direct road to the great East. This is why England stands on guard at Gibraltar; this is why she fortifies Malta; this is why she has taken Cyprus, a step towards also taking Mytilene. This also is the reason why she will never give up the supremacy in Egypt and her hold on the

Suez Canal. This is for her a question of vital importance, as for many years we have been asserting.

The weak side, the childish side, of the London Conference is that it offered to England four years' occupation of Egypt to arrange affairs. The result of this astonishing proposal it is easy to foresee. If, at the end of four years, order is not restored in Egypt, England will answer: "I have not finished, I need a prolongation." If, on the other hand, order has been re-established, naturally it will be English order, and England will say: "Here I am, here I stay." Very good, we say proudly; we hope that she will stay there since we have thought fit to leave our place and throw up our part. We prefer a thousand times to see Egypt in the hands of England than given over to barbarism. And as for the next conference at Berlin, which must be followed, it is said, by one at Paris, we are of opinion that we should refuse the "gifts of the Greeks." We must be either very simple or very silly to imagine that the monarchies of Europe take an interest in us. They will put us up to oppose England, and tell us we shall be supported; and then, to use a phrase, colloquial but expressive, they will leave us in the lurch."

THE CREAM

Of the Quarterly Reviews.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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CRICKET.—The article opens by remarking upon the poverty of cricket literature, and accords praise to the compilation of "Lilly-white's Scores and Biographies," due to the care and zeal of Mr. A. Haygarth, who travelled to all parts of England to collect his information. Mr. Box's "The English Game of Cricket" is then referred to as a volume of more lasting interest, together with the lesser works from the pens of Messrs. Bolland,* Gale,† and Pycroft,‡ which head the article. The *magnum opus*, however, of cricket has yet to be written.

Shakspeare, who refers to tennis, has no allusion to cricket; and indeed, until the 18th century, the game had little foothold. We find a reference to it, however, in 1593, and again in 1650.

In 1742 we find Gray, alluding to certain distinguished statesmen as having been not long before dirty boys playing at cricket. Mr. Pycroft quotes one of Walpole's letters of May 6, 1736, two years after leaving Eton, in which he says "a match at cricket is a very pretty thing to recollect." In 1748 the King's Bench decided that cricket was not illegal under 9 Anne, c. 19, holding that it was a very manly game, not bad in itself, but only in the ill use of it by betting more than ten pounds on it. In 1751, Frederick, Prince of Wales, died from internal injuries caused by a blow either from a cricket or

* *The Cricket Field*.—London, 1873.

† *Cricket Notes*.—London, 1851.

‡ *Echoes from Cricket Fields*.—London, 1871.

a tennis-ball. And in 1774 we find a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen assembled at "The Star and Garter" to discuss the laws of the game, which, it is reasonable to infer, had then made good its tenure upon popular respect.

The name itself, probably comes from the *crook* or *crick* which was the origin of the present bat, of which word the Saxon *cricke*, a stick, was doubtless the progenitor.

The earliest club seems to have been that formed at Hambledon, in Hampshire, apparently at the beginning of the 18th century. There is no score extant earlier than 1773, when Hambledon Club was defeated by All England by five wickets. The match was played on "the Artillery Ground, Finsbury Square," and on the Hambledon side was Richard Nyrene, the king of Hambledon cricketing.

Cricket in its earlier days owed much to wealthy patrons, such as the Duke of Dorset, Lord Tankerville, Sir Horace Mann, and Lord Darnley. Of these, the first, while ambassador to France in 1784, actually made an arrangement for an English Eleven to go over to Paris to give an exhibition of the game, which, however, the course of events in France prevented.

Between 1774 and 1817 the implements of the game underwent several changes. We have referred to a meeting in 1774 (February 25), which was held at the "Star and Garter," Pall Mall, and at which the laws of cricket were revised. In the new code the wicket was of two stumps, twenty-two inches high by six inches wide. Earlier in the century the wicket had been two feet wide by one foot high—a wicket which would lead to the assumption that the batsman must have been out if the ball passed through the stumps. It appears that this assumption would have been erroneous, though we are not aware of any enunciation of the rule. But from 1774 it was clearly necessary to "bowl the bail off or the stump out of the ground," and many are the occasions on which an erring batsman must have escaped the results of his ill-play by the ball's passing between the stumps. The date of the addition of third stump is doubtful. Mr. Pycroft says that "in a match of the Hambledon Club in 1775, it was observed at a critical point of the game that the ball passed three times between Small's two stumps without knocking off the bail, and then first a third stump was added." Mr. Lillywhite, however, states that it is impossible to discover when first a third stump was added; and that some accounts place it as late as 1780. About 1781 it was found that balls, not rolled along the ground, but pitched a good length, were so likely to bound over the wicket that it was necessary to raise the height of the stumps: consequently they were increased to twenty-two inches by six, at which height they remained until 1798, when "the stumps, which are three, must be twenty-four inches out of the ground, the bail seven inches in length." The date of the next alteration is doubtful. "The wicket was altered," says Mr. Pycroft in the "Cricket Field," "to twenty-seven inches by eight in 1817." But the "Sporting Magazine" for July 1819, quoted by Mr. Lillywhite, says: "Several well-contested matches of cricket were played this month; the game was played with the new regulation stumps, twenty-six inches." For a brief period, if we are to believe the "Hampshire Chronicle" of 1797, Lord Winchelsea introduced

a fourth stump, with the result that "the game is thus shortened by easier bowling out." But the innovation was unpopular and was speedily abandoned. In one point there has probably been no alteration since the earliest days of cricket. The wickets were ordered to be pitched twenty-two yards apart (that is, a land-chain) in the first recorded rules, and twenty-two yards apart they are pitched now. A longer distance would give an unfair advantage to the batsman, while most judges of the game, though not all, believe that a shorter distance would give an unreasonable supremacy to the bowler.

The ball still remains of the weight, from $5\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to $5\frac{3}{4}$ oz., that it was in 1774. But the bat has varied greatly. Originally there was no limit to its size. When the bowling was chiefly along the ground, the bat was made curved. Later, as length bowling came into fashion, and the desirability of hitting the ball along the ground and not in the air became more and more apparent, the bat was made straight, but larger and thicker at the end than at the shoulder. In 1774 the width of the bat at its widest part was fixed as now at $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Subsequently the limitation of 38 inches in length was fixed, with — what many cricketers even now do not understand—no other or special limitation in the size of the pod.

For a long period visitors were allowed choice of innings, a concession to hospitality which it was found impossible to maintain, and in 1816 the rule as to tossing for innings was passed.

In 1788 the Marylebone Club seems to have come into existence. It was due to the efforts of one Thomas Lord, a wine merchant, and a cricketer of great zeal and some ability. Supported by Lord Winchelsea and others he established a ground, called Lord's, in what is now Dorset Square. There Lord and his Club remained till 1810, when he migrated to a ground near North Bank, Regent's Park, and three years later, when the Regent's Canal was cut through the ground, Lord removed to the ground now owned by the Marylebone Club in St. John's Wood Road. From 1814, when their first important match was played, "Lord's" has been a household word in cricket.

Meanwhile cricket was not confined to the Metropolis. Surrey, Kent, and Hertfordshire were the leading counties in the movement; and in Nottinghamshire in 1817 an All England Eleven were defeated by Twenty-two of the county.

The concourse of people was, as Mr. Box informs us, very great; those were the days of the Luddites, and the magistrates informed Mr. Budd that unless the game were stopped at seven o'clock they could not answer for the peace. At seven accordingly the stumps were drawn, and simultaneously the thousands who lined the ground began to close in upon the players. Lord Frederick Beauclerk, who was on the All England side, lost nerve and was very much alarmed; but Mr. Budd said they did not want to hurt them. "No; they simply came to look at the eleven who ventured to play two for one." In which criticism he showed far wiser appreciation of the feelings of his fellow countrymen than did Lord Frederick.

In the early days cricket passed through a grave danger, with which all its true friends trust it will never again be threatened. Matches were made by patrons for considerable stakes, and it was not unusual for 500 or even 1,000 guineas to depend on the issue of a match.

In vol. xvi. of the "Sporting Magazine" mention is made of a match between eleven of Westminster School and eleven of Eton College for 500 guineas, and the same periodical refers to a game for 1,000 guineas, in August 1811, between the one-armed and the one-legged pensioners of Greenwich Hospital. These perhaps would not have seemed large sums in the days of Brooks's and Crockford's. But they were large enough to throw much discredit on cricket, and to force it into the risk of collapse. For the inevitable result was produced. Ringmen followed all the principal matches, and where professional bettors congregate, there manœuvres of doubtful colour are sure to ensue.

* * * . * * * *

In a match at Nottingham, in June 1817, the umpire had to be changed. On another occasion two players quarrelling on the ground were ordered to be brought into the pavilion during a great match. Recriminations speedily began. "You were paid to lose the Surrey match!" "You were bought over at Nottingham!" "Who missed the catch at Bury?" "Ay, and who bowled at anything but the wicket in Kent?" From such causes angry feeling was excited, and the progress of the game seriously hindered. The evil cured itself. When both sides in a match could be bought, and even the purchase of ten players did not produce a certain result, buying became ineffectual. The leaders of the game found this out, and heavy betting on cricket died a natural and an unlamented death.

At present, cricket stands almost alone in the absence of all material inducement to success.

Every oarsman who rows in the Oxford and Cambridge race is presented with a medal. But not even a parsley crown awaits the boy whose prowess helps his school to victory, the undergraduate whose patience or skill has turned the tide in favour of his University, or the older player who has saved his county or his nation from defeat. For many years it was the fashion of the Surrey Club to give every one who made fifty runs on the Kennington Oval a new bat, but we believe this habit has been discontinued, at any rate so far as regards a public presentation. No trophy will mark Mr. Steel's great innings against the Australians at Lord's, which unquestionably turned the scale against our guests. He will have to content himself with the record in the annals of the Marylebone Club and the public papers of the day: and we dare opine that, true cricketer as he is, such a reward will amply satisfy his ambition.

Originally, the score of each batsman was kept by notches on a stick, and in the rules, from 1774 to 1818, the word notch is used for a run. Very soon after the last-named date the word dropped out of use; but it died hard, and in 1833 we find a writer in the "Sporting Magazine" saying that three wickets fell without a "notch."

With reference to this, a curious fact is recorded by Lillywhite. On July 8 and 9, 1783, the Hambledon Club played Kent, and according to the record Hambledon scored (ought we to say "notched"?) 140 and 62, and Kent 111 and 91. These figures make a tie, and such was the result proclaimed. But it was afterwards discovered that Pratt, the Kent scorer, whose method was to cut a notch for every run, and to cut the tenth notch longer, had in one place marked the eleventh notch instead of the tenth. His stick, which would have given the victory to Kent, was afterwards produced, but the other scorer could not or would not produce his.

The word "stumped" is first found in the record of a match in 1746, and "hit wicket" is first scored in one in 1773. Previously the record seems to have been "run out" and "bowled" respectively. It was not till 1833 that the bowler's name was registered in cases of the fall of a wicket by a catch or stumping.

At first the bowling was all underhand. In the earliest days it was probably, as we have said, all along the ground. But very soon the expediency of bowling what is called good length, so as to force the batsman to play the ball at the most difficult period of its rebound, became manifest. This led to a change in the shape of the bat, the old scoop or crook shape being abandoned for a straight pod. The next changes seem to have been chiefly, if not entirely, in pace and in the height of the hand at the moment of delivery.

Round-arm bowling is said to have been first introduced by Mr. Willes, a Kentish player, who is said to have obtained the idea from the attitude and delivery of his sister, who used in the winter months to bowl to him for practice in a barn. In 1822, at Lord's, in a match between Marylebone and Kent, Mr. Willes began bowling round-arm for the hop county, but being "no-balled" left the ground in disgust. The law then stood as follows:—

"The ball must be delivered underhanded, not thrown or jerked, with the hand below the elbow at the time of delivering the ball. If the arm is extended straight from the body, or the back part of the hand is uppermost when the ball is delivered, or the hand horizontally extended, the umpire shall call 'no ball.'"

Mr. Willes's retirement led to a heated controversy which lasted for nearly six years. Like all reforms, it was violently opposed, and "throwing bowling" was denounced as dangerous, as inelegant, and even as unscientific. The controversy raged fiercely in 1827 and the ensuing winter. But in May 1828, at a special meeting of the Marylebone Club, a compromise was adopted, and it was resolved to substitute the following for the 10th law quoted above:—

"The ball shall be bowled. If it is thrown or jerked, or if any part of the hand or arm be above the elbow at the time of the delivery, the umpire shall call 'no ball.'"

Except that the word "shoulder" was substituted for "elbow," no alteration took place in this law until 1864.

It is tolerably clear that the advantage as regards speed is not so decidedly in favour of round-arm bowling as its opponents in 1827 seemed to think.

The conditions which undoubtedly made round-arm bowling so formidable when it was first started, and which have led to a continuance of its effectiveness, are, first, that the ball being delivered from a greater height has a greater and therefore more difficult rebound; and, secondly, that any bias which may be put on the ball is more difficult to detect than in the case of underhand bowling. The first cause operated with additional effect when the grounds were less level than they are now, and therefore it is but natural that with the spread of round-arm bowling pads for the legs and gloves for the hands were introduced, somewhat to the disgust of the older school of cricketers, who seemed to think it was manly to get unnecessarily hurt.

As the grounds improved, fast bowling became more and more easy to play, and with the demand for some new form of attack came the supply of a school of slow round-arm bowlers.

The reputation and position of a batsman is far more easy to maintain than the position of a bowler. Like the Athenians of old, the bowlers are ever seeking something new. A player appears, who from some peculiar variety of style is unlike his predecessors. For a time, it may be for two or three seasons, he carries everything before him. It may be his spin, it may be his pace, it may be his judgment—with Mr. Steel and one or two others it was a combination of all three—that enables him to get wicket after wicket. But sooner or later he is found out. The enormous advantage of the batsman tells, and the poor bowler gets less and less success in the great matches, and ere long drops out of them altogether. Look at all the best bowlers of the last twenty-five years. How brief has been their career! Of the best bowlers in 1867, Grundy and Wootton, Bennett and Emmett, Howitt and Lillywhite, Southerton, Greenwood, and Tarrant, how many were to the fore in 1877? Of those of 1877, how many are first class now? Shaw—who well deserved his sobriquet of Alfred the Great—held his own for more seasons than many others; and at one time it seemed as if Mr. W. G. Grace would be as absolutely exceptional in bowling as he was in batting. But the others, both amateur and professional, lasted but a brief period, and year after year the main object of managers of clubs is to discover and bring out some new exponent of the most difficult portion of a cricketer's art—bowling.

In the days of early cricket two a side single-wicket matches were not unfrequently played. Thus in 1810, at Lord's, Mr. Osbaldeston with Mr. Lambert arranged to play a match against Lord Frederick Beauclerk and T. Howard for 100 guineas.

On the morning of the match Mr. Osbaldeston was too ill to play, and wished to have it postponed. But Lord Frederick insisted—and he was within his rights—in abiding by the original conditions. Mr. Osbaldeston was advised to forfeit, but declined. "Lambert may beat them both, and if he does the stakes shall be his." The match created much sensation, and was watched by

many spectators. Lambert, who went in first, scored 56 runs from 203 balls, before he was bowled by Howard. Mr. Osbaldeston made an effort, but after scoring one run from three balls was obliged to abandon the attempt. His companion was put upon his mettle, and, scoring 24 in his second attempt, beat his opponents by 15 runs.

In 1845 a great impetus was given to the game by the establishment of wandering clubs. Ever since 1845 I Zingari have played in all parts of the United Kingdom, to the encouragement of pleasant companionship and good cricket.

In 1846, W. Clarke started the All-England Eleven. His object was to play all over the land, to bring the knowledge of cricket to many who could not afford to go to the central ground. "You will sell cartloads of your balls," he said to Dark, "where you used to sell dozens." Being a man of energy, he succeeded. Matches, against odds if necessary, were arranged in many districts to which cricket had not penetrated. For about twenty years the All-England players, first under Clarke and afterwards under George Parr, kept up their reputation, and did a great deal to spread the knowledge of the game. Their influence, however, was not wholly for good. Gradually it was found, that they encouraged matches in which the gate-money was a greater object than the cricket. They withdrew the best players from eleven-a-side matches, and developed matches in which twenty-twos of inferior players were, time after time, defeated by elevens in which the best skill of England was not represented and would have had no opportunity of display if it had been. These matches led to a vast consumption of very bad liquors, to carelessness, and bumpiousness on the part of the leading professionals. Country cricket suffered from them, and, in brief, after a time it was found that, while they were benefiting local publicans, they were injuring cricket. The Marylebone Club, who for several years had encouraged the system by giving a match between the All-England Eleven and the United All-England (who were started somewhat later with the same object) a prominent place in their programme, withdrew their support. Cricketers of influence in the provinces removed to county cricket the aid which they had given to All-England matches. George Parr, and some players who acted with him, endeavoured in vain to stem the tide of reaction, and for some seasons refused to play in London. But they were too weak to resist a movement which was well founded; and the number of matches against odds steadily approached the minimum which it has now reached. The movement started by Clarke was wholly regretted by some good judges, whose views we do not share. While, however, we believe that it did much good, we are not sorry that the attempts to prolong it failed.

In 1864 the affairs of the Marylebone Club reached a crisis, and its future required careful consideration.

The number of its members was not sufficient. It was using a ground not its own, and the condition of which was not conducive to good cricket. It was evident that, if its permanence was to be secured, something must be done. Strenuous efforts were made, and on the 8th of April a special meeting of the members was held, at which the committee were authorized to make arrangements by which the club might become the lessees of Lord's ground for a period of ninety-nine years, "for the promotion of the national game of cricket and

for the maintenance of the principles of the game." After a time, the necessary money was forthcoming, the Prince of Wales subscribing 100 guineas to the fund. The lease, extended to the above-named period, was bought, and the club was established on a lasting basis.

In the same year the club took another step. The rule as regards the height of the bowler's hand had, for a long time, been infringed. At the Oval, in a match between Surrey and England, Willsher of Kent, one of the finest bowlers between 1858 and 1867 was no-balled by a Surrey umpire—a decision which brought the controversy to a crisis. The limitation of the height of the hand was felt to be no longer tenable, and for old law 10, the following was substituted :—

"The ball must be 'bowled' ; if thrown or jerked, the umpire shall call 'no ball.'"

With the decay of All-England Elevens appeared a fresh effort to strengthen county cricket. Middlesex was revived in 1864, and Nottinghamshire brought out two of the best batsmen of the generation in Richard Daft and George Parr. Kent is raising its head proudly under the guidance of Lord Harris, having had the somewhat exceptional advantage of defeating the Australian Eleven this year. Surrey had a short period of extra brilliancy under the captaincy of Mr. F. Miller. Later it appeared as if the Surrey players devoted all their attention to getting runs, and did not care to prevent their opponents from doing the same.

Let us take an instance or two from 1864. In the first county match of that season, between Surrey and Sussex, 720 runs were scored for the loss of 22 wickets, Surrey making 291, and Sussex 328 and 101 for two wickets. In the next match, Surrey *versus* 13 of Cambridge University, T. Humphrey and H. Jupp, then commencing a short but brilliant career, scored 101 before a wicket fell, and the eleven marked 416. Cambridge scored 261 and 384. Huge scores were made in many other matches, in the majority of which Surrey gained the advantage by the brilliancy of their batting and in spite of weakness of bowling. In subsequent years the same characteristic was exhibited, with, however, this variety, that while Surrey failed to develop powers of attack (and in saying this we have no desire to disparage the efforts of such men as Southerton—as painstaking and earnest a bowler as ever lived), they did not keep up at its extraordinary height their powers of defence. In match after match at the Oval we have seen the field put out deep to save runs rather than get wickets, and the whole policy of the game based rather on the chapter of accidents than the supremacy of the bowlers. It cannot be denied, that the Surrey Committee have done a great deal for cricket and have encouraged county contests of a high standard. But the huge scoring at the Oval has not been an unmixed benefit.

In the last quarter of a century a great change has taken place in the relative strength of amateur and professional play. At one time the match was all but abandoned as hopeless. In 1837, the

Gentlemen defended wickets of the usual size, while the Players defended wickets 36 inches by 12. From 1853 to 1865 the Gentlemen never won once at Lord's. It is no doubt natural that the best professional play at any game should be superior to the best amateur. In cricket, however, a further consideration come into play. The Gentlemen's eleven has been for many recent years made up of two or three men of mature experience who have been able to continue to devote time to cricket, and eight or nine younger men who have not been called away into the stern business of life; and in 1865 the tide began to turn.

In that year the Gentlemen won at Lord's, and lost at the Oval. In the following year the Gentlemen won at the Oval, and lost at Lord's. Then for many years the amateurs had all the best of it on both grounds. How much Mr. W. G. Grace contributed to this result, a few short figures may be quoted to show. In 1868, in the match at Lord's, he made 134 not out. In 1869, he made 43 and 83 at the Oval; in 1870, he made 109 and 11 at Lord's (on the occasion when the Players were defeated by 4 runs), and 6 and 215 at the Oval. In 1872 he made 77 and 112 at Lord's and 117 at the Oval. In 1873 he made 163 at Lord's, and 158 at the Oval (oddly enough after having been caught off a "no ball," and after having played a ball on to his wicket which did not dislodge the bail). In 1874 he did not do much, but in 1875 he made 7 and 152 at Lord's. In 1876 he made 0 and 90 at the Oval, and 169 at Lord's. In 1878 he made 40 and 63 at the Oval, and 90 and 2 at Lord's. During the whole of this period his bowling and fielding were as effective as his batting. Indeed, without him the amateurs would have done badly, for he was assuredly a host in himself.

Nor was his prowess confined to these matches. Between 1864 and 1877 inclusive, he played 352 innings in first class matches and averaged over 53 runs, and he bowled in 347 first class innings, and averaged $3\frac{1}{2}$ wickets per innings at a cost of 13 runs per wicket. His power over the ball was marvellous. His great height gave him a reach of which he knew fully how to avail himself. His eye was clear and accurate; his strength great; and his knowledge of the game unrivalled. All bowling came alike to him. When other batsmen were puzzled by a new style of delivery, by a sudden change in the condition of the ground, or by difficulties of wickets or of light, Mr. Grace used to treat all circumstances with the calm confidence of a master, and display to admiring eyes his superiority to all forms of opposition. There was, in a word, no sort of mistrust of the dictum that he was the best cricketer that had ever appeared, and much belief in the prophecy that very many years must pass before he would be equalled.

Mr. Grace has been for many years a practising physician, and has for some time held local office in this capacity. It is obvious that, to enable him to devote his summers to cricket, special arrangements must have been necessary. These arrangements at one time received a great deal of comment, especially among the ranks of the professional players. There being no prizes at cricket, the importance of the distinction between amateurs and professionals is not so great as it is in other spheres of contest. But it is nevertheless of moment in

cricket, as elsewhere, that the status of amateurs should be carefully defined: and it would be a great pity if it could ever be shown that men playing at cricket as amateurs made out of the game an income to which men playing as professionals could not hope to attain.

Recently, the fashion of exhibition matches has been introduced by our Australian visitors, who have this year insisted on receiving half the gate-money; a practice, we believe, to be very dangerous to the true interests of cricket.

If their example is followed, we may have a repetition of the evils which were successfully combated between 1864 and 1867. English professionals are well paid now (a successful player makes 8*l.* or 9*l.* a week, besides presents); and we think that it is much better that they should be employed at a generous scale of remuneration by committees of county and metropolitan clubs, than that they should attempt to set up a society among themselves for the formation of contracts, which might appear for the moment advantageous, but the benefit of which would not be lasting.

There are few cricket matches which afford so much excitement or give that real pleasure which ever accompanies a close finish as a University match when the result is uncertain at the end.

Three times in the last 20 years has that pleasure been afforded at Lord's.

In 1867 Cambridge had headed Oxford by 66 runs in their first innings, and were put in to get the small score of 105 in their second. The ground was fast, and it was evident that runs would come speedily if at all. Inasmuch as the Cambridge eleven contained five first-class bats, and two or three others with great powers of defence, the best judges anticipated an easy victory for the Light Blues. "We shall win by five wickets," said a by-no-means sanguine partizan of Cambridge, now occupying an honourable position on the judicial bench, who hoped that the spell of success on the river and the cricket field, which had long attended Oxford, was at last broken. Mr. E. L. Fellowes, however, the Oxford bowler, was in fine form. Bowling from the Pavilion end he kept delivering over after over of straight, well-pitched balls, with a little curl from leg. This was just the sort of bowling to produce effect in a match of such intense interest. He was encouraged by early success, and bowled with great pluck as well as with some good fortune. It was obvious that Oxford would win if they could keep the average of runs per wicket as low as 10; and oddly enough, as the score approached that figure, a wicket always fell. But between 4 wickets for 40 and 10 for 100 there is a vast difference, especially where every "snick" gets 4 and every "bye" runs to the boundary. Still 5 wickets for about 50, and 6 wickets for a trifle over 60, kept the hopes of the Oxonians at fever heat. When Mr. Green, a very punishing player, was caught at point, and Mr. Warren, who in the last innings had carried his bat for 37, was caught at the wicket, the excitement grew; but even then Cambridge did not despair. With 9 wickets down and some 20 runs to get, Mr. C. A. Absolom came in. No one better than he to score at such a crisis. Cool, uninfluenced by the excitement of the moment or the overthrow of his fellows, perfectly capable of either defending his wicket

or hitting a bad ball for 4, he seemed the very best man that could be selected to win a victory at such a time. Every ball was watched with interest. The bowler who was bowling at the opposite end to Mr. Fellowes was a fast shooting bowler, with a quick break back which made it very hard to hit his balls on the on side. Ball after ball did he deliver which this peculiarity alone saved from destructive violence. The score crept up; Mr. Absolom seemed invincible. The Cambridge total arrived within 15 of that of their opponents, within 13. Two fourers, or even one, would have probably given them the game, from the loss of confidence it would have caused to their opponents. But it was not to be. A ball from Mr. Fellowes, with more than usual curl, took Mr. Absolom's off bail, and the Dark Blue eleven had won by the very small amount of 13 runs.

Even more exciting was the match of 1870.

That year Cambridge had finished two innings of 147 and 206, in the last of which Mr. W. W. Yardley made the first "century" that had ever been made in an inter-University match. Oxford, who had made 175 in their first try, had 179 to get to win. Mr. A. T. Fortescue compiled 44, and Mr. C. J. Ottaway played a most patient innings of 69. Mr. F. H. Hill was well in, and there were 19 runs to get, and 5 wickets to go down. Many spectators left the ground, thinking the match over. Some good judges, not rating highly the batting of the last three Oxonians, especially at a crisis, remained and were well repaid for their patience. With 4 to get to win and 3 wickets to fall, Mr. Butler made a hard hit to leg, which would have undoubtedly scored the requisite number had it not been half stopped by the right-hand of Mr. Ward, a left-handed bowler. With 3 to get to win and 3 wickets to fall, Mr. Cobden bowled to Mr. Butler. Off the first ball of the over Mr. Butler was caught at mid-off. The second produced no result. With two wickets to fall and 2 runs to get to tie, it was tolerably certain that Mr. Hill would score the required 2 if he was allowed a chance. Practically, therefore, it came to this, that unless the last two balls of the over were fatal the chances of Cambridge were worthless. The huge ring of spectators looked on aghast. Not a word was said as the Oxford batsman strode to the wicket. The occasion was too absorbing for utterance. Every eye was strained upon the wickets. Whatever hopes or fears were felt, to none was expression given. The intensity of feeling was kept up—for the first ball of the two was fatal, and the last Oxonian came in with the duty of keeping his wicket up for one ball only. It is scarcely too much to say that no one breathed as Mr. Cobden started to deliver the ball, and the moment of time which elapsed as it sped on its way was of unparalleled anxiety. Alas for the hopes of the Oxonians! The ball was straight. It was unimpeded in its course. And by 2 runs only Cambridge were declared victors of the closest University match on record.

A plucky thing was done in the University match of 1875 by Mr. A. W. Ridley, the Oxford captain.

Cambridge had to get 175 to win, and had scored 161 with three wickets to fall, and two men well set. At this stage Mr. Ridley put himself on to bowl slows. His judgment in doing so was sound. Affairs were desperate, and desperate expedients could alone avail. Unless the change were successful Cambridge must win, and success must come speedily or not at all. Still it was a bold thing for a captain to put himself on to bowl, and to bowl slows when so

few runs were required. The result, however, fully justified Mr. Ridley's opinion. His first ball disposed of one of the dangerous batsmen. The other was caught off a hard hit from the opposite bowler, and the last Cambridge man came in to get 6 runs to save the match. The first ball from Mr. Ridley he played, the second nearly bowled him, and the third did so quite. Thus, thrice within the short period of ten years had the University match been decided by extraordinary narrow majorities.

One of the best judges of the game holds that the long scores of the present day are due to a deficiency of the bowlers in pitch and spin. Yet what enormous scores are made off bowlers so accurate in pitch and severe in spin as Ulyett, Peate, Bates, Barlow, Spofforth and Mr. Steel!

Let us look at what happened after a spell of fine weather in August last. Nottingham made 404 against Middlesex; Surrey, 440 against Wiltshire; Notts Castle, 301, and Gentlemen of Sussex, 323, against Marylebone; Somersetshire, 300 against Devonshire; Yorkshire, 338 against Kent; Herefordshire, 530 against Essex; Surrey, 369 against Derbyshire; Sussex, 359 against Yorkshire. In the Gloucestershire and Middlesex match, after three days' play, thirty wickets had fallen for 978 runs.

Undoubtedly there are instances of small totals. Thus a fine eleven of Gloucestershire only made 83 against the Australians on a good wicket. But this does not alter the fact, that huge scores are very frequent when the grounds are hard and the wickets are good. This we do not think to be for the advantage of cricket. We believe the game would be a better game if the innings were shorter.

There are, in fact, few men who will afford the three days required for first-class contests, to an amusement; and from May to August any one who seeks to hold a leading position in cricket must give it his whole time, to the utter exclusion of all else.

When we come to the remedy, the position is not so clear. An alteration of the law of leg before wicket would do something. The law as it stands was passed by the Marylebone Club, very much at the instance of Mr. Aislabie, who sided with Dark in a dispute as to the meaning of "a straight ball" between him and Caldicourt, another umpire. When the law was passed, very few persons foresaw its full effect. And at present many of the best balls of a bowler who bowls "round the wicket" are defeated by the batsman's legs. Any change would, however, put so much into the power of umpires that this method of redressing the inequality is not universally approved. To increase the size of the wickets, or lessen the size of the bat, are other alternatives. If Mr. Ward, when he arranged the match called "Ward's Folly" had contented himself with proposing the trial of a moderate increase in the size of the wicket, he would have received some support which he did not get. It may be that a larger wicket may again be tried. But looking to the delight which many good players take in a match with broomsticks, we should think the more popular course would be to deduct from the width of the bat. Cricket, like all games, is very conservative, and we do not anticipate the speedy adoption of any considerable change. But if the

huge and wearisome innings of the present time are allowed to continue, bowlers will become weaker and weaker, and first class cricket will be confined to professionals, or quasi-professionals, and youths of immature experience.

For the future of cricket we have little fear.

Two dangers only do we foresee for it : the effect of the superiority of the batting in discouraging gentlemen from undertaking matches which cannot be finished in two days, and the evils which would follow if committees paid elevens by gate-money instead of so much a man. We have confidence that the managers of English cricket will avoid both dangers. The Marylebone Club holds a powerful position, and the relations between its committee and the county committees are most friendly. In their hands the true interests of cricket are not likely to suffer, either from difficulties of pecuniary administration, or from unreasonable unwillingness to make a very good game a better one, when occasion and opportunity for improvements are shown.

THE CREAM Of the Monthly Reviews.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

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KARLSBAD : THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIAN WATERING PLACES.—

A few quotations from this entertaining article will be found interesting.

Karlsbad, in many respects the most striking bath in Europe, is not, however, much frequented by English visitors. Of the 20,000 strangers who came there as patients last year, not more than 767 were English, and English is the foreign tongue least spoken. Yet Karlsbad has had distinguished visitors.

Amongst these, royal personages are numbered : Frederick the First of Prussia ; Peter the Great ; King Augustus the First of Poland ; the Emperor Charles the Sixth ; King Frederick William the First of Prussia ; the Emperor Joseph the Second ; the Empress Maria Ludovica ; the King of Saxony ; the Emperor Francis the Second and his daughter ; the Empress Maria Louisa, second wife of Bonaparte ; King Frederick William the Third of

Prussia, and his successor, the present German Emperor. Whilst Francis the Second was King of Naples, he was a frequent visitor to Karlsbad; last year he returned as Duke of Castro. Last year the ex-Empress Eugenie was a visitor for the first time; this year she has returned to drink the waters. Quite as important is it to note the names of visitors which will be treasured with gratitude and pride when the names of many royal personages are forgotten or despised. Amongst them are those of Sebastian Bach and Beethoven; Catalani, Sontag, Paganini, and David Strauss; Gellert, Kotzebue, Fichte, and Schelling; Herder, Goethe, and Schiller; Körner, Geibel, Auerbach, and Tourgenieff; Chateaubriand and Gervinus. Prince Blücher visited Karlsbad two years after Waterloo; and Prince Bismark two years before Sadowa. Of the former the story is told that, after arriving and taking the waters, he exclaimed: "I was always the deadly foe of water-drinking, yet the devil has brought me here to swallow water as a matter of duty."

The old custom was to prepare the system for drinking or bathing in mineral waters by means of a drastic physicking, and the water-drinking was a most serious matter.

Dr. Hoffmann, writing in 1705, says that no more than fifteen to eighteen glasses should be drunk the first day, but that later, on the number should be increased to thirty, and, in certain cases, to forty glasses. Dr. Tilling, writing in 1756, records that he himself drank from fifty to sixty glasses in the course of two hours. Dr. Sangrado never prescribed warm water on a more extensive scale, and the puzzle is how the patients managed to swallow and retain these large quantities of warm mineral waters. I have read that the natives of the Queen Charlotte Islands try to cure themselves of ailments by drinking a bucket or two of sea water; but, then, they never expect to retain so much water long in their stomachs, whereas the patients at Karlsbad did not drink large doses of water in order to make themselves sick. The explanation is, that they drank so many glasses of water in a warm room, and that much of it passed off in perspiration, just as in the case of water drunk in a Turkish bath. Indeed, the patients were expressly ordered to remain quiet so as to perspire the more freely.

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Though Dr. Becher did much to improve the medical practice of his time, he approved of larger quantities of water being swallowed than his successors would deem expedient. He wrote that, while no fixed dose could be said to be suitable in all cases, the highest limit was twenty glasses, and that from twelve to fifteen was a reasonable quantity. Dr. Hlawacek rightly remarks that this was no small dose, adding that, when he commenced practice in 1834, the ordinary dose was ten to fifteen glasses, that this was afterwards reduced to eight, and later to six as the maximum. The ordinary dose is now from three to four.

By way of illustrating the sort of diet recommended to patients in Karlsbad, the writer summarizes the directions given by Dr. Hlawacek, a practising physician there for upwards of forty years.

For breakfast he recommends from one to two cups of coffee and milk, chocolate or cocoa, accompanied with two very small rolls, which, he is careful to add, will cost two kreutzers, or less than a penny each. He strictly forbids

cream being substituted for milk ; but he laments that the liking for cream is too strong to be easily overcome, saying that it is easier to wash a blackamoor^r white than to uproot the Karlsbad taste for coffee with cream. Dinner, he says, is to consist of three courses only—soup, meat, and a dish of vegetables : in place of vegetables, stewed fruit or a light pudding may be taken. He objects to patients dining at the *table d'hôte*, on the ground that they may be tempted to over-eat themselves. There is no fear of anyone succumbing to the attractions of a *table d'hôte*, as one cannot be found in any Karlsbad hotel. The soup must be very simple, and free from fat. The meat may consist of tender beef, veal, lamb, or mutton ; of pigeons, fowls, capons, pheasants, partridges, or ducks ; but the skin of these birds is on no one account to be eaten. Hare and venison are prohibited. Such fish as trout, pike, and carp may be eaten ; but here, again, the skin is to be left untouched—a piece of advice which English readers will deem quite superfluous. The vegetables he allows are spinach, carrots, cauliflower, green peas, French beans, asparagus, and mashed potatoes. Stewed cherries, plums, apricots, and strawberries are permitted, but all pastry is condemned, especially the sweet biscuits, which are known in Karlsbad as “Oblaten,” and which have recently been introduced into England under the name of Karlsbad biscuits. In exceptional cases, Dr. Hlawacek permits such raw fruit to be eaten as strawberries, ripe grapes, and sweet oranges. He holds that white bread should be eaten in preference to black—a preference which is in entire accord with the English taste—and he thinks that stale bread is the most wholesome—an opinion which many English people share. Water he pronounces the best drink ; after it he ranks weak wine and water. The wine chosen may be either Austrian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Moselle, or Medoc, but the quantity drunk must not exceed half a bottle daily. In exceptional cases he permits patients to drink a glass or two of champagne, or a glass of good light beer. Between dinner and supper some Germans are in the habit of taking a light meal called “vesperbrod,” which corresponds with the English five o'clock tea. It seems that coffee with cream is the favourite drink at this meal, and that a roll is eaten at the same time. Dr. Hlawacek disapproves of the coffee, the cream, and the roll, and he advises sensible persons to take, instead of them a glass or two of aerated water. This, he says, will do them as much good as the other would do them harm. Supper is to consist of soup, a roll, some stewed fruit, or, at the outside, of two soft-boiled eggs. Those who want something more substantial may eat a slice of raw ham, a permission of which English patients will be slow to avail themselves. At supper, water is again recommended as the only drink ; but those who are fond of tea may take it instead, provided it be tepid and very weak, as it usually is in Karlsbad. Those who prefer beer to soup may substitute the one for the other ; but those who want to give the mineral water the best chance of working an effectual cure are advised to go to bed fasting, unless, as is most probable, they should suffer severely from the pangs of hunger.

Invalids are also recommended to keep up their spirits, throw off all worldly cares, and live for their health's sake.

He advises patients to confine their reading to light literature, and especially to newspapers, which he considers the lightest of all reading. If they will play at cards, they must not play for high stakes or for several hours at a time ; they would be better employed, he thinks, in playing billiards or, best of all, in taking

walks and enjoying the beauties of Nature. After the labours of the day are over, the patient is allowed to go to bed. However drowsy he may feel during the day, he must resist temptation and keep awake by bathing the face in cold water or smelling eau-de-cologne. Those who have had very bad nights may indulge in a nap for half an hour after dinner, but they are warned that to do so habitually is dangerous. Sensible persons are expected to go to bed at nine and get up at five.

Patients are also minutely instructed in matters of lesser moment.

As the weather is changeable at Karlsbad, they must not come without overcoats and warm clothes. No provision is made for the cases of those who, being ignorant that the weather is changeable, omitted to bring warm clothing with them. Dr. Hlawacek writes : "Precautions should be taken lest those who take long walks during unsettled weather should be unprotected when a sudden shower of rain falls." This is a round-about way of saying, "When you go for a walk, carry an umbrella." Young people are allowed to dance whilst they are at Karlsbad, provided they do so in moderation : a gentle movement of the body being beneficial rather than otherwise. Smoking is also permitted to regular smokers. They must be careful, however, to smoke good light cigars or tobacco, and they must not smoke all day long. No one is to smoke more than four cigars and from two to three pipes. Nor is anyone to smoke before breakfast and on the way to the springs. Those who suffer from catarrh of the stomach, a malady often brought on by excessive smoking, and one which causes many persons to take the Karlsbad waters, are enjoined to cease smoking altogether. This injunction will give most smokers the less uneasiness, as they will find it very hard, if not impossible, to procure good cigars in Karlsbad.

Peter the Great paid several visits to Karlsbad, the first in October 1711, but nothing definite is known about his malady.

From a picture of the period a notion may be formed of the manner in which he took the waters. A room is there shown in which there is a bed, and on the wall a board on which to chalk the number of glasses taken. There are three rows of figures, the third is blurred, but the second indicates the number 23. An anecdote is preserved which shows why the Czar Peter had to be careful in noting the number of glasses. When the Doctor first saw him he ordered that the Czar should begin by drinking three glasses. The Czar understood him to mean three pitchers, and selected, out of the pitchers used for bringing water from the "Sprudel" to his lodging, the one which he thought the best for the purpose of drinking. Lying in bed he swallowed the contents of one pitcher and had nearly finished those of a second when the Doctor entered the room. The Czar said to him ; "I think I shall empty the second pitcher, but I cannot possibly manage to get down the contents of the third." The Doctor was astounded and hastened to explain the mistake.

Goethe took a course of the Karlsbad water twelve times at longer or shorter intervals, and busied himself at the same time with studying the botany, mineralogy, and geology of the place, on the second of which he wrote a pamphlet. During his visit in 1818 he made Blücher's acquaintance there, and heard Mde. Catalani sing.

So pleased was he with the songstress that he wrote a few lines to the effect that she had made him appreciate for the first time the advantage of men having ears. On the 28th of August, 1819, being his birthday, he paid his eleventh visit to Karlsbad, and he was present there when Prince Metternich, Count Bernstorff, and Count Kaunitz assembled together to unite together Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, Baden, Hesse, and Nassau, a conspiracy against human freedom, which was the last combined attempt of the despots of Germany to keep their subjects in abject bondage. The twelfth and last time Goethe visited Karlsbad for the sake of the waters was in 1820. He was still active in researches of all kinds. Anticipating Mr. Ruskin, he busied himself during his journey in noting the cloud formations, keeping for a time a diary in which he entered the various atmospheric conditions and appearances in order to arrive at conclusions respecting the particular forms of the clouds. He attended a wedding, the persons present representing the middle class; he says that by conversing with them "he gained a clearer knowledge of the actual state of Karlsbad than he previously had, having till then been accustomed to regard the place as a large hospital and hotel." In 1823 he paid Karlsbad a flying visit, the attraction being Fraulein Ulrike von Lewezow, a young and charming lady, who had smitten the great poet's very susceptible heart, and who, owing probably to his being seventy-four, received and declined the offer of his hand.

Visitors to Karlsbad often leave behind them tokens of their stay there in the form of inscriptions, tablets, &c.

In 1859, Kiss, the great Prussian sculptor, carved an image in the solid rock as a testimony of good wishes and his skill. Many of the inscriptions are in the French tongue, and they are sometimes couched in a variety of French which would be unfamiliar in France.

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As many of the inscriptions are in some Slav tongue they escape both attention and criticism from the majority of visitors. I observed but one in English; it consisted of a few verses on the back of one of two stone seats which had been erected at the cost of Lady Henrietta Maria Stanley of Alderley; the dates being 1842, 1878. I quote the verses, which give expression to a kindly sentiment:—

To the bright town that gave me health and rest
Year after year in life's quick pilgrimage,
Grateful I dedicate these seats, a nest
Where youthful love may talk, and wayworn age,
Remembering all that life has lost and given,
May pause and think upon the rest of Heaven!

On the back of the other seat are a few beautiful lines from Goethe, which it is impossible to translate adequately, and which express in exquisite words how, for all toilers, there is repose at last.

There are a large number of picturesque walks in and about Karlsbad, all through varied and charming scenery, and by excellently kept pathways.

A charm of these woods and walks is the number and tameness of the birds. This is due to the care taken of them, a society existing for providing food for the feathered songsters. In and near the town itself there are weigh-

ing machines at short intervals. A man, who can make a living in no other way, provides a weighing-machine for the use of the visitors who are concerned about their weight, and who form a large proportion of the patients. Some delicate invalids take the waters in order to regain health and flesh, and they seem delighted when they find that they have added several pounds to their weight. Yet their joy does not appear equal to that openly manifested by those who find themselves growing thinner and lighter day after day.

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Dr. Hufeland, whose *Art of Prolonging Life* used to be a favourite work, wrote in 1815 in strong praise of these waters generally, and especially as to their virtue in alleviating or curing diabetes. Dr. Seegen, a distinguished member of the medical faculty of the University of Vienna, and who for many years has been the most esteemed consulting physician during the season at Karlsbad, has confirmed Hufeland's views as to the value of the waters in arresting or removing that malady. So well is this known that Karlsbad has been named a large hospital for diabetic patients. As to the proved efficacy of the waters in other diseases, there is a consensus of opinion amongst competent medical men; but why they prove efficacious in any case remains an unsolved problem.

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A part of the "cure" at Karlsbad consists in drinking Giesshübler mineral water at or between meals. The water is pleasant and sparkling, and it is said to possess many virtues. An excursion to the place where it is found is made by most of the visitors to Karlsbad. The distance is seven miles and a half, and the road thither passes through romantic scenery. Situated in a valley on the left bank of the Eger, Giesshübl-Puchstein is a very pretty little watering-place.

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There was a great demand for Giesshübler water up to 1805; agencies were opened for its sale in Prague and Vienna, and it was regularly supplied to the Imperial Court. But, between 1805 and 1829, the sale of the water fell off, and the very existence of the place whence it came seemed forgotten. This is attributed to the imperfect manner in which it was bottled. Since 1829 greater care is taken in bottling it, and now the number of bottles sent away yearly is upwards of four millions. Throughout Austria and some parts of Germany this water is as well known, and is as much drunk, as Apollinaris is in England. It has the advantage of being naturally charged with enough carbonic acid gas to be at once pleasant and easily digestible. When exported to England it is, like the Apollinaris, prepared for the English market; in other words, it is artificially surcharged with carbonic acid gas. Those persons in England who wish to enjoy Giesshübler water as they do who drink it in Austria, should insist upon being supplied with it in its natural state. When bottled and sold in that state, there are no wires over the corks; when artificially prepared the corks are wired, and the bottles resemble in shape those in which Apollinaris is sold.

Karlsbad is no place for the mere seeker after pleasure. Life there is serious, and in the season very expensive as well.

NOTE TO ARTICLE ON "VISIBLE APPARITIONS."—The following letter relates to Sir E. Hornby's very remarkable narrative as quoted at considerable length on pp. 725—728 of Vol. II of this Review :—

North-China Daily News and North-China Herald Office,

Shanghai : August 13, 1884.

Dear Sir,—I have read in an article on "visible apparitions," by Messrs. Gurney and Myers, an extraordinary story by Sir Edmund Hornby, in which he professes to have been visited by the ghost of a Shanghai editor who died suddenly here nine years ago. The reference is of course to Mr. Hugh Lang, *alias* the Rev. Hugh Lang Nivens, who for some years edited the *Shanghai Courier*.

Now I was well acquainted with both Sir Edmund and Mr. Lang, and at the time referred to was also an editor in this place. If you will kindly read over the story as told to Messrs. Gurney and Myers by Sir Edmund Hornby, you will be able to test for yourself the cogency of the following remarks :—

1. Sir Edmund says Lady Hornby was with him at the time, and subsequently awoke. I reply that no such person was in existence. Sir Edmund's second wife had died two years previously, and he did not marry again till three months *after* the event he relates.

2. Sir Edmund mentions an inquest on the body. I reply, on the authority of the coroner, that no inquest was ever held.

3. Sir Edmund's story turns upon the judgment of a certain case, which was to be delivered next day, the 20th of January, 1875. There is no record of any such judgment in the *Supreme Court and Consular Gazette*, of which I am now editor.

4. Sir Edmund says the editor died at one in the morning. This is wholly inaccurate: he died between eight and nine A.M. after a good night's rest.

I enclose an article on the subject written for the *North-China Herald*, and remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK H. BALFOUR.

You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter.—F. H. B.

James Knowles, Esq.,

Editor, *Nineteenth Century*.

A copy of this letter was forwarded to Sir E. Hornby with an enquiry whether before its publication he had any remarks to make upon it. The following is his reply :—

Dear Sir,—Thanks for your courtesy in sending me Mr. Balfour's letter. I could wish that gentleman had had the good feeling and taste to write to me personally and privately, showing me the errors of which he asserts I have been guilty in most innocently, at least, telling a story as I recollected its incidents, and *still* only recollect them, instead of trying to amuse the public at my

expense and at the expense of my wife, for his own glorification. *If* he is right as to the date of the death, then, inasmuch as my vision must have been beyond all doubt subsequent to my marriage in April, it must have followed the death by a short interval, instead of exactly synchronising with it. At the same time this hypothesis is *quite contrary* to the recollection of the facts both in my own mind and in Lady Hornby's mind. I may have been wrong in using the technical term "inquest;" what I meant by it was the medical or other inquiry which took place—officially or unofficially; for at this distance of time I do not recollect. As far as I am concerned, I did not and do not look on the story otherwise than as recording a curious coincidence, and as such on a very few occasions—not a dozen, I think—I have related it to a few friends. If I had not believed, as I still believe, that every word of it was accurate, and that my memory was to be relied on, I should not have even told it as a personal experience. Truly yours,

EDMUND HORNBY.

To the Editor of the "Nineteenth Century."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

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MR. GLADSTONE.—The object of this article on Mr. Gladstone is, as the writer remarks, to measure and classify the attributes by which he has acquired the position he now holds ; to summarize a few of the idiosyncrasies of a man who is admitted by his bitterest detractors and enemies to be a commanding force in the political life of England ; to define some respects in which he differs from the most distinguished of his contemporaries, and some peculiarities which, as he is nearing the completion of his seventy-fifth year, have accompanied the successive stages of his political development.

It is now 52 years since Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as Tory member for Newark. Since then he has travelled the whole distance which separates the early Toryism of Sir R. Peel from the Liberalism of Cobden and Bright. But Mr. Gladstone's changes of opinion have been accomplished far more gradually than in the case of Sir R. Peel. Mr. Gladstone has never, like Peel, been returned to power to give effect to one policy and then espoused and executed another.

To say this is not to bring any charge against the memory of one of the greatest Ministers of the century, and, according to Lord George Bentinck's biographer, "the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived." Peel's hand

was forced by famine. The arguments with which imminent pestilence, bred of starvation, and the murmurs of approaching revolution supplied him, were unanswerable. He would have been no true patriot or statesman if he had held out against them. But though the desertion of his principles was prescribed by a destiny whose decrees he could not withstand, the fact of their unexpectedly sudden desertion remains. If Mr. Gladstone's position has been established on the ruins of his old beliefs; if he destroyed that Irish Church of which he was once the enthusiastic advocate; if, in other fields of legislation, he has led his followers to the attack of strongholds which he once defended—it has been after due notice and upon clear and unambiguous pretences.

The contrast between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright is even more strongly marked. Not a flaw or inconsistency or blemish of self-contradiction is to be seen in the whole career of the latter.

But though Mr. Gladstone's record and retrospect are of the most opposite character, his mutations have never had anything in them of vacillation; they have partaken from the first of the nature of a slow growth, and have indicated the successive periods of an intellectual development. Slowly, but with the certainty of day-break, his horizon has expanded.

* * * * *

As men rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, so Mr. Gladstone has throughout his whole public life been engaged in bursting, and disentangling himself from, the cerements of his dead faiths. Whether he would have been greater or less than he is but for this progressive movement of his mind may be questioned; it is certain that he is indebted to it for much of the power which he exercises over those who are associated with him, however remotely or indirectly, in public life. It is because Mr. Gladstone has been so consistently inconsistent, because the continuity of his views and beliefs has known such decisive, if slowly consummated, solutions, that he has carried with him so large a group of politicians, and so overwhelming a majority of the English people. The process of self-education has enabled him effectually to educate others.

* * * * *

The wealth of words which Mr. Gladstone expends upon any proposal he introduces to the House of Commons; the variety of the points of view from which he looks at it; his minute weighing of every sort of counter consideration; the nice and, as they may seem, the tedious and sophistical distinctions which he draws between shades of thought and forms of words—each of these reflects or suggests some experience of his own mental discipline. There are few objections to any policy or scheme of legislation which he has not appreciated, and which consequently he does not set himself to remove.

For this reason he is, unlike Mr. Bright, the least dogmatic of statesmen. Hence the extraordinary complexity and comprehensiveness of his argumentation; hence the subtle series of appeals to the consciousness of his hearers which runs like an undertone through his most splendid orations, and which is perhaps the secret of their occasional verbosity and even obscurity.

Whatever history may say of Mr. Gladstone, it will not say that he was a perfect leader of the House of Commons.

He fails to be this for the very reasons which make him a great popular leader in the country. He understands more of man in the abstract than of man in the concrete; more of the passions which sway humanity in the bulk than of the motives to which individuals are amenable, and the treatment to be applied to them. He is at his best when he is the exponent not so much of the policy of a party as of the ideas which animate that policy, and which touch the heart of nations. It was not till he had made his famous "flesh-and-blood" speech that Mr. Gladstone was really recognised as a great popular leader and struck a responsive chord that still vibrates in the breasts of the English people. He had hitherto been best known as a financier, as the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer England ever had, and as somewhat academic, narrow, and exclusive in his sympathies and tastes. But this phrase, to which additional effect was given by the glow of the language and the atmosphere of ideas associated with it, produced an instantaneous and almost electrical result. The place into which he may be then said to have leaped, he has continued to hold. Notwithstanding his temporary retirement and the eclipse which, with the metropolitan public, his popularity suffered in the melodramatic days of Jingoism, events have conclusively shown that Mr. Gladstone surpasses all his contemporaries in his power of interpreting, and placing himself at the head of, public feeling, when it is deeply moved. The Bulgarian atrocities supplied him with one of those opportunities exactly congenial to his character and gifts. His two Midlothian campaigns, whether in their oratorical labours or in the results that followed them, form a monument which supplies a fair measure of the greatness of the man. He took his stand upon general principles, upon those elementary ideas of justice, of humanity, which all can understand.

Hence it is that Mr. Gladstone has at times reached the heart of the multitude, precisely in proportion as he has dissatisfied the cooler critics of the House of Commons, and tried the patience of foreign statesmen and chancellors.

It is literally true of Mr. Gladstone to say that, Trojan or Tyrian, Englishman, Egyptian, or Ethiopian, Bulgarian peasant or Lancashire artisan, he holds them in no difference. To him the inhabitant of any country, in whatsoever quarter of the globe, and whatsoever his complexion, is first of all man; to him he appears denuded of all the accidents of his nationality, isolated from the influence exercised on him by custom and antecedents, merely a member of the great family of the human race. As Bacon assumed that the *ingenia* of all men were equal, so Mr. Gladstone seems to assume that all who are born into this world have, innate in them, the same capacity as Englishmen of the nineteenth century, to become the orderly and prosperous subjects of a constitutional and popular Government.

* * * * *

This generous appreciation of the happy possibilities latent in a universal humanity, this tendency to reduce mankind to a common yet beatified denominator, commends itself to the fancy of the multitude just as it exasperates those statesmen and diplomatists to whom human beings are merely pawns

on the chess-board—the creatures of circumstance, dependent for their capacities solely on geographical and physical conditions.

* * * *

Hence, too, the difference which divided him from Mr. Disraeli, who, in the tactical skill with which he dealt with men as the members of a party, was as much superior to Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone is superior to Mr. Disraeli in his insight into the control of those perennial forces which dominate mankind in the aggregate.

Mr. Gladstone is remarkable for the personal ascendancy which he exercises, and without which it may be doubted whether the Irish Church would have been abolished, or the Irish Land Act of 1881 passed so easily. Even Conservatives have secretly felt that Mr. Gladstone, in such cases, must be the victim of a great and overmastering necessity, so large and active is the Conservative element in his nature.

Mr. Gladstone's sincerity reveals itself in various ways, some of them perhaps equivalent to congenital defects in his judgment and character. Among the many peculiarities of his mind few are more remarkable than its extraordinary casuistical learning, coupled as it is with intense interest in ecclesiastical questions. The two traits together find their expression in refinements of ratiocination which are often most puzzling to his warmest admirers, and in occasional displays of a want of anything like a due sense of proportion. Thus he is frequently as much agitated about and concerned in matters of the veriest detail as about affairs involving the highest principles. During last session, for instance, Mr. Gladstone showed an eagerness for the Bishopric of Bristol Bill not inferior to, and sometimes more aggressively visible than, his eagerness for the Franchise Bill. "Our miraculous Premier," the *Times* remarked last week in an article unusually discriminating and able, "has just given us another opportunity of admiring his many-sidedness and versatility. To-day begins an extraordinary and probably momentous session of Parliament, for which both sides have been preparing by two full months of the most strenuous agitation. . . . This is the occasion which he selects for issuing a letter, more than a column in length, to a Welsh Bishop on the subject of the Disestablishment of the Church. It would seem, indeed, that except for the little interlude of a run into Scotland, with the twenty or thirty speeches which that entailed, the Prime Minister's holiday has been given to topics much less mundane than the extension of the suffrage to county householders. There was a preface to write to the new edition of Hamilton's Catechism; there was the question of the Hittite Empire, and its possible alliance with Troy, to be taken in hand."

Closely allied with this quality is his persistent attention to debates to others duller than Saturnian lead. Could there be more touching testimony to the infinite toleration of the Prime Minister? How then can he be described as a despot and a dictator?

Nor is the common impression that he is arrogant and imperious in his official capacity less at variance with the facts. In the Cabinet he is modest and conciliatory to a fault. Again and again, when a word from him would settle a question, he allows it to be discussed at length, and accepts without objection the

decision of the majority. What is the explanation of a conventional accusation, absolutely unfounded upon any experience? The answer is not difficult. Power gravitates to the side of knowledge and ability. Water does not find its own level more sure than ascendancy comes on to the hands of the man who has the qualifications for it. Mr. Gladstone is the most commanding figure in the House of Commons, He is the best debater in it; he has had an unrivalled acquaintance with office and with affairs. He is, in a word, the first man in the popular Chamber of the Legislature, and his so-called dictatorial arrogance is merely a statement of the fact.

One of the reasons of Mr. Gladstone's influence with the English middle class is that he himself is one of the most brilliant ornaments of that class and the true representative of many of their most characteristic sentiments. The middle class is proud of him, and at bottom it admires him even when it may not quite understand him.

Mr. Gladstone's oratory is the reflection of his intellectual being.

It is laboured and lengthy because the mind and brain, which furnish the tongue with language, are so keenly appreciative of the difficulties which may suggest themselves to hearers. If Mr. Gladstone seldom touches a theme without adorning it, he never touches a theme which he does not, for the immediate purpose in hand, exhaust. His oratory is didactic, homiletic, beseeching, commentatorial, and microscopically minute, because he does not forget how tardy the process of conviction is, and how many obstacles must be disposed of before the desired result is obtained. It is not long ago since one of his colleagues gave an account of the difference between his own oratorical method and that of the Prime Minister. "When," he said, "I speak, I strike across from headland to headland. But Mr. Gladstone coasts along, and whenever he comes to a navigable river he cannot resist the temptation to explore it to its source." All the dissertations on rhetoric since the world began, from Aristotle to Cicero, Tacitus, and Quintilian, down to Whately, Alison, and Arnold, may be searched before so happy and terse an illustration is encountered. For the reason embodied in this figurative definition of two oratorical schools, some of Mr. Bright's single speeches are better than anything of Mr. Gladstone. Yet it may be doubted whether there is anything finer in nineteenth century oratory than Mr. Gladstone's impromptu speech on Mr. Disraeli's budget of 1853, or than his peroration before the division on the second reading of Lord Russell's Reform Bill was taken in 1866. In the same way his tribute to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield in 1881 was not only a masterpiece of taste and judgment, but of that peculiar class of oratorical composition to which it belonged. It also furnished a remarkable illustration of Mr. Gladstone's felicity in quotations, an ornament of debate now practically obsolete.

He is also an eminently persuasive speaker, while there are few speakers whose speeches it is less satisfactory to read.

Yet nothing is more certain than that if Mr. Gladstone's oratory were better literature it would have been less fruitful of results. The style is the man. The persistency and even the prolixity of the orator are the counterparts and supplements of those qualities—the earnestness, the zeal, the wide-stretching sympathies—which have made the statesman great. And if, as has been admitted, there are single speeches of Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's of a higher literary and

intellectual merit than any single speech of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone has still delivered a host of speeches, every sentence of which is stamped with intellectual power, that could have come from no other statesman of the day except himself. To this order the first of his last series of Midlothian addresses — that in which he explained the whole history of the Franchise Bill—belongs. Nor perhaps was he ever surpassed in the faculty of carrying the whole house with him in a dialectical whirlwind when last session he demolished Sir Stafford Northcote. Never, again, did he astonish and delight the House with a finer display of physical and intellectual vigour than when, after having been worried for a couple of hours in the Commons, he spoke, for nearly three hours subsequently, on the Eastern question. On the whole the very finest speech delivered by him during the lifetime of the present Parliament is that on the Bradlaugh case. One quality is unquestionably wanting in Mr Gladstone as an orator. He has little or no sense of humour. He seldom makes a joke ; he seldom tries to do so ; and if he tries he very seldom succeeds.

Socially, Mr. Gladstone is ever welcomed, and is agreeably, though probably superficially, known. The subjects in which he takes an interest are multifarious and he reads immensely.

Just sixteen years ago, on December 11th and 12th, he was the guest of Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, Bishop Wilberforce being one of the company. The episcopal diary for the former of these days thus mentions Mr. Gladstone : "Gladstone as ever ; great, earnest, and honest ; as unlike the tricky Disraeli as possible." But next day the Bishop writes : "Morning walk with Gladstone, Cardwell, and Salisbury. Gladstone was struck with Salisbury ; 'never saw more perfect host.' . . . When people talk of Gladstone going mad they do not take into account the wonderful elasticity of his mind and the variety of his interests. This morning he was just as much interested in the size of the oaks and their probable age as if no care of state ever pressed upon him." That is a pleasant picture, and one intelligibly full of charm to the good prelate who drew it, and who subsequently speaks of Mr. Gladstone's power of detachment from the controversial matters of passing moment as his "chief safeguard."

Few will deny that when Mr. Gladstone disappears he will leave no successor in the position which he fills in English politics.

The statesman who has inhaled the traditions of Toryism with his earliest breath, who was saturated as a young man with academicism and classicism, who in religious matters was the friend of Newman and Keble, and who is indebted for much or most of the hold he has had upon the clergy—which is after all, the most Conservative interest in the country—to his allegiance to those sentiments which found expression in his speeches on the Divorce Act, and again on the Public Worship Regulation Act, is a phenomenon on whose reappearance no one will count. Already there has sprung up a school of political thinkers who, while they follow Mr. Gladstone's politics, have not the slightest sympathy with the sources, or the quality, of the moderating control which he exercises upon the progress of affairs. There is an immense deal in common between Mr. Gladstone and not only the old Whigs but the old Tories, and if he ever seems to go to the verge of the new Radicalism, it is with something more than a last longing, lingering look behind—with an earnest desire to which,

as far as may be, he gives effect, to guard against the possible errors of precipitancy and excess.

As long as he lives, or until he abdicates, Mr. Gladstone will continue to be the leader of the Radical party. He has stood at the parting of the ways and has prevented a separation of the two forces of which Liberalism is composed. It may be that his departure will be followed by a schism in the Liberal ranks, and in that case the party of movement will carry after it the party of inaction.

The part played by Lord Palmerston has in some sort been played by Mr. Gladstone, but, as far as it is possible to frame any estimate of the political forces now at work, Toryism will for the reasons already assigned discover that the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone will be the prelude to an era of organic political change far more stirring and drastic than that which commenced with Lord Palmerston's death.

IDEAS ABOUT INDIA. III. THE MOHAMMEDAN QUESTION.—In this paper Mr. Blunt professes to "paint the brighter side" of India as he saw it.

The ancient order of Asiatic things, beautiful as it was, had in it the germs of death, in that it did not change. The intellectual growth of India by the middle of last century had long stopped; thought had resolved itself into certain formulæ, and the brain of the body politic was growing every generation weaker. It is to England indubitably that India owes the fact that after its long sleep the Indian intellect is rising everywhere refreshed, and is attempting each day more boldly to strike out new lines of speculation on the very subjects where it had been most closely and most hopelessly confined.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the wholly secular rule of aliens, whose boast it is that they have established no State creed, will be found to have renewed the life of faiths, and given them a stronger, because a more intelligent, mode of being. The spiritual believer will be strengthened; and the very Pagan will be no longer "suckled in a creed outworn," but in beliefs which will seek to exercise a moral influence on his conduct more and more for good. To speak precisely, what I see will be the outcome of such education as England is giving to the Indian races, is a reformation of each of their several religious faiths, leading to purer thought in their followers, and above all to purer practice.

Of the creeds of India, Hinduism is essentially national and local. It is a privilege of the Indian races only. India is a sacred land and there alone can be the shrines of its gods. From an æsthetic point of view (says Mr. Blunt) nothing can be more seductive to a stranger from the West than the spectacle of Hindu worship at one of these ancient shrines.

The worship of idols here is a reality such as untravelled Englishmen know only from their classics. The temples of Madura and Seringam are more wonderful and imposing in their structure than all the edifices of Europe put together, and the special interest is that they are not dead things. The buyers and the

sellers still ply their trade in the porticoes, the birds have their nests beneath the eaves. There are sacred elephants and sacred apes. The priests chant still round lighted braziers. The brazen bull is anointed each festival day with oil, the foreheads of the worshippers with ochre. There is a scent of flowers and incense, and the business of religion goes on continuous from old time, perhaps a little slacker, on account of the increasing poverty of the people, but not less methodically, or as a living part of men's daily existence. When I had seen Madura I felt that I had at last seen a temple of Babylon in all its glory, and understood what the worship of Apis might have been in Egypt.

At the same time it is beyond doubt that among the cultivated Brahmins there is a renewed tendency towards the spiritualisation of beliefs ; and all that is best in the Christian moral code is being by them instructively adopted into their system,—the common feature of all religious reforms.

Thus we see the modern Brahmins proclaiming the morality of unselfishness in no other language than that in which Christian divines proclaim it, and making it peculiarly their own. They have the same teaching as these about truth and justice and integrity, and appeal in the same way to conscience as a guide. They choose what is best and make it harmonize with their own best traditions, and the result is a general elevation of tone in the upper ranks of life which presages a corresponding reform in the lower.

This sometimes shows itself, as must also naturally be, in extravagance. There is a tendency always in such movements to imitate servilely ; and so we see in the rising generation of the Hindus a certain advanced party which aims at making itself wholly European. A very few of these have adopted Christianity, but far more have contented themselves with an abandonment of their beliefs in favour of philosophies more or less agnostic. Others again, without ceasing to be professed Hindus, have contented themselves with throwing off caste restrictions ; and a considerable body in Bengal and Northern India have formed themselves into a special sect, known as the Brahmo-Somaj, which would seem to hold doctrines little different from the vaguer forms of Theism. In the South of India, however, which is the stronghold of Brahminism, these extreme innovations have taken little root, and instead there is found only a more reasoned form of the traditional beliefs.

Meanwhile the desire for improvement shows itself in exertions for the spread of education, in the restoration of temples, and in the rising agitation against child-marriage, and in favour of the re-marriage of widows.

Something of the same process may be observed in the case of the Parsis. Insignificant in numbers and restricted in locality, their wealth, commercial aptitude, and education have placed them in a position of large and growing influence. Their religion is now simplifying itself once more, and the tendency of Parsi thought is towards a spiritualisation of dogmas and a reform in practice.

Any one who has been with an educated Parsi over their " Towers of Silence " in Bombay must have been struck with the pains at which they are

to interpret in a philosophical sense their ancient practice of exposing the dead ; or who has discussed social questions, with their desire to improve the condition of their women.

But to pass on to the Mohammedans.

Mohammedanism, as is well known, entered India from two separate sides and under two separate conditions. Its first appearance was on the western sea-board in the shape of Arab traders, who came with the double mission of propagating the faith and making money. These were peaceful preachers, who relied for success not upon the sword but upon the power of persuasion, and the Mohammedanism implanted in this form is still to be found on the west coast, in the Kokhnis of Bombay, the Moplas of Malabar, and the Moormen, or Moors ("os Moros" of the Portuguese) of Ceylon. They are a busy, prosperous people—shopkeepers, pedlars, jewellers, or plying certain handicrafts, and notably that of house-building. It was extremely interesting to me to find at Colombo the descendants of the ancient Arab settlers of the eighth and ninth centuries still keeping up the commercial tradition of Arabia intact. They number in the whole island of Ceylon about a quarter of a million, and are among the most prosperous of its inhabitants. I found them an old-fashioned community, more occupied with this world than with the next, and only to a very small degree affected by modern thought.

Indeed, until the arrival of Arabi and his fellow-exiles, no Mohammedan in the island had ever sat down to meat with men of another faith, and very few had sent their children to any secular school. It will be curious result if the incident should have brought ideas of religious liberty to the Mohammedans of Southern India.

On the mainland to one crossing from Ceylon are found another type, the Mussulman descendants of the northern invaders, representing the extreme wave of Mogul conquest southwards, long ago spent and now receding.

They are the descendants, not of preachers and converts, but of the garrisons of the north, and their occupation of government gone, they are fast dying out from want of a means of living. The condition of the small Mohammedan communities of such towns as Tanjore and Trichinopoli is very pitiable. Isolated in a population wholly Hindu, possessed of no traditional industry, without commercial aptitude or knowledge of other service than the sword's, they seem dumbly to await extinction. Their few rich men, owners of landed property, grow daily less and less at their ease, preyed upon as they are by an army of helpless and needy relations. They fall in debt to the Hindu money-lenders, are yearly less able to discharge their liabilities, and bit by bit the civil courts engulf them. Those who have no land are reduced to manual labour of the simplest sort on daily wages. It is a hard but inevitable fate, the fate which rests upon the law that none shall live who cannot earn his bread. These Mohammedans of Southern India are the extreme exemplification of evils from which the whole community are to some extent suffering. In the south they are few and hopeless, and have almost ceased to struggle. In the north the danger of their condition is rousing them to new activity.

The stronghold of Mohammedan India is the North-West, and there Islam is far from inclined to perish. They have not forgotten that till very lately the Administration of India was almost entirely in their hands, and, though their race is hardly anywhere pure, the tradition of their origin remains intact, which, if it supplies them with a certain standard of honour, prejudices them against the ordinary means of living.

The pride of conquest is the bane of all Mohammedan societies sprung from Northern Asia, and the Mohammedans of India form no exception. The Moguls never condescended to trade, but either settled on the land or took service, civil or military, under government, and their descendants are still swayed by the same proud instincts. Their misfortunes in India came upon them in successive waves. Forced by their Maharatta wars into an alliance with the East India Company, the Mogul Emperors became early dependent on these; and with the gradual absorption of the Delhi Monarchy, the exclusive privilege of rule departed from the Mohammedan caste,—not all at once, but by degrees as new regulations were enacted and a new system introduced. The first to suffer were the landowners. By a certain fiscal measure, known as the “resumptions,” requiring all holders of lands to show their title-deeds, the Mohammedans, who often held by prescription rather than by written grant, lost largely of their estates, and so were reduced to poverty. Next the military services were in great degree cut off for them by the extinction of the native armies. And, lastly, the Act, changing the official language from Persian and Hindustani to English, took from them their still leading position in the civil employment. The Mohammedans had up to this more than held their own with the Hindus, as Hindustani was their vernacular and Persian the language of their classics, but in English they were at a distinct disadvantage, for that was already the language of commerce, and so of the educated Hindus. Nor could English be learned except at the secular schools to which Mohammedans were averse to sending their sons as tending to irreligion. The sources, therefore, of their employment were on every side curtailed and a growing poverty has been ever since the natural result. The military revolt of 1857, which in Oude and at Delhi assumed a specially Mohammedan aspect, completed their disfavour with the English Government, and with it their material decline.

At the same time numerically they are a rapidly increasing body, and in a considerably higher proportion than the general population of India. We are, therefore, faced with the unsatisfactory phenomenon of a vast community growing yearly more numerous, and at the same time less prosperous; excluded more and more from the administration it had once held; and tracing its misfortunes to the Imperial Government. At present they are restless and dissatisfied, and Russia is to be feared not as an enemy to India but as a friend.

If our selfish system of government for our own and not India's good remains unchanged; if we do nothing to secure Indian loyalty; if we refuse to give to the people that assurance of ultimate self-government which shall enable them to

wait in patience the realisation of their hopes ; if we continue to treat them as enemies subdued, as slaves to work for us, as men devoid of rights,—then, it is certain that within a given time all the external world will appear to the Indians under a friendly guise, and Russia as being the nearest, under the most friendly. Nor can it be denied that under present circumstances the Czar's Government has much to offer which the people of India might be excused for thinking twice before they refused. The Russian, himself an Oriental, would be probably less hateful as a master than our unsympathising official Englishman. But it is far from certain that it would be at all as a master that he would present himself to Indian hopes. He might well appear as an ally, a liberator, from the deadly embrace of our financial system, a friend of liberty, sound economy, and material progress. Who is to say that Russia should not in exchange for a new commercial pact with herself offer to establish India in complete Home Rule, and thus outbid us in the popular affection ? It would not be hard to persuade India that she would gain by the change, and, Englishman as I am, I am not quite convinced that she would on all points lose by it. In any case, it might well be that men would risk something in the desire of change, knowing that at worst it would not be much worse for them than now.

It is to the Mohammedan community that this kind of argument applies most strongly, since, while the present order of things is threatening them with ruin, just outside their frontier live men of their own race who are still self-ruled. To these they may naturally look for support and succour, or to a still stronger power beyond, if it should present itself as their religious protector.

The retirement from the Ottoman alliance, the Afghan war, the discreditable acquisition of Cyprus, the abandonment of Tunis, prepared the minds of the Indian Mohammedans for still stronger disapprobation, when, for the first time, England showed herself the aggressor in Egypt.

No little loyalty still survives for the English Crown as contrasted with the English Ministry ; but it is quite certain that the history of Egypt's ruin since the war, and the apparent design of our Government to destroy all that is best and foster all that is least good in Islam, is working on all sides a change. In the decay of Constantinople the Moslem world is looking more than ever for a champion ; and if England refuses the office it may well be offered to another Christian Power.

It lies with our Government to induce the Mohammedans of India, by remedial measures, to seek its salvation from England rather than from Russia. Such are the better administration of their religious trusts, the furtherance of their education, and the arrangements connected with their pilgrimage.

With regard to the first, the locally notorious case of the Mohsin trust may be quoted.

In this, a large property was bequeathed by a rich Mohammedan explicitly for pious uses, yet for many years the income held in trust by the Government was devoted, not to any Mohammedan purpose at all, but to the

education of Hindus. This, I say has been acknowledged ; but I have been repeatedly informed that sufficient property is still in Government hands to satisfy, if it were devoted to the uses originally intended, all the pressing needs of Mohammedan education ; and I have the authority of Dr. Leitner, Principal of the Lahore Government College, for stating that in the Punjab alone *wakaf* property to the value of many thousand pounds yearly is being officially misapplied.

As to pilgrimage, organization in the shipment and protection of pilgrims against the growing abuses connected with quarantine and other vexations at Jeddah, is strongly demanded.

With regard to education, the case of the Mohammedans is this :—

Like the Catholics in England, they are extremely attached to their religion, and anxious that their children should inherit in its purity a blessing to which they themselves were born ; and they consider that a merely secular education, such as is offered by the State, does not suffice for their need. In no country in the world is the position of a teacher towards his pupil a more powerful one than in India ; and the Mohammedans see that at the Government schools and colleges the masters are, almost without exception, English or Hindu. The great mass of the orthodox, therefore, hold aloof from these, and the consequence has been that they find themselves deprived of nearly all State aid in their education, and, for the more rigid, of all public education whatsoever. It is of course cast in their teeth by their opponents that this is mere fanaticism and prejudice ; that they refuse to learn English out of disloyalty, and that they desire no progress and no modern instruction. But, whatever may have been the case in former days, I can confidently assert that it is certainly not true now ; and I hold the position taken by the Indian moulvies to be an unassailable one in justice, or on any other ground than the theory that all religion is pernicious and should be discouraged by the State. I do not say that the State in India has taken its stand publicly on this ground, but in practice its action with regard to public education affects Mohammedans in no other way. This, therefore, is a point on which the Imperial Government may, if it will, intervene as a protector, and in which its action would be at once appreciated by its Mohammedan subjects, and be recognised by them as a title to their loyalty.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Mohammedans are sitting still with folded arms. Mohammedanism in India, also, is in a condition of intellectual revival.

A party of extreme innovation exists, and a party of moderate action ; and much rivalry has been the result and some bitterness : things which those who have studied the history of religious movements will recognise as signs of healthy life. The College of Aligarh is the head-quarters of the new school ; and I did not fail to visit it ; and, though I confess that my sympathies lie rather with the less advanced party, it is impossible for me too highly to praise the zeal which has produced such a notable result. The Mohammedan College of Aligarh is the largest and most successful educational establishment devised by purely native effort which exists in India ; and is a pledge of what Islam is capable of under conditions of intellectual liberty unknown in other lands.

That it has gone too fast and too far is indeed its only reproach. The education given there is equal to that of the State schools, and it is fully as well governed in all that regards discipline and moral training.

Mr. Blunt is glad to think that he was himself instrumental in furthering the idea of a central university for all Mohammedan India, a plan acted upon by the leading moulvies of the North-West, and likely to take material shape under the patronage of the Nizam. Towards its realization £20,000 have already been subscribed by Mohammedans, and the scheme is countenanced by Lord Ripon and Sir A. Lyall. But what is wanted is that the matter should be taken up with vigour in every province where the Mohammedans are a numerous community.

The advancement of their education, their encouragement in commercial and industrial pursuits, and a faithful protection of their religious interests abroad, will secure to the English Crown the renewed trust of its Mohammedan subjects. The neglect of these things, and a prosecution of the present evil policy of doing harm to Islam, will secure beyond redemption their disloyalty. It is a thing seriously to consider and decide while time is yet given.

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THE NAVY: ITS DUTIES AND CAPACITIES.—The Secretary of State for the Navy in the last Conservative Administration does well to give his opinion, which cannot be without authority, on the present state of the British fleet, at a time when men's minds are gravely anxious on the subject owing to the recent assertions of its insufficiency.

The British public at large have been content to believe vaguely that the British fleet and the British sailor may be depended upon to maintain the reputation and repeat the heroic deeds of naval history, ignoring the change in the conditions of naval warfare, of the defence of the coast, and the protection of commerce since the last naval engagement, in which British ships took part was fought.

Then, seamanship, skill in handling a craft, and daring, went a long way to secure victory to the English flag. Now, for sail-power there is steam ; for wooden, armour-plated ships ; for guns with a maximum charge of 5lbs. of powder, and projectiles of 24lbs. weight, there are monster weapons, projecting bolts weighing nearly a ton, and consuming 750lbs. of powder in one charge. There is also an enormous development in subsidiary weapons, in torpedoes, and in machine-guns ; but the key, so to speak, to the changes which have been so rapidly effected, has been the substitution of mechanical appliances, of machinery of all kinds, for the manual skill and dexterity for which the British sailor was famed. Many actions were gained against great odds by the superior skill and daring of our officers and men. They handled their ships better, and fought them with

greater skill than their enemies. But the tendency of machinery is greatly to reduce the advantages which, man for man, and gun for gun, an English fleet was supposed to possess over an enemy. If, however, the old ships are gone, and the old conditions also are gone, under which the country was protected by the Navy, there remained still the comfortable conviction in the minds of the great mass of the people, that England is as strong, comparatively, and as safe as ever she was.

The writer places in contrast two separate authoritative statements made at an interval of ten years by naval authorities in Liberal administrations. ,

So lately as April 1874, Mr. Childers asserted in the House of Commons "that if at twenty-four hours' notice we should be at war, without an ally, with the three principal maritime Powers, even allowing an ally to them, we should be able to hold our own in the Channel, in the Home Seas, in the Mediterranean, and in the Chinese and Colonial waters, and within six months we should have complete command of the seas and have ruined our opponents' commerce."

If we are so near to that complete protection which would render it possible for the commerce of the country to be carried on with security in six months, the country would willingly endure the sacrifice involved in the effort 'to anticipate now the arrangements which would be possible under our present system, to give to England complete "command of the sea" in that period. If we are to be in that position, the ships, the guns, and the men must all be in a more or less unready condition now, and the difference, therefore, which the country would have to pay, would be not the first cost of ships, guns, and men which must already have been incurred, but the charge of having them ready.

The other statement gives a different view of the question.

Sir Thomas Brassey said at Hastings on the 21st, and he repeats his words with emphasis in a letter to the *Times* of October 23rd: "No amount of construction which the country would approve in time of peace, would prevent the transfer, on the outbreak of war, of a large portion of your trade to a neutral flag, under the protection of which our supplies of food would be brought to us."

This may be taken as an authoritative expression of the views of the Admiralty in 1884 as compared with 1874, and it certainly falls short, and to a very serious extent, of the assurances given in the speech of Mr. Childers. Is it true that in ten years there has been so great a change in the feeling of the country, that it will not approve in time of peace, and therefore not at all for any useful purpose, an amount of construction necessary to prevent the transfer of our trade to neutral flags, and our dependence upon the capacity and willingness of neutrals to feed our people in time of war? It is hardly possible to contemplate such a contingency with calmness; but it appears to be regarded as the natural, the inevitable, and the legitimate outcome of our present system. Our trade is to be "transferred" to a neutral flag, and we are to be dependent for our daily bread on its benevolent protection.

But the object of this paper is to endeavour to ascertain what may fairly be expected from the fleet in time of war, and by an examination of the lists of ships built and building, to provide material from which it will be possible for the reader to arrive at some conclusion on the momentous question, whether the strength of the navy is adequate to the duties which it may be called on to discharge at any moment.

Its first duty would be to maintain the absolute supremacy of the British arms in the seas which wash the shores of England.

A Channel and a North Sea fleet must be afloat, capable of dealing with any hostile force which might be found in these waters, whether that force consisted of battle ships acting together, or of cruisers aiming at the destruction of our coasting trade, the bombardment of our coast towns, or the destruction of our sea-ports. A powerful Mediterranean Fleet would also have to be provided, to keep the seas clear of an enemy, which would endeavour to intercept our communications with the East, threaten Gibraltar and Malta, destroy our trade and our coaling stations.

At the present time, we have six ironclads and fourteen or fifteen unarmoured vessels in the Mediterranean, with, however, but two ships in reserve at Malta which could be commissioned in case of urgent need. The work required from this fleet would be measured by the strength that could be brought against it. Within the Mediterranean there are the arsenals of Toulon, of Spezzia, of Naples, of Venice, of Pola, and of Constantinople. It might be hoped that at least some of the powers who are rapidly developing their resources at these ports, would be neutral, if not allies, in the event of a war between England and a Continental Power ; but the magnitude of the preparations of some of the Powers, and the exertions and sacrifices they undertake, afford evidence that they at least believe in the possibility of naval warfare in the Mediterranean.

On the North American and West Indian stations there are some eight or ten unarmoured corvettes and gun-vessels and one ironclad.

On this fleet would devolve the duty of covering the St. Lawrence, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, our dock-yard at Bermuda, and the West Indian Islands from attack by any fleet or ships which might escape the vigilance of the Channel or North Sea squadrons, and get away from a European port to prey upon our shipping or attack our colonial ports.

On the South-east Coast of America

there are now four small unarmoured vessels, and as they are unable, either in weight of metal or in speed, to compete with the modern cruiser, they would probably take refuge in the nearest neutral port, and remain there while the war lasted, unless there was time to withdraw them,

On the Pacific Station there is one ironclad, and three unarmoured corvettes, and three smaller vessels.

This little squadron has to protect British interests from Esquimaux, in British Columbia, down to Cape Horn, and over the many thousands of miles of the Pacific Ocean. The carrying trade on the West Coast of South America is

almost wholly under the British flag, and very much of the traffic between San Francisco and China and Japan is carried on in British vessels. The mischief which might be inflicted on this valuable trade by one or two fast cruisers is almost incalculable.

On the Cape and West Coast of Africa Station there is a small squadron of unarmoured ships, charged with the police duty of preventing the revival of the slave-trade, of protecting our settlements on the West Coast from attack by natives, and of settling disputes between the native rulers and traders claiming British nationality in the numerous rivers running into the interior.

But this trade has grown and is growing in value and in importance, and recent events have afforded evidence that the region is not withdrawn from influences which are dangerous to the peace of the world. Here, again, if there is little danger to be apprehended from a hostile ironclad fleet, there would be a rich harvest of the sea to a heavily-armed and swift Alabama, against which our Navy would have to provide a force, fast enough and powerful enough to keep the coast clear of such a dangerous enemy. But if British interests on the West Coast are considerable, the Cape is vastly more important. Our forces must be sufficient to beat off any enemy, that might attack with the object of seizing a station, which, apart from the valuable interests which have grown up in the colony, is of the highest importance to the trade by sea, to India, Australia, and the South Pacific.

Next in order to the Cape is the East Indian squadron. Here again, there is no ironclad ship.

Three or four corvettes, and six or seven gun-vessels, constitute the force, which is charged in time of peace with the duty of stopping the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa, from the Gulf of Suez down to Natal, and of watching over our interests in the Persian Gulf, in the Indian Ocean, and as far east as the Strait Settlements. The commerce passing down the Red Sea, to and from India, China, and Australia, represents an enormous value; and any serious interruption to the course of business, which depends on the rapid and regular conveyance of merchandise to and fro between Europe and the East must be attended by the most grave consequences to the trading interests of this country. It is difficult to estimate the value afloat at any one time, in this comparatively narrow trade highway; but it is, probably, not less than from twenty to thirty millions sterling, and three-fourths of it in vessels which do not steam over nine knots an hour, and which would, therefore, be incapable of running away from a fast cruiser. It must be remembered that produce is coming home, and manufactured goods are going out to be sold to meet bills of exchange, which have been drawn against them, or to repay advances made on bills of lading. Obligations have to be met, whether the ships carrying goods make a prosperous voyage or not: but the regularity with which they now come and go has brought about a great economy of capital, and there is no longer the reserve to fall back upon which the old-fashioned merchants, who existed before the days of steam, found to be necessary for the conduct of their business. There is the certainty, therefore, that the absence of sufficient protection for British commerce would involve serious and widespread financial difficulty and trouble, both at home and in our Indian and Colonial Empire.

In the China Seas there is an ironclad, with some corvettes and gun vessels, which have full employment, even in peace, in the protection of British interests on shore and afloat.

And here it may be well to remark that apart from dangers and risks which are present to the mind of every thoughtful Englishman at the present moment, however friendly may be our relations with China herself, and however secure we may be in the continuance of peace with that Empire, she possesses war-ships, built and armed in Europe, which if they fall into the hands of a European power, capable of handling them effectively, would prove a most formidable antagonist for the English fleet in those waters.

In the Australian Seas and the South Pacific there are an armoured ship, a corvette, a couple of sloops, and a gun-boat or two.

This is a new station, a new interest, and a new continent to be protected, for during the last war there were a few convicts, but there was no trade to preserve, and now it amounts to close upon sixty millions a year in imports and exports alone, apart from the value of the shipping engaged in the trade. But in addition to the external commerce of Australia, there have been a development and an accumulation of property in Australia itself, which afford a remarkable example of the progress of the present age. The Colonies themselves have made some efforts at self-defence, but they must continue for some time to come to look for protection from the fleets of an enemy at war with England to the English fleet. It cannot be that an authority exercised in times of peace, for the regulation of trade and of the labour traffic between Australian ports and the islands of the South Pacific, shall be withdrawn on the outbreak of war; but the obligation imposed on the Navy in these seas would be onerous if it had an active and a daring enemy to contend with.

The first and paramount duty of the navy would undoubtedly be the protection of the British Coast and British ports, and it would only be right that the country should know how this is to be secured. It is sometimes objected, when information of this character is asked for, that we are giving it to a possible enemy, while we are allaying the reasonable anxieties of that portion of the public who have studied the question.

But it should be borne in mind that our weakness and our strength are better known to public men who have the direction of affairs abroad, than they are probably to the members of our own Government who are not directly responsible for the conduct of the military departments. Every foreign Power has officers in this country, whose duty it is to watch carefully and report every fact connected with our military system. The objection, therefore, that a public discussion or any alleged insufficiency of the Navy for the work it may be called upon to do, is against the public interest, is altogether without foundation. There must be strong fleets in the Channel and in the North Sea, and probably, a flying squadron cruising between Gibraltar, Madeira, and Cork; and some ships in reserve in our own dock-yards, to take the place of any that might be disabled in an engagement, which must, inevitably, be attended with more complete destruction than in the old days of sailing vessels, if, as in former times, our commanders endeavour to close with the enemy. A powerful fleet will also be

required in the Mediterranean with reserves at Malta, and undoubtedly, some addition will have to be made to the North American, the South-east Coast of America, the Pacific, the West Coast of Africa and Cape of Good Hope, the East Indian, the China, and the Australian squadrons.

At present there are six ironclads in the Channel squadron available for the protection of the British coasts and harbours.

Of these, only two, the *Neptune* and the *Sultan*, approached to the first class of fighting ships. The *Achilles*, *Agincourt*, and *Minotaur*, carry only thin armour and light guns as compared with modern ships. The boilers of these ships are working at reduced pressure, owing to their defective state, and no ship of war which is unable, by reason of worn-out boilers or machinery to steam at full speed, can be considered as effective for war purposes. Some very considerable reinforcement would, therefore, have to be found for the Channel squadron, and it may, perhaps, be suggested that the Coast-guard ships might be relied upon for that duty. But what are they? There are nine of them, but out of that number three or four have crippled boilers, and cannot move at full speed; and although, on an emergency, the rest would probably be available, the question would arise, and would be an extremely urgent one in each of the ports concerned, whether it was wise or safe to withdraw the Guard Ships from Liverpool, the Clyde, the Port of Dublin, the Shannon, from Queensferry, near Edinburgh, from Hull, Harwich, Southampton, and Portland. At the present moment these ports are known to be only partially defended by the War Department. There is no evidence of any system of torpedoes or mines to protect the harbours from being entered by an enterprising enemy, and it is believed that no such system exists so as to be at once available. There would therefore be, in all probability, great difficulty in withdrawing these ships from their present stations; and the Channel and the North Sea fleets would have to be made up from other sources. But in considering the composition of these fleets, it will be necessary also to take into account the ships forming the Mediterranean squadron. The aim of the Government would be so to direct the forces of the country as to narrow within the smallest possible limits the operations of war, and to shut up the enemy within his own ports, and it is impossible, therefore, to indicate in advance where the overwhelming force would be required: but it may be agreed that, for the three fleets, a very considerable strength would be required.

It must, however, be borne in mind that there is a useful class of ships in reserve suitable for coast and harbour defence, consisting of the *Glatton*, the *Hydra*, the *Gorgon*, the *Cyclops*, the *Hecate*, and the *Prince Albert*—turret-ships, some of which might possibly relieve the ironclads at the mercantile ports, which would then be available to strengthen the Channel fleet, or form the nucleus of a North Sea squadron; but the turret-ships, like their elder sisters in the first reserve coast-guardships and in the Channel squadron, have most of them defective boilers, and are incapable of moving at full speed.

Little reliance can be placed on a ship of war which can neither chase nor run away from an enemy, and a policy which retains them unrepaired on the "effective" list of the Navy is difficult of comprehension. In addition to these lightly

armoured ships there is a cloud of gun-vessels and gun-boats which are exceedingly useful in their way, and especially in times of peace, but they are without speed and coal capacity, and are, therefore, unavailable for the purposes of conveying merchant ships.

What then do we possess? There are now in the Mediterranean the *Alexandra*, the *Inflexible*, the *Superb*, the *Temeraire*, the *Monarch*, and the *Invincible*—ironclads.

The first five of these ships may be taken to be fairly equal to any five foreign men-of-war now in commission, that could be brought against them: but regard must be had to foreign ships in reserve and building, in framing any estimates of the strength required by this country in time of war. We have then seven so-called first-class battle-ships in commission in the Channel and in the Mediterranean. What ships are now ready to add to this force? The *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Dreadnought*, and *Devastation*, at home, and the *Thunderer* and *Orion* at Malta; and the *Hotspur*, *Rupert*, and *Bellerophon* of the second-class—armoured battle-ships. In addition to these, it may be hoped that the *Conqueror*, the *Colossus*, and the *Edinburgh*, may be ready for sea within a year from the present time; but, as against this reinforcement, there must be taken the extreme probability that some of the ships now in commission will require a thorough repair during the coming year, if they are to continue efficient. The boilers of the *Alexandra* were put on board in 1875, those of the *Temeraire* in 1876; and those ships have been in active employment for nearly eight years. It is inevitable that some of these ships now in commission will require heavy repair, which will remove them for many months from the list of effective men-of-war.

At the present time none of the more powerful ships are under repair, and it will therefore happen that the new ships in reserve and building will not all add to the strength of the fleet, but, for the time being, replace older ships which must be withdrawn for the thorough overhaul and repair which becomes absolutely essential after commissions extending over six, seven, or eight years. But fast cruisers, despatch vessels, and torpedo ships will be necessary to a fleet in time of war. There is no fast cruiser attached to either the Channel or the Mediterranean fleet, and there are only two despatch vessels, counting the *Iris* as one. Excepting the *Roadicea* and the *Euryalus*, there are no unarmoured fast cruisers in commission which can steam easily more than twelve knots; but there are eight or nine, including the new *Leander* class, which are ready, in reserve, or are promised complete before the 31st March; there are three more, the *Inconstant*, the *Ruleigh*, and *Shah*, waiting repairs which would take a year to execute; and there are three armoured cruisers building, none of which will be ready within a year from the present time. At the best, therefore, we should have some ten or twelve fast men-of-war cruisers available at the outbreak of a war, as additions to a Channel, a North Sea, and a Mediterranean fleet, and to the squadrons in North American, Pacific, African, East Indian, China, and Australian waters.

But it will be said there is a large number of fast mercantile steamers, for which the late Government provided armaments, and which could be taken up rapidly and fitted in a few weeks for sea.

It is true that there are many such ships which equal or exceed in speed any foreign man-of-war cruiser; but wars are made rapidly in these days, and delay

in placing on every station the strength deemed to be necessary for the protection of the honour and interests of the country might be disastrous. These ships are all in full employment, and they would be in still greater demand if war became imminent, as they alone of the merchant navy of England have speed enough to run away from an enemy. While, therefore, as many of these fast ships as could be obtained should be taken up to supplement the man-of-war cruisers, it would be as suicidal to depend wholly or principally upon them as to rely upon the volunteers as a substitute for, instead of a supplementary force to, the regular army.

It must be borne in mind, also, that an enemy would certainly adopt a similar policy. The resources at their command would not compare with those which are possessed by England : but it is conceivable that even the English mercantile navy itself might, shortly before war was declared, furnish ships at good prices to foreign agents whose purposes would be easily concealed. The conclusion which forces itself on the minds of those who study the subject is that, with the exception of some unarmoured cruisers not yet completed, we have in ships built and building no more than a sufficient provision for the reliefs required in time of peace ; that there is no reserve to meet the first demands, and the losses occasioned by a state of war ; and that, as regards the lighter and more modern instruments of warfare—the sea-going torpedo-ship—we are lamentably deficient. Much, however, may be done at once, not only without any addition to their ultimate cost, but at a great saving, by accelerating the construction of the ships now building in our dock-yards, so that they should be completed within the time in which an ordinary ship-builder in his own interest would finish his work. The delay which our system involves enormously increases the cost of the ships, and diminishes their efficiency : but there can be no reason whatever why the war-ship built in our own dock-yards should require a longer time than those designed by our own naval architects for a foreign Power, and built by a contractor in the Thames or the Clyde.

We may be told, however, that there is no need for alarm. There has been no European war in which England has been engaged for many years, and there will not be, and cannot be, without ample notice—without ample time for preparation.

If that is a sound view to take, then much that is now being spent upon the Navy is wasted ; and it is altogether inconsistent with the views of Mr. Childers, which have been quoted. If we shall have notice of war long enough in advance to build, or even to repair ships, and to arm them, then a great reduction may be effected in Navy estimates. But in these days wars occur without any previous notice whatever. In July, 1870, it was stated in the French Assembly and in the English Parliament that profound peace existed throughout Europe and the civilised world, and that there was nothing on the political horizon to cause any apprehension of a change in the political barometer. Before the end of a week after this statement was made, the first signs of the coming storm declared themselves, and within three weeks later France and Germany were at war. From that day until now every effort has been made by European Powers to strengthen and develop their naval and military forces, and there have not been wanting incidents and events since 1870 which should serve as a warning that these forces may not always be withheld from an unjust, an aggressive, or even a most imprudent war.

Again, it will be said that the situation is not new, and that if the provision of ships and guns and men for the naval defences of the country is insufficient, past Governments are equally responsible for the failure to make this necessary provision.

If the safety of the country is deemed to be of less importance than the apportionment of praise or blame to one or other of the political parties which alternately rule, or direct the policy of the State, it might be admitted that the apple of discord could be thrown backwards and forwards with considerable effect, and to the amusement of bystanders. But there is no advantage to be gained by entering upon this controversy. Much could be said on both sides of the question. It is certain that the development of naval force abroad has been more persistent, and has been carried out with greater tenacity and determination during the last four or five years than at any time since the great war. Changes of ministry have had no effect in altering or delaying the accomplishment of plans and designs which appear to have been carefully prepared and matured ; and it is greatly to be desired that equal care, equal capacity and determination to realise the necessities of the vast Empire of Great Britain may be used to arrive at a reasonable estimate of what ships would be required for the discharge of the duties of the Navy in all parts of the world in war time.

The Officers of the Navy themselves, who form an important and the most numerous part of the Board of Admiralty, must be regarded as primarily responsible for calling the attention of their own chief, and of the Government through him to any real deficiency in the *materiel* of the Navy.

It must be assumed that they have each of which individually, and that they have collectively as a Board, thought out and examined with care and precision the forces which would be at their disposal, and the use they would make of them in the event of a sudden war. If it can be shown that they are ready, that England, her colonies, and her commerce are safe, that the fifty millions worth of British shipping afloat and the cargoes they carry are reasonably secure from capture in any part of the world, and that the large population of this country, depending for the bread they eat, and for the wages with which they purchase it, on the punctual passing to and fro of the great carriers of the sea, need have no anxiety that to-morrow will not be as to-day ; then a great load will be lifted from the minds of many lovers of their country, who, with their limited sources of information, cannot help regarding the present naval strength as dangerously insufficient.

In 1872 the present Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Thomas Brassey, wrote :

The improvement of our Navy may be to some among us a repugnant task, because associated in their contemplation with all the horrors of war. But the English patriot will desire to maintain the naval supremacy of his country as the only reliable guarantee in anxious and threatening times for the integrity of his native land, and as an instrument in the hands of generous and far-seeing statesmen for the preservation of peace and the progress of civilization.

These words are applicable to the present day. It is the universal desire for peace which makes sensible people demand that the naval supremacy of England shall be incontestable. The strong man armed keepeth his goods in peace.

THE RUSSO-AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.—The utterances of M. Armenius Vambéry on a question of Central Asian policy should always command a hearing even though they sometimes, as in the present article, seem to be taken from a standpoint of unqualified opposition to Mr. Gladstone and all his works.

Among the most dangerous errors of the present administration, an error born of self-delusion, must be reckoned the boundary commission between Afghanistan and Asiatic Russia, "an undertaking of which no one can explain the use."

When, in the course of last spring, the Russians took possession of Merv and extended their jurisdiction in a south-westerly direction as far as Sarakhs, there arose in London, notwithstanding the complications in the Soudan, an exceeding bitter cry against the supineness of Russophile statesmen. Steps of decided resistance were demanded, and the extension of the projected railway from Sibi to Quetta, and eventually even further than Quetta, was promised by way of precaution. The very policy which in 1880 had been branded and condemned as the leading sin of the Tory Cabinet, had to be adopted. Neither did this humiliating form of self-accusation seem to have caused the Liberal politicians, addicted though they be to the emblazoning great principles on their shield, very remarkable stings of conscience. For if but few had seen how great had been the crime of the evacuation of Kandahar, and how unpardonable the blunder of attempting to coerce the Afghans by persuasive tactics, there were still fewer in the ranks of Liberal politicians who would have had the courage to advise the carrying out of the Conservative programme in Central Asia in its entirety, and to perceive in that policy the best safeguard for England's interests in Central Asia. We have already, in various places, pointed out the mirage of the neutralization of Afghanistan, and the daily press of the United Kingdom has published even stronger proofs of the inefficiency of these illusive measures ; but the gentlemen in Downing Street persist, with imperturbable complacency, in their time-wasting and purposeless system. They see the danger, but shut their eyes to it ; they quail before it, but will betray no fear ; and the outcome of this want of brain, and laughably childish self-deception, is that in seeking for a solution of the difficulty, they have lighted upon the so-called boundary-line between Afghanistan and the new Russian possessions east of the Caspian Sea.

Who it is who has struggled for this Boundary Commission, or rather for this rectification of the frontier, has not, as we have before remarked, yet transpired. Russia has neither sought nor wished for it, and England is supposed only to have yielded to Abdurrahman Khan's advice in condescending to adopt the measure ; for, as Sir Peter Lumsden informed the reporter of the Press Association in London before his departure, the Afghan Prince had proposed the Commission, to put an end to the continuous wars on the northern boundary of his kingdom, and had demanded the rectification of

the frontier of the Viceroy in Calcutta. Against this statement, we have the fact that the English Parliament has repeatedly proclaimed that Afghanistan was, as third party, of no consequence in this affair, that the question under discussion only concerned the English and Russian Governments, and could only be decided by them. How far Persia (who had a word or two to say here) brought any weight to bear, is absolutely unknown. This weighty silence suggests the fact, or allows us to infer, that the Shehinshah of all Iranian lands, whose north-western boundaries till lately stretched as far as the shores of the Heri-Rud, has in these regions abdicated in favour of the Czar of all the Russians, and that the Russian frontier (if not *de jure* at least *de facto*) stretches or extends from so-called New Sarakhs, along the left bank of the Heri-Rud to the western hills of the Bakhirz mountains.

Russia, therefore, holds in her embrace the whole of north and north-western Iran, and, as a matter of course, proceeds to arrange the boundary matters for her vassals at Teheran with their eastern neighbour.

The writer's object is not, however, to seek for the origin of the rectification of frontier plan so much as to prove, from the geographical, historical, and political standpoint, how useless and precarious is such an undertaking, and that, should a rectified frontier-cordon between Afghanistan and Russia with respect to Bokhara be agreed upon, the same would by no means lessen the danger of a collision between the two European colossi in Asia, neither would it give England from her side the slightest protection.

If we take into consideration the whole great boundary-line which extends from Chinese Turkestan past the Khanates of Khokand and Bokhara, from the middle course of the Oxus as far as Sarakhs and Hérat, we must encounter the most complicated questions of possession in Pamir, and in the neighbouring smaller almost rulerless states of Wakhan, Shugnan, Roshan, Derwaz, Kulab, and Kabadian, which lie between Russian possessions, *i.e.*, between Ferghana and the Zerefshan district on the one side, and between Chitral and Afghanistan on the other side; and where history teaches us that no really defined boundary ever existed. These were ever ungoverned regions, over which temporary rulers could only lay claim to power, so long as their armies or tax-collectors "occupied" them. Under the dynasty of Timur, these mountainous regions were dependent on the rulers of Hissar, and through them on the Prince of Hérat. This lasted until Sheibani Mehemmed Khan, the founder of the Uzbek power, cast to the winds that of the House of Timur. Bokhara then obtained a somewhat problematic protectorate over Hissar, Derwas, and Badakhshan. The strengthening of Afghan power in the beginning of the last century, placed the political rights of this region on a still less secure basis, because whilst the Khokand of that day only laid claim to the Kohat district, Bokhara strove to establish her claim to all the southern lands of Hissar as far as the Hindu Kush, but with very doubtful results, for we have seen Badakhshan offer allegiance at one and the same time to the Emir of Bokhara and to the Emir of Cabul. Russia having stepped into the rights of both these Central-Asian Khanates, naturally desired to put an end to this state of political uncertainty, and after

General Kaufmann had repeatedly attempted to come to an understanding with Badakhshan and its smaller neighbouring principalities, it was considered advisable to send so-called scientific travellers into this region, so that friendly relations might be established with the various dominant Arian populations. This was the motive power of the researches of Messrs. Mayew, Siewerzow, Oschanin, Muschketow, Putiaba, and of Dr. Regel, whose researches on behalf of geographical knowledge we are far from wishing to call in question, but whom it is impossible to look upon or consider otherwise than as pioneers of Russian Power, travelling in a certain direction. This scientific journey could not, in the face of the ever-growing rivalry in Central Asia, remain unnoticed across the Channel, the less so since the diplomatic discussions raised in 1872-73, on the question of Badakhshan and Wakhan, between the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and London.

At that time Prince Gortchakof had consented that the Upper Oxus should form the boundary between Bokhara and Afghanistan. But this was a very illusory arrangement, as was demonstrated most opportunely by Sir Henry Rawlinson at a meeting of the Geographical Society, on the 12th of May last, so that the vexed question can by no means be put aside; neither may Anglo-Indian pessimists be scoffed at if they look forward seriously to a possible Russian movement from Osch, in Ferghana, towards Upper Chitral, nay, even as far as Kashmir. Naturally, the actual invasion of an armed force is here not so much to be feared as the unimpeded circulation of Russian roubles, and of friendly Russian missives, among England's inimical North-Indian vassals, who, strange as this assertion may sound, know a great deal more about, and are much more interested in, Russia, than the government in Calcutta is inclined to suppose. Taking all in all, the reader will come to the conclusion that a rectification of the frontier of this most eastern region is, to begin with, on one side impossible, whilst on the other side no special result would be attainable for English security.

Passing further from Pamir through those smaller mountainous countries which have lately begun to appear on the geographical horizon, we come to Mid-Oxus.

We shall then find that, beginning at Kundz, till we reach Chiharjui, the still open question of the rectification of the frontier does not present fewer difficulties. With few and unimportant exceptions, the shore-land consists of a flat territory, and is peopled chiefly by Uzbegs and Turkomans; and the Amu has here long ceased to form a natural boundary between Iran and Turan, as it was in old times.

Turkdom had (as far as historic memory reaches) already found its way to the region of the steppes, on the left shore of the Oxus, even in the early times of the Samanides. But only under the dynasties of Jenghiz, Timur, and Sheibani were settlements on a large scale formed; and it is hardly a matter of surprise that the Turkish rulers of Bokhara, calculating on the Turkish population of Kundz, Shiborgan, Aktsche, Andkhoy, and Maimene should have, from remote times, striven with might and main to establish their rule over these descendants of the race from which they sprang; or that in the last century (with the advent of the Duranis), there should have arisen from this cause long-drawn-out and bitter quarrels and wars between the rulers of Bokhara and those of Cabul.

When, in 1868, Russia gave Bokhara her death blow, this enmity still existed, and the situation had only so far changed that the claims of powerless Bokhara were made over to powerful Russia ; whilst, on the other side, the claims of the Afghans were taken under the protection of England.

In the beginning of the year 1870 these disputes became the subject of diplomatic discussions between St. Petersburg and London, and although the Russian Government (with the object of making a concession to England) agreed that the Oxus should continue to be (as it was a thousand years back) in the future the southern boundary of Turkestan, this was a concession cut on the well-known Russian pattern, *viz.* untruthful and false at bottom ; for public opinion, and those who had established their rule in Turkestan pointed, and still continue to point, to the Hindu Kush as the southern boundary of Bokhara and of the rounded-off Russian empire of the future. "The Oxus is a river, and rivers are bad boundaries, therefore we want the Hindu Kush as a real wall to divide our possessions from yours in Central Asia," said Soboleff, as Chief of the Asiatic Department, to Mr. Charles Marvin in 1882, at St. Petersburg. Step by step we meet with similar expressions of opinion from the Russain Press, and when, lately, the Emir of Cabul had occasion to chastise the rebel Prince of Maimene—who was always a secret adherent of Bokhara and consequently, also, of Russia—and to confiscate his domain, then the Russian press did not fail to abuse the ungrateful Abdurrahman, who had so long enjoyed a Russian pension. And Russian travelers along the left shore of the Oxus, with a view to a future Russain protectorate, always speak with enthusiasm of the great sympathy of the established Turkish population for Russia. The Afghan yoke is described as horrifying (an assertion which need not here be discussed), and the longing desire of Turkdom for the Government of the White Padishah so paternally devoted to the Turks is taken as a matter of course.

Russia, therefore, aims at the middle course of the Oxus, not for a geographic or historic boundary, but for an ethnical one ; that is to say, it is intended to put up a boundary post emblazoned with a black double-headed eagle at the Hindu Kush and on the right shore of the Murgab—a Boundary Commission on behalf of which, under General Grodjekoff, in 1878, undertook the journey from Samarcand to Herat, on the occasion of which journey the General carefully sketched and mapped out the ethnical line so much coveted by Russia.

We have a right, therefore, to ask with curiosity how the two missions will agree with regard to this much-vexed question, for even in case Russia should for a moment yield to England (which cannot easily be believed) still agreement of this kind could only be looked on as temporary, and of extremely problematic value.

For the gentlemen on the Neva can boast a bolder and wider vision than their English rivals, and since they have (on one side up to Merv, on the other in the region of the Upper Oxus) pressed so far south, they are unlikely to give up the hope of the possession of the intervening tract, and will therefore hold to the plan of a frontier-line at the Hindu Kush, and on the right shore of the Murgab, all the more tenaciously for their very silence.

But the most difficult question of all is how the third portion of the frontier line now to be decided on, from Chihardjui on the left shore of the Oxus to Sarakhs, that is to say, to Hérat, is to be defined? This difficulty is of all the greater importance because here it is a question of rounding-off Russia proper, whilst in the boundary-lines already mentioned we have only had to deal with Russian protectorates such as Bokhara.

On the line between Chihardjui and Sarakhs, the Boundary Commission will, into the bargain, have to fight against the complete absence of a natural boundary—a circumstance which will be of particular importance from the left of the Oxus to the Murgab.

Here, indeed, we come upon the eastern part of the Karakum (Black Land) Steppe, which has ever been the rendezvous of wild untameable Turkomans, and in all its extension as far as Belkh has never formed or tolerated a boundary.

This is the Margiana of the ancients, from which the small Khanates of Andkhoi and Maimene are comparatively new offshoots or colonies, dating, that is to say, from the Djenghiz dynasty, and here the Ersari Turkoman inhabitants of the left shore of the river were, during the last century, compelled by the Khanate of Bokhara to colonize. In like manner the inhabitants of Andkhoi (on the strength of their Uzbeg descent, dating from the advent of Sheibani) have acknowledged the sovereignty of the rulers of Zerefshan. Here, and further still, at Kunduz, Bokhara's manners, Bokhara's politics, and Bokhara's religious customs predominated; and if Dost Mohammed Khan and his descendants succeeded in stamping them out from Kunduz to Maimene, still the latter Khanate never lost the hope of regaining its old position, and Kerki as well as Chihardjui, are even now important possessions of Bokhara on the left shore of the Amuderya. Here, therefore, under no circumstances can the latter river form a boundary between Afghanistan and Russian dependencies; for Bokhara, or rather Russia, will never consent to give up the Turkish elements of the population of this region to the Afghans. So much for the immediate surroundings of the left shore of the Oxus.

What frontier-line can be traced and maintained through the sand desert to the east of Merv, which no European eye has yet gazed upon, and is known to M. Vambery as the dreaded home of the Kara and Alieli Turkomans—is a question he is personally extremely curious about. Without incurring justly the charge of pessimism he thinks he may venture to foretell that the impossibility of a definite boundary-line here must be the first cause of dispute between Afghans and Russians.

To-day we only talk of Kara and Alieli Turkomans, but in the near future this district of the boundless steppe will be the rallying point of such Salor-Sarik and Tekke-Turkomans, as will become inimical to Russia. Safe communication between Merv and Bokhara will be constantly jeopardised; and as the Afghan possessors of the cultivated region of the Paropamisus are incapable of coping with the evil, the establishment of order, in other words, the taming of the marauding children of the steppes, will fall to the lot of Russian Cossacks.

* We now come to the last part of the disputed boundary region, namely the tract between Merv and Hérat, to the very spot which has really given rise to this Boundary Commission ; and where, strange to say, even a half satisfactory boundary-line is almost an impossibility.

Throughout the lapse of ages Merv, as well as Meshed and Hérat, have only formed one province ; and, although in later times (that is to say, since the fall of the Sefides) the left bank of the Heri-Rud has sufficed for a fictitious boundary, it has never occurred to any child of either Persia or Afghanistan, to waste time in pondering over the possible extension and details of this imaginary boundary. When I travelled twenty years ago from Hérat to Meshed, I discovered that disputes, as to the end of Afghan and the beginning of Persian territory, lasted for hours ; and it struck me that it was only after the passage of the Heri-Rud, when we had penetrated into the projecting fastnesses of the Bakhirz mountains, that Iran proper had its beginning. Here, again, the question of the frontier-line is a most complicated one, because the Russians, through their position at Merv, that is to say, on the Murgab, and through their position at Sarakhs, that is to say, on the Heri-Rud, have taken their stand on the shore district of both rivers and, therefore, neither can nor will accept either of the two rivers as a boundary. They cannot accept the Murgab, for the reason that, as has just been mentioned, Merv lies at its mouth in the steppe, and also that Pendjeh, the seat of their tributaries the Sarik-Turkomans on its right bank, is situated not far from Marchah, which is decidedly Afghan. Still less can the Russians accept the Heri-Rud as a future boundary, for, apart from the position of Sarakhs, it is this river region that the future railway-line of Kizil-Arvat to Hérat is to traverse : a line as to the making of which there cannot be any further hesitation at St. Petersburg ; otherwise the gigantic outlay on the line from Tiflis to Kizil-Arvat would appear to be squandered. Therefore, with regard to this last part of the intended frontier cordon, there is nothing for it but *to leave the river system quite out of the question, and only to consider the orographic conditions, and to take as a future boundary between Afghanistan and Russia those ridges of the Paropamisus which run from the Murgab and the middle of the Heri-Rud towards the north, or rather towards the north-east*—a rectification of the frontier which means less than nothing, and can as little protect the territory of the Afghans as prevent the Russians from gradually forcing their way onwards. We have seen Russia use the same motive for extending the sphere of her power in the year 1864, when Prince Gortchakoff in a circular note (Art. III), which was compiled after the incorporation of Tashkend, laid particular emphasis on the assertion that Russia, unable to stand firmly on insecure and ever-shifting nomadic ground, felt herself, so to speak, obliged to force her way into the cultivated region, so as to have it in her power (after the establishment of a stable form of government) to protect with becoming energy the nomadic subjects at her back. What happened in 1864 will repeat itself in 1884 ; or, rather, 1885. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg will not be far wrong in pointing out that with Russia's uncertain position in the Steppe of Karakum, and with regard to the untameable Turkoman element among its inhabitants, the basis of Merv is insufficient for the foundation of stable rule ; that under existing circumstances order can only

be established by obtaining a firm footing among the western ridges of the Paropamisus. Whether this *pied-a-terre* is to be achieved in Marchah or in Pendjeh, or whether for this purpose the capital of ancient Khorassan, I mean Hérat, will be required, cannot be decided without much strife ; but Russia will certainly strive to attain the latter goal ; and Alexander III will not rest until he has obtained possession of the city founded by Alexander the Great on the Heri-Rud, this important gate in the communication between India and Central Asia.

And notwithstanding English threats, Russia will be able to reach this goal in a comparatively short time. To this end the ethnical configurations of this region will lend the greatest aid.

It is well known that the mountain range of the Paropamisus, extending from the Murgab towards the north-west and west as far as Gourian, is peopled in some places partially, in others entirely, by nomadic races, whose unquiet spirit has ever afforded the best material for political imbroglios. Foremost among these are the Djemshidi in and about Bala-Murgab, who, although numerically weaker, are, notwithstanding their Iranian origin, as marauding a set of robbers as their Turkoman neighbours in the east. They have ever been rather a curse than a protection to hard-beset Hérat. Their khans and elders could never be firmly bound to the government of Hérat, except by rich presents, and the continuous skirmishes between themselves and the Sarik-Turkomans (the Afghans being incapable of establishing a firm rule here) will furnish Russia with a good pretext for intervention, and give her an opportunity of proving the illusory value, *ipso facto*, of the established boundary-line. The same can be affirmed of the Firuzkuhis, a not less irreclaimable brood, who are, besides, connected with the Hezares to the east of Hérat, and, of all the inhabitants of western Hérat, the so-called four races (Chihar-Aimak) who are remarkable for their warlike instincts, and who have not proved the most docile subjects of the Afghan Crown. If, therefore, Abdurrahman and his predecessors on the throne of Cabul have not succeeded in subduing the mountaineers of the Khyber pass, and in removing in them that obstacle to free communication between Cabul and friendly, nay, even allied, north-western India, how can, or dare, one hope for a similar result within the boundaries of Hérat, where Afghan power is already so much weakened ?—so much weakened, I say, that the present Afghan ruler has never yet ventured to visit this far-off province of his kingdom, which is continually shaken to its very foundations by the daring Pretender, Ayoub Khan, and where, besides, the newly-arrived Russian neighbour, notwithstanding the many peaceful protestations which emanate from St. Petersburg, never tires of creating fresh complications and of picking new quarrels. In good sooth, English optimists are enviable beings !

The *personnel* of the Commission is thus described :—

At the head of the Commission is Sir Peter Lumsden, a man of Afghan antecedents, but not of special insight into the politics or into the ethno-geographic conditions of this region. With him are three sub-commissioners, namely, Mr. A. Condie Stephen, Second Secretary of the English Legation at Téhéran, who (being initiated into the diplomatic relations between England and Russia with respect to Central Asia) is the right man in the right place. The second sub-commissioner is Colonel Stewart, of the 5th Punjab Infantry Regiment, a

remarkable specialist, for he it was who in 1880, on a secret mission which made a great stir, personally visited the brink of the Turkoman steppe at Abiwerd, and collected good and trustworthy information about the Tedjend and the Murgab. He belongs to the few who have lately imitated my humble example ; for he travelled along the northern confines of Iran disguised as an Armenian horse-dealer, played his part with skill, and was only recognized in those regions by Mr. O'Donovan, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has since fallen in the Soudan. He is the sole pillar of the undertaking, for he has resided in north-west Iran since 1880. Lieutenant-Colonel Ridgway, of the Foreign or Colonial Department of the India Office or Indian Council, figures as third in the league of the assistant commissioners. To those already mentioned are attached an infinite number of private secretaries, civil and military officials, who are to busy themselves with trigonometric, statistic, and other matters appertaining thereto, two doctors, a geologist and a naturalist—quite an imposing Commission, which is escorted by 200 cavalry soldiers (Bengal Lancers) under the command of a major, and probably as many more of the Line. Altogether, the Commission, including the escort, camel-drivers, servants, &c., will number about a thousand souls.

The route taken by the Indian division of the Commission comes in for a sneer.

As to the road to be followed, the head guide, with two sub-commissioners, will travel from west to east, that is to say, from London to Téhéran, over Meshed, towards Hérat, whilst the body of the Commission (instead of wending its way thither, by the shorter and easier route *vid* Kandahar, Girishk, and Sebzewar) will travel from Beloochistan to Mushki (a weary desert march), and from thence, across the parched steppe in a north-westerly direction, to the shores of the Helmund, by the same road traversed last winter by Lieutenant Talbot and Major Sandeman on their voyage of discovery. These unavoidable and gigantic hardships are, indeed, a saddening illustration of existing relations between England and her Afghan nursling. The Afghan Prince declares openly that he cannot vouch for the safety of a company of English officers travelling *vid* Kandahar, and, to avoid any possible catastrophe, has advised them to pass outside the latter town. A delightful condition of things to exist between a sovereign and a richly-pensioned protégé. The English Government takes the trouble to protect Afghan territory against Russian aggression, and, out of gratitude, the Afghans are ready to massacre the Commission which is to ensure their safety. And yet Liberal English statesmen persist in believing that this Afghan nation can become the safest shield against Russian aggression ! Pitiable logicians !

From the shores of the Helmund the Boundary Commission will, perhaps, be able to travel straight in a northerly direction towards Hérat, as the Afghan element decreases by degrees, and the Parsivan inhabitants are neither so dangerous nor so inimical to England. From Hérat, it appears that the Commission is to be augmented by an Afghan escort as far as Sarakhs, where its members encounter their Russian colleagues, and where the laborious and problematic work of the rectification of the frontier is to commence. The work is to take a year, at least, as the combined Russo-English Commission intend to define the boundary-line between the two States, step by step, and from point to point ; and all those divergences of opinion which will not be wanting, and which cannot be decided locally, are to be decided by the Cabinets of London and

St. Petersburg. That is to say, what the military gentlemen cannot agree over is to be decided diplomatically. For the sake of appearances a representative of the Ameer of Afghanistan will accompany the Commission, a Knight of the Woeful Countenance among so many unbelievers, who, with the vaguest possible notion of boundary cordons, commissions, &c., will feel rather like a fish out of water."

M. Vambery is of opinion that the whole affair is treated with flippancy at St. Petersburg, and considers that the Indian Press is quite astray in seeing an intentional secrecy in the meagre and unmeaning preparations on the Russian side. The Russian Commissioners are General Zalennoi, president, supported by Colonel Kulberg and the celebrated traveller Lessar, a man who has chiefly studied the Tedjend and Heri-Rud region, or, to put it more clearly, has traced the railroad towards Hérat, the real thorn in the English side.

Lessar is, therefore, to be looked upon as the soul of the Russian Commission, although, besides those already named, Colonel Alikhanoff must not be overlooked.

Very little is known as to Zalennoi (his name never having appeared till now, either in the political or military field of Central Asia), except that he is here invested with the highest authority. Of Alikhanoff we know that, as private agent of General Komaroff in Askhabad, he was used as a tool in the incorporation of Merv, and, as the result proved, rendered eminent service. This man is a Mahommedan soldier, from the Caucasus, a person of neither diplomatic nor political culture, and who will appear to Sir Peter Lumsden, or any other English officer, a very singular colleague.

One thing is certain, *viz.*, that whatever measures are decided upon the politicians on the Neva do not contemplate the equipment of a costly thousand-headed expedition.

This farce of the Boundary Commission is intended as a service to Mr. Gladstone and his Party; but of the fact that it is a farce and nothing else, Russian diplomacy is well aware. One must be, indeed, very sanguine to persuade oneself that Russia can, all at once, have resigned herself to give up a struggle which has lasted for centuries, or that after such costly efforts of statesmanship she will tamely submit to a barrier. "Thus far and no farther," is not a sentence one is likely to read on a sign-post before the gate of Hérat—before Hérat which is of such inestimable commercial, economic, and political value, and without the possession of which the conquest of the East Caspian region, and the completion of the railway from Tiflis into the heart of Central Asia, are impossibilities. Do the Liberal gentlemen in England imagine that the Russians have run themselves into a *cul-de-sac*, and that their traditional principle of extension towards the South is to come to a standstill? No statesman, no one initiated into the Russian statesmanship of conquest in Central Asia can, I think, flatter himself with such an illusion.

Sir Madhava Rao described the projected frontier-cordon as a line of length without strength. And of what service can it be

when the supervision of the scheme is confided to agents so untrustworthy as Russian and Afghan employés are ?

Let us take it for granted that this Boundary Commission has carefully drawn out on paper the future boundary in its full length, and that, beginning at Khodja-Salih, as far as Sarakhş, or, rather, as far as Pul-i-Khatum on the Heri-Rud, all those points have been taken note of which on the one side belong to Afghanistan, and on the other to Russia—is not one justified in asking whether the English officials in Calcutta or London can be informed in time of the inevitable transgressions of the boundary laws of which aggressive Russian officials may be guilty ? From whom would they expect the information ? From their so-called Afghan allies, on whose dominions up to the present day no British officer can venture without exposing his life, and whose officials do not ever inspire their own Sovereign with confidence ?

The contemplated frontier might perhaps be of service if, at intervals along its line, five or six small English garrisons could be left behind as stations on guard, which, on one side, would be able to communicate with each other on the opposite side with the posts pushed forward to Quetta ; these would be the only possible trustworthy sentinels.

But as this plan, judging from the dangers to which the travelling Commission is exposed, seems, in the actual condition of Afghanistan, impracticable, we cannot refrain from repeating that this Boundary Commission, with all the expense and noise of its *mise-en-scène*, is indeed a laughable comedy. It is possible that the comedy, in a mere party point of view, may serve its purpose ; but Mr. Gladstone's Government have not made the shadow of an attempt at solving the question of the future—that of the possession of India. We would rather look upon this failure as an unpardonable want of foresight, than as a conscienceless piece of self-deception. For whilst public opinion in England is lulled by these palliatives into the torpor of security, Russia has the finest opportunity, backed by this illusory frontier-line, to prepare herself in silence for that leap which will deal her death-blow to Great Britain, great and powerful as she still is at this moment. For the last twenty years England has been planning the famous buffer which is to form a wall between herself and her rival in Central Asia, and has not yet discovered the extreme want of elasticity in the Afghan material of which this contrivance is to consist.

T E M P L E B A R .

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"RECOLLECTIONS" OF CANNING AND BROUGHAM.—These "Recollections" are taken from a manuscript work recording the experiences of a journalist from 1810—1850. The author during that long period held an important position on the *Morning Herald*. It will be seen that, having witnessed many of the conflicts in the House of Commons between Canning and Brougham, his remarks are singularly illustrative of the happy wit of the former and of the powerful invective of the latter. The editor of *Temple Bar* quotes some remarks of Lord Dalling's in his masterly sketch of Canning as giving a good reason for the publication of this account of Canning.

"Every day, indeed, leaves us fewer of those who remember the clearly-chiselled countenance which the slouched hat only slightly concealed, the lip satirically curled, the penetrating eye, peering along the Opposition benches, of the old Parliamentary leader in the House of Commons. It is but here and there that we find a survivor of the old days to speak to us of the singularly mellifluous and sonorous voice, the classical language, now pointed with epigram, now elevated into poesy, now burning with passion, now rich with humour which curbed into still attention a willing and long-broken audience."

Brougham was then the leader of the Opposition and took every occasion to make the fiercest onslaughts on the Government.

There was between 1815 and 1825 an immense amount of oratorical talent in the House of Commons. Of this the far greater share was certainly with the Liberals ; but Canning, their deadly opponent, was a host in himself. The House had not, as yet, got into the habit of adjourning debates, and however important the subject under discussion, it was usually finished in one night. This system, however desirable in some points of view, must have sent many an elderly gentleman to his long home, and perhaps some young ones also. Had the state of the Thames been then as it has been recently,* it is a matter of doubt whether any would have escaped.

In the debates at the period we refer to, Brougham and Canning were sure to be the two last speakers. No one would presume to follow them. In fact, after such displays nothing else would be tolerated by the House. There was therefore a constant desire on the part of those who wished to go home to their beds, to get one or other of these great orators to rise ; and about eleven o'clock the shouts of "Brougham ! Brougham !" "Canning ! Canning !" "Brougham !" "Canning !" would resound through the House, but resound unavailingly, for neither of them would rise. Each was anxious to reserve himself for replying to the other, and this battle for the last word would be carried on until perhaps three or four o'clock in the morning ; when the cries for division were apt to become astounding.

Those who have only heard *Lord* Brougham speak must understand that they have scarcely an idea of the oratory of *Harry* Brougham. From the first day he entered the House of Peers, as Lord Chancellor, he seemed to have been trammelled by a sense of his position. He would have compromised its dignity as well as the character of a Minister of the Crown, if he addressed his new audience, cold and aristocratic as it was, with the fierce and powerful declamation in which he had formerly excelled.

There is a well known story that when his mother heard that he had accepted the Chancellorship, she said : "Then Harry Brougham is ruined." And ruined he certainly was as an orator. He had made himself great, but he was destroyed by being made great by others. Harry Brougham's speeches produced much the same kind of sensation as would be felt on witnessing the acting of the elder Kean. Brougham unconsciously acted his speeches. His action too was anything but graceful ; but it was natural, and perhaps that which is natural can scarcely be deemed altogether wanting in grace.

The want of finish, however, was always lost in the sense of the rugged earnestness of the speaker, and of the terrific power with which he hurled his invectives at his opponents—a power which had once the effect of causing an old stager like Canning to spring from his seat, half frantic, and exclaim, while striking the table in front of him with extraordinary force, "It is a falsehood !" † While Brougham spoke, the impression would be, on the hearer, that any attempt to reply would be a hopeless undertaking. And hopeless it would have been to any one but Canning. Brougham had a great fund of humour at his

* Written in 1856.

† April 17th, 1823, in a debate respecting the claims of the Catholics.—T. B.

command ; but Canning, with an amount of humour still more redundant, had a command of wit and anecdote, which carried everything before it. The House has more than once been absolutely electrified by some fierce denunciation on the part of Brougham, and in less than five minutes afterwards that same House has been indulging in peal after peal of immoderate laughter at the inimitable dexterity with which Canning warded off the attack, and flung ridicule on his opponent.

On one occasion, on the first night of a session, Brougham attacked the Government for having, according to the announcements in the Speech from the Throne, stolen many of the measures advocated by his side of the House, and made them their own. The speech was a telling one, and the more telling because it was true. It was applauded to the very echo ; and doubtless many of those who heard him wondered how Canning would rebut the fierce attack. When he rose the House welcomed him with tremendous cheering, as if anticipating the success which usually attended his efforts. In this instance, too, it was not doomed to be disappointed. In a spirit of the utmost good humour, he said that the honourable and learned gentleman had reminded him of an anecdote which he would relate to the House. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an author named Denis had written a play which was produced at the Theatre Royal of the day. In this play was introduced a scene in which for the first time on any stage there was an imitation of a thunderstorm. Denis attended the performance, and had the mortification to witness his piece, notwithstanding the thunderstorm, unequivocally damned. Time passed on, and with it the memory of his play and its unlucky fate, when, one night, he went to see a new play from the pen of another author. This piece was in every respect superior to that of poor Denis, who witnessed each successive scene with feelings of envy. It happened, however, that this author had also introduced a thunderstorm. As soon as Denis, who was in the pit, heard the rolling of the thunder, followed by the plaudits of the audience, he jumped upon one of the seats, and raising himself to his fullest height shouted out with the voice of a stentor, "That's my thunder ! That's my thunder !"

The roars of laughter which followed, and in which Brougham himself, the Dennis of the moment, was compelled to join, baffle all description. His speech was no longer to be thought of, except in so far as it had elicited the ready wit of Canning.

Canning was a speaker peculiarly elegant in his deportment. He was even more so than the late Earl Grey. The latter impressed one with an idea of the orators of ancient Rome, the men who would rather be cut down in their seats than abate one jot of their dignity. Grave, cold and dignified was the delivery of the Earl ; even when delivering his best speeches Canning was the reverse of all this.

He was not cold—he was not grave ; and what he lost in dignity, by the comparison with Grey, he more than made up by natural grace. The dignity of Grey seemed as if it were his chief study, and as if every motion were meant to sustain it. Canning did not appear to be conscious that he acted his speeches at all. Every movement was natural. He was a remarkably handsome man, and when he became warm and animated the auditors were apt to think they beheld the very perfection of an orator. They could not be far wrong. Those who

heard him when he spoke of "calling a new world into existence to redeem the balance of the old," will never be persuaded that he could be surpassed in eloquence. There may have been many an abler debater, but rarely such an orator. Mr. Gladstone comes nearer to him than any one of the present day, but Canning had physical advantages which Mr. Gladstone does not possess. Mr. Gladstone is fluent, and graceful and earnest in his delivery, but he lacks the glowing warmth of feeling so characteristic of Canning, which communicated itself to his auditors, and carried them with him, perhaps often against their better judgment. He was no hair-splitter; he never dealt in hypothetical refinements as to any possible result of a given course of action, and the best mode of guarding against remote possibilities of mischief. He took a broad view of his subject, and however objectionable might be the proposition he advocated, he was sure, if he did not persuade his supporters that he was right, to furnish them at all events with some plausible arguments to justify them to their constituents for the course which he wished them to pursue.

To turn to his once formidable rival. The power of Brougham as an orator was greater than that of any living speaker of his day. His vocabulary was quite as extensive as that of Canning. One or two examples may be given in which his auditors were convulsed with laughter, not perhaps more at the wit and humour and force of his attack, than at the adroit manner in which he sometimes extricated himself from the utterance of the grossest vulgarisms which he was evidently on the point of perpetrating. He on one occasion appeared in the Court of King's bench as counsel for the defendant in an action for slander, brought by one Welshman against another. In the cross-examination of the witnesses he got at the fact that the plaintiff had been 'nearly as abusive as the defendant. Upon this he rested the defence, and after reminding the jury of the coarse expressions of the plaintiff said it was nearly a case—he was about evidently to quote the vituperations of the Pot and Kettle, and perhaps the jury would have understood him better if he had; when, drawing himself up, he continued with a tone and manner impossible to be described: "It is a case, as you must see, gentlemen, of one culinary utensil calling another by opprobrious epithets," laying a strong emphasis upon the word opprobrious.

He was still more happy on another occasion, when he was about to compare the late Sir Thomas Lethbridge to a donkey between two bundles of hay. That hon. baronet had always been opposed to Catholic Emancipation, but at length having made up his mind to vote for it, he felt it necessary to explain the reasons by which he was influenced. In doing this he arrayed all the arguments resorted to pro and con, giving the greatest possible weight to each, until at last it was almost impossible to say by which he had been ultimately governed. Brougham, in alluding to this portion of his speech, said: "And there stood the honourable baronet undetermined, placed between two bundles of opinions of equal attractions, not knowing which to choose."

Some characteristic incidents are narrated of Brougham as a hustings orator while contesting the county of Westmoreland.

The influence of the Earl of Lonsdale was, as every one knows, all powerful in Westmoreland. The two members for the county, at the time I speak of, were his two sons, Lord Lowther and Colonel Lowther. There was a strong desire amongst the lesser proprietors in the county to break down this influence, and

they left no means untried for that purpose, but in vain. Even the Reform Act left it unscathed, and the representation of the county is at the present day one of the heirlooms of this family. One of the means resorted to was to bring Brougham forward as the candidate in the Liberal interest. The selection was judicious. He was an admirable hustings orator, and in an uphill battle in which success was not to be anticipated except as the result of a number of contests, this was a most essential qualification.

Kendal is a large town. Soon after I reached there Brougham arrived. It was a summer's evening; and he was very warmly received by the populace, and addressed them from the window of the house he stopped at. It was at the time of a general election, and the cry of "No Popery" was raised at almost every hustings in the country. Brougham knew well that it would be raised in Westmoreland also, and he resolved to take the bull by the horns on the very first day of his arrival. In the course of his address he very soon adverted to the "No Popery" cry, and spoke upon it nearly as follows:

"What is the meaning of this cry? What is it that we are afraid of? Let us look at the matter like people of common sense. Now, I will put a case. I will suppose the Pope in England! I will suppose him landed at Dover! I am putting the case, you see, as strongly as the most ardent 'No Popery' man can desire. Well—the Pope is at Dover. What will he do? Where will he go? Who is he? Why, you know he is Bishop of Rome! He will naturally go to the Bench of Bishops! Now, gentlemen, I know enough of that same Bench of Bishops to know this—that if once we get him there, all is safe. Once get him there, and you may sleep tranquilly in your beds. Once get him there, and no matter what may have been his previous opinions, my life on it he shouts out 'No Popery' with the best of them."

In the elections of those days there was plenty of fighting every day, sometimes for nearly three weeks together. At this contest one party had brought prize fighters from London to assist their partizans from the various collieries within a distance of 30 or 40 miles. The other side had brought over a large number of weavers from Kendal.

Under pretence of preserving the peace, both parties were compelled to deposit their sticks and bludgeons in the respective committee rooms. On the smallest approach to a scrimmage, however, the windows of the committee rooms were thrown open and these *persuaders* were handed forth with a rapidity absolutely marvellous. Some people were of opinion that the committee actually supplied the weapons originally; but this must have been scandal. As to giving them out, *that* was quite defensible, on the principle that it would be cruel and unjust to leave their supporters at the mercy of those to whom they were opposed; and this argument was equally good on either side. After all, it might perhaps have been safer to have left them in possession of their sticks; for more than once when these were in the committee rooms the hustings were cleared by showers of stones, which were only resorted to because of the absence of the less dangerous weapons.

In one of these scimmages an instance of coolness and courage was displayed on the part of the late Mr. William Holmes, M.P., which has rarely been equalled. He quitted the hustings on which he had been standing, and

walked deliberately into the very midst of the throng of combatants, making a line between the "Blues" and "Yellows" as he walked along, by pushing each aside with a strength which was marvellous. It was evident that no one on either side wished to hurt him, but nevertheless he could not escape quite unscathed in such a *mêlée*, and more than one blow of a stick accidentally fell upon his shoulders. Alone, and unaided, he quelled the tumult by courage and determination. He was a man of apparently powerful build, and remarkably handsome, or rather, good-looking.

At the commencement of the election printed handbills were circulated by a number of very respectable electors, amongst whom were several clergymen, stating the motives by which they were influenced formerly in supporting and now in abandoning Mr. Brougham.

They declared that they had first supported him because of his adherence to Queen Caroline, and afterwards abandoned him because of his advocacy of Catholic Emancipation.

On the evening before the close of the election, an immense amount of excitement was created by a declaration made by Mr. Brougham on the hustings, to the effect that upon the ensuing day he would canvass the motives of those who had signed the declaration; and unmistakeable hints were given that the newspapers must publish at their peril any libels to which he might give utterance.

This, at a time when the doctrine was held that "the greater the truth the greater the libel," was a threat not to be despised; but the reporters agreed that an experienced speaker like Brougham—a lawyer too—would take care not to commit either himself or them. This was a well founded opinion, and though his slaughtering attack upon the renegades was fully reported, no attempt whatever was made to enforce the law of libel.

The last day of the election at length arrived, Brougham being in a minority of several hundreds. It was a day full of excitement—colours flying, bands playing with all the usual paraphernalia of an election contest in full swing; and here an amusing incident must be related which was repeated every day during election, and qualified the hostilities of the rival parties by good, wholesome, hearty laughter. The Mayor of the town of Appleby was in the interest of the Lowthers, and had taken care to have yellow flags waving from every window in his house. His wife was entirely in Brougham's interest, and the moment her husband left his house, if only for half an hour, the yellow flags were withdrawn and blue ones projected in their places. When he returned he took care to restore the "yellows," but every time his back was turned they disappeared and were supplanted by the "blues." Thus his house was in the "yellow" or "blue" interest according as he was at home or abroad, to the infinite amusement of those who were ranged under the colours of Brougham; though that candidate would derive no other advantage than a laugh from the alliance of the lady who so warmly espoused his cause. At length arrived the eventful moment when Brougham was to fulfil his threat, which, as it proved, was no idle one. The pointed humour, the withering sarcasm, the crushing of the reasons advanced by the subscribers to the handbill, and the final annihilating blow to their assumed disinterestedness are not easily to be equalled.

We quote Brougham's attack on some of these clerical opponents.

I come now to the Rev. Mr.——, and here, gentlemen, I would enlist your sympathies ; for the reverend gentleman is, it must be admitted, in a most amentable position. He has for a patron my friend near me, Mr. Crackenthorpe, who has no better living in his gift than the one he has already bestowed upon him. I pass from him to another reverend gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Adamthwaite. This reverend gentleman says that he first advocated my cause because of my adherence to the Queen, and afterwards abandoned me because of my advocacy of Catholic Emancipation. Now let me call your attention to a few facts. The first time I contested the representation of Westmoreland was in 1818, and then I addressed the electors from the window of Miss Ritson, opposite these hustings. I then said, "There is one point upon which I wish that you should understand me distinctly, for it is possible that upon that point I may differ with many of you—I mean the question of Catholic Emancipation. I am an advocate for that question ; indeed, so wedded to it that rather than forego its advocacy I would resign the honour of representing your county in Parliament." When I made this declaration the reverend gentleman stood at my side, or at all events some of his friends did. He must have read it in the newspapers, for it was published in every newspaper that was published at all. This was two years before the Queen came to England. What, if after this declaration of mine the reverend gentleman not only canvassed in my favour, but wrote for me ? And this, remember, two years before the advent of the Queen. Of what value then is the statement he has put forth, that he first advocated my cause because of my adherence to the Queen, and afterward, abandoned me because of my advocacy of Catholic Emancipation ?"

During the delivery of this portion of the speech of the learned candidate, the Rev. Mr. Adamthwaite, who was on the hustings, was in a great state of excitement, which was by no means abated when Brougham wound up by hurling the following farewell blow at the whole of the subscribers to the handbill.

"Gentlemen, I will seek no further inquest of men's motives. I will only just observe that when they are mistaken as to facts which ought to be within their own knowledge, how much more likely are they to be deceived as to their own motives, particularly when the casuistry of self-love teaches them to seek a colouring for conduct which is bottomed in self-interest."

Mr. Brougham had no sooner finished than the reverend gentleman, unable longer to control his feelings, rushed to the front of the hustings in a state of almost frantic excitement. His commencement was unfortunate :

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I have not the eloquence of Mr. Brougham." A roar of laughter interrupted him, and when he was about to recommence, a shower of stones acted upon the hustings like the wand of Harlequin in a theatre. It was cleared in a moment, and all betook themselves to their respective habitations. At a later period of the evening the Rev. Mr. Adamthwaite might have been seen talking to some friends in the street, in a state of excitement painful to witness. If he had really acted upon other motives than those he had put forward, his hypocrisy had met with a fearful punishment.

It has been said by Swift that "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few," but the landlady at the house where I was staying, the next morning convinced me that the converse of that which has almost passed into an aphorism is occasionally true, and that party is sometimes the madness, or rather the folly and extravagance, of the few for the benefit of the many. On asking her if she was pleased with the result of the election, she replied that she was glad that Mr. Brougham had polled more than on any previous occasion, for the third man ought always to be supported. Without the third man there could be no contest, and she added with much candour, "I dinna care who wins; I only say 'Election for ever.'"

CANON LIDDON IN THE PULPIT.—We give in full a short critique on Canon Liddon's pulpit style.

London was a desert. I had the misfortune to get on an omnibus about five o'clock one Sunday afternoon in August. As to speed, I might have done better in a bath-chair. The driver's theory evidently was that, as he could see no foot-passengers in front of him, he had best wait for all those who were coming along to overtake him.

That same afternoon, however, Canon Liddon was to preach at St. Paul's, and the moment I entered the metropolitan Cathedral I perceived that the few people left in London had taken refuge there. One could not expect much of a throng down at the bottom of the nave, clean out of all earshot. The greatest crush was of course under the dome; but half-way down the middle aisle—as far, that is, as any human voice could reach—every seat was taken, and a mixed congregation of peripatetics hung about the outskirts. A certain portion of the area in front of the pulpit was enclosed by barriers, with privileged admittance. I was shocked to see several of the choirmen compose themselves for sleep as Liddon entered the pulpit; and soundly they slept too. I hasten to add that there was nothing in the eloquent Canon's sermon to justify this gross breach of decorum. The weather was not perceptibly overpowering in those vast and vaulted spaces. Liddon was perfectly audible, perfectly intelligible, and as interesting and fervent as usual. If not one of his best sermons, it was probably better than anything in the sermon line heard that day in London, except, perhaps, at Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

The world has made up its mind about Liddon. He is a preacher to be run after. His influence outside Oxford is probably not great. He belongs to a school, but he will leave none. He was born in 1829, and so is just 55. Lately he seems to have aged, but he has certainly lost none of his vigour. He has been a successful man as times go. He generally impresses people very pleasantly, and is personally liked and respected by those who know him well. He has of course his fanatical admirers amongst ladies, is gladly heard without greatly influencing the men, and whatever else he may be is certainly the typical preacher of his party. He belongs to the second generation of the old respectable Anglicans, but not to the third puerile generation of Ritualists. He just touches the early High Church period when there were giants in the (Church of England) land: Manning, Newman, Keble, Pusey, Gresley, the two first of whom only are left—both having suffered a See change into cardinals. There is a sort of fading glow in the old Anglican school of the "Christian Year" period still hanging about Liddon. It gives him a kind of unction which no stoles and tippets could bestow.

The High Church have not been good at preaching as a rule. The tendency of the age is to throw aside manuscript in the pulpit—they have usually shackled themselves with it ; and the men like Luke Rivington, Body, and Knox-Little, who have dispensed with notes in the pulpit, have been too wordy, windy and purely emotional to attain anything like a first rank in oratory ; they have moreover laboured under one incurable defect, the same defect which in a very different sphere has prevented Mr. Swinburne from taking first rank as a poet—I mean, *inability to think*. Canon Liddon can think, but he reads every word of his sermon. He can write in an oracular and not unimpressive style, and he produces occasionally passages of cumulative and chastened eloquence : but he is without the logic of Newman, the spirituality of Pusey, the poetry of Keble, or the spontaneity of some of the above-mentioned minor lights of the present High Church party.

Liddon cannot read like Henry Melville—but then, who can ? Still he can read with authority and a certain fervour which just misses the inspired *abandon* peculiar to the true orator. His voice, without being very good, is very clear, and not unpleasant to listen to, though rather wiry. He every now and then comes upon a certain register in it where the notes vibrate and ring through St. Paul's, but never in such a way as to confuse his sentences or mix his syllables. St. Paul's pulpit has many louder preachers ; none more audible, and I do not think any more generally acceptable, than Canon Liddon. He used to be long, but he is not now usually over forty minutes in the afternoon. After one of his most eloquent sermons in the earlier days at a special Sunday evening service, old Dean Milman met him, watch in hand, in the vestry, with a somewhat severe face.

"Mr. Liddon," said the Dean, "your sermon has been one hour and twenty minutes." That was his only comment.

I believe the accomplished Canon, like some other preachers I could name, is not very patient of rebuke on the question of length. I am told that he maintains that it is not easy to develop any subject properly in the pulpit much under the hour. That was certainly the old opinion, for it used to be the custom to put an hour-glass in the pulpit. Those old pulpit time-keepers are still to be found occasionally in Wardour Street curiosity shops. The preacher turned up the hour-glass at the beginning of his sermon, and was expected, as the saying went, "to stand his hour." On one occasion the great Dr. Barrow was preaching at St. Paul's. He had succeeded in winding up his congregation to a pitch of great excitement, but had not nearly concluded his sermon. The fatal sands had almost run out. The preacher's eye wandered uneasily towards the hour-glass ; his hand soon followed ; then, raising his voice impetuously, he seized the hour-glass, waved it in front of the people, and turned it up triumphantly to begin a second hour, upon which all the people are said to have risen in their excitement and applauded, totally regardless of custom.

Like so many great orators, statesmen, and generals, Canon Liddon is rather small and inconspicuous—but no one thinks of that when he has been a minute or two in the pulpit. His hair is quite grey, his features clean cut and refined rather than strong, and his general gait rather like that of the late Dean Stanley, in its perfectly unstudied character.

His oratorical gestures, such as they are, cannot be called good. He is not a master of action in any sense of the word, nor should I suppose that he troubles

himself about it. He seldom attempts anything beyond the incisive swaying up and down or turning round of his head, which is thoroughly effective (it was Henry Melville's only action in the pulpit, but he tossed more and never lifted his hands, which chiefly gripped hard at the pulpit desk or cushion). Liddon is more free and easy than Henry Melville, but he does not hold you in the same way. Melville's attraction was extraordinarily magnetic. When he began, you breathed hard and the action of the heart rose rapidly; then you held your breath as the preacher's voice scaled higher and higher with period piled on period, parenthesis within parenthesis, until with something like a scream the climax was reached and the sentence closed, usually with the text. The preacher then paused, having galloped through about the equivalent of a page of print, with only a few commas and perhaps a couple of full-stops. At the close of each absorbing period every one took breath, there was a rustling of silks, and a general sense of relief all over the church, and then a rapt silence as Melville began winding them up again. I recollect on one occasion how, with a truly appalling look in that brown face, with its whitening hair, and an unusually wild toss of his head, Melville shrieked out that "he saw grey hairs on the Firmament." No one not present can imagine the awful effect produced by the extravagant simile; the little charity children trembled as they sat in a row in front of the organ, with their mouths wide open, and a perceptible shudder passed through the congregation.

I also remember how, when Melville held the Golden Lectureship in the City, the lecture was delivered on Tuesday afternoon, and always to a crowded audience. The omnibus conductors used to shout out, "Strand!" "City!" "Melville! Melville!"

I suppose Canon Liddon's impressive reading has awakened in me these fugitive recollections. When Melville became himself one of the 'Canons of St. Paul's, he had quite lost his power. I never heard anything more feeble and ineffective than a sermon preached by him in his last days in the Cathedral, this only sentence of which sticks in my memory—"You shall hear the angels harping upon golden harps;" and that only sticks because there was just a touch of the old scream in the shattered voice.

Canon Liddon is a very different sort of person. The sermon I last heard one Sunday in August was stately, scholarly, at once rhetorical and dignified.

There was no terror, electricity, or excitement about it.

He preached on the Apostles, especially on the obscure Apostle, Bartholomew. His matter was, as usual, admirably laid out, his discourse being divided in the old-fashioned style into heads—that the Apostles were carefully *chosen*; that they were *sent*; that they were poor unlearned men speaking a rude *patois*; and that their lives were so obscure that we know hardly anything about any of them except *St. Paul*, who was not one of the twelve.

About the time the sermon was getting a little monotonous the preacher burst into an extremely fine passage, in which he compared the obscure Apostles, who were the foundations of the Christian Church, to hidden blocks of stone which supported the vast fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral, and which were so much more essential to its stability than the glittering cross and ball on the summit.

Even the sleeping choirmen woke up and listened with languid interest to another very eloquent passage, in which Liddon dwelt upon the strength which came to a man who felt that he was *sent* to do a certain work by a superior and

overwhelming authority. This consciousness, he said, was the only force at the disposal of the Apostles, who were so poor and common as to be generally despised, and so stupid that they couldn't understand half of what Jesus said, and so simple and genuine that they admitted as much themselves.

I thought as he went on that it would have been possible to pick holes in his sermon—his slender and unsatisfactory treatment of the evidence for the resurrection ; his parallel between the evidence of scientific proof and the evidence at our disposal for distant historical events, and so forth. But in these days of feeble and aimless pulpit talk, I was thankful to listen to anything so able, eloquent, and generally adequate to the occasion as the Canon's sermon.

I could not help smiling more than once at the flashes of neology or rationalism which crept in as the orthodox Canon described the gospels as an unsystematic collection of oral traditions written down in batches. He only just fell short of Matthew Arnold's excellent formula : " We must remember that the four gospels as we know them had already passed through half a century of oral tradition, and more than one written account." I need not say that the learned Canon, remembering no doubt what party he served, *did* fall short of such a statement as that. However, no party in the Church is the worse for a little judicious picking and stealing from a neighbourly faction : and whatever may be said against the Broad Church, it is certainly the most neighbourly of all sects, for it is only too glad if any one will beg, buy, steal, or borrow from it anything that suits him. Canon Liddon borrows gracefully, and has even what is rare to find in his party—a dash of scholarly independence about him. For my part, when I think of the tiresome nonentities who are constantly foisted into cathedral appointments, I devoutly wish we had a few more preachers as good and attractive as the eloquent and earnest Canon Liddon.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

Charles I, and Henrietta Maria. From the Original Painting by *Vandyck*.

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Chrysanthemums.	By JOHN THORPE			—
The Great Hall of William Rufus.—IV.	By TREADWELL WALDEN			—
The Poet's Fame. A Poem.	By FLORENCE M. BYRNE			—
To a Haggis. A Poem.	By ROBERT BURNS			—
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SYDNEY SMITH.—“Good-by Mr. Smith. I have enjoyed your hospitality extremely. You constantly remind me of Sam Brown, whom in our country we consider quite our most remarkable buffoon.”

This speech, according to an apocryphal legend, was made by an American guest to Sydney Smith; and, though absolutely without foundation, it illustrates a very common and erroneous view of the great Canon. He is better remembered as the author of the innocent query “On whose?” when he was told by his doctor to “take a walk on an empty stomach”, than for the great services he rendered to rational freedom. Even Carlyle acts much the same towards him (we quote from *Macmillan*):

He (Carlyle) can tell you that Sydney Smith was “a mass of fat and muscularity, with massive Roman nose, piercing hazel eyes, huge cheeks, shrewdness and fun, not humour or even wit, seemingly without soul altogether.” Yet Sydney Smith had fought hard for all sorts of merciful improvements, and had helped to get them done; he had not contented himself with the random vehemence of such things as the *Latter-day Pamphlets*, in spite of the “soul” in them.

At a time, then, when Sydney Smith's fame is dwindling into that of a japer of japes, the biography of him by Mr. Stewart J. Reid is of high value and interest.

The England of Sydney Smith's youth was very different from the England of to-day.

When Sydney Smith was the life of the *Edinburgh Review*, Catholics were still under disabilities inherited from the time of Elizabeth. Members of Parliament were returned for decayed villages by five or six venal voters, while places like Birmingham had no representatives at all. Everything everywhere was ordered for the greater glory of the "squire and his relations, who keep us in our proper stations," as the rural hymn says. In the squire's interest, foreign grain was under a prohibitive tax. In the squire's interest, it was forbidden to sell game, and the richest merchant or banker, if landless, could only see a partridge at dinner by helping to break the game laws.

"He loves the dappled deer
As he their father were ;
For maiming hart or hind,
Full many a man goes blind,"

said the old English rhyme about William the Conqueror. The same lines (substituting rabbits and hares for stags and hinds) applied to the British squire of Sydney Smith's time. To protect his game he was permitted by law, if not to blind the lieges, at least to make his park about as safe to walk in as the outskirts of Plevna during the siege. In the Museum of Scotch Antiquaries, when I was a boy, there used to be an object which was very attractive to youths. It was a large block of heavy wood, in which was accommodated a stout gun-barrel, with an old fashioned flint-lock. This mechanism was attached to wires and chains, and the whole was called a "spring-gun." These spring-guns the squire was permitted to conceal in his covers, with the wires cunningly spread, so that the trespasser—artist, poacher, or whoever he was—might trip in the meshes, pull the trigger, and so get himself shot. The law, as one studies it in Sydney Smith's essays, appears only to have required that due notice should be given. "Beware of spring-guns," the warning used to run ; and man-traps, with or without sharp-toothed edges, were also employed to capture the wayfarer. The printed warnings (though attended to by Mr. Jingle's learned dog Ponto, in *Pickwick*) could be of little service to a peasantry destitute of elementary education.

Not one of the charges, from the emancipation of the Catholics to the abolition of spring-guns and man-traps, was unaided by the humour and eloquence of Sydney Smith. In doing all this, he deliberately placed himself for the time beyond the reach of clerical preferment.

He was an ambitious man, a man fond of power, and yet he threw in his lot with the side which, though certain to win in the long-run, was by no means certain to win during his lifetime. His chosen mode of attack, ridicule, "shooting abuses with sparrow-shot," he probably could not help choosing. His splendid endowments of wit and intellectual high spirits left him no other course. But he knew as well as any one that his wit was all but fatal to his professional chances. His daughter, Lady Holland, used to say that among her earliest recollections was the following incident. An acquaintance met her and said, "Tell your father that the King has been reading his books, and says, 'Mr. Smith is a clever fellow, but he will never be a bishop.'"

Sydney Smith was born at Woodford in Essex, on June 3, 1771. His father, Robert, was an eccentric humourist, who left his beautiful wife at the church door and went off to America. He returned, however, and became the sire of Sydney and Bobus, and other less famous children. The young Sydney was sent to Winchester, then a terribly rough place, full of cruel mediæval traditions. Even in old age, Sydney Smith was wont to kindle into indignant eloquence, when he was led to recount his schoolboy experiences of hunger, hardship, and abuse.

While Sydney was wretched at Winchester, Bobus was probably quite jolly at Eton. There Bobus made friends among the children of earls, whom Sydney came to know later, and hence his introduction to Holland House, and the origin of his share of "the caresses of the great." Sydney Smith became, in later days, the *Voiture* of the *Precieuses* of Holland House, but this social success of wit and engaging manners was only the affair of his play hours. His brother Bobus was a wit like himself. Bobus was a barrister. "Your profession certainly does not make angels of men," said Sir Henry Holland, the physician. "No, but *yours* does," replied Bobus, with an innocent air, adding another to the many jests against doctors.

From Winchester Sydney went to New College, Oxford, where he got a fellowship worth £100 a year, and never drew another penny from his father.

It was before quitting Oxford, we presume, in 1794, that Sydney Smith went to live at Mont Villiers, in France. For the sake of safety, this orthodox young Whig joined the local Jacobin club, where he was known as *le Citoyen Smees*. Probably no other Jacobin ever became a Canon of St. Paul's, or wrote stately in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Perhaps Sydney Smith would never have chosen the Church as a profession had the choice been his. But his father could not afford to educate him, like Bobus, for the bar. His first curacy (1794) was that of Nether Avon, "six miles from a lemon," if, indeed, that ingredient of punch and a happy life could be bought even in the drowsy old town of Amesbury.

Almost wholly destitute of society, except when the Hicks-Beaches were at home, Sydney Smith struggled with the idle "wretchedness of most unclean living," as the Prayer-book calls it, that prevailed in his parish. He opened Sunday-schools, where the ragged boys came in the most airy garments, "ready for a whipping," like fowls ready trussed for cooking.

In the "profound, unmeasurable, awful dulness of this place" Sydney Smith lay buried till he became travelling tutor to the young heir of all the Hicks-Beaches, whom in 1798 he took to Edinburgh.

These were the days of Dugald Stewart, of Sir Walter's glorious youth, of Adam Ferguson and Henry Erskine, Jeffrey and Campbell. Sydney Smith and his pupil lived on the windy crest of the New Town, in George Street. Sydney says that he once rescued a man who was black in the face, having been blown by the wind flat against the door of his lodgings. I myself have seen a

lady lifted up about three feet off the ground by the wind in Edinburgh, while pallid bailies clung trembling round the solid pedestals of the monuments in George Street, and fathers of families who had to cross Dean Bridge crawled on their hands and knees. Sydney Smith's legend on the victim flattened against his door is hardly an exaggeration. As one should read *Humphrey Clinker* to understand the malodorous Edinburgh just before Sydney Smith's time, so, for Edinburgh a little later, Hogg's *Life of Shelley* should be studied. Sydney was particularly struck (like Heine in Gottingen) by the prodigious feet, like "family Bibles," of the servant-girls in respectable families.

In Edinburgh Sydney Smith laid the foundation of his fame as an eloquent, amusing, and courageous preacher. In 1802 he became one of the original staff of the *Edinburgh Review*, and his articles, at least, retain all the sparkle and effervescence which have died out of the essays of his comrades.

In 1803 Smith left Edinburgh for London, where he almost at once became a popular preacher and lecturer, and the guest and friend of Holland House.

Like Carlyle, Sydney Smith could not always afford a cab, and he was compelled to trudge through the rainy streets, and change his muddy boots on his arrival. Thackeray has drawn for us, in "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," a picture of the proud porter sneering at this harmless action on the part of Mr. Frederick Minchin. Carlyle has confessed and groaned over his own loss of temper when Mrs. Carlyle's draggled shoe-laces needed to be tied up. But Sydney Smith, with his invincible spirits, made even the solemn disapproval of pampered lackeys relax in shouts of laughter.

The Grenville Ministry had a brief lease of power in 1806, and they secured for their ingenuous supporter the living of Foston, in the deepest depths of Yorkshire, worth £500 a year—a certainty which a poor man could not refuse, however much he might regret leaving London society for country dinner parties where the servant threw away the soup "supposing it was dirty water."

From the Yorkshire retreat, where he was parson, doctor, magistrate, and architect of his own new vicarage, Sydney Smith published the "Letters of Peter Plymley." These anonymous epistles advocated the claims of the Catholics to complete liberty, and especially took the side of the Irish. Sydney Smith could not foresee that the concession of all the reforms he demanded would still leave the Ireland of to-day in a condition more distressing than open rebellion. He was sanguine about the future of Ireland, and while his hopes have not been fulfilled, a criminal anomaly has been removed from English life, and perhaps no writer contributed so much to this result as did Sydney Smith. The government in vain tried to discover the author of the "Plymley Letters"—epistles unmatched in destructive wit except by the infinitely finer banter of Pascal.

All this while he was fighting the mediæval survivals of our law and society in the *Edinburgh Review*.

"If a man injured Westminster Bridge, he was hanged; if he appeared disguised on a public road, he was hanged; if he cut down young trees, *if he shot at rabbits*, if he stole anything at all from a wheat field, . . . for any of these offences he was hanged"—so savage was the law of England in the

early part of what the clergyman described as "this so-called nineteenth century." In his warfare against abuses up to this date Sydney Smith had been a writer only. In 1825 he appeared for the first time as a speaker on a public platform, to support the claims of the Catholics. But his brother clergy were too strong for him. "A poor clergyman whispered to me," he writes, "that he was quite of my way of thinking, but had nine children. I begged he would remain a Protestant."

In 1828 Smith left Foston for preferment at Bristol, where he preached an unpardonable sermon to a Protestant mayor and corporation about the duty of Christian charity toward persons differing from us in creed. For 20 years the corporation never returned to the cathedral where they had listened to such subversive doctrines.

Perhaps the ferocity of Bristol orthodoxy made Sydney Smith all the better pleased to migrate to the beautiful west Somerset parish of Combe Florey, "the vale of flowers," where he had leisure to throw himself into the final struggle for Parliamentary reform. The triumph of his party enabled them to offer him a canonry of St. Paul's, and this prize, which some men win long before they are forty, was the high-water mark of Sydney Smith's professional promotion. He made up his mind "to grow old merrily," and his letters, like Charles Lamb's, are now touched with the melancholy of humorous old age. "I sleep with Cough and Cramp," wrote Lamb; "we lie three in a bed." Sydney Smith, too, could tell how he and Mrs. Smith fared at the hands of physicians. "We take something every hour," he says, convivially, "and pass the mixture." But at sixty-three he was still "burly but active-looking, with dark complexion and iron-gray hair." "I suspect," he said, "that the fifth act of life should be in great cities; it is there, in the long death of old age, that a man most forgets himself and his infirmities, receives the greatest consolation from the attentions of friends and the greatest diversions from external circumstances."

On Saturday evening, February 22, 1845, came the Saturday evening of the life of Sydney Smith, and he entered on the Sabbath of his rest. When he was dying, some one came to see him and said, "I fear Mr. Smith, you are very ill." "Yes," replied Sydney Smith; "not enough of me left to make a curate."

What strikes one most in the genius of Smith is his humour unaccompanied by melancholy. His wonderful high spirits were almost constantly with him in the home, which they filled with happiness and laughter. Boldness, freedom, vivacity, these are the characteristics of his humour. He was daring in humorous exaggeration. This buoyant courage and gaiety of fancy sometimes give his good things the character of American humour. Thus in trying to account for the superiority of man over the beasts, he allows the latter the rudiments of our faculties.

But *we*, he remarked, live longer, collect more experience, and are gregarious, so that we communicate our valuable discoveries to each other. How different is the conduct, he says, of the unprogressive lion! "A lion lives under a hole in a rock, and if any other lion happens to pass by, they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every

gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress." Again, lions are uncommunicative, very ; hence their stationery culture. "If lions would only come together and growl out the observations they have made about killing sheep and shepherds, and the most likely places for catching a calf grazing, they could not fail to improve." This is quite in "Mark's way," as Lord Tennyson says. Again, when the Catholics were oppressed in Ireland, Sydney Smith said to the clergy and the government : "Why do you choose these fierce people to bully? Why don't you torment William Wilberforce and the Clapham saints? Why torture a bull-dog when you can get a frog or a rabbit?" Again he writes, on pulpit oratory : "Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? *Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety?* Is sin to be taken from man, as Eve was from Adam, by casting him into a deep sleep?" Yet, with all his audacious humour, his friends could only once remember that Sydney Smith made a jest bordering on irreverence toward things Scriptural, and he instantly withdrew it, and seemed ashamed of his words.

He was a great lover of light ; he rejoiced, like Scott, in the discovery of gas, a flaring mode of lighting which we do not much admire now-a-days. This love of light, of shadowless views and clear-cut distinctions, was part of his intellectual nature. "We are all for orthodoxy and common-sense," he exclaimed in the *Edinburgh Review*, and he was convinced that common-sense and orthodoxy were at one in their decisions. His mind was of the eighteenth century. He had no more mercy on Methodists and missionaries (guilty, both of them, of "enthusiasm") than on "Puseyites," those ambiguous creatures, the bats of the modern twilight of the gods.

In these latter days how we miss Sydney Smith's wisdom, his wit, his mirth!—we who live in an age of stolidity and frivolity, when instruction, as Sydney Smith said of Hallam's books, is "clear of every particle of amusement."

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

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BARBADOS.—The following brief sketch is drawn from the recollections of a stay of over two years and half in the island.

Barbados is the most easterly of the West Indian Islands. It is about the size of the Isle of Wight, very much in the shape of a ham, with the knuckle pointing pretty well due north ; the capital, Bridgetown, standing a little to the west of the most southerly point.

Let us suppose the 3,500 and odd miles from Southampton traversed, and the steamer anchored in the bay. The deck, of course, is crowded, and boats cluster round the ship like gold-fish round a biscuit. Yet here, as is but rare in West Indian harbours, the shore boats are kept in great order by the chief of the water police, and consequently there is less confusion than usual on such occasions. We have several Barbadians on board, and their friends crowd in to welcome them. Barbadians are very particular about landing on their dear island properly dressed—that is, in their very best clothes, and with the orthodox stove-pipe hat on. Observe this venerable gentleman, the centre of a group of admirers. He is arrayed in glossy black from hat to boots. Note also the gold chain, passing from one waistcoat pocket to another, and the glory of his white shirt front. Yet all through the voyage he was content to be seen in a flannel shirt without a collar, the dowdiest of dressing-gowns, slippers, and a faded smoking-cap, with the rest of his garments to match. Every one observed, four hours ago on first catching sight of the island, how the Barbadians mysteriously disappeared into their cabins ; and now the mystery is solved, and who shall say that the result is not satisfactory ? But most eyes are now centered on the town, which does not present a very striking appearance. On our extreme left is one horn of the bay, under which are crowded the forest of masts belonging to the fishing-boats ; on our right the other horn is marked by a battery and a flag-staff, on which floats a white flag, showing that the mail

has arrived. In front, a line of low buildings, with a few trees, two towers, one square and one pointed ; and behind a line of low hills, green with the sugarcane, and crowned with innumerable windmills.

Nor does the Bridgetown, with its 30,000 inhabitants, improve on acquaintance. It is one of the worst ordered, ugliest, dirtiest, and most detestable towns that can well be conceived. The streets are narrow and ill-paved, and in the principal one there is hardly room for two carriages abreast. The only decent building is that comprising two public offices, and the street in front of it is broad and open. The only other large building is the so-called cathedral, such being the title with which the parish church is dignified.

It is insignificant to the eye from without, and but for the tower and the graveyard might be anything else. Nor is it much better within ; an oblong chamber, with a gallery all round, unpleasantly resembling a music hall, and scarcely redeemed from that by an organ at the west end and a small window of stained glass (cracked) at the east. The subject of the window is a saint, presumably St. Michael, assaulting the upper half of a semi-human creature, presumably Satan. Above it are the arms of one of the best-loved of the Bishops of Barbados, an ornament harmless enough in itself, but, unfortunately, displaying a monkey proper on a field vert, which trenches with dangerous closeness on the grotesque.

The only other object worthy of remark in Bridgetown is the statue of Nelson in a small open space of ground, duly christened Trafalgar Square. Barbados, besides being almost, if not actually, the oldest of the British colonies, is also distinguished from the majority of the West Indian colonies in that it has always been in the hands of the British. Thus, while the other unfortunate islands around were in a chronic state of capture and recapture, now French and now English, Barbados remained unchanged and unconquered. This they owed, as they considered, to Nelson, and hence the statue, which in itself is remarkable for nothing save that it is painted a vivid pea green, emblematic, I take it, of the intention of the Barbadians to keep his memory of the same colour.

But let us get out of the stifling, crowded town, and see what the country has to show us. In a picturesque point of view Barbados is insignificant, and, as compared with her sister island, positively ugly.

There are no towering peaks and deep combs, no vast tracts of dense wild tropical growth to smother the rich red soil with eternal, almost cloying, green ; no cool mountain streams, shaded by tall tree ferns, and fringed with bamboo palms and cocoa trees. Barbados is composed of coral, or, as some say, lime, stone, white, glaring, and dazzling when it appears, and where it does not appear veiled from sight by the eternal sugar-cane. For sugar is the sole product of the island, and, as such, has the monopoly of the land.

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The island is like a garden ; every scrap of cultivable land is turned to account, and in many cases the bare rock has been covered with a layer of

artificial soil, thin, but sufficient for the canes, except in excessive drought. It is extraordinary to look at the country and see the industry which has been employed in utilising every inch of it. Everywhere fields of thick waving canes, unfenced and undivided except by the white coral roads, thickly sprinkled with the shanties of the negroes, the white houses of the planters, the low buildings and tall chimneys of the manufactories, and the inevitable windmills; while here and there, but far too rarely, stand a few palm trees, their plumes bent over by the trade wind, and a dead branch or two hanging sorrowfully down the trunk like the helpless wing of a stricken pheasant. Everywhere sugar, sugar, sugar—before which all must fall. The trees were ruthlessly sacrificed to the saccharine Moloch till a diminished rainfall warned the planters that treelessness means rainlessness, and led them to place under the protection of the law such trees as were left.

Thus it comes to pass that a drive over the country is most disagreeable owing to the absence of shade. There is no escape from the fierce sun overhead, or the frightful glare of the road beneath; the latter certainly the worse of the two evils, and often serious in its effects on the eyes both of blacks and whites. The only relief is a shower of rain, which is hardly a change for the better, as tropical rain is hard to keep out, and if the sun come after it the consequent damp heat is almost worse than anything.

This high state of cultivation involves cheap labour, and Barbados, within an area of 166 square miles, contains a population of nearly 180,000. Of these less than 9½ per cent. are pure Whites. It is to this enormous population that Barbados owes its long-continued prosperity, and enabled it to stand successfully the abolition of slavery and of the protective duties on sugar. Nevertheless, the writer confesses to a very strong antipathy towards the African negro as developed in Barbados.

Taken generally, the Barbadian negro in his own country is a treacherous, idle, lying, thieving, sensual creature, with little to endear him to his white brethren. His insolence is proverbial, and nowhere shows itself more strikingly and consistently than in the public streets. As surely as a white man's carriage appears, so surely will the negro, whether driving or afoot, do all that he can to obstruct the white man's passage. It is no use to speak to him, for the only result is an insolent rejoinder, and it is better not to drive over him or take his wheel off. Patience (for black policemen are, like ours in England, rarely to hand when wanted, and, unlike ours, when at hand inefficient) is the only resource; and when at last the shandrydan, or donkey cart, is drawn out of the way, the negro will most likely start off just as you are alongside with a yell, and at the nearest approach to a gallop which his quadruped can raise, in order to frighten your horses if possible. The donkey cart is a favourite conveyance with the negro, and the number of them is so great as to constitute a serious nuisance. To animals the negro is, as a rule, most brutal, but yet, curiously enough, he is very shy of killing a dog.

The behaviour of the ordinary negro towards his children is also marked by great brutality. They will send them out to steal sugarcane, and thrash them barbarously if they return empty-handed or are detected; nor are they more gentle to their wives, or reputed wives; and there have been instances

where an incensed husband has found the stick insufficiently severe for purposes of conjugal correction, and has resorted to a saw as better fitted for the purpose.

In a "row" the negro's weapon is a razor, the blade turned back on to the handle and fastened to the end of a stick; a very efficient weapon in a crowd, inflicting a nasty wound without any immediate fear of actual killing. Cutting and wounding is consequently an offence dealt with more severely than others in Barbados, and the fondness of the negro for his razor is so thoroughly recognised that not only are none given to the West Indian regiments, but the men are forbidden to have them, and to be shaved is, I believe, a distinct offence.

As thieves the negroes are most expert, and burglaries are frequent, especially in the smaller houses. A hen roost it is almost impossible to preserve from them, and if they get into one they will sweep it clean. Their mode of proceeding on such occasions is, I am told, as follows:—Having obtained an entry they seize each bird from the perch, put its head under its wing, and whirl the unfortunate fowl round and round in the air five or six times. The result of this (as I can testify) is that the bird remains torpid, and apparently lifeless, and is thus easily stowed away in a bag without danger of inconvenient cackling. Nor is it against their betters only that such attacks are directed; for they prey equally upon each other. Every night in Barbados is made hideous by the discharge of curious old fire-arms out of the windows of the shanties as a warning that the inmates are on their guard.

It need hardly be said that they are vindictive, and that their vengeance is characterised by meanness and cowardice. It is nothing uncommon for one with a grudge against another to wait till his enemy's shanty is closed and snug for the night, and then, having barred the door, to burn it over his head by a judicious use of kerosine oil, in such sort that those within shall hardly have time to escape.

In the case of the planters, they will choose a windy night after a dry day just before harvest, when the dead leaves or trash are thick round the canes. Then a rag soaked in kerosine is lighted and thrown into the canes on the windward side, with the probable result that many acres are swept by the fire, and the crop seriously if not hopelessly damaged. I have seen five such fires burning at once in one night, and I have known as many as eight, spreading over areas varying from five to eighty acres. Children are frequently employed by the negroes on these occasions to avoid suspicious appearances, and it is very rarely that an incendiary is detected.

There is nothing a negro loves so much as litigation, and petty assaults and trumped-up charges keep the minor courts busily employed; and as an appeal lies from every magistrate's decision, the negro can have his fill of litigation in the most insignificant matters.

Litigation, in fact, is supposed to be a safety valve which ensures the quietness of the negroes, and no doubt there is some truth in this. If a negro loses his suit both before the magistrates and the assistant court of appeal, he will have no hesitation in reviving the question in the form of a petition to the governor. The blacks have a great notion that the governor can rise superior

to the law, and the number of petitions sent in, and of personal interviews requested, is something extraordinary. In the slightest difficulty they will come to the governor, and much of the private secretary's time is taken up in interviews with such applicants. They will ask for anything from a piece of bread to a divorce, from a sixpence to a free pardon. These visitors are more frequently female than male, and these ladies will often put on their best clothes, and look their sweetest, so as to lose no chance of creating a favourable impression.

The idleness of the negro is not so unnatural, considering that a shilling, an ordinary labourer's daily wage, will keep a man for a week. Further, alongside every road, the sugarcane lies open to his hand ; and, in spite of legislative efforts to check this species of theft, incalculable damage is done to the crop in this way.

In justice to the Barbadian negroes, however, it must be said that when they do work they work hard in the cane-fields ; and it is, I think, acknowledged that they are the best labourers possible for the cultivation of sugar. In crop time they will go out and work from early morning to very late in the evening, and they seem to take a pride in the produce of their island. In the other islands Barbadian labourers are much prized, and many efforts, attended with but small success, have been made to promote emigration among them. But they are not fond of emigrating, and if they do emigrate they will in most cases return.

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As to the morality of the West Indian negro it is well not to inquire too deeply. The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children among them is pretty evenly sustained throughout the West Indies as five to three. But this is hardly to be wondered at when their dwellings are taken into consideration. Wretched little wooden shanties of one storey, often containing within a space the size of a billiard-table six, eight, or even twelve human beings—such is the worst class of house, but the generality are little better. In many cases there are partitions, more or less complete ; in a few better instances two storeys, but this is very rare. Glass is almost unknown, a *jalousie* shutter propped up by a stick being, as a rule, the sole covering for the windows. At night the house is closed up tight, and between the real pigs outside and the human pigs within the effect is not savoury. The stifling air within also renders them peculiarly liable to consumption and diseases of the chest, against which a negro once seized seems unable to make any fight.

It is said that on four things only will a negro spend money—a wedding, a funeral, a law suit, and dress. As to the last, yellow, blue, and green are favourite colours with the females, while the males prefer a frock coat with a velvet collar, white waistcoat, drab trousers, silk hat, and boots.

In fact it is extraordinary to see the gorgeous costumes that issue on Sundays out of the filthiest shanties, more especially when the costume of the previous day is recollected to have been two rather sparse and very dirty garments, of once white canvas, and certainly no boots. To attire the whole population so gorgeously of course many skilled tailors are required, and in the census

of 1881 no fewer than 10,000 females returned themselves as seamstresses. These ladies, however, have other sources of income besides their needles.

With such splendid habiliments to show on Sunday the negro, of course, is constant in attendance at Church. On entering the sacred building the men's first care is to remove their boots, not from any leanings towards Mohammedanism, but because they are painful.

* * * * *

Once in church the negro sings very loud, and appears very religious, but few have much faith in this, and indeed their hypocrisy is so well understood that chiefs of police and other departments have been compelled to make it a rule to reject all candidates who bring certificates from their parish priests that they are regular communicants. For the rest, the negroes, upon whom I have dwelt at some length as the most important body in the island, are a cheerful, careless, thriftless lot, who between vice and stealing manage to lead a pretty merry life and are probably as happy in their own way as the majority of people in this world.

There can hardly be said to be a middle class in Barbados. We may, therefore, pass at once to the two divisions of Whites—the “mean” Whites, and the planters and merchants. Of the former we need not say much. Unable to dig, to beg they are not ashamed. They are viewed with contempt by all others and are fast dying out. The latter may be divided into two classes—the ultra-Conservatives, the true old type of Barbadian, and the moderate Conservatives. Of Radicals there are none.

As to the planters, they are altogether doubtless the most conceited and self-satisfied people in the world.

I have heard more than one boast that he has never left the island ; while many return from a visit to England more firmly persuaded than ever of its inferiority in every respect, except perhaps size, to Barbados. Fortunately, however, this is not always the case, and some of the more enlightened go so far as to admit that even British Guiana is ahead of them.

Another great characteristic of the Barbadian planter is his hatred of innovation and suspicion of strangers. How the former of these are shaken, though not overcome, will presently be shown ; the latter remains as strong as ever. An Englishman, if appointed to a post under Government which in his opinion should have been given to a Barbadian, is looked upon as a natural enemy, and no opportunity is lost of making this patent to the innocent offender.

It is not, however, fair to say that the planters are inhospitable. Of course, like all other people, if you are uncivil to them they will not be over-civil to you ; but it is not hard for a stranger to get into their good graces, and a friend of one is a friend of all with them. As your host, the planter insists upon one thing only, that you shall do exactly what you like, treat all that is his as yours, and be put to no trouble or expense.

* * * * *

The planters' houses are generally very cool and comfortable. They are, as a rule, built low to lessen the danger in case of a hurricane ; more than two storeys are rare. The largest front possible is presented to the trade wind, and in most cases there is a broad verandah all round. Within, the ornaments and furniture are not in

the best taste ; the walls are sparsely covered with indifferent prints, most frequently from Landseer's pictures, of a cheap and paltry nature. In fact, the decorations seldom rise above the level of those commonly found in the rooms of a public-school boy. Nevertheless, cool air and warm hospitality will do much to remove the disagreeable impressions produced by the inanimate surroundings.

* * * * *

Sugar occupies not unnaturally most of the planter's thoughts, takes up the greater part of his time, and forms the subject of most of his conversation. Beyond it the planter takes interest in little, and there is little else in the island in which he can take interest. The cane fields often come right up to the house ; the yard is filled with stacks of megass, or dried canes from which the juice has been expressed, and the estate machinery is within a stone's throw. Next to the canes the barometer and rain gauge receive the greatest attention. The dread of a hurricane, though none has occurred since the disastrous year 1831, is uppermost in the Barbadian mind, and this cannot be wondered at. The barometer as a rule stands very high, and if it fall to 29°, a hurricane is certain.

Of amusement the planter has not much. There is little or no sport, so he generally sits down to a rubber about 5 o'clock, after his day's work. Loo also is so popular as to lay the planters open to the charge of being inveterate gamblers. But this is hardly true of them now. It may be imagined that the existence of the ladies is more than monotonous. Dancing is their favourite occupation.

The life of the planter is not an easy one. He has to be abroad early to go round his estate and keep a very sharp eye both on canes and negroes. Over and above the ordinary anxieties incident to sugar-planting and all other cultivation, there are the depredations of the negroes to guard against before the crop is reaped. During crop time he must be in the fields, or in the works, morning, noon, and night. Every Barbadian who does well is sure either to begin or end as a planter. Sugar is the only thing for which they really have a liking ; planting is their sole ambition, and the only result is that too many take up the business with insufficient or borrowed capital, and become heavily involved. Once in the power of the great West Indian firms, which are to the planter what the children of Israel are to the Englishman, he will hardly shake himself free. A life of burden and retrogression is sure to follow, ending sooner or later in complete ruin. Half the property in the island is said to belong to these firms really if not ostensibly, and it being to their interest that estates should not be broken up into small holdings, and that things should remain as they have done for the last two centuries, the island suffers greatly from such an incubus. Happily one great blow has been struck at them by the abolition of the law giving priority to the consignee's lien, which insured to them the power of keeping estates to the owners of which they had made advances, in their own hands. The upset price of good sugar land in Barbados is 100*l.* an acre, and the size of estates ranges from about 80 to 300 acres, 150 acres being, so far as I can recollect, about the average. If smaller portions could be bought, many could be worked without borrowed capital ; but the Shylocks will not permit this. If a planter fails, and an estate is sold, they will take it all over to prevent its being broken up.

The great glory of the Barbadians is their Constitution, which they have possessed for more than 200 years. It is on the model of our own. There is the Governor in place of the Sovereign, the Legislative Council to represent the House of Lords, and the House of Assembly for the House of Commons.

The House of Assembly is, of course, the most important and most self-important of the three. It consists of twenty-six members, two for each of the twelve parishes into which the island is divided, and two for the city of Bridgetown. It is elected annually, but the elections have long been a complete farce. The number of registered electors in 1882 was about 1,400 (out of 175,000 people). A few more perhaps had the requisite qualifications but did not care to exercise the privilege, and so this admirably conceived representative assembly has degenerated into an assembly of the planters' nominees. There is no excitement, no trouble taken about it, and a contested election is rare. I remember one when a young man of the old ultra-Conservative Barbadian type opposed a so-called Government candidate, and was duly elected by, I think, twenty-nine votes to twenty-five ; a triumphant majority, which was duly extolled in the pages of the organ of that section.

The House sits in a handsome room in the public buildings. There is no Government side and Opposition side, but all sit in deep arm-chairs round a horse-shoe table, with the speaker, gowned but not wigged, perched up on a dais at one end, so that the effect is rather that of a lot of grown-up school-boys in a luxurious schoolroom.

The House of Assembly of Barbados is not the most hard-worked assembly in the world. It meets once a week, generally on Tuesdays at twelve noon, and sits for three or four hours. It is the function of the Assembly to examine, with extreme suspicion, and in most cases to oppose, any proposal that emanates from the Governor or the Colonial Office. It is equally one of its functions to ask questions about everything that is done and a good many things that are not done by any Englishman holding an appointment in the public service, or any Barbadian official who is inclined to go strongly with the Government ; such persons being looked upon always as doubtful characters.

* * * * *

The Legislative Council is composed of retired members of the Lower House and other leading gentlemen in the island nominated by the Crown. They have, of course, the distinctive title of "Honourable," but even this often fails to induce the local magnates to accept a seat in the Council ; such is their apathy as to the conduct of public business. As is usually the case with upper Chambers the Legislative Council has little influence in the management of affairs, so there is no need to dwell on it at any greater length.

The Constitution of Barbados was once in imminent peril. In 1876 a Governor came out with orders to confederate the Windward Islands, as had recently been done in the case of the Leewards.

The four other islands of the group agreed to part with their Constitutions and are Crown colonies at this day, but Barbados stood out and refused. It was not unnatural that the Barbadians, with greater wealth than the other four put together, should be disinclined to devote their resources to the benefit of any but themselves, and so a contest arose between the whites, *i.e.*, the dominant

body, and the Governor. The negroes rose against the whites, why it is not for me to determine, and began to use violence. A few were shot down and order was restored. The planters lost their heads utterly, became frantic with rage and fear, and acted according to their dictates. The Governor kept his head and cared for none of these things, till at last he was recalled amid the exultation of the whites and the sorrow of the blacks. The Barbadians were and still are jubilant over their victory, but I do not think that either side had much to boast of; and certainly neither can say with truth that it employed none but fair and honourable means to carry on the contest. Such is in two words the story of the great Barbadian Revolution.

Much remains to be done. The existing poor law is hopelessly inefficient, and a stringent bastardy law is much needed. For Barbados a good and energetic Governor is essential to its prosperity.

The position of the Governor is, of course, a thankless one, for, no matter how genuine and obvious his wish to labour impartially and disinterestedly for the public good, measures proposed by him are sure to be received with suspicion by almost all, and obstructive opposition by a great many; to say nothing of the uniform scurrility of the press. This last, however, is of no very great importance, and unworthy of notice.

From such a press, as may be imagined, a Governor has little to fear and much that may amuse; but the present Governor, I suspect, by his last crowning work for the island, has earned the laudations even of his editorial enemies. For Barbados is now at last to be severed from the rest of the Windward Islands, and erected into a separate government, retaining all its old privileges, and gaining in addition the advantage of enjoying the exclusive attention of the gentleman appointed to represent the sovereign therein.

The old colony has since steadily advanced and continues to advance; and this by leaving it to enjoy its unique position of absolute isolation.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

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The Contributors' Club
Books of the Month

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.—Professor Shaler endeavours to sum up the results that have hitherto accrued from the Emancipation Proclamation at the end of the civil war twenty years back, and to forecast the future of the negro as a citizen. The article was sent in advance of publication to several gentlemen, whose position and experience specially qualify them to comment upon the assertions made and the suggestions offered; among these correspondents were General S. C. Armstrong, at the head of the Normal and Agricultural Institution, Hampton, Va, who, the writer says, has done more than any one else to help enfranchised blacks on their way towards a true citizenship; Colonel Higginson, author of 'Army Life in a Black Regiment'; and the Hon. D. H. Chamberlain, formerly Governor of South Carolina; their comments appear as footnotes.

When the civil war determined by its result the political position of the negro in the Southern States, there was a general belief among their friends that the race had thereby received a complete enfranchisement as American citizens ; that they were made free to all the national inheritances of the American ; that all problems of their future involved only questions of a detached nature—such slight matters as their rights in hotels and railways, in fields of labour, or at the polling booths.

But those who by their eagerness to bid the negro welcome to his new place in the state did so much credit to the spirit of hope and friendship of our time could not see the gravity of this problem. Never before in the history of peoples had so grave an experiment been tried as was then set about with a joyous confidence of success. Only their great military triumph could have given to our hardminded, practical people such rash confidence. Here on the one hand, was a people, whose written history shows that the way to the self-government on which alone a state can be founded is through slowly and toilsomely gained lessons, handed from father to son,—lessons learned on hard tilled and often hard fought fields. The least knowledge of the way in which their own position in the world had been won would have made it clear that such a national character as theirs could be formed only by marvellous toil of generations after generations, and an almost equally marvellous good fortune that brought fruit to their labor. There, on the other hand, was a folk, bred first in a savagery that had never been broken by the least effort towards a higher state, and then in a slavery that tended almost as little to fit them for a place in the structure of a self-controlling society. Surely, the effort to blend these two peoples by a proclamation and a constitutional amendment will sound strangely in the time to come, when men see that they are what their fathers have made them, and that resolutions cannot help this rooted nature of man.

But the evident novelty of this undertaking, and the natural doubt of its success do not diminish the interest which it has as an experiment in human nature ; far from it, for this trial of the African as an American citizen is the most wonderful social endeavour that has ever been made by our own or any other race. If it succeeds, even in the faintest approach to a fair measure ; if these men, bred in immemorial savagery and slavery, can blossom out into self-upholding citizens, fit to stand alone in the battle with the world, then, indeed, we must confess that human nature is a thing apart from the laws of inheritance,—than man is more of a miracle in the world than we deemed him to be.

Although this experiment of making a citizen of the negro grew out of a civil war, and necessarily led to the awakening of much hatred among the people where it was undertaken, there is no reason to doubt that it is being fairly tried. And it should be understood that it was only through slavery, with the curious bond it developed of mutual likings and dependencies between the two races, that it could have been possible to make the trial at all.

American slavery, though it had the faults inherent in any system of subjugation and mastery among men, was infinitely the mildest and most decent

system of slavery that ever existed. When the bonds of the slave were broken, master and servant stayed beside each other, without much sign of fear or any very wide sundering of the old relations of service and support.* As soon as the old order of relations was at an end, the two races settled into a new accord, not differing in most regards from the old. External force during the period of disturbance prevented this natural social order from asserting itself in all the South; but in the States that were not "reconstructed," as in Kentucky, it might have been possible for any one who had known the conditions of 1860 to live in 1870 for weeks, in sight of the contact of whites and blacks, without seeing anything to show that a great revolution had been effected.†

The important relations between men are not matters that can be managed by legislative enactments, so the black soon found his way back to the plantations as a freeman, and hoed the rows of corn or cotton in the same fields with as much sweat of brow and far more care than awaited him of old. In place of the old lash, his master had the crueller whip of wages and account books. He could not be sold, but he could be turned off; his family could not be severed at the auction block, but they were more often parted by the death that came from the want of the watchful eye of a foresightful master, or by poverty. He was no longer crushed, but he was left without help to rise.‡

To the mass of those born in slavery the change was one of no profit. When the excitement of the change was over they seemed to feel like children lost in a wood, needing the old protection of the stronger mastering hand. It was clear to even the best wishers of the newly-freed slaves that the generation that first saw the dawn of freedom must pass away before it would be known just how the race would meet the new life.

And, indeed, every experiment of freeing blacks on the continent has in the end resulted in even worse conditions than slavery brought to them.

The trial in Hayti, where freemen of the third generation from slaves possess the land to the exclusion of all whites, has been utterly disastrous to the best interests of the negro. In that island, one of the most fertile lands of the world, where Africans in the relatively mild slavery of resident proprietors had created great industries in sugar and coffee culture, the black race has fallen through its freedom to a state that is but savagery with a little veneer of

* There were two kinds of American slavery before the war, domestic and agricultural. The former was probably the most gentle slavery practised on earth; the latter was the reverse. No punishment was more dreaded by the house-servant than to be sent to the negro quarters.—ED.

† This is true because freedom was a change in relations rather than in the practical realities of life. The destruction of the buffalo is a more serious fact to the Indian than emancipation was to the negro. In the altered relations of the whites and negroes there was little visible change, because in six generations the two races had become adjusted to each other.—S. C. A.

‡ Does not this rather mean that after two hundred years or more of labor drill he was thrown on himself? And was he not better off *plus* this labor drill than was his whilom master who had succeeded in evading it? Consider the increase of wealth in the South; Count the negro paupers; ask who is caring for the majority of the negro blind and infirm.—S. D. A.

European customs. There is now in Hayti a government that is but a succession of petty plundering despotisms, a tillage that cannot make headway against the constant encroachments of the tropical forests, a people that is without a single trace of promise except that of extinction through the diseases of sloth and vice.

In Jamaica the history, though briefer, is almost equally ominous. The emancipation of the negro was peaceable, and was not attended, as in Hayti by the murder or expulsion of the whites. Yet that garden land of the tropics, that land which our ancestors hoped to see the Britain of the South, has been settling down toward barbarism, and there is nothing left but the grip of the British rule to keep it from falling to the state of the sister isle. Nor is the case much better where, as in the Spanish and Portuguese settlements, the negro blood has to a great extent blended with that of the whites. There the white blood has served for a little leaven, but the mingling of the races has brought with it a fatal degradation of the whole population that puts those peoples almost out of the sphere of hope.

Such are the facts of experience in the effort to bring together the races of Africa and of Europe on American ground. They may be summed up in brief words—uniform hopeless failure, a sinking back towards the moral conditions of the Congo and the Guinea Coast. But the enfranchisement was necessary, as the least of evils. It was their presence in America that was the evil, and whatever dangers they might give rise to, they would be less if the Africans were freedmen than if they were slaves. Judged by the light of experience these people are a danger to America greater and more insuperable than any of those that menace the other great civilized States of the world—the chance evils of Ireland and Sicily, the enormous armaments, the inheritances of mediævalism in Old World governments. The European evils are indigenous; this African life is an exotic, and on that account infinitely harder to grapple with.

The twenty years that have passed since the Emancipation Proclamation gave the name of freedmen to this folk have removed the freedmen into the past and put their children in their place. More than half the blacks who are living—certainly the larger part of those who are now of vigorous body—have never felt the influence of actual bondage; though perhaps the greater part of them were born during the days of slavery, they were but children when the war came, and never were sensible of the old system.

The economic history of these years since the war, though still too brief for any very sound opinions, seems to point to the conclusion that we may for the present, at least, escape the sloth which fell upon Jamaica and Haiti with the overthrow of slavery. The South has advanced in every branch of material wealth, though without much immigration to swell its activities. All its important staples, except rice, especially those which are the result of negro labor, have increased in quantity much beyond the measure of the days of slavery. Even if we allow that the increase in the number of blacks has been as great as

appears from the comparison of the census of 1870 with that of 1880, it is clear that the negro laborer is doing as much work as a freeman as he did when a slave, and is probably doing more.* That he is doing it contentedly is clear from the general absence of disorder, even throughout the regions where the blacks are the most numerous. This is as far as it goes a matter of great encouragement and hope. It should not, however, blind our eyes to the danger which still lies before us. At present the negro population still feels the strong stimulus of the greatest inspiration that can be given to human beings. The very novel experience of a passage from slavery to freedom affected this sensitive people as by an electric shock. The ideas of advance in life, of education, of property, have yet something of the keenness that novelty brings. Let us hope that they^f will wear until the habits of thrift and labor are firmly bred in them.

The real dangers that this African blood brings to the State lie deeper than the labour problem ; they can be appreciated only by those who know the negro folk by long and large experience—such as comes to none who have not lived among them in youth, and afterwards had a chance to compare with the labouring classes of the white race in other regions.

Those who study this people after their tests of human kind are all made up and fixed by habit easily overlook the peculiarities of nature which belong to the negroes as a race. They are confounded by the essential manhood of the colored man ; they are charmed by his admirable and appealing qualities, and so make haste to assume that he is in all respects like themselves. But if they have the patience and the opportunity to search closely into the nature of this race, they will perceive that the inner man is really as singular, as different in motives from themselves, as his outward aspect indicates.

The important characteristics of the negro nature are not those that mark themselves in any of the features which appear in casual intercourse. Human relations are so stereotyped that we never see the deeper and more important qualities of any men through such means. The negro nature, charming in many respects, is most favorably seen in what we may call the phenomena of human contact : quick sensibilities and a mind that takes a firm hold of the present is characteristic of the race. Even if we watch them for a long time we find that the essential structure of their minds is very like our own.† I believe that one feels closer akin to them than to the Indians of this country or to the peasants of Southern Italy. The fundamental, or at least, the most important, differences between them and our own race are in the populations of the hereditary motives and the balance of native impulses within their minds.

This sense of close kinship felt with the negro may be due to the fact that for many generations his mind has been externally moulded in those of our own race. I fancy there would be none of it with native Africans ; indeed, I have

* This statement appears to me to refute the special conclusion as to the negro's tendency to revert to his ancestral conditions. The race is industrious, and if it is, it seems to me there can be no tendency to reversion to lower states, but rather an impetus toward higher.—D. H. C.

† True. "Intensely human" was General Saxton's brief answer to a long list of inquiries.—T. W. H.

found little trace of it in intercourse with the blacks of the Sea Islands,* who represent a people nearer to Africa by several generations, and deprived of that close contact with the whites which would give their minds an external resemblance to those of our own race.

Any one who knows the negro well recognises that he differs from the white man in the following respects:—

The passage from childhood to adult age brings in the negro a more marked and important change in the tone of the mind than it does in the white. In youth the black children are surprisingly quick,—their quickness can be appreciated only by those who have taught them; but in the pure blacks, with the maturing of the body the animal nature generally settles down like a cloud on that promise.† In our own race inheritance has brought about a correlation between the completion of development and the expansion of the mental powers; so that, unless one of our youth distinctly reverts towards some old savagery, the imagination and the reasoning faculties receive a stimulus from the change that this period brings. But, with rare exceptions, the reverse is the case with the negro: at this stage of life he becomes less intellectual than he was before; the passions cloud and do not irradiate the mind. The inspirational power of the sexual impulses is the greatest gain our race has made out of all its past. We can hardly hope to impose this feature upon a people; such treasures cannot be given, however good the will to give them.

Next we notice that the negro has little power of associated action,—that subordination of individual impulse to conjoint action which is the basis of all modern labor of a high grade. I have never seen among them anything approaching a partnership in their business affairs. They are so little capable of a consensus that they never act together, even in a mob, except for some momentary deed.‡ This ability to co-operate with their fellow-men is a capacity which is probably only slowly to be acquired by any people; it is indeed one of the richest fruits of a civilization. In this point most negroes in Africa as well as in America are below the American Indian. They show us in their native lands as well as here no trace of large combining ability; they do not build any semblance of empires. Combining power seems to have been particularly low

* I lived nearly two years on the Sea Islands, in the most intimate intercourse with the very subdivision of the negroes described, and felt a constant sense of mental kinship with them at the time.—T. W. H.

† My attention was first called to this fact by my late master, Louis Agassiz. He had excellent opportunities of observation upon this point during his residence in Charleston and his frequent visits to the South. Personal observations and many questionings of persons who had a right to an opinion have served only to corroborate it.—N. S. S.

In the main, I find Mr. Shaler's statements in regard to negro characteristics and distinctive features admirable, but from the above my own and my associates' experience leads me to differ. After careful study, each year for fifteen years, of three hundred negro children of from five to thirteen years of age in our primary department, and of four hundred adults of from fourteen to twenty-five in our Normal School, our deductions are not those of Mr. Shaler. We have not found a lack or a "clouding" of brain power to be the chief difficulty of the maturing negro, though we admit, of course, a decided race difference in intellectual development. I consider that where on an average from twelve to fifteen out of every hundred boys of our own race are able to receive a college education, not more than two or three negroes would be similarly capable. As to the differences between mulattoes and pure blacks, we find the former usually quicker, the latter simpler, stronger, with more definite characteristics; and this is also the case among our Indians.—S. C. A.

‡ What I should say is that their impulse of organization is very strong, but that through ignorance they cannot keep together, like whites.—T. W. H.

among the West Coast tribes that furnished the most of our American-African blood.

Along with these defects goes another, which is less clearly manifest in casual intercourse, but which is in fact a more radical want. It is the lack of a power of continuous will. Few of us can see how much we owe to this power, the most precious of our inheritances. It is the power of continuous will, of will that goes beyond the impulse of passion or excitement, that most distinctly separates the mind of man from that of the lower animals. The gradations of this power mark the limits between savage and civilized man. In the negro the ability to maintain the will power beyond the stimulus of excitement is on the whole much lower than in the lowest whites. They are as a class incapable of firm resolve.*

At first sight it might be supposed that slavery has weakened this capacity, but it seems to me that the enforced consecutive labor which it gave must have accustomed the race to a continuity of effort that they knew nothing of in their lower state. So that they have gained rather than lost in consecutiveness, through slavery. Lastly, we may notice the relatively feeble nature of all the ties that bind the family together among these African people. The peculiar monogamic instinct which in our own race has been slowly, century by century, developing itself in the old tangle of passions has yet to be fixed in this people. In the negro this motive, more than any other the [key to our society, is very weak, if indeed it exists at all as an indigenous impulse.† It is a well-known fact that we may find among them a high development of the religious impulse with a very low morality. Along with this and closely linked with it goes the love of children. This motive is fairly strong among the negroes ; it gives reason to hope that out of it may come a better sense of the marital relation.

These defects may not at first sight seem in themselves very serious differences between the two races, yet they are really the most vital points that part the men who make states from those who cannot rise above savagery.

The modern state is but a roof built to shelter the lesser associations of men. Chief of these is the family, which rests on a certain order of alliance of the sexual instincts with the higher and more human faculties. Next come the various degrees of human co-operation in various forms of business life ; and then this power of will, that gives the continuity to effort which is the key to all profitable labor ; and last, but not least, the impulse to sexual morality. If the black is weak in these things, he is in so far unfit for an independent place in a civilized state. Without them the framework of a state, however beautiful, is a mere

* The negro is certainly lacking in the capacity for associated action. From the debating society to the general convention, the assembled negro demonstrates this. But the individual negro has remarkable resource. I am tempted to say that in a tight place, under familiar conditions, I should prefer the instinct of the black to the thought of the white man. After all, the best product of civilization is what we call "common sense ;" and as the chief want of the negro I should put "level heads" in place of "continuous will" or "firm resolve," in which we do not find them lacking. Our labor system at Hampton furnishes a severe ordeal, and while many fail, many also endure it successfully, and the test seems a fair one.—S. C. A.

† Is it not too soon after slavery to justify this statement? Slavery necessarily discouraged monogamy ; but the multitude of cases in which slaves after escaping from slavery have gone back into danger to bring away their wives indicates an indignant impulse.—T. W. H.

empty shell that must soon fall to pieces. Like all other mechanisms, the state has only the strength of its weakest part.

It is my belief that the negro as a race is weak in the abovementioned qualities of mind. Conspicuous exceptions may be found, but *exceptio probat*. Here and there cases of higher-minded black men give us hope, but no security. The occurrence of Miltons and Shakespeares makes us hope that to those elevations of mind all men may in time attain, but it is a hope that is very near despair.

Professor Shaler especially disclaims that these opinions have their birth in a dislike for the black face; on the contrary, he is conscious of a great liking for this people.

They seem to me full of charming traits, but unhappily they are not the hard-minded attributes that sustain a state. The negro has, on the whole, greater social sensibilities than any other uneducated man. He is singularly ready to respond to any confidence that may be placed in him. He acquires the motives and actions of social intercourse with noticeable readiness. He has within a certain range a quick constructive imagination and therefore reads character remarkably well. He has a very quick, instinctive sympathy, and is in a discontinuous way affectionate. When he neglects his wife or his children, the fault generally arises from the lack of consecutive will, and not from want of feeling. His emotions are easily aroused through the stimulus of music or motion, and the tide of life that then fills him is free and unrestrained. The religious sense, that capacity for a sense of awe before the great mystery of religion, is also fairly his, though its expression is often crude and its feelings are readily confounded with the lower passions.

To those who feel that the African question is a very serious matter Professor Shaler proposes the following statement of the prime nature of the dangers involved in it, and the means whereby they may be minimised, if not avoided.

First, I hold it to be clear that the inherited qualities of the negroes to a great degree unfit them to carry the burden of our own civilization; that their present Americanized shape is due in large part to the strong control to which they have been subjected since the enslavement of their blood; that there will naturally be a strong tendency, for many generations to come, for them to revert to their ancestral conditions. If their present comparative elevation had been due to self-culture in a state of freedom, we might confide in it; but as it is the result of an external compulsion issuing from the will of a dominant race, we cannot trust it.* Next, I hold it to be almost equally clear that they cannot as a race, for many generations, be brought to the level of our own people. There will always be a danger that by falling to the bottom of society they will form a proletariat class, separated by blood as well as by estate from the

*True, unless that external force shall be in some shape continued. There is serious danger of a proletariat class, specially in the Gulf States, where an Anglo-African population is massed together, but the outlook is *not hopeless*. Why may not these people continue to improve in the future, as they have improved in the past fifteen years, and from the same causes, namely, their own efforts, aided by the directly educative forces, by commercial activity, and by the general steady tendency towards an orderly social state? It cannot be too strongly urged that the most willing outside aid is the wise training of their best young men and women, who, as teachers and examples, mingle with and leaven the whole lump. So long as ignorant leaders, either religious or political, can keep control there is undoubtedly danger.—S. C. A.

superior classes ; thus bringing about a measure of the evils of the slavery system,—evils that would curse both the races that were brought together in a relation so unfit for modern society.

The great evil of slavery was not to be found in the fact that a certain number of people were compelled to labour for their masters and were sometimes beaten. It lay in the states of mind of the master and of the slave : in the essential evil to the master of this relation of absolute personal control over others untempered by the affection of parent for child, and to the slave in the subjugation of the will that destroyed the very basis of all spiritual growth. It is clear that the best interests of the negro require that these dangers should be recognised, and as far as may be provided against by the action of the Governmental and private forces of the State. The following course of action is suggested to minimise the dangers :—

In the first place, the gathering of the negroes into large unmixed settlements should be avoided in every way possible* : the result of such aggregations is the immediate degradation of this people. Where such aggregations exist, we see at once the risk of the return of this people to their old ancestral conditions, and it is from a study of these negroes, who are limited in their association to their own people, that I have become so fully satisfied that they tend to fall away from the position which their intercourse with the whites has given them. Of course this separation of the negro from his kind cannot be accomplished by any direct legislation. Such action is not in the possibilities of the situation nor in the system of our government. But where there are such aggregations, the force of public and private action should be brought to bear to diminish the evils that they entail, and as far as possible to break up the communities. The founding of public schools in such communities, with teachers of the best quality, affords the simplest and perhaps the only method by which these tendencies can be combated. To educate a people is to scatter them. There are now many devoted teachers in the South who are working to this end. These schools should give more than the elements of a literary education, for such teaching is of even less value to the black youth than it is to the children of our race : the schools should give the foundations of a technical education, in order that the life of the people be lifted above the dull routine of Southern cotton-farming, and that the probability of migration may be increased.

When there is a chance to do it, the regions where the negroes have gathered in dense unmixed communities should be interspersed with settlements of whites. Fortunately, there is only a small part of the South where the negroes show much tendency to gather by themselves. These are mainly in the shore regions of the Atlantic and the Gulf States, where the climate is tolerable to the

*Where these aggregations exist in the South, the establishment of well-taught schools in their midst is immediately remedial. We can cite counties in Virginia, peopled mostly by blacks, where the influence of a single teacher has practically changed the social condition. Our graduates who go out into these neighbourhoods show us results which are most encouraging ; not only is there an increase of intelligence, but a decrease of vice. It is on the testimony of Southern whites that we rely, and they do not hesitate to tell us that the work of one strong man or woman can and does change the standard of a whole community.—S. C. A.

African, but difficult for those of European blood to endure. Any colonies of whites in these districts should be drawn from Southern Europe, from peoples accustomed to a hot climate and miasmatic conditions.* Elsewhere in the South the negroes show a commendable preference for association with their white fellow citizens. There is no trace of a tendency to seclusion. In the cities they are gathered into a quarter which becomes given up to them; but this is owing rather to their poverty and to the exclusiveness of the whites than to any desire of the blacks to escape from contact with the superior race; so that this people is still in very favourable conditions for benefiting by social intercourse with the whites.

The immediate need of the South is not for academies, high schools, or colleges, which shall be open to the negro, but for technical schools which will give him a thorough training in craft work of various kinds.

Every well-trained craftsman would be a missionary in his field. As a race they are capable of taking pride in handiwork, that first condition of success in mechanical labour. Such occupations tend to breed forethought, independence, and will power. There is no better work for a benevolent society than to take up this task of improving the technical education of the negro as a means for his temporal and especially his political salvation. Technical schools are not costly to start compared with good literary colleges. Three or four teachers can do valuable work, in an establishment that need not be very costly, and might be partly self-sustaining. At present there are deplorably few opportunities for negroes to learn craft work in an effective way; a few schools have made some essay towards it, but none of them have proposed it as their main object.

* * * * *

One of the best results that would follow from this method of technical instruction would be the wider diffusion of the negro over the country. Under the present system it is not possible to scatter the six millions of negroes in the South throughout the country, though it is from a national point of view very important that it should be done. The risk of degeneration in the communities where they are now gathered together would then be much reduced. If, on the closing of the war, we had begun to educate ten thousand negroes each year in technical work, we should perhaps have spent somewhere near thirty million dollars on the work, and should have brought up near two hundred thousand black men to occupations that would have bettered their physical and moral conditions.†

Two important changes seem to be going on in the negro population.

First we have the very rapid reduction in the number of half-breed mu-

* This has been curiously tested in Florida, and with results which contradict this view. About 1770 a large colony of Greeks, Italians, and Minorcans was brought to St. Augustine. Their descendants, known generally as Minorcans, are far inferior mentally morally, and physically to the Florida negroes. I have seen many of them.—T. W. H.

† The most manifest solution of this great negro problem is in the education of the race. The technical education on which Professor Shaler lays such stress is a part of it. Some negroes have very fair mechanical talents and take to the work naturally. They vary like other people. Education must be effected by environment. A redistribution of the negro population must precede any high development. To this end technical training is of great value, since it loosens the negro's hold on a particular spot.—ED.

lattoes.* It is now rare indeed to see a child under fifteen years that the practised eye will recognize as from a white father. This is an immense gain. Once stop the constant infusion of white blood, and the weakly, mixed race will soon disappear, leaving the pure African blood, which is far better material for the uses of the State than any admixture of black and white. The half-breeds are more inclined to vice and much shorter-lived (I never saw one more than fifty years old), and are of weaker mental power than the pure race.†

The other change consists in a rapid destruction by death, from want of care and from vice, of the poorer strains of negro blood. Any one who knows the negroes well has remarked that there was a much greater difference among them than we perceive among the whites of the same low position in England or elsewhere. It is clear from the history of the slave trade that this African blood was drawn from widely different tribes. Even the levelling influence of slavery has not served to efface these aboriginal differences. The most immediate result of the struggles which this race is now undergoing is the preservation of those households where there is an element of better blood or breeding, which secures the family from the diseases incident to thriftless and vicious lives. Thus we have some compensation for the evils that lead to this rapid death-rate.

Now and then, in studying a negro population, we find some man or woman evidently of pure African blood, whose face and form have a nobility denied to the greater part of the race. We often find the character of these individual clear and strong, apparently affording the basis for the truest citizenship. Every such American-African is a blessing to the state, and a source of hope to all who see the dark side of the problem that his race has brought to this continent. It is to be hoped that all such strains of blood will live and their inheritors come to be leaders among their people.

The tide of immigration, which is rapidly filling the open lands of the Northern States, must soon turn to flow into the South. This will tend further to break up the negro population of that region, driving its weaker members to the wall. But though such an influence may serve to minimise the danger arising from the presence of this alien blood, there can be no doubt that for centuries to come the task of weaving these African threads of life into our society will be the greatest of all American problems.

* There seems to be no doubt as to the decrease in the mulatto element, although, as a rule, the young blacks prefer the lighter shades; they do not like to "marry back into Africa." The color feeling, though quiet, is deep and strong, but the white man as a factor is less potent than formerly. To-day, in the more northerly of the Southern States, the pure-blooded negro is the exception rather than the rule.

The difference in the original strains of negro blood is marked, but, personally, I have not been able to make any trustworthy observations in regard to the superiority of one over another. I have often noticed the varied types among the eight hundred youth who are taught at Hampton: there are black skins with European features, blonde or even auburn coloring with African noses and lips, but neither color nor features seem to be decisive. Of averages one can speak with some certainty as to probable lines of development; of individuals it is not safe to dogmatize.

There appears to be no "dead line" of progress for the negro. The possibilities of some among them are not to be limited to the level of the majority of the race, and it is too soon to generalize as to distinctive types.—S. C. A.

† The pure black in the former time always had a larger money value than a mulatto of the same age and general appearance.—Ed.

Not only does it fix our attention by its difficulty and its utter novelty among national questions, but it moves us by the infinite pathos that lies within it. The insensate greed of our ancestors took this simple folk from their dark land and placed them in our fields and by our firesides. Here they have multiplied to millions, and have been forced without training into the duties of a citizenship that often puzzles the brains of those who were trained by their ancestry to a sense of its obligations. Our race has placed these burdens upon them, and we, as its representatives, owe a duty to these blackskinned folk a thousand times heavier than that which binds us to the voluntary immigrants to our land.* If they fall and perish without a trial of every means that can lift and support them, then our iniquitous share in their unhappy fate will be as great as that of our forefathers who brought them here. If they pass away by natural laws from inability to maintain themselves in a strange climate or utter unfitness to understand the ever-growing trees of our modern life, it may be accepted as the work of nature; perhaps by some severe philosophers, as a beneficent end of the most wonderful ethnic experiment that the world has known. But they cannot be allowed to perish without the fullest effort in their behalf. So much we owe to ourselves, to our time, and to our place before the generations that are to be.

If the negro is thoughtfully cared for, if his training in civilization, begun in slavery, is continued in his state of freedom, we may hope to find abundant room for him in our society. He has a strong spring of life within him, though his life flows in channels foreign to our own. Once fix in him the motives that are necessary for citizenship in a republic, and we may gain rather than lose from his presence on our soil. The proper beginning is to give him a chance to receive the benefits of the education that comes from varied and skilful industry.

* All other foreign elements assimilate, and in the third generation are fully Americanized. The negro is the closest imitator of all: but in spite of the oceans of white blood which have been poured into his veins; in spite of the obliteration of the remembrance of his fatherland, its language and its traditions; in spite of the closest of contact with the race which enslaved him, he remains substantially the most foreign of all our foreign elements. The lines of his life are parallel with, and not convergent to, our own, and here lies the danger.

But what would the cotton mills of Christendom do without him? Who would fit into our industrial and household life as he does? We need him, the nation needs what he can do; but his training must be directed by ideas, and not by demagogues. The work of the old taskmasters is still telling tremendously, and the old "uncles" sometimes shake their wise gray heads over the rising generation. It is a many-sided education that they need, and the result of anything less seems to justify the reply of the colored school-girl, who, on being criticised for careless sweeping, answered, "You can't git clean corners and algebra into the same nigger."

Technical training is important, wisely directed mental work is essential, better ideas must somehow be put into better men, but it is the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount that must permeate it all. Practical Christian education, without dogma and without cant, is the great need of the negro, as well as of most of his brethren, of whatever shade or type.—S. C. A.

FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, *November*, 1884.

THE Chinese question has become one of serious import for France. M. Ferry has been deceived by the resistance of the Celestials. He believed in dealing with them, he would have had only to boast of a "battle and a march." It is admitted by the French themselves that the bombardments have produced no effect at Peking. The Ministry does not appear to have any fixed plan yet ; M. Ferry demanded that the "reprisals" should proceed ; now he has cooled down, when the Tonquin Committee is prepared to grant him all the necessary soldiers and cash, and instead of invading China will maintain a vigorous defensive attitude in Tonquin. This is a fall indeed. The intention of England to close Singapore and Hongkong to both "belligerents" has compelled the French to consider their ways and be wise. The war is very unpopular, and even English mediation, since Bismarck can do nothing, would be welcomed. Attention is being drawn to the Upper Burmah question. Now is the time for England to make an arrangement with John Chinaman, and so anticipate France in the region of Cambodia.

The French are still harping on Egypt, but the Anglo-phobian craze has extensively died out. The game was found not to be worth the candle, and, besides, it was dangerous. The estrangement of England would be a calamity for France, as the latter has not a particle of faith in Bismarck's friendship or his colonial intentions. The Chancellor's motto is "divide and conquer." It is because he has failed on the side of France, that he has pulled the wire of Vienna and made that imperial puppet set all Europe giggling, by professing profound love for his cousin, the Czar. Bismarck intends to let the latter loose on Central Asia, as a further menace to British India. He would be better employed looking nearer home, where the triumph of the Socialists at the polls, and the renewed protest from Alsace, speak in trumpet tongues of unextinguished danger.

The fixed idea of Frenchmen is that in time England will really quit Egypt, when her preparations for appropriating to herself the route to Equatorial Africa and the Red Sea ports are completed. *Qui vivra verra.*

Cavagnez is the Polichinelle, the *Punch*, of the Ottomans. The Prince de Ligne has left an immortal picture of the Turks. "They are a people of antithesis : brave and cowardly," he says, "active and lazy, libertines and devotees, sensual and severe, delicate and coarse, people who keep in the same room roses and a dead cat." The Turks have something in common with the Greeks, but more with the Romans. They have the tastes of one and the customs of the other. Their works are charming, full of taste, and indicate ideas. They are grave as the Romans, do not give themselves the trouble to dance or to laugh. Both peoples liked buffoons, Nasr-Eddin is the embodiment of the Turkish national fool : like his type, always a privileged individual at Court, he uses and abuses his weapons. In this, he resembles Monsieur de la Palisse, Gribouille, Cadet-Rousselle or the more modern Calino. These unite wit and absurdity ; they differ thus from dear *Punch*, who has none of the latter in his character ; even Toby reflects his master's sharp, quick-witted rôle of national censor. Nasr-Eddin exercised the functions of *hodja*, a kind of priest, judge, and teacher rolled into one. His gamut of pleasantries was very varied, and he spoke his mind as freely to sovereign, prince, and *cadi*, as to the crowd at large. He did not hesitate to crack a joke with children and scholars, and even condescended to converse playfully with his ox and his ass. One evening the *hodja* went to draw water from a well : he perceived the image of the moon on the water ; he took a cord with a hook attached, let it down into the well ; it caught in a stone : the *hodja* pulled so that he fell on his back, when he perceived the moon in the sky. "Allah be praised !" he exclaimed, "I have hurt myself, but at least I have restored the moon to her place !" The *hodja* was one time presented with a hare : he made it into soup. Ten days afterwards some persons came to solicit his hospitality. "Who are you ?" "We are your neighbours, who brought you the hare." Then he invited them to stay. Later others came to demand his hospitality. "Who are you ?" he asked. "We are the neighbours of the neighbours, who brought you the hare." "You are welcome : sit down." Then he presented to each of his visitors a cup of clear water at which they were astonished. "This," said Nasr-Eddin, "is the sauce, of the sauce of the hare." Messrs. Decourde-Manche and Nisard have

made a very popular translation of these Turkish jokes. But the Osmanli genius is rich in moral maxims which are stamped with a profound knowledge of human nature. For example! "To ask anything from a miser is to dig in the sea: That which grows rapidly, dies quickly: Learning is no more science than materials are an edifice: Take the cloth after the *lisière* and the daughter after her mother." That the Turks are capable of appreciating high intellectual power and good sense is proved by the popularity with which Molière's *Sganarelle* is enjoyed.

Another popular buffoon in Turkey is Caragueuz: he more nearly approaches the Polichinelle of the Guignols or the showman's Punch. His name means the man with "the black eye:" he acts as well as indulges in repartees. He is the principal figure in Chinese Shadows. Some of his retorts are such that Latin would be too clear to express them, and Greek wants the necessary veils. M. Langlois asserts that Caragueuz was the minister of the celebrated Saladin of Crusade memory; he was also his favourite, and for a time grand vizier of Egypt. It is said he dug the wells of Joseph and founded the citadel of Cairo. He was hunchbacked and grotesque, full of wit, but also of foul language, a kind of *Æsop*, whose hump served to point perhaps his malicious wit. Caragueuz is allowed to indulge in his exercises—perhaps it is better to say, licenses—but once a year, during the *fêtes* of Ramazan, that is to say, after a month of national fasting and privations of all sorts. After such severe abstinences, nature violently re-asserts her rights. In France, in the sixteenth century, the cathedrals chanted a burlesque mass to celebrate the *fête* of the Ass. Not to go further back than a score of years, what traveller who has mixed in a kermesse in Holland, but has been astonished at propriety bidding the world farewell for a season. Those who desire fully to comprehend all the questionable plays of Caragueuz will find them without any fig leaves in Nisard's *Voyage en Orient*. He studies Turkey, as Sterne did France in his *Sentimental Journey*. But Louis XV was not responsible for the questionable *facetiæ* of the duc de Roquelaure.

M. Edouard Drumont proposes that some person continue the idea of Babou, and bring out a history of these French writers who have resided in England. Proscription, intolerance, exile, such are the *souvenirs* that England recalls at each step to Frenchmen. How many have gone to *Perfide Albion* to demand the right to think freely, as formerly intellect sought an asylum in Holland, to write and to print? Between France and England, what a going and coming, on the part of the conquerors and the

conquered of political life. How often the *litterati* of both countries have exchanged that hospitality, melancholy and sombre, given and received by Stewart or Bourbon! In the seventeenth century, Grammont and Saint Evremond began the march of the exiles, publishing their wit and their maledictions between Versailles and London. Voltaire passed over in time after being liberated from the Bastille, and with the Revolution, a part of France seemed to have invaded England for shelter. Chateaubriand, when an exile in London, had to wash his own linen in the Thames, and to prevent his dying of cold, he placed his table cloth on his bed as a substitute for a blanket. On one occasion he had fainted from inanition, and would certainly have died, had not a friend accidentally called on him. Discovering his dire distress, the friend carried Chateaubriand to a tavern close by, and nearly killed him with roast beef and ale. Some years later, when the Bourbons were restored, that celebrated writer was residing in the palace of the French Embassy, and almost in front was the chamber, where he graduated in starvation and misery. Louis Blanc, banished by the revolution he so much contributed to bring about, became very rapidly acclimatised. As a correspondent for Parisian and Brussels newspapers, he has never been surpassed—an intelligent foreigner, who, having eyes and ears, used them, not to decry English institutions, but to make them known, while gently indicating their weak points for the advantage of his countrymen. Alongside his *Lettres Sur l'Angleterre*, the *John Bull et son île* literature is but leather and prunella. Louis Blanc married a rich English lady, and he had an extensive footing in the heart of London middle class life. This was his superiority over the modern French "our own correspondent," who picks up his knowledge of the inner-life of England, from tap-room legends, night-houses' morality, and hotel sayings and doings. Victor Hugo was dismayed, frightened and ill, at the spectacle of London—its boundless business life, its vastness and the impression of immense power which it gave him. The proscribed of the 2nd of December encountered on re-entering France, the Bonapartists flying from the Republic of the 4th of September 1870, and the Bonapartists returning crossed with Jules Vallés and the other members of the Commune, *en route* to find a refuge in London. These grand lessons of destiny, this perpetual irony of facts, this succession of incredible vicissitudes, which make the conquered of to-day the victors of the morrow, ought to be full of wisdom for Frenchmen who seem incapable of accustoming themselves to the idea of tolerating the liberties of others. Perhaps

the most tragic catastrophe of the century, the subject most replete with contrasts, is the Napoleonic dynasty. Æschylus and Shakespeare, who with so captivating an energy have shown us fatality wandering under the porticoes of the palace of Agamemnon, or haunting the terrible castle of the thane of Cawdor, have not in their dramas pages more terrible, more *saisissante* than could be furnished by the vicissitudes of French political life.

M. Francisque Sarcey is a very distinguished dramatic critic, but opinion of course varies when a verdict is sought on his political and philosophical ideas. His nature is so sympathetic and sociable that one pardons his antagonism. He recalls not a little, in his good sense, terrible hard work, and continual study, Dr. Johnson. He has nothing of the "bear," however, about him, "not even the skin," which poor Goldy maintained, was all his steadfast friend, the doctor, recalled of bruin. Sarcey was destined for a professorship, but, like his college chum and associate editor, Edmond About, he drifted into a dramatic critic and a publicist. In this he was nearly defeated, by a matrimonial agent, who laid a terrible pitfall for him, and baited it with a rich and buxom widow. Sarcey being a known indefatigable worker, it is not surprising that he impaired his eye-sight. What greater horror for an intellectual workman is there than the prospect of becoming blind? Yet Sarcey was in full route for that tragic end, till he submitted to an operation a few months ago for cataract, which was successful. He has published a very timely work, "*Gare à vos yeux ! !*"—a kind of biography of his eyesight from the first time he peeped when a child through his grand-father's spectacles, down to the time when he could only see a picture or a play through two or three pairs of spectacles *plus* an opera glass. He was as often run over by cabs as Louis Philippe was nearly assassinated: he was marked by all the professional beggars, as he oftener gave a franc, by mistake, than a sou. But the little volume is wise besides being witty; it contains several words in season. He tells us how we become short-sighted, and, like the Germans, traces the cause, chiefly to public schools. A great deal of the counsel is the result of experience cruelly acquired. Strange to say, M. Sarcey, who like Gambetta proclaimed "clericalism, *voilà l'ennemi !*" and who led the crusade for the expulsion of the Jesuits a few years ago, selected the hospital managed by an order of monks, in which to undergo his operation. But he makes candidly an *amende honorable*.

M. Deniker brings his studies on the *Kalmouks*, in the *Revue d'Anthropologie*, to a conclusion. The article is replete with interest-

ing details on the introduction of Buddhism among the Mongols and the Kalmouks. He states that about the commencement of the Christian era there were two Buddhist religions, or churches,—the “southern” and the “northern.” The latter recalls neo-catholicism, had its seat in Cashmir, and propagated itself in the north and east of Asia. The former approached the different sects of the early ages of Christianity, had its centre in Patna, spread over Southern India, penetrated to Ceylon, thence to Burmah, Siam and Sumatra. Northern Buddhism gained China about the year 65 of our era, replacing the primitive Buddhism of the fourth century B. C., and in the fourth and sixth centuries of the Christian era it embraced Corea and Japan. No religion has so many priests and monks as that of Buddhism: they form one-third of the population in Mongolia, or five-eighths according to Pozdnieeff: one-tenth among the Kalmouks of the Volga, and in Thibet, one for every 95 inhabitants. This is one of their current legends as to the condition of primitive man. The mare and her foal, and the woman and her child, originally lived on grass. The woman and child did not bite the grass close to the soil, but tore it up by the roots, so that, wherever they eat, the soil produced no more grass; it remained sterile. Hence it was indicated to man, to live no more on grass, but on meat. The writing of the Kalmouks does not differ much from that of the Mongols; both had printing presses, where the art of arts was executed on planks, as with the Chinese. The Kalmouk manufactures, it may be said, are nothing: what he requires, he purchases from the Russians and the Chinese. He makes alcohol, however, pretty largely, from milk. Both the Chinese and the Russians compel the Kalmouks to serve in their armies, but only in their cavalry. M. Deniker concludes that in China, as in Russia, the Kalmouk is losing by degrees his originality, although not so rapidly as other peoples. Yet the Kalmouks were once a nation, and that not so very long ago; they were warriors, the founders of immense empires, possessed of a literature, a religion, and a code of laws.

Monsignor Ricard, theological professor at the Faculty of Aix and Marseilles, has published the last of his four volumes on liberal Catholicism; he selects as types of that school, Gerbert de Salinis, Lamennais, and Montalembert. The present volume is devoted to the latter, to a period and a school now numbered among vanished things. The learned professor of dogmas has no dogmas at all in his work, which is attractive, because the form of the book is biographical. He relates the terrible combats entered into by liberalism, as would a military historian the campaigns of a general. “God and Liberty”

was the motto on the Montalembert's banner, and the author has displayed exquisite tact in fairly stating the case for the liberals without running counter to ultramontaniam. But it must not be concluded that Monsignor Ricard is a liberal ; he remembers too well that Lamennais had to renounce the Church the day he wished to be free ; and if Montalembert struggled, it was because he was a professional combatant and felt that his efforts for liberty would redound to the honor and glory of the Church, as did those he made for Governments. The author draws a parallel between Montalembert and Voltaire, and asserts that the former at the Congress of Malines eclipsed definitely the philosopher of Ferney. But Voltaire will live for all time ; he may have heavy faults to answer for, but none can deny he was the apostle of liberty, as laymen understand that virtue.

Recits Militaires, by General Ambert. These are a succinct and summary account of all the examples of devotion, courage, and heroism, which the campaign of 1870-71 produced. And as these are the excellencies of human nature, human beings will naturally not let them die. The author only takes up his narrative after Sedan. But he could have plucked much honour from the sufferings of the French at Worth or Reichschoffen, and the retreat of MacMahon. This book is an excellent tribute to patriotism. It is the Odyssey of a nation's misfortunes bravely borne. The description of the 300,000 French prisoners in Germany is as sensational as a novel. But it is a pity the General has allowed politics to enter into his recitals. Gambetta was a great patriot, and if he had his peculiar ideas about the clergy, it was as much his right to profess them, as for his adversaries to maintain the opposite. Many despair of ever seeing Frenchmen practising political toleration.

Vingt-jours en Tunisie, by Paul Arcne, is a lively written volume, full of keen observation, smartly related, and interspersed with amusing anecdotes. It is instructive also. It is one of those books to be devoured—to be gone through at express speed from cover to cover, and that we leave with regret that the author has been so tantalisingly brief. At this moment, when "Algeria and the Red Sea" are more or less burning questions, the result of Captain Stanislas Russel's "Mission" to these regions in 1860, under the direction of the Minister of the Marine, Chasseloup, Lauhat, is of much interest. M. Gabriel Charmes writes a rather political preface to the work, such as might be expected from that gentleman's Anglo-phobia, concerning the English in Egypt.

C. DE LUTECE.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

THE FATE of Colonel Stewart has divided public attention during the past month with the Franchise agitation, the situation in Egypt, and the debate on the address.

In spite of a series of efforts on the part of Mr. Chamberlain and his followers to undo the effect of the conciliatory language used by Lord Hartington at Rawtenstall and Mr. Dodson at Scarborough—in spite, too, of the absence of any official overtures from either side—there is a growing belief that the threatened conflict between the two Houses on the Franchise question will be averted by a policy of mutual forbearance, if not by express compromise.

Mr. Dodson's speech at Scarborough, which, though not ostensibly authorised by the Premier, had, no doubt, his private sanction, may be accepted as an indication of the course likely to be adopted by the Ministry to smooth the way for such a result.

"The Prime Minister," he said, "had indicated the principles upon which a Redistribution Bill would be based and the lines upon which it would be carried out. Lord Hartington, speaking on behalf of the Government, thought the outline might be more fully explained if it would satisfy the Opposition Party. He (Mr. Dodson) would, however, go a step further; and, speaking for himself, not with the authority of his colleagues, would be prepared to say that they might undertake to promise that if once the Franchise Bill were made safe, subject to the exigencies of Supply, they would not only be prepared with a Redistribution Bill, but they would proceed with it day by day in the House of Commons."

And then, evidently pointing to the recent inflammatory utterances of Mr. Chamberlain and the extreme Radicals, he added that "the Government was not going to be deterred or alarmed by the taunt that a conciliatory demeanour indicated weakness and fear."

Whether any private pledges to the same effect have been given to the leaders of the Opposition is, of course, unknown. But it is generally understood that Lord Salisbury has decided not to oppose the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, but to postpone the Committee stage to a date which will give the Government ample time to prove their sincerity by passing a Redistribution Bill through the Lower House.

A variety of circumstances have combined to favour a more conciliatory attitude. Conspicuous among these must be reckoned the publication by the *Standard* of the Ministerial scheme of Redistribution, which has gone a long way towards depriving Ministers of all honest motive for further concealment. The intemperate language of Mr. Chamberlain and other extreme Radicals, taken in connexion with the rioting at Aston Park and Dumfries to which it is rightly regarded as having largely contributed, has, by its effect on moderate men, operated in the same direction. In the presence of such disquieting incidents, in fact, it was only by a large measure of concession that Mr. Gladstone could hope to retain the support of the old Whig party. The extreme Radicals have cut their own throats by their inopportune violence. The disgust with which Mr. Chamberlain's conduct has inspired the more moderate Liberals is shown, if but imperfectly, in the result of the Division on Lord Churchill's motion of censure, to be presently referred to. Whatever may be the extent of his immediate complicity in the arrangements which resulted in the disgraceful proceedings at Aston Park, it is unnecessary to go beyond his speech of the previous week at Hanley for evidence of his moral responsibility for the outbreak. After telling his hearers that the Opposition were presuming on their love of order and hatred of violence, he went on to declare his conviction that, unless they "had lost the qualities which made the name of Englishmen respected, they would show a courage and resolution, a love of liberty and hatred of injustice, which would sweep away the puny obstacles in their path." The disturbance at Aston Park occurred on the 13th ultimo. It had been arranged that the first of a series of Conservative demonstrations should take place there in the evening, when Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Randolph Churchill were to speak, the admission to the grounds being by ticket. In the afternoon the Radicals held a counter-demonstration outside the grounds, at which language of the most menacing character was used; and, after the usual resolutions condemning the action of the Peers had been passed, a further resolution was carried condemning the conduct of the promoters of the Conservative meeting, who, it was asserted, were excluding Liberals holding tickets of admission. One of the speakers suggested that the holders of tickets who might be turned back from the gates should get over the Park wall, the result being that at the close of the meeting, a general rush was made for the purpose, and the mob, after scaling and breaching the wall, forced their way into the great Hall and the Skating Rink

destroyed much of the furniture and one of the platforms, partially dislodged the Conservatives, and, maintaining forcible possession of the place, prevented the speakers, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Churchill among them, from being heard. Evidence is said to have been since obtained by the Conservatives, showing that not only was the riot a pre-arranged affair, but that forged tickets of admission to the Aston Park grounds had been widely distributed among "roughs," with the view of disturbing the meeting. While the conduct of the Birmingham Radicals has been condemned by every section of the Press and by all the Ministers^s who have had occasion to refer to it, including the Prime Minister himself, Mr. Chamberlain has not only shown no sign that he either repudiates or condemns the behaviour of his partisans, but, by his subsequent speeches at Newtown and Denbigh, has done his best to foster the spirit of violence. As his effort at Hanley followed immediately on Lord Hartington's suggestion of a *modus vivendi*, the effect of which it was obviously intended to obliterate, so these later speeches promptly succeeded, and were presumably designed as antidotes to Mr. Dodson's further advance in the same direction. Their effect, fortunately, has been the opposite of what was intended.

Parliament was opened on the 23rd ultimo by Royal Commission, and the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's speech has already occupied nearly a fortnight of a session which Mr. Gladstone fondly expected to last only four or five weeks.

The same evening Mr. Harington moved an amendment condemnatory of the administration of the Irish Crimes Act, with special reference to the Maamtrasna murders trial, which, after occupying three sittings, was rejected on the 27th by a majority of 219 to 48.

On the resumption of the debate, on the 28th, Sir H. Holland drew attention to the maladministration of affairs, in South Africa, and especially to the dilatoriness of the Government in dealing with the murder of Mr. Bethel and the invasion of Bechuanaland by the Boers. A prolonged discussion followed, during which the policy of the Ministry was severely criticised from both sides of the House, Messrs. Ashley and Chamberlain alone attempting to vindicate the Government, whose forbearance, the former contended, had resulted in securing the support of the Afrikaners, while their determination to maintain the Protectorate had led to the withdrawal of the Pretoria proclamation, recognising the appropriation of Montsioa's territories. Mr. Ashley at the same time announced

that the Government had determined upon the expulsion of the freebooters, on the understanding that the Cape Government would take over Bechuanaland, and expressed a hope that, though it might be necessary to send an efficient force there, the Protectorate would be vindicated without an appeal to arms.

On Thursday Lord Randolph Churchill moved an amendment expressive of the regret of the House at finding in the recent speeches of Mr. Chamberlain an incitement to interference with the freedom of political discussion, and a justification of riot and disorder. After quoting extracts in support of this view from the speeches of the President of the Board of Trade, he proceeded to point out that, though, on the evening of the riots, and afterwards, he had openly charged Mr. Chamberlain with being their author, that gentleman had not denied the accusation, but, on the contrary, justified and gloried in them. With the knowledge that an incendiary placard had been issued by the Birmingham Liberal Association, exhorting the agitators to attend the Conservative meeting and vote against the resolutions, he might have known what would happen and, as a Minister of the Crown and an English gentleman, was bound to do his utmost to prevent disorder. He further declared that forged tickets of admission to the Conservative gathering had been distributed, and gangs of roughs hired to break up the meeting. To this somewhat weak attempt to establish his direct complicity in the disturbances, Mr. Chamberlain replied by an absolute denial, while, as to the allegation that his speeches contained incitements to riot, he retorted that nothing he had uttered was so inflammatory as the speeches of Lord Churchill and Lord Salisbury themselves. He discredited the statements about the forging of tickets and the hiring of roughs, and challenged Lord Churchill to prove them; and he concluded by reading a number of sworn statements to the effect that the Conservatives, after issuing tickets to Liberals, had refused to admit them, and hired roughs, as stewards, for the purpose of expelling them. At the close of the debate which followed, Mr. Gorst read a telegram from one of the persons implicated by these statements, denouncing the charge made against him as a pure fabrication. On the House dividing, the amendment was rejected by 214 to 178, fifteen Irish members voting with the minority. It is understood that all the persons implicated in Mr. Chamberlain's speech have since denied the statements read by him, and steps are being taken by the Birmingham Conservatives to obtain a judicial verdict on the question of their truth.

On the 31st ultimo Mr. Mac Iver moved an amendment drawing

attention to the depressed state of agriculture and commerce, and regretting that the Royal speech contained no reference to a subject of such importance, which was rejected by a majority of 86 to 67.

On the 3rd instant Mr. Sexton moved an amendment to the effect that it was essential to the public interest that the criminal law, more particularly with regard to the constitution of juries, should be impartially administered to all classes in Ireland. This was rejected to-day by an overwhelming majority and the address agreed to.

Any attempt to examine in detail the draft scheme of Redistribution referred to above as having been published by the *Standard*, would be impossible in this place. The draft is officially admitted to have been a rough one prepared for the use of the Committee of the Cabinet engaged in considering the question. Finality cannot, therefore, be predicated of it even as far as the Government is concerned, but there is no room to doubt that it represents broadly the Ministerial views. Its chief features are the disfranchisement of small boroughs, and the merging of the voters in the adjacent rural constituencies; the destruction of the minority vote by splitting up the large county constituencies into divisions each returning two members; and an increase in the number of members allotted to the metropolis and some of the large towns and to Scotland. All these changes would tell against the Conservatives; and the scheme, unless extensively modified, would be sure to incur the most strenuous opposition.

The demonstration against the House of Lords in Hyde Park on Sunday, the 26th ultimo, passed off quietly, and was unmarked by any noteworthy incident. The number of those who joined the processions may have been thirty thousand. An identical resolution in favour of the abolition of the Peers was passed at nine platforms, and it was further resolved to petition the Queen to summon no more Peers.

The Municipal elections just held throughout England and Wales have resulted in a net gain of twelve seats to the Liberals.

The question of the future administration of Egypt remains in abeyance, pending the decision of the Cabinet on the report of Lord Northbrook, who has completed his enquiry and arrived in London on the 2nd instant. Nothing certain is known of the intentions of the Government, except that they include extensive reductions in the strength of the Egyptian army, accompanied by a considerable increase in that of the police. It may, however, be confidently assumed that they provide for the early settlement of the indemnity claims, reduction

of land-revenue, and equal taxation of foreigners and natives. The latest circumstantial statement on the subject comes from Paris, and is to the effect that the proposals about to be made are substantially the maintenance of the present rate of interest on the Unified Debt ; the suppression of the Sinking Fund ; the reduction to three per cent. of the interest payable to England on the Suez Canal shares purchase-money up to the extinction of the delegations ; the issue of a loan for eight million pounds under the patronage of England ; reform of the system of taxation, the Land Tax to be reduced, and foreigners to be subjected to the taxes to the same extent as the natives ; and the curtailment of the administrative and military expenditure.

The expedition for the relief of Gordon has made moderately rapid progress during the month, and troops are being quickly pushed forward to Sarras, whence it is expected that the advance will commence in about a week. So far the Canadians appear to have been very successful in passing the whole boats over the second cataract, and a small number of boats have already arrived at Dal—a feat which is considered to settle all doubt about the practicability of this method of transport.

During the last few days public anxiety regarding the position of Khartoum itself has been revived, owing partly to the continued absence of communications from Gordon and partly to persistent rumours that he has been taken prisoner and the place captured by the Mahdi's forces.

A circumstantial account of the alleged catastrophe, emanating apparently from the notorious *Bosphore Egyptien*, has been published in Paris, according to which the Mahdi concentrated all his forces around Khartoum, towards the end of September, and Gordon, with 2,000 men, who alone remained faithful to him, was induced by want of provisions and the entreaties of his officers to attempt a retreat northwards by river. He accordingly set out with several steamers, towing barges, and had succeeded in reaching Berber when a furious cannonade was opened on the flotilla, which had with difficulty run the gauntlet of a similar attack at Shendy, and the greater part of it destroyed. General Gordon, with the remainder of his vessels, the narrative proceeds, then made an attempt to return to Khartoum, but was attacked again at Shendy, taken prisoner and sent to the camp of the Mahdi. There is every appearance, however, of this narrative being an elaborate concoction, based on distorted accounts of the operation at Berber and the subsequent disaster to one of the steamers. At the same time an Arab of the Kababish

tribe has arrived at Dongola with the news that Gordon had, a few days previously, been attacked by the Mahdi's troops at Amderman, opposite Khartoum, and had defeated them with great slaughter. But, here, again, the date of the alleged victory is not given, and the story may be merely an echo of the report of Gordon's success at the end of August.

All important series of further despatches regarding Egypt were laid before Parliament on the 27th ultimo.

They include the instructions given to Lord Wolseley, in which he is informed that the primary object of the expedition is to bring away General Gordon and Colonel Stewart from Khartoum; that he is to advance no further than may be necessary for that purpose, and to undertake no further offensive operations when it has been accomplished; that he is to use his best endeavours to secure the safe retreat of the Egyptian garrison at Khartoum and of such of the civil employes there, with their families, as may wish to return to Egypt; that it is impossible to take any steps to facilitate the retreat of the Equatorial garrisons; that the British Government would be glad to see a strong independent government established at Khartoum, which would remain at peace with Egypt, repress raids on its borders, encourage trade and put down slavery, and that the Egyptian Government would be prepared to subsidise any chief or chiefs who would constitute such a government. At the same time the determination of the Government to assume no further responsibility for the administration of the valley of the Nile south of Wady Halfa is reiterated.

It was explained by Lord Granville in the House of Lords, on Monday, that this document was drafted by Lord Northbrook, in consultation with Lord Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Baring, and subsequently adopted by the Government—the first instance in history, perhaps, in which a General has been allowed to assist in drawing up instructions to himself.

Limitations of space preclude any attempt to trace the course of events in South Africa further than it has been already indicated in connexion with the debates in Parliament.

The Health Exhibition at South Kensington was closed on the 30th ultimo, after a success far surpassing the expectations of its promoters, the total number of admissions having reached 4,167,683, or as nearly as possible 50 per cent. more than the number of admissions to the Fisheries last year. As the greatest diversity of opinion prevails regarding the comparative merits of the two shows, the difference must be mainly attributed to the

exceptionally favourable character of the weather, combined with the natural tendency of the public appetite in such cases to grow with what it feeds upon. From a purely spectacular point of view the exhibits were for the most part beneath notice, and attracted little. Foremost among the exceptions were Old London and the chronological collection of costumes, which drew constant throngs of more or less seriously interested spectators. Next to these, perhaps, the crowd gathered most where the manufacture of some more or less familiar article—jam, chocolate, or butter mustard, or clay-pipes—was proceeding. The galleries least frequented were those devoted to matters specially connected with the professed object of the exhibition. The interest of the general public in sanitary apparatus and appliances is about on a par with that which they take in drugs and surgical instruments. But for the grounds, the bands, and the restaurants, the number of admissions would probably not have been more than a tenth of what it was. The financial results have proved encouraging rather than magnificent, the net balance being estimated at about £40,000. Had it not been for the depression prevailing more or less in every branch of industry, especially in the ship-building and engineering trades and in agriculture, the number of admissions would probably have been still greater. This depression is daily deepening in intensity, and in the north, notably at Sunderland, Dundee, and Glasgow, the distress has reached appalling dimensions. As to agriculture, the farmers throughout the country are in despair, and the outlook is as gloomy as the actual position.

The theatrical season that has just commenced has been marked by two productions of unusual interest, that of “*Hamlet*” by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess’s, and that of “*Romeo and Juliet*,” with Miss Mary Anderson as the heroine, at the Lyceum.

Mr. Barrett’s *Hamlet* has given rise to an extraordinary amount of discussion, owing less to his interpretation of the part than to the liberties he has taken with the text and arrangement of the play, and the freedom with which he has discarded tradition in the setting and dressing. His rendering of the part is of the emotional, as distinguished from the reflective, type; full of energy and passion, but wanting in dignity and repose. His elocution is extremely defective, even from the point of view of a generation that rather depreciates correct and effective elocution, and he is but ill supported by the rest of the company, barring the *Queen* and *Polonius*. Nevertheless the performance must be pronounced a success and is drawing crowded houses.

Miss Anderson's *Juliet* is a distinct failure; wanting in both simplicity and pathos; melodramatic; occasionally even grotesque, and obtrusively modern in tone. The *Romeo* of Mr. Terriss is, however, respectable, and Mrs. Stirling's *Nurse* would alone ensure the success of the piece.

In spite of a sudden invasion of frost and snow on the 10th and 11th ultimo, the weather of the month has been exceptionally mild for the time of year and vegetable phenomena characteristic of mid-spring rather than late autumn are reported from all parts of the Kingdom.

In international politics the chief interest of the moment centres in the *rapprochement* between Austria and Russia effected at Skiernivice; in the new colonial policy of Germany and its corollary, the approaching Congo Conference, and in the inevitable Egyptian question. A certain amount of new light has been thrown on what took place at Skiernivice by the speech delivered by M. Tisza in the Lower House at Pesth on the 16th ultimo, and that made by the Emperor of Austria on the 28th idem, to the Austrian and Hungarian delegations at the same place. M. Tisza said that no treaty had been concluded at Skiernivice, and that the understanding arrived at had left the relations between Austria and Germany unaltered.

"Our relations to Russia," continued the Premier, "can be judged only on the basis of the relations existing between Germany and Austria, the essence of whose agreement lies in the fact that both Powers are allied against external dangers and alliances. The chief purport of the alliance is the maintenance of peace, and for this purpose it was necessary that Austria and Germany should endeavour to come to a loyal and friendly understanding, and it is but natural that Russia should be included in such an alliance. The interview had no other object than the consolidation of peace, and the statement of this common desire was, therefore, not put in writing either in the Treaty or the Protocols. The Skiernivice Agreement will, however, guide our Government in all their decisions, and these will always find strong and friendly assistance in Russia. The Austro-German Alliance has exercised a power of attraction on all the Powers whose tendency, like ours, is towards the maintenance of peace. It is very satisfactory to find that more than one of the Powers has the same object."

The Emperor said: "The meeting I have lately had with their Majesties the Emperor of Russia and the German Emperor has not only afforded me the desired occasion of renewing my old cordial relations with the Russian Dynasty, but, at the same time, proves the complete accord that exists between the three Monarchs and their Governments to maintain and guarantee the bases of peace and order which are so necessary to the welfare of their peoples. That unanimity is based on the defence of the Treaties and on mutual confidence, and is destined to be a powerful guarantee of peace, the beneficial effects of which will, as I am convinced, not only further our welfare, but likewise that of all other nations."

Among specific causes of mutual jealousy and coldness between Austria and Russia the position of the former Power in Bosnia and Herzegovina, on the flank of the Russian advance, held the chief place. It is but natural, therefore, to conclude that the better feeling brought about at Skiernivice implies the establishment of an understanding on this subject.

The statement just quoted from the Emperor's speech was followed by the announcement that it had become possible to reduce the army of occupation—a step that could hardly be taken while any fear of opposition on the part of Russia remained. It may, therefore, reasonably be inferred that Russia has agreed to accept, as a permanent fact, an arrangement which the Treaty of Berlin recognised only as a temporary expedient, and that Bosnia and Herzegovina may be regarded as henceforth integral portions of the Austrian Empire. At the same time it is in the last degree improbable that Russia should have consented to so important a change without obtaining something valuable in return. What the *quid pro quo* is, has not, of course, transpired.

The *pour parlers* which resulted in the agreement between France and Germany to invite the principal European Powers, together with America, to confer on the affairs of Western Africa, were published in a yellow book issued by the French Government on the 14th ultimo.

The negotiations ostensibly arose out of a desire to settle on a friendly footing the mutual rights of the two Powers in Western Africa with reference to the recent acquisitions of Germany there. But they would probably never have been set on foot, had not both Powers been actuated by a common desire to limit the opportunities of England in these regions. To this desire the late abortive negotiations between England and Portugal, and, in a still greater degree, the want of *savoir faire* shown by Lord Derby in the matter of Angra Pequena, have, no doubt, largely contributed. The subjects of discussion at the Conference will, it is understood, be: Freedom of commerce in the basin and at the mouths of the Congo; the amendment of the stipulations of the Vienna Treaty regarding the free navigation of international streams, such as the Congo and the Niger; and the definition of the formalities necessary to give validity to fresh acquisitions on the African Coast. The British Government, at first, while accepting the proposal for a Conference in principle, called for explanations on certain points, but ultimately gave in its adhesion on the understanding that the position of England on the

Niger should not be prejudiced. The whole of the other Powers invited are understood to have accepted the invitation.

All doubt regarding the position and extent of the German appropriations in Western Africa has been set at rest by a circular addressed to the Powers by the Government at Berlin, announcing that it has taken possession of the Fogo territory, with the ports of Lomo and Bagridah on the Slave Coast, Bimbu, the islands of Nicol, Camaroons, Malienba, Little Batango, the Griby Plantation, and that part of the Coast which is situated between Cape Frio and the Orange River, with the exception of Wallfisch Bay.

The satisfaction with which the joint action of France and Germany in the matter of the Conference was at first regarded in the former country has been followed by so strong a revulsion of public feeling, that the Government, through its semi-official organs, has found it necessary to make explanations, with a view to minimising the importance of the affair and rebutting the suspicion that any ulterior engagement has been entered into with Germany. Simultaneously with this sudden revival of anti-German feeling, the irritation against England which followed the break up of the Egyptian Conference has as suddenly subsided. On the other hand, mutual assurances on the colonisation question have led to a marked amelioration in the relations between England and Germany ; and it seems probable that when England comes to make her next proposals for the future administration of Egypt, she will find both Powers in a much more reasonable mood.

In the domestic politics of the Continent the result of the general elections in Germany possesses an interest which overshadows everything else. The significance of the Socialist triumph in which they have resulted is not to be measured by the mere number of seats secured by the party, which is, after all, insignificant, so much as by the progress which it shows the movement to have made since 1881 in spite of the most stringent measures of repression. In Berlin the Socialists have more than doubled the number of their votes, and, should the development of the movement continue at the same rate, will, in another year or two, command an absolute majority ; and all the great towns show, more or less, the same tendency. The newly formed Progressist party is shown by the elections to be practically doomed. It is between the Conservatives and the Socialists that the struggle of the future lies, and it is quite open to doubt with which the Clerical party will side. As long as the seats gained by the Socialists are taken from the Progressists, the immediate result will be to strengthen, rather

than weaken, the Government ; but Prince Bismarck is much too far-sighted a statesman to measure by immediate results the importance of a development which, carried beyond certain limits, would engulf the State.

The situation in France is fraught with danger to M. Ferry's Government. While the prolonged commercial depression has rendered the public unusually sensitive to the demands of the tax-gatherer, it has been obvious for some time past that the colonial enterprises to which the country is being committed with such recklessness, must result in a serious increase of fiscal burthens, attended by little immediate glory and still less eventual profit.

An unfortunate incident has exacerbated the growing dissatisfaction. A short time since, M. Ferry was incautious enough to inform the Budget Committee that the estimates for 1886 must include additional taxation which, but for the approach of the general elections, would have been included in those for the coming year, but that this must be kept a profound secret. The secret, of course, soon became an open one ; and its disclosure has materially damaged the Government, not only by rendering further disguise impossible, but by exposing the Ministry to the suspicion of conspiring to deceive the country. The result has not been without effect on M. Ferry's foreign policy. In China he has practically stayed his hand at a moment when safety and honour alike demanded prompt and vigorous action ; and, in spite of the evident inability of either General Brière de l'Isle in Tonkin, or Admiral Courbet in Formosa, to make head against the enemy without strong reinforcements, he has refused to accept the offer of an enlarged credit pressed upon him by the Tonkin Committee for the purpose of carrying on the operations on an adequate scale. Everything tends to indicate that, unless events at the seat of war should take an unexpected turn, or a revolution should take place in public opinion at home, he will seize the first favourable opportunity of withdrawing from a contest which can be carried on to advantage only at a course which he dares not incur. Such a juncture is evidently favourable to mediation, and it is rumoured that England has already taken advantage of it to offer her friendly intervention.

The representations of England have not induced the French Government to withdraw the Recidivist Bill, which has been passed by the Senate in a form calculated to render it more or less inimical to the interests of the Australians according to the discretion of the Executive for the time being. As originally framed, the Bill specified New Caledonia, the Marquesas, Phukok, and

Guiana, as the settlements to which the convicts were to be sent. As passed, it leaves the choice of settlements to the Government. The present intention is to send four-fifths of the convicts to Guiana and the rest to New Caledonia; and the debate turned mainly on the question whether Guiana should not be excluded on account of its insalubrity.

The Committee appointed to report on the re-organisation of the Senate have pronounced in favour of retaining the present mode of election and making the number of voting delegates from each Municipality proportional to that of the Municipal Councillors and of filling the seats at present held by life senators by election in the same way, instead of, as proposed, by the vote of the two Chambers.

The result of the Municipal elections in Belgium has led to a Ministerial crisis. In all the principal towns Liberal Councillors have been returned by large majorities; and, in view of this general condemnation of the new Government, the King demanded the withdrawal of MM. Jacobs and Woeste, the two most obnoxious of the Catholic members. Thereupon M. Malon also tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and M. Bernaerd has formed a new Cabinet, which will probably modify the Education Act. In submitting his resignation, M. Malon is reported to have said: "Sire—for forty years I have struggled to defend the country and royalty against the schemes of Liberalism and Radicalism; I now retire: I have had enough of it."

The death of the old Duke of Brunswick, which took place on the 17th ultimo, has opened the knotty question of the succession to the Duchy. Owing to the hostile attitude assumed by the Duke of Cumberland to Prussia at the time of his father's death, the rejection of his claim by the Emperor was a foregone conclusion. The moment the death became known, the Prussian Commandant, in the name of the Emperor, issued a proclamation, assuming the command of the whole of the troops and requiring the people to await the Imperial decision as to the future destiny of the State. A little later, a further proclamation was issued, appointing a Council of Regency under the law of 1879; and the Federal Council, at its first sitting, discussed the question of the succession and pronounced against the Duke of Cumberland's claim. The Duke of Cumberland, on his side, lost no time in issuing a manifesto from his retreat at Gmünden, announcing his assumption of the Government. This document the Council of Regency refused to recognise, and a communication from the Emperor was subsequently

presented to the Diet, rejecting the Duke's claim and approving of the action of the Council. Great disappointment has been created in Brunswick by the late Duke's will, which leaves everything to the Duke of Cumberland, and nothing to the Duchy or its institutions. There is some talk, however, of the will being disputed. The Emperor has assured the Diet that the question will be settled constitutionally ; and, according to the latest report, it has been decided that the Crown Prince, and, on his succeeding to the German throne, his eldest son, shall administer the State as Regent, the title of Duke being dropped—an arrangement which, while making Brunswick practically Prussian, will preserve to it a semblance of independence.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, *November*, 1884.

INDIA.

The event of the month in India has, for natives of the country, undoubtedly been the "progress" of the retiring Viceroy. From Simla to Darjeeling, by devious routes, Lord Ripon has wandered, stopping at the different large towns, and everywhere been received with effusive acclamation and pelted by the various municipalities with flowers, rhetorical and horticultural. The *mot d'ordre* was passed round in a printed hand-bill to young Bengal to be present in its might on the Viceroy's arrival in Calcutta. Young Bengal rose to the occasion, and the streets from the Railway Station to Government House were made bright overhead with festoons of leaves and coloured paper, while the roadways were crammed with shouting crowds of baboos, schoolboys, and the *tamasha*-loving coolie.

The success of the reception, so far as numbers and noise went, was most undoubted, and reflects great credit on the strenuous organizers of the movement. It is but of small moment to them, no doubt, that the more staid and responsible leaders of native society and politics were conspicuous by their absence, and that none of Lord Ripon's own countrymen, excepting a few whose official duties made their presence imperative, joined in the welcome. Indeed the unofficial Anglo-Indian was quite as well out of the way, for the enthusiasm of some of the young bloods among the excited crowd found vent in hooting and hissing any stray Sahib who did appear on the scene. The mottoes which spanned the streets were various, and in many cases both original and amusing. "Tell mamma we are

happy" is almost pathetic in its bland simplicity, while "Long live our noble Viceroy, Self-help in education," the legend on the banner borne by the champion of the "Presidency Institution" embodies a principle, which it is to be hoped will not be lost sight of now that the banner is laid aside. Another safety-valve for relieving the o'er-fraught breast of the admirer of Lord Ripon has been found by "Ram Sharma," who has broken out into a highly metaphorical and spirited strain of verse in the *Reis and Rayyet* newspaper. Some of his lines are quite worth quoting. Alluding to the unpopularity of Lord Ripon's administration among his fellow-countrymen, the bard grotesquely observes :—

They call him weak ! because he has not thrust
All he could wish down their reluctant throat.

Lord Ripon would hardly, we imagine, be content to have the strength of his administration measured by the amount of his success in thrusting his wishes down the "reluctant throat" of his brother Englishmen. Again :—

An adult'rous class clamour for a sign,
But will they, can they see ? the purblind band !

We have heard of a certain gentleman quoting scripture for his purpose ; "Ram Sharma" here out-Satans Satan, and, regardless alike of the laws of metre and of charitableness, misquotes Holy Writ to cover a sly insinuation against the morals of the European Defence Association. Whatever deductions from the total significance of these demonstrations should be made on the score of their motive being quite as much anti-English as pro-Ripon, however much we may attribute to the influence of agitators and head centres working among an ignorant and spectacle-loving populace, thoughtful men must see in the attitude of these excited but orderly crowds a certain reality of sentiment. Here are proofs of a substantial esteem and affection for Lord Ripon, and of a gratitude for the more kindly and liberal policy towards natives that the retiring Viceroy has endeavoured to introduce. And there are many even among the strongest opponents of Lord Ripon's specific measures, who think that this gratitude has been honestly earned, and are glad to see that he is not allowed to leave India without these testimonials to his good intentions.

The Soldiers' Industrial Exhibition, opened by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal on the 24th of the month, has supplied the Calcutta public with what it has quickly recognised as having been one of its most pressing needs, and the Calcutta "Soldieries" bids fair to rival in popularity the Kensington "Healtheries," as an

evening rendezvous and lounge. The place is not without its attraction for our native fellow-subjects, though it is not easy to see where the pleasure comes in for a stout baboo placidly slumbering in his chair from beginning to end of a ballad concert. The moving and informing soul of the undertaking has been Lieutenant Smyth of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment; and Calcutta would be doing no more than its duty if it voted Lieutenant Smyth the reward promised by the Roman Emperor to him who should invent a new pleasure.

The Local Self-Government scheme may be said to have been successfully floated; the elections have, on the whole, been conducted decently and in order, and have awakened considerable interest in the intelligent ryot. A good deal of administrative talent would, we imagine, find scope in the arrangements of some of the voting centres, as in the suburbs of Calcutta, where some 40,000 voters are on the register, of whom, judging by neighbouring places, nearly two-thirds may be expected to vote. It takes us quite back to the election days of the ante-ballot era in England to read:—

“On one occasion we were within an ace of fighting. The hot Backergunge blood boiled over with the excitement, and a voter was about to have his nose pulled for having had the hardihood to vote for a candidate who was not very popular in his ward.”

The launch of the scheme may be said to have been quite a success; its future course we shall watch with hope and with interest.

The dismal vaticinations of M. Armenius Vambéry, the gist of which will be found in another part of this number, regarding the uselessness of the Afghan Delimitation Commission, seem to be not without foundation. The apathy of the Russian Government in the matter is forcibly accentuated by the fact that their Chief Commissioner will not arrive at Sarrakhs till the end of January, his departure from St. Petersburg having been “unavoidably delayed.” Meantime the British representatives are having a pleasant picnic on the Helmund. Colonel Ridgeway took occasion of his making over command of the Mission to Sir Peter Lumsden to issue a camp order conveying his thanks to officers and men for their admirable behaviour throughout the difficult and trying march of close on 800 miles. Contrary to prophecies of opposition, if not massacre, not a single hostile shot has been fired—a proof to the Ameer that, with proper precautions on both sides, there is no danger or risk in marching thoroughly friendly and disciplined

troops as allies through his territories. The most striking part of Colonel Ridgeway's order is the paragraph in which he records the admirable labours of Dr. Owen. Nearly two thousand cases have been treated out of the crowds of sick and suffering Afghans who crowded round the encampment as soon as the news of the English Hakim's kindness and skill got abroad ; three hundred and thirty-seven operations have been performed, of which nearly one-third were major. It is pleasant to think of such a lightening of the load of human misery, and of the grateful hearts that Dr. Owen must have left behind him in many an Afghan hamlet. °

Doctors Kein and Gibbes, members of the Special Cholera Commission, have dethroned from its bad eminence the " comma bacillus" of Dr. Koch, their investigations all tending to show that the little creature is harmless, and that they do not see any points about it to mark its superiority over other " putrefactive organisms ;" its presence is common, its behaviour is normal. Dr. Koch will not, we imagine, easily allow his pet bacterium to be degraded to the level of every-day bacilli, and in the disagreement of these doctors any definite decision as to the origin of cholera seems not unlikely to be indefinitely postponed.

GENERAL NOTES.

Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs.

Undoubtedly one of the most interesting figures of them all for us, and perhaps for others of a future generation, is that of Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Malmesbury has nowhere deliberately set himself to paint the portrait of his friend, but he gives us many hints, and they have the value that comes of long and close intimacy. The writer is not the man to have an eye for the *etwas daimonische*, the singularity of Disraeli's genius, but he deserves the credit which any Primrose Knight in the tavern round the corner may claim to-day, of having discerned his mental power. He records a curious criticism made by Napoleon III on the companion of his humbler fortunes. "His opinion of Disraeli was that 'he has not the head of a statesman, but that he is, like all literary men, as he has found them from Chateaubriand to Guizot, ignorant of the world, talking well, but nervous when the moment of action arises.'" It was odd that the Emperor should not, while slipping into this generalisation, have bethought him of Thiers, who was a hundred times more ready at the moment of action than the Emperor himself ever was. Nor was the remark in the least true of the statesman of whom it was made. Whatever else he lacked, Disraeli never showed lack of nerve, from the beginning of his career in Parliament down to the occasion when he astonished even Prince Bismarck himself by his will and resolution at the Congress-table at Berlin.

There are several instances in Lord Malmesbury's book of the flames that smouldered under that apathetic exterior. On one occasion, when he was in office, in 1858, he was much annoyed at the delay in the arrival of an important despatch. "When Lord Derby sent a message to him, asking him to come to him, as Lord Malmesbury was there, he rushed up in such a desperate hurry that he nearly knocked over the messenger, and entered the room in a great state of excitement. When the despatch was produced, his delight was indescribable and amazingly demonstrative, considering the usually phlegmatic manner in which he receives news of all kinds."

It is easy to credit the correctness of Lord Malmesbury's entry, that in 1852 he found Disraeli in a state of delight at the idea of coming into office for the first time.

"He said he 'felt just like a young girl going to her first ball,' constantly repeating, 'Now we have got a *status*.'" This was no doubt an immense and a permanent gain. *Status* in parliamentary and official life was the one thing needed to raise the rhetorical swords-man nearer to a level with the Palmerstons, the Russells, the Grahams, and the other representatives of serious and responsible statesmanship. In the *Life of Cobden* the story is told how, when towards the end of the year Disraeli saw that the game was up, he conceived the idea of detaching the Manchester party from the Whigs and the Peelites, and asked one of their leaders to call upon him. "Protection," he said, "is done with. That quarrel is at an end. If you turn us out, you will only have the Whigs in. And what have the Whigs done for you? They will never do anything for you." Mr. Bright—for he was Mr. Disraeli's visitor—replied, as might have been expected, that he and Cobden did not want the Whigs to give them office, and that in any case they could not support the house tax.—(*Life of Cobden*, ii, 126.) The biographer has not thought fit to give us the whole story. When the interview came to an end, Mr. Disraeli turned away to the fire and said, half aloud, and half to himself, "Well, they may do what they like; they cannot prevent us from having been Ministers." The all-important step of acquiring *status* had been gained and could not be revoked.

The year 1852 witnessed one of the periodic revivals of the military spirit, a call for armaments, and a panic. Lord Malmesbury gives us one or two glimpses of Mr. Disraeli's views. "November 3rd. Called on Disraeli, just returned from Windsor. He had had a discussion of two and a half hours with the Prince upon the national defences. Disraeli, in very low spirits, said it would destroy his budget, and ridicules the panic." "December 1st. Disraeli much annoyed at the panic," and so forth. He doubtless remembered the panic of 1848, when the imaginary designs of the French Bourbons were turned to the same use as the imaginary designs of the new French Emperor in 1852; and he had not forgotten that Lord George Bentinck, who was then his leader, "could not tolerate so great and so odious an increase of taxation from a government without a parliamentary majority."—*Macmillan*.

Outlying Professions.

Literature ranks high now among the regular professions; nor need one pay entry money at the gloomy gates of the Temple to enter the Elysian Fields on fair terms. Most clever boys—girls too, for that matter—are more or less inclined to scribble; and they are so disposed to think highly of their own performances, that till they are disillusioned, they are buoyed up by delusive hope. And literature is become a profession like another, and a decent and reputable profession for those who are adapted to it. It is not now as in the days of Samuel Johnson, when a steady literary genius might be doomed to take his victuals behind a screen because his clothes were disreputable even to indecency. There is no reason now why a brilliant Savage, starving one week and carousing the next, should be hurried by ill-regulated talents to the devil, and brought to sleep on the benches in the parks, because he cannot hire a bed in a garret. Successful literature depends on fair health, like the law and medicine, and many other callings; but with fair health it offers safe emoluments, on the strength of which the family man may insure his life. Many a leading leader-writer on the metropolitan press has the income of a dean: many a rector or vicar, with glebe lands sinking in value or tithes falling in arrear, might gladly change places with not a few of the minor lights. The provincial press pays liberally likewise: and there are scores of editors of flourishing provincial journals who would not be easily tempted to London. Make a name by a book on some special subject, and the name will sell very indifferent articles at fancy prices. Literature must be treated as well as politics, and there is a steady demand besides for general articles, so that writers of versatility have many strings to their bow. Novels have become so common, the market has been so overstocked by the swarms of facile females who rush into it, that we cannot speak confidently of profits in that department. Nevertheless there are still good prizes to be gained by the novelists who attain to notoriety and popularity; and the demand for serial fiction in the provinces and in the colonies opens broad vistas of speculation. And in literature, according to the branch that is followed, one may either make a considerable name, or else exert a secret influence on events which may be more gratifying to many people. The popular novelist or poet is *flattered* and flattered in his *coterie*, if not by society in general. The influential editor, or leader-writer, or critic, is *followed* and toadied by many folks, who frequently carry obsequiousness the length of servility; while the brilliant essayist dropping the anonymous in an appreciative circle of his own, perhaps savours the sweetness of an incense more quietly gratifying than any other. For the chances are he is an entertaining companion, with gifts that make him the delight of a small round dinner-table. But we need hardly repeat that the aspirant must have natural aptitudes, otherwise he need count upon nothing but disappointment and heart-breaking failure. We have no faith

in the theory paradoxically set forth by some of our successful writers, that a youth may be trained to the author's blotting-pad as to the three-legged stool in a merchant's office; though dogged determination may make him a literary drudge—which is among the worst-paid as it is the most precarious and repulsive of callings.—*Blackwood*.

Travel.

Every famous name of travel is a mystic word, an *open sesame*, to the old traveller. He reads of Lago Maggiore, and at once the apple orchard upon which he is looking as he lifts his eyes from his book, the distinct rounded hill dotted with trees, the "mowing," the old wooden meeting-house with the airy Palladian tower transformed into a townhall, the maple-shaded village street, the barns, the roof of the academy—all these disappear, and he is rowing across the placid Italian water, and climbing the terraces, and gazing with romantic eagerness upon the villas and the rich picturesqueness of the Italian scene. And is that the statue of the good San Carlo Borromeo? and is it into its head, with infinite pains, discomfort, and danger, that Uncle Samuel climbed in his heroic youth because he thought that Uncle Eleazer said that when he was making the grand tour he had climbed there, but learned upon returning to his native land that he was mistaken, and that he had had his pains and discomforts and dangers all for naught?

But as the old traveller turns the toothsome cud, he is half aware that even at the moment it was not the scene itself so much as the general consciousness that this was Italy which was the supreme pleasure. Italy to the young imagination was the land of faery, the gardens of Armeta, the enchanted isles. Memory holds few more rapturous moments than that of the Alpine descent to the south; of the first glimpses of almonds, oleanders, figs; of the softened outlines, the vineyards, the "diviner air." Was it in the eye or in the mind, in the fancy, in the faith? Who shall say? But wherever it was, there was the blissful vision of Italy, and every glowing anticipation was fulfilled:

"O Love, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine,
In lands of palm, of orange blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine!

"How faintly flushed, how phantom fair,
Was Monte Rosa hanging there!

A thousand shadowy pencilled valleys,
And snowy dells in a golden air."

This last stanza is the vision of the Val Anzasca, the long, narrow, luxuriant vale up which you rapidly climb through all the semi-tropical richness of that region toward Monte Rosa, which fills the skyward perspective, and which, with the *open sesame* in his hand or in his eye, the old traveller sees as distinctly as he sees Monadnoc from the neighbouring upland pasture on a bright September day. Or—as he reads, as he reads—the wayward voyager, swinging at ease in his hammock, crosses from Lago Maggiore to Lago Lugano, and skirting the wooded shores, hears far up over the chestnuts and the silvery gray slopes of olive

groves the convent bell chiming vesper ;
and at the little landings he sees the brilliant
costumes of the peasants, unchanged in form
for how long ? What life is this ? Those
priests above, these peasants below, what
do they know of the storms which are shak-
ing off crowns in France, and bringing
Germany to its feet, and whirling Metternich
out of Austria, and presently bringing Radetz-
ky to Milan, not far away ? For this lake
voyage is not of to-day. There is no time
in such retrospective travel, and yesterday
and to-day are the same.—*Harper's.*

POETRY.

In Arcadia.

Because I choose to keep my seat,
Nor join the giddy dancer's whirl,
I pray you do not laugh, my girl,
Nor ask me why I find it sweet
In my old age to watch your glee—
I, too, have been in Arcady.

And though full well I know I seem
Quite out of place in scenes like this.
You can't imagine how much bliss
It gives me just to sit and dream,
As your fair form goes flitting by,
How I, too, dwelt in Arcady.

For, sweetheart, in your merry eyes
A vanished summer buds and blows,
And with the same bright cheeks of rose
I see your mother's image rise,
And o'er a long and weary track
My buried boyhood wanders back.

And as with tear-dimmed eyes I cast
On your sweet form my swimming glance,
I think your mother used to dance
Just as you do, in that dead past,
Long years ago,—yes, fifty-three,—
When I, too, dwelt in Arcady.

And in the music's laughing notes
I seem to hear old voices ring
That have been hushed, ah ! many a spring,
And round about me faintly floats
The echo of a melody
I used to hear in Arcady.

And yonder youth—nay, do not blush,
The boy's his father o'er again ;
And hark ye, Miss, I was not plain
When at his age—What ! must I hush ?
He's coming this way ? Yes, I see—
You two yet dwell in Arcady.

R. J. W. Duke, Jr.

Amy.

AMY, of old a bold knight,
Naming his lady-love true
Ere he went forth to the fight,
Conquered a foeman or two ;
Victory surely I might
Claim for my love, for I, too,
Whisper your name in my plight,
Amy *aimée, m'aimez-vous ?*

Amy, *je t'aime* ; that is trite,
Tell me how better to woo ;
Shall I an Iliad write
Or a perfumed *billet-doux* ?

No—are you satisfied quite,
Tell me, my sweetest, are you ?
Answer me, mischievous sprite,
Amy *aimée, m'aimez-vous ?*

Amy, why turn from my sight
Eyes of such lovable blue ?
Is it for fear that I might
Guess what is hidden from view ?
Do your fair cheeks, that were white,
Blush a soft "yes" when I sue ;
Do your eyes fill with love-light,
Amy *aimée, m'aimez-vous ?*

L'ENVOI.

Amy, my arms hold you tight,
Captive you are until you
Answer, and answer aright,
Amy *aimée, m'aimez-vous ?*

H. C. Faulkner.

A Cigar.

ALONE I puff soft wreaths of blue
That frame a most delightful view ;—
A little library with two

Together sitting :
A youth and girl. Upon her knees
A novel with a hero, he's
A ghostly circumstance to these
Quaint wraps she's knitting.

The lover holds the worsted, and
Just touches one fair pinky hand :
How well her bright eyes understand !

For soon, unbidden,
Two scarlet lips begin to move
A conversation in that groove
Where chosen works quite clearly prove
The subject hidden.

And then the knitting's laid aside ;
The needle's dropped ; and some sweet guide
Leads both his hands to haply hide
Two others whiter.

I listen, and a mellow note
Slips through the rosy, rounded throat :
I hear the happy lover quote
The novel's writer.

The writer,—ah, what kind fates come
To keep harsh criticism from
His little book : perhaps 'tis some
Such situation ;—

A picture similar to this,
Portraying a brief spell of bliss,
And punctuated with a kiss—
Interrogation.

I see the faces slowly meet,
And shy, uncertain glances greet :
The knitting's fallen to her feet ;
And on his shoulder

Her head in golden glory lies,
While, fathoming her lovely eyes,
He reads the tenderest replies,—
Love growing bolder.

But, while I dream in idleness,
And wonder whether she will bless
His hearing with a whispered "yes,"—
With drooping lashes ;

The picture fades from sight afar
As pales at morn a silver star ;
I seek the light of my cigar,
And find but ashes.

Frank Dempster Sherman.—*Century.*

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THE LAW-BREAKER.

1. *The Law-breaker and the Coming of the Law.* By James Hinton ; edited by Margaret Hinton. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

2. *The Life and Letters of James Hinton.* By Ellice Hopkins. London : 1876.

THERE ARE two men, separated by the widest interval of space and of time, who yet bear in personal character and in the results of their life-work a marvellous resemblance to each other ; a resemblance all the more striking inasmuch as it is in each case a faint moonlight reflex of that unique personality, that unique power of influencing others which Christians worship as divine in the human life of Jesus of Nazareth.

These two men are Gautama and James Hinton. The radical characteristic of each was an utter selflessness ; a more than Quixotic unworldliness in being ready to sacrifice all that men count dear for the sake of carrying out in act and deed ideas which each held to be a power to redeem the world ; and springing from that selfless heroism a wonderful power of attracting disciples and inspiring such disciples with an abiding enthusiasm for the master's belief. Nor are they unlike in the fact that their teachings readily lend themselves to misconception and perversion, and we will, moreover, record at

the outset our conviction that the teaching of either was made profoundly false and practically pernicious by the failure to grasp other truths that are necessary to complement and rectify the truth which each taught.

They differ as the East differs from the West ; as ancient life differs from modern. We cannot expect to find in James Hinton the solitary personality, influencing others but comparatively uninfluenced by them, that was natural in the case of Gautama ; he rather represents the modern spirit in that he is largely the product and the reflex of the age in which he lived. But perhaps it is the highest proof of the unique character of his genius, that in the whirl of London society and of modern intellectual life he should have succeeded without effort in making disciples who count his words as half divine.

Gautama battled with a venerable and a cruel idolatry, and succeeded over a wide part of the world in abolishing sacrifices that were often inhuman as well as useless. James Hinton did battle with a more venerable, a still more cruel idolatry, the European worship of a fossil Christ ; and, unless his life-work proves a failure, he will be remembered as the man, who by his passionate self-devotion, marred though it may have been by delusions and mistakes, did nevertheless at least pave the way for the world-wide abolition of those bloodier human sacrifices that night after night disgrace every capital of Europe—the wholesale sacrifice of women.

It was not so much by his published works that James Hinton vindicated his own genius ; it was rather in the free outpourings of his mind from time to time in the congenial circle of sympathetic listeners that naturally gathered round him ; and in the still freer exposition of his inner self when night after night he wrote out, in steadily accumulating MSS., the thoughts that had crossed his mind during the day. Hence to his unpublished papers we naturally turn with the expectation of meeting in them with the revelation of his ripest and most inspiring ideas ; and the recent publication of the *Law-breaker* thus marks an epoch in the literature of sociology ; since the imperfect and fragmentary character of the work itself implicitly involves as inevitable what is explicitly promised by the Editor, Mrs. Hinton, in her preface, *viz.*, the unreserved publication in due order and in due time of the whole of James Hinton's social speculations. And not till those speculations are fully published will his life-work be accomplished ; till then, indeed, it will hardly be begun.

James Hinton did not write books for general readers: his mission is to teach those who teach the world. He who wishes to be either a sociologist or a speculative theologian will do well to equip himself for his work by thoroughly mastering and incorporating into the texture of his mind the leading ideas of James Hinton's published works. To do this requires special study; it is like learning a new language. So far as the general reader is concerned the *Law-breaker* might as well have been written in Syrophenician or Chaldee; almost any page taken at random will furnish at least one paragraph that is blankly unintelligible, except to the trained student. To earnest thinkers who have not mastered this dialect we can prescribe, on the authority of those who knew him best, the following procedure. After reading his *Life and Letters* by way of introduction (a book which is true, so far as it goes, but is only half the truth), first carefully study *Man and His Dwelling Place* which marks the starting point of Hinton's most characteristic and persistent thoughts; next as carefully study *Life in Nature*, and then as a rich reward after so much toil read *The Mystery of Pain*. After this, by way of special preparation, read a pamphlet written by James Hinton's sister-in-law, Miss Haddon, entitled *A Law of Development* and a lucid article from the *Modern Review* by the same writer, in which she sets forth the thoughts given to her by direct correspondence and conversation with James Hinton during his lifetime, on the very subject of the *Law-breaker* itself.

Whether it is worth while to go through so much for the sake of the final goal attained may be matter for dispute. As far as the actual sociological teachings of this book are concerned, we frankly answer in the negative: but those who teach the world ought not to read books only for the sake of elaborated results; and no other readers will have patience to work their way through it. To disentangle the truth from the falsehood; to focus the light from heaven and to cut off the wild-fire glare and the meteoric dazzle; to thread one's way through the tangled morasses and to find out for oneself the path to safe dry land which the writer seems to have hopelessly missed, will be an exercise that will indefinitely strengthen the mental and moral muscles of any true student. Notwithstanding all its inextricably interlaced fallacies, there runs throughout a vein of pure priceless gold; and in spite of all drawbacks the perusal of this book may be to readers who have known nothing of its author's thoughts, a revelation that is almost like life from the dead.

James Hinton was a born metaphysician; and a metaphysician whose thoughts fused themselves into poetry by their own intense

heat. Hence at once the witchery of his style and the weakness of his logic. To him every metaphor is a fact, every illustration an analogy, and every analogy a demonstrated truth. His readers are carried along spell-bound. Like the spectators in a wizard's entertainment, they may feel certain that it is all a delusion, but they cannot for the life of them point out where the delusion begins and where reality ends. But the illustration fails in this essential point, that James Hinton is a wizard who, if he is in the wrong, has deluded himself into the absolute assurance that he is in the right.

Of Hinton's^{*} wonderful power of self-deception the most striking instance is furnished by the way in which he uses the New Testament to support the main arguments of the *Law-breaker*. Dr. Havelock Ellis (the co-Editor with Mrs. Hinton of these papers) apologises for this defect by quoting from the unpublished *Autobiography* James Hinton's own acknowledgment that he used the New Testament writers in the same way that they used the Old. But Dr. Ellis overlooks the fact that such an apology is the worst condemnation. Among Jews who had no science, no mathematics, and no literature except the Bible, the habit of garnishing their thoughts by mere verbal parallels from sacred writ was excusable ; but for an educated Englishman to bolster up an argument by some quibble on a wholly irrelevant passage quoted from sacred writings, implies either downright dishonesty or a complete lack of logic. But in this case James Hinton out-herods Herod. The quotations from the Old Testament by writers of the New, ingeniously illogical as they often are, and palpable perversions of the plain meaning of the quoted texts, are never wholly inconsistent with the sense of the original. The reader may judge for himself whether the subjoined extract can plead so much in its own defence.

So again, when asked about the kingdom of heaven and what "marriage" would be there, He replied at once : It will be impulse perfectly free ; the rightness which makes pleasure wholly free is there ; there will be no sign of any reason for pleasure being less good ; they will not marry there, but will be as the angels of God which are in heaven—in *Nature* obeying their impulses perfectly. In "heaven" there must be no touch of the feeling that anything is better not to be because there is pleasure in it. All source of that must be abolished utterly. (*Law-breaker*, p. 69).

* The same thought is reiterated in several other places ; and other important passages, such as St. Paul's "For the hope of the resurrection of the dead I am called in question" are even more glaringly perverted from their plain meaning. But the above quotation may suffice. In the passage referred to (Matth. xxii. 30, Mark xii. 25,

Luke xx. 35), Christ is expressly arguing with the Sadducees about the possibility of a life beyond the grave, after death; every school-boy knows that the whole argument hinges on the fact that all the persons referred to, the woman and her seven husbands, as well as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were all dead and buried. And yet Hinton deliberately takes it for granted that Christ was speaking of the relations between the sexes when society has been reformed in the present world.

Such blemishes as these in no way affect the essential argument of the book; but they seriously shake our faith in the sanity of the writer's habits of thought; and warn us that we have to deal with a very Proteus of metaphysical paradox.

We will now endeavour to give our readers as clearly as we can an outline of the main argument of this profound but often perplexing book; premising merely that it is a string of desultory thoughts carried on from day to day and year to year, written down in the rough and neither retouched nor rearranged; so that there is no unity about it, except the intense moral unity of the sequence of a lifetime. That unity it emphatically has; it is the culmination and outcome of Hinton's whole intellectual and emotional history; and, beyond all, it bears unmistakeable traces of being the final summing up of what had been wrung from him by an intense agony of spirit—it is, as it were, his testament written in his heart's blood; so that to sympathetic souls there is a sacredness even in its very mistakes and failures. It is a book that should be read reverently and thoughtfully in the light of his own half-despairing confession of faith.

O my God! can it be true that the end is not come? Didst thou bring me hither only to torture and delude me? Yet, as thou knowest, the torture is welcome, and I am willing even to be deluded; for if I see not, then thy will is better than my vision. But let my strained eyes close and be at rest. They cannot look longer if hope is to vanish. Let the world's evil run its course uncheered by one gleam of hope, but let me cease to witness it. Even so. It is good, but I have borne enough.

If I am to be remembered at all, this is what I would be remembered by, that I was the man who said: "Man is so made that he *can* rise above the sexual passion, and subordinate it to use!" Then even if that is false, and all else I ever said was true, I would rather be remembered as having said that one falsehood than by all the truths. (*Life and Letters*, pp. 284, 285).

The root-idea underlying the whole of Hinton's argument is the idea developed in *Man and His Dwelling Place*. A partial summary of the leading thoughts of that book has been given by the Laureate in his poem on *The Higher Pantheism*; and it is said that that poem was written after personally meeting James Hinton,

and was the result of the inspiration of his society and conversation. If this be true, it is one illustration among many more of the fact that Hinton's mission is to teach those who teach the world.

"Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him ?

Dark is the world to thee ; thyself art the reason why ;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel ' I am I ?'

Glory about thee, without thee, and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.

* * * *

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see ;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He ?"

Man begins his intellectual life, inevitably, by taking his sense-impressions for absolute truth. That is because, with the savage as with the child, self is the centre of his life. So man grows up believing in the testimony of his self-interpreted sensations ; he takes for granted that his earth is the centre of the starry spheres ; and as his opportunities for observation are multiplied, he builds up on that self-basis a whole false system of astronomy. Thereupon begins a *reductio-ad-absurdum* process ; increasing knowledge increases the catalogue of facts that on this self-basis can only be explained by heaping up cycles and epicycles on each other till the whole system becomes so complicated as to break down under the weight of its own absurdity. Then at last the false premiss is cast out ; a Copernicus arises ; puts man's earth in its true place of dependence on others and relation to them, and all complications, all difficulties vanish in a moment, and astronomy is made true because no longer self-centred.

Similarly as regards the mystery of Life. Man looks around him, and, on his inevitably assumed self-basis, feels himself to be alive, and the material world about him to be dead. But to account for the many phenomena that seem to imply activity in this dead world, he is compelled to imagine unseen beings like himself, invisible "selves," at work ; thus he makes up "fiction-theologies" like the cycles and epicycles of the ancients ; these dreams "projected" from himself outwards, ranging through all degrees of complication, or of false simplification, from the fetichism of Dahomey to the "one God" of the educated European. But the onward progress of science involves the old *reductio-ad-absurdum* process over again ; and the Agnosticism and the Atheism of the present day are the final wrench that casts out

the false premiss ; and so we learn the central truth of Hinton's philosophy, that the "deadness" we imagine in the material world without is merely the projected reflex of the real deadness within ; that our "self," which we have made the centre of our theology, is after all only a negative ; our sight of the universe a not-seeing ; and that just as when we look at the moon we truly remember that it is really globular, and that its apparent flatness is due only to the limitations of our own eyesight ; so, contemplating the universe without, we at last truly feel that it is spiritual, living, and that it is we ourselves who are dead. And the hope of humanity is that this deadness will be cast out, and Man made alive by his coming into the use of a true regard, a true seeing, not self-centred.

Similarly of the free-will which we make the cardinal point of our moral systems : that too is an illusion, begotten of our negative self ; the only true freedom of the will lies in the unconscious automatic following of right, as a planet necessarily revolves in its appointed orbit. The invariability of the laws of Nature, which, to a self-centred philosophy, is the mark of a dead mechanism, from Hinton's standpoint is seen as the necessary manifestation of the Living Holiness of God.

To Hinton's thought Man is an organic unity ; not an aggregation of individuals. Hence the only true life for the individual lies in a constant recognition of that unity. The only true life is *to live in others and for others ; to habitually regard oneself and all one's powers of body and soul as merely an instrument to be used for the "traceable good" of Man.*

To such a mind *all* forms of life will appear mutually correlated. Hence illustrations drawn from the laws of organic growth and development teem in his pages ; and from such illustrations he digresses with perplexing suddenness to parallels and metaphors drawn from the most advanced speculations of modern physicists on the conservation of energy and the correlation of all forms of force, or to similar parallels found in the history of mathematical research or in the practice of the different Schools of Art.

Thus in these allied and mutually illustrative histories of the development of Life, of Science, of Art, and of Morals, he traces a continual law of periodicity and progress, a succession of the wave-rhythms of "anticipation," "suppression," and "interpretation" or fulfilment. The "anticipation stage" is found where a unity is grasped without the fulfilment of the necessary conditions ; as in the clever sketch of an untrained amateur artist, or in the non-moral life of the

sensuous Greek. The "suppression stage" is next entered upon when the first has been worked out and found untenable ; as in the mere painstaking imitation of every minute detail of leaf or feather by the conscientious painter ; and the painful ascetism of the mediæval monk. This stage is marked by a sense of effort and of internal incompleteness and strife ; its main use is to store up force which could not otherwise have been acquired, which force is set free when the restrictions of this stage are given up in the sacrifice of its cherished aim. Lastly, there is the "interpretation" stage, or the stage of "positive denial," or of "being in effect," as when the painter gives up his laborious attempts at mere detail-copying, and yet retains all the real effect of those details in the master touches of genius that suggest each part in subordination to the unity of the whole ; or in the true life of man in which the self-virtue of the ascetic is given up, to be retained in its effect, and the spontaneous pleasure of the non-moral "anticipation" life is restored because *Service* instead of *Self* has now become man's ruling principle.

And since each of these epochs of progress is marked by the giving up of what had been most valued and most desired, especially in the "positive denial" that ushers in the stage of fulfilment, we are thus led to that axiomatic epitome of human life and thought which may be given as the brief outcome of the Hintonian philosophy—*There can be no true having except in giving up.*

The *Law-breaker* is the detailed application of these general principles in two closely allied instances. Man's belief in God has always been entwined with his instinct of sex ; this is a fact obvious to every student of ancient superstitions and primitive idolatries ; indeed it could not be otherwise, since the mystery of sex is the palpable embodiment of that mystery of life that underlies all theologies. In both departments of thought and feeling Man's primitive condition is the "anticipation" stage. Few things are better established by modern research than the fact that the primitive sex-life of man was one of utter unrestrained licentiousness ; a free following of all his animal impulses. To this stage of promiscuity corresponds the theologic stage of Fetichism, which "anticipates" the Higher Pantheism of "Man and His Dwelling Place." But both these stages are characterised by the fact that *Self* is assumed in each as the centre of life and thought. In the next stage of "suppression," *Self* still remains as the centre, and indeed is more firmly enthroned than ever. Both as regards sex and as regards God this stage is characterised by restrictions and

limitations, these restrictions becoming more and more irksome and the resulting confusions in thought and life more and more intolerable, until at length sufficient force has been stored up to break away from these limitations in the only possible way, *vis.*, by casting out the false premiss, the self-centred life. As regards sex this stage first shews itself in the lesser restrictions of Polygamy ; but these by a series of "interpretation" and "anticipation" sub-cycles, develop into the final forms of Catholic celibacy and Protestant monogamy. In theology we have the corresponding stages of Polytheism developing into Monotheism. This brings us to the startling outcome of Hinton's whole philosophy. The world cannot possibly remain finally in either of these apparently ultimate stages. The confusion and anarchy that prevail in the world of religious thought, the decay of old beliefs and the rampant strides of Atheism and Agnosticism, these correspond to the widespread and cynical immorality, the secret lawlessness of modern sex-life among men. From Hinton's standpoint, these evils are not evils to be fought with and suppressed, they are the welcome signs of the approaching dawn. Our dearest and our best is always that which has to be sacrificed. Monotheism and Monogamy are the things dearest to the heart of modern Europe : and these will both alike have to be given up, "positively denied." They have existed solely for the storing up of force, for the sake of bringing about such intolerable evils as *must* result in the final abandonment of the self-centred life.

But these theories are enforced by a historic parallel, which to Hinton's mind appears to be an exhaustive and binding analogy. The restrictions of the Jewish law of the Sabbath, as interpreted by the Pharisees and Scribes, stand as the type of all the self-centred restraints of the "suppression" stage of morals. The secret rottenness of the religious professors, and the godless recklessness of the publicans and sinners were the indications that the process of tension and storing up of force had nearly reached its limit. Indeed Hinton might have made the parallel still more complete ; for just as in our day the very men who are the staunchest advocates of the divine obligation of our marriage laws are often secretly guilty of the most shameless violation of the real spirit of those laws—so, many of the very men who hounded on the populace to clamour for Christ's blood, because he had broken the Sabbath, were themselves in the habit of secretly breaking the Sabbath whenever it suited their own convenience by the Jesuitical swindle of the "device of meat."

Christ, who to Hinton's mind appears as the type of genius, and who according to Hinton in His own personal history went through all the typical experiences of the fall, until in His final teachings He reached the fulfilment stage of "positive denial" both of God Himself and of the Jewish law—Christ saw by the intuitions of genius that the world's moral history centred in this one law of the Sabbath. His temptation was to attempt the world's reformation without touching the self-centred basis of the world's morality.

See your power; you have a new vision of the world, a persuasion none can resist; all the kingdoms of the earth are yours, and their glory has grown but for you to reap; you have within you Jew and Greek and Roman; you unite them all in your thought; in the fire of your passions they have melted into one. You can do infinite good; only do not touch the central wrong, and what mischief is there you will not remove? But touch it, and a black veil falls before you; there is nothing after. (*Law-breaker*, pp. 78, 79).

Had Christ been content to argue about the Sabbath as an abstract question; had He pointed out the many instances in which great prophets had deliberately broken the most solemn commands of the Law, when good cause existed for such violation; had he enforced His doctrine that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath only by well-rounded rhetoric and stinging epigram, no doubt He might have been to the end of His days an honoured guest at the dinner table of Caiaphas, and the recognised leader of a new Pharisaic sect. But Christ saw that it was only by a personal violation of the law of the Sabbath for service's sake that He could break the prison-walls of Superstition. He knew that it would entail His death; He himself clung with all the passionate love of early memories and childhood's faith to the Law that had been His most sacred delight; but His was the destiny of genius, of genius that types the perfect life of man; He gave up His dearest and His best, and was faithful even to death, that so He might shatter the false yoke, set free the stored-up energy of the bygone years, and introduce a new moral world in which the only rule should be—*Love is the fulfilling of the Law*.

Now to Hinton's mind every analogy is an unanswerable argument. His application of the above analogy will be best given in his own words; but we cannot quote those words without entering an emphatic protest against one grave omission in the editorial prefaces to the *Law-breaker*. The second preface by Dr. Ellis does indeed refer to "a large quantity of MS., which Hinton himself destroyed during his last illness at St. Michael's." But neither preface says anything about a fact well known to many even outside

Hinton's immediate circle of attached disciples, that in his last illness he did all he could to secure the recall and the destruction of his unpublished MSS., and earnestly entreated those who were nearest to him to bury his later teachings in oblivion. It is, of course, obvious that such a request was the outcome of the morbid reaction of an overstrung brain; to have complied with that request would have been a crime against humanity: but, on the other hand, to publish these MSS. after his death without a single intimation of the fact that when overshadowed by his approaching end Hinton thus disowned them, involves a serious injustice to his memory, and is calculated to mislead many who love and admire James Hinton only from what they knew of his already published works. And this fact lays a double burden upon the conscientious reviewer. Not only is he bound in honour to exercise a lenient criticism both of substance and style; not only should he pass over sentences which Hinton would have been likely to expunge on a mature revision, but he is further bound to the best of his ability to develop and carry on the obviously unfinished thoughts of the author, and make his defective work, as far as possible, complete and self-consistent.

But the passages we are about to quote appear to be undeniably of the essential substance of Hinton's thought; and they will shew clearly his firm belief that to us the law of marriage is the life-destroying curse, which the law of the Sabbath was to the Pharisees of old.

The special relation of Christ to the Sabbath is very striking; and yet how evident it is! The Sabbath was the point above all in which service was set aside for right; that, taken in the letter, expressly and deliberately, as it were, put aside even the question of good to others; that might not even be asked. Now with us the relation to woman stands in the very same special relation. It is as if each had been made for that very purpose. In this sense, more full and complete, how each was made for man, made for the glory of God—His true will, His nature and law—to be revealed. The blind man was blind for that; the trampled-on and destroyed humanity, destroyed now for that.

The Sabbath was expressly adapted to take in self-virtuous people; and even so our feeling respecting fleshly 'purity;' it sets a person, who is thinking about *his* being right, against service. And whatsoever sets itself against service ties a noose around its neck, and Nature instantly proceeds to tighten it. (*Ib.* p. 180).

May not Christ's relation to our life be seen more clearly through the history of mathematics? The fluxion truly includes *all*, and though not applied fully, yet all that is needed is simply to apply it. Did not Newton mean *all*, when he spoke of the *x* and *y*? And so when Christ said: 'The Sabbath was made for man,' did He not sum up *the whole* of morals, say all that was to be said, mean *all*? Saying as we have to say, 'Marriage was made for man and not man for marriage,' is not adding anything; it is only saying again what He said, and what we have been as yet unable to see: Christ did it *all*. (*Ib.* pp. 18, 19.)

Then does it not seem as if one single law, thus compelled to be broken for service, was enough to make the complete change? Thus, was not all done by Christ through that one law of the Sabbath? And how is not the one law that forbids service in the relation to woman enough? (*Ib.* p. 29.)

The important thing in Christ's day—that for which human lives and souls were sacrificed—was not, as it is with us, marriage, but the Sabbath. And He struck at that. (*Ib.* p. 116.)

The following passages will moreover show that the element in our marriage law, which Hinton considered as especially analogous to the soul-paralysing, self-centered restrictions of the Jewish Sabbath, is precisely that which we most prize, *viz.*, the monogamic element; the fact that by our law the relation of a man to one woman necessarily excludes all others.

How beautiful Judaism had been, what Psalms it had prompted, what loving devotion cherished, sustained what sublimity of heroism! Yet Christ merged it. And so what beauty has not clung around the self-home, what tenderness and devotion it has cherished; yet shall woman merge it too. (*Ib.* p. 61.)

Love and Faith—we treat them both the same: they must mean loving and believing in no one else but one (Hinton has just been speaking of the contrast between the life of sex in Asia and in Europe). That is *the* demand we make: the quality of the faith and the love may almost pass unquestioned if only we will be quite sure that for any one else to come in would be to spoil it altogether. (*Ib.* p. 89.)

It is not good for anything to be alone—not even for God himself. This is what Christ did for men in His day. God stood alone to them (and standing alone is standing in antagonism); He shewed them how to have Him no more alone. So we look at the individual alone and cannot see. The individual relations are of utmost value—they cannot be over-estimated—but to have them alone is not to have them truly. Looking at them alone we cannot understand.

"And so will it not be well when every vestige of the feeling of love being for one *alone* is absorbed and made implicit in a truer feeling? This is the universal error we are prone to. Our having the feeling, so far from proving it true, shows that in this we tend to the same falsity, as in all else—losing the very thing we seek by making it alone. (But it is the necessary suppression, it is the character of the stage when the thought is upon the action). This is visible in art too; the self-rights painting is having things alone. That which we put alone we fail to have. And so does painting shew us true thinking also. (*Ib.* p. 240.)

Not having others to think of, what could they [*i.e.*, Adam and Eve] do but think of their own goodness? In them do we not see the history of the family, and how fatally it *must* "fall" if it be not subordinated to claims from without. (*Ib.* p. 274.)

But Hinton does not leave us with these vague abstractions; he traces out definitely enough his own scheme of the future life of sex. We must bear in mind that he does not propose such a scheme for the immediate present; he distinctly said (*vide* Mrs. Hinton's preface) that it could only be realised after several genera-

tions of children have been taught the true law of morality, the law of service.

The law of service may rule absolutely if it rules alone. I propose, therefore, a new society on that basis ; on the recognition of the fact that service consists (overwhelmingly) in doing pleasant things ; that if it be made the law, all pleasant things are free ; that it is the bringer of pleasant things ; that without it in its absolute completeness goodness must be ascetic ; and that as a passion for goodness cannot, nor ought to, cease, life cannot otherwise be purged from asceticism ; and that for us this is especially important, because, since asceticism cannot be complete, and self-indulgence has established itself, what we have is both self-indulgence and asceticism as well ; the two opposite evils combined, and therefore with the worst effects of both ; a distorted self-indulgence, and a distorted asceticism, pressing where it should not press.

What remedy is really ever thought of now except the cat-o'-nine-tails ? That seems to be the one hope of men. And if there are any other remedies thought of, how *hard* they are, how intensely difficult ; for example, having no more children than a very few ; training women so that marriage shall be indifferent, &c. Now why turn to these hard things ? Is there not one simple thing that would do the work of them all, teaching children that the right—and only right—was not to act for self ? And so introducing, too, a new sight ; making right mean a different thing. (*Ib.* pp. 222, 223.)

We seek changes, remedies, improvements, which do not involve any very great change within. Then, what if there should be some things which involved a great change in us ; would not they be likely to be the right things ? Two such things there are ; all men made able to marry, and marriage not a lottery to women : these would involve service ruling in pleasure ; a change how great ; absolutely equal to the demand ; and yet how simple, even how little. Here is a true remedy, and a sufficient one, and yet is there any single merely superficial remedy that is not harder ?

Why, when one thing is evidently the thing wanted, should we let ourselves [think] that it is not to be ? Looking at men and women, is any "goodness" which means that they should go without pleasure likely to prevail ? Can there be hope for any goodness that means restraint of passion, foregoing pleasure ? . . . Did God make people wrongly ; or bid us keep on with a goodness not adapted to them ? (*Ib.* p. 226.)

Christ said : "Be free from laws outside, and have them in the heart." And it is clear these go together ; not being in the heart they must come on the outside. . . . This is the order, nor can there ever be other ; it must come into the heart through being put away, *for others*, from the outside. (*Ib.* p. 26.)

The law of worshipping at Jerusalem came, because men did not worship God in spirit ; it never would have come but for that. But there are still many people who do not and cannot be brought to worship God in spirit ; yet does any one propose that they should have to go to Jerusalem to worship, or think it would do any shadow of good ? Yet do we not insist on such very things, as if there were some good in having, on those who cannot be right within, the laws that come from being wrong ? (*Ib.* p. 126.)

Man making his right to be in *things* instead of action condemns himself absolutely to disorder and to failure It is true that if the goodness be recognised in the *action* and not the external thing, men must cease to judge.

And surely this holds them to that fatal error ; that if they give it up, the attempt to control men by rewards and punishments must cease, in its present form. (*Ib.* p. 209.)

How differently the "wicked" people, the breakers of the laws, appear at once when we see that the laws ought to have been broken. . . . The thieves as well as Christ were our deliverers ; was Christ indeed ever more truly in His place than when He hung between them? (*Ib.* p. 228.)

Will it not be a freedom and a power when we have learned to remember (whatever we may choose to do ourselves) that the great thing we have to guard against is making things wrong For that means consenting to the condition in men that makes them wrong [*i.e.*, the self-centred habit of life] ; the thought must be, we must not let that condition [*i.e.*, self-ruling] come which would make things wrong. That is, we must not be forbidding other people to do things, whatever we ourselves may choose to do or not to do. (*Ib.* p. 319.)

In brief, Hinton plainly teaches that just as we have given up the mediæval attempt to coerce men into uniformity of belief (p. 320), so we must now give up the attempt to coerce them into uniformity of outward action. Apparently all laws whatsoever are to be abolished ; certainly all marriage laws are to be abolished, so that service may be all in all. *Love and do as you like* will be the watch-word of the New Republic.

The only danger to be feared from the publication of such theories is the very real danger that earnest students may be so scandalised by them as to throw aside all Hinton's teachings as valueless. This would be the gravest mistake ; the physiologist will often learn more of the laws of life from a single morbid anomaly of growth than from a hundred specimens of typical health ; and the very impracticability and unreason of the above passages indicate the probability that in this book the true student may find flashes of genuine inspiration, stray germs of grand discovery, such as only come to a mind hovering on the border land that separates genius from insanity.

But we must not forget that these views are apparently accepted in good faith by Hinton's immediate circle of disciples ; and we ought not to content ourselves with simply scouting them as absurd ; we should be ready clearly to explain why they are wrong.

For after all they are only a very unusual development of very common mistakes about the meaning and nature of Law. And the underlying fallacy that runs through the whole of the *Law-breaker* springs from this mistake, which is based upon a non-recognition of the real origin and basis of Law.

Man, in the lower aspect of his nature, is simply a highly developed animal, and is necessarily subject to the external conditions of animal life. Animals are subjected to the pressure of their

environment as regards shelter and food, and above all they are subjected to each other's brute force. Specially is this the case in the life of sex. The males fight for the possession of the female and the strongest male wins her, and by thus securing the propagation of his superior strength, secures unconsciously the progressive elevation of the type of his race. But this law of battle, "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they should take who have the power and they should keep who can," is only consistent with a very low degree of development. Even among beasts we see the first germs of Law. The male that has once gained a decided victory over his rivals is thenceforward allowed an undisputed pre-eminence.* And since constant fighting is incompatible with even the most moderate degree of physical welfare, it necessarily follows that human progress is only attainable when the recognition of superior force becomes widespread and permanent. Moreover the absolute power which Nature gives to parents over their powerless offspring produces by constant habit a permanent impress on the brain ; and the instinct of obedience formed in the family is readily transferred to the tribal head. Thus all law is, in its origin and basis, simply the outcome of superior brute-force : an Act of Parliament is merely an allotropic form of an overwhelming number of bullets and bayonets. Law is for us simply the development of our animal environment. And it is obvious that all development springs from the rigid pressure of the environment. Apart from the constant pressure of the struggle for existence and the Survival of the Fittest, organic life would stagnate, decay, and die out. And so long as Man needs oxygen for his lungs and food for his stomach, so long will the rigid environment of external law be essential to the possibility of Man's moral and spiritual growth. Hinton's lawless millennium is really a retrogression from the rigid skeleton of the vertebrate to the "fluent" futility of the amœba. The experiment has indeed been tried. The primitive church in its first enthusiasm attempted the problem of living without laws of property, though a saving common sense kept them from the Hintonian beatitude of living without law of sex ; and, as matter of fact, nothing but mischief and misery was the result ; to say nothing of the desperate lying and hypocrisy which was inevitably engendered by such a procedure.

Again, Hinton's own historic parallel reminds us of the absolute necessity of Law. Christ was what he was, on the human side of His nature, by virtue of being born with a perfectly healthy body. And it is obvious that that body was made what it was by the age-long obedience of His ancestors to the Mosaic law, which is de-

monstrably a law of the most perfect hygiene. Thus, but for the law of Moses, the Christ could not even have been born,

And although the laws of marriage (and especially the law of monogamy) have historically been formulated chiefly through the agency of falsehood and superstition ; and although there is nothing distinctively Christian about them, yet they do, as matter of fact, embody unchangeable physical facts. On this point Hinton is inexplicably at issue with demonstrable scientific truth.

For the law which we care most about (marriage) is ceremonial, strictly a ceremonial law : a matter of form and arrangement, not moral in any other sense than as the Sabbath is ; not even so much so probably, a matter in regard to which different usages have existed, different orders been advocated by men most worthy. (*Id.* p. 4)

Now, as matter of fact, the primary law of marriage as laid down by Christ himself is simply a demonstrable physiological truth, *viz.*, that by marriage a woman is made of one flesh and bone with her husband ; so that for him to forsake or ill-treat her is as unnatural as for him to forsake or ill-treat his own children. And to this immutable physiological fact is correlated a moral instinct, *viz.*, that a woman once married to any particular man cannot be married to any other man without an utter violation of her physical being. Thus, on the woman's side, monogamy is simply due to an immutable fact of nature.

And to this is correlated the further fact that the instinct of sex in the male can only be developed to its perfection by means of its absolute exclusiveness. All human experience proves that polygamy is the death of passionate love. To the healthy human male the mere thought of sex except for one woman only is loathsome and unendurable. This is no modern development of character ; it runs right down the vertebrate line almost to its end. The deeply rooted instinct expressed in the lines—

“ She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead ;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.”

—that instinct is only the richest and most complex development of the passion of the capercailzie. It is this instinct that has made the Teutonic races what they are ; it is this instinct that won the victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo, of Sadowa and Sedan. Monogamy is the only form of human life that can stand the struggle for

existence ; it is the final Gospel, not of Christ, but of the Survival of the Fittest : and, as matter of fact, polygamy only survives in those parts of the globe where the conditions of climate are such that it is not worth the while of the monogamic races to take thither God's appointed means for sweeping it away, the mitrailleuse and the bayonet. Thus Hinton's whole argument in the *Law-breaker* is based upon a blunder at the outset.

But further, Hinton's argument, taken from his own standpoint, is hopelessly untrue to facts. He distinctly says that his system is meant to embrace the common people who will have pleasure. To begin with, the very fact that they will not "go without pleasure," proves that their life is self-centred ; and self-centred it *must* remain till they have learned to be willing to forego pleasure for service's sake. The man who seeks pleasure in service is simply a self-deluded hypocrite. But waiving this difficulty the fact remains that pleasure *must* be given up. For, suppose the whole world emancipated from all marriage laws ; suppose the relations of sex made free, with only this proviso, that the perfect physical health of each woman must be held sacred, and the will of each woman made paramount in the disposal of herself ; under such conditions the merest smattering of gynæcology is enough to tell us that a far severer asceticism would be imposed upon men than is now required even by the strictest monogamy—a monogamy, that is to say, untainted by prostitution or adultery. It is true that such a system would not press so hard in exceptional individual cases, but the average would be one of hopelessly impracticable asceticism.

Lastly, Hinton's argument is based throughout on the fallacy of confounding together the word "law," meaning a statute sanctioned by civil penalties, and moral "law," a canon of right or wrong. The sentence "Christ said, Be free from laws outside and have them on the heart," is an instance of this fallacy. The only laws we can have on the heart are moral laws ; the only laws we can really have outside are civil laws. These two kinds of law are wholly independent, and have no necessary connection with each other. The law that I must pay income-tax contains no moral element ; while the moral law that I must not lie is not recognised in the Statute Book. The sole function of the civil law is the protection of person and property : the moral law has to do with our inmost thoughts and feelings as well as our acts : the one is the outward law of man, the other the inward law of God. It is true that the whole constitution of Jewish society was based on the falsehood of identifying the moral and the civil law ; the Jewish political constitution was that

most pernicious of all slaveries, a theocracy, hence its inevitable decay and its ultimate overthrow. But because Jewish writers blundered in confounding these two ideas together, there is no reason why James Hinton should perpetuate their blunders in his arguments. It is obvious that the existence or non-existence of a civil law can make no difference whatever to my accepting or refusing a moral law within ; so that Hinton's argument that the outside law must be abolished to give it a power over the heart is a mere play on words. It does indeed admit, by a slight modification, of a rational and sound interpretation. What Hinton should have said is this : "The outside law must be abolished *as your inward rule of life,*" or, to speak more definitely, "If the only rule of your private sex-life is the mere law of monogamy as laid down in the Statute Book, then your morality will probably be no better than the morality of a whoremonger." Unfortunately this does only too accurately describe the moral code of the average Englishman.

We cannot, however, quit this book without quoting one fascinating passage ; a passage most inexplicable, but which appears to be the living heart of the whole. Hinton has been speaking of the "suppression stage" of Jewish theology ; the self-centred worship of God as an isolated "self," apart from human needs. Christ, says Hinton, "positively denied" this false worship of God ; "left God out" in His new commandment "*Love one another.*"

And is there not another parallel here ? It is said : "The love of man only through the family ;" the home is the training school for universal love. Is not this true also with an unsuspected truth ? Is not our "home" even as that false serving of God was ? (In truth, is not woman in it even so falsely served as God was, to the loss of her fellows ? Is not the parallel exact ?) The home, as we have made it, is the self-form of the love of man [? woman] ; and even so also to be in its effect ; to be made perfect in seeming to pass away. As Christ from His new law simply left out God, and so gave Him for the first time true dominion ; even so in woman's new law will not the wife simply be left out—left out, that serving others may have all the space ? Hers is a throne, and she shall be a queen. For this is the true and only throne for evermore ; the service wholly put for others ; all claims foregone. So we see Him who sitteth upon a throne, to whom all blessing, honour, dominion, and power are for ever ; the King we see enthroned for ever and the sceptre is laid down, the kingdom disappears, and God is all in all. That is the King of Man ; the pattern in whose steps all that is human treads. So also shall the wife rule when her dominion is made complete.

And how simply this putting aside the service of God for that of man *is* serving Him ; it is done for His sake ; is His service recognised as the service He demands. It is fulfilling the two duties at once ; Man served *and* God ; God in the heart, Man with heart and hands as well. Both are done at once. The

one is raised to a more perfect life by the coming in of the others. . . . And so how simply also such service would be but the true service of the wife—the service of her spirit, that is, a spiritual service : a service “in spirit and in truth” (Have we yet read this aright?) Is not this the very thing that serving God as a spirit is : serving him in others, that is, *serving his spirit* ; serving him as a giver, a lover ? Do we not see, in the serving of the wife’s *spirit*, serving her giving, the true spirit, or spiritual service ? When Christ said “God is a spirit,” did He not mean simply, God is a giver not a taker ? He is not a negation, not a self to require you to think what you must render to Him, but a life who desires you as ministers of His service ; that you too may live. He is a spirit, and requires spirit-service, service to those He loves, that He may bless and enrich them through you ; sô blessing *you* the most. Worship Him with spirit-worship, consent to be so enriched ; give Him the gift of giving. He is a spirit, and it is in that He lives, and so is woman too ; only let her reveal what her being is. She wants spirit-service. (*Id.* pp. 55, 56.)

At first sight the above passage appears to refer to the world beyond the grave. But no ; James Hinton perpetually repudiates all “other-worldliness,” and is as emphatic in leaving out the heaven hereafter as Auguste Comte himself. No, it refers wholly to some unimagined relations of sex in a regenerated world of human flesh and blood. And yet we cannot detect the faintest waft of sewer-gas from Oncida Creek ; it is sweet as a daisy and radiant with the freshness of the morning star. It is as pure and as incomprehensible as would be one of the songs of Paradise, sung by Sir Galahad, were the heavens to be riven with a sharp quick thunder, and were the maiden knight to flash suddenly before us, in silver armour, crystal-clear, all rosy with the beatings of the Holy Grail. It is so beautiful that it ought to be true : the only pity is that sane common sense can find no possible place for it in the world on this side of the grave.

We regret that we cannot quote even partially the profound and magnificent pages (pp. 182—206) on the future of religion, that close the *Law-breaker* itself. They will amply repay the closest perusal. But we would end this necessarily imperfect Review by pointing out the most prominent of the truths that are implicitly involved in the book, and are independent of what appears to us the pervading fallacies of the whole.

(i.) While Hinton’s dream of an *outward* abolition of all laws of sex is a delusion that would be most pernicious were it not so simply absurd, it is most profoundly true that the law of monogamy, as an imagined divine law of moral right within, *must* be wholly renounced. There can be no true life, no salvation of the world of sex without this. Understood in this way every paragraph of the *Law-breaker* is as true as Gospel, as inexorable as Euclid.

There never was a more mistaken superstition than the notion that Christ ordained monogamy, except perhaps the Pharisaic superstitions about nail-parings and the Sabbath. And there cannot be a more pernicious superstition, for its inevitable outcome is the maxim, *Marry and do as you like*, which is the sum-total of English morality. That maxim practically interpreted comes to this, *If we cannot afford to marry, why should not we also do as we like?*

(ii.) Hinton deserves the everlasting gratitude of our race for this—that he alone of mankind has clearly taught the law of service as the basis of the relations of sex. Not but that, as he himself strenuously urges, that doctrine is latent in Christ's teachings, or rather in His life; but Christ had other work to do than to teach morality of any kind. Unfortunately, however, St. Paul wholly missed Christ's ideal. We must not forget that St. Paul's precepts were no doubt practically true for the people among whom he lived; no doubt they were the best precepts that could have been devised; the mischief is that they are accepted as inspired finalities, and have therefore crystallised into the dogma of the Church. All the best and the most hopeful movements of the present day, the Higher Education of Women, the Married Women's Property Bill, the Women's Franchise and the attempts at Rational Dress Reform, all these have been carried out in the teeth of St. Paul's adverse influence. For, so far as sex is concerned, he is a mere legalist, a self-centred Pharisee. There is but one exception to this statement, and that exception almost proves the non-Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Ephesians. Human language could not more vividly set forth, on the male side, the law of service as applied to the life of sex: "*Husbands love your wives, even as Christ loved the Church, dying upon the Cross for her sake.*" And no doubt it is here, in the sacred secrecy of married life that the battle of the redemption of a degraded womanhood will be fought out and won—or lost. If men, when in marriage they give way to their animal impulses solely for self, without one thought of service, nay, over and over again in the very teeth of traceable service, would but remember that in God's sight they are even more guilty than their unmarried brothers who mercilessly avail themselves of the misery of a starved and enslaved womanhood, then there might be some hope. For the latter sin dies with itself, the former sin propagates itself in a steadily increasing ratio.

But in another aspect of the same question Hinton deserves our gratitude, inasmuch as by setting forth service as the basis of the relations of sex he has made it possible for parents to teach their

children the physiology and the moral philosophy of sex, thus fore-warning and fore-arming them against the temptations of later life. Nine-tenths of existing vice springs from ignorance in the first instance, and is persevered in for want of some clear definite principle of moral guidance. And yet, if we hold to the ordinary doctrines of conventional morality, it is felt to be impossible to speak to children about the mystery of sex. The whole thing is so degraded and repulsive. Nothing could better illustrate this than the tone of those who have hitherto made any attempts in this direction. The well-known paper by the Head Master of Clifton College on morality in boys' schools, a paper which almost forms a historical landmark, strongly evinces this instinctive and necessary feeling in its emphatic condemnation of the actual teaching of sex-physiology to boys. Dr. Wilson perhaps may be taken as exemplifying the noblest and purest type of the conventional school of orthodox Pauline morality; though it must be frankly confessed that the modicum of truth there is in his paper is due not to Christianity but to modern science. This is his brief epitome of a school master's duty:—

Keeps boys constantly employed; give them plenty of athletic sports and every kind of varied interest, so that they may be too busy even to think or talk of vice; be careful wholly to dissociate the religious instinct from the question of sex; if a boy is convicted of any overt act of vice do not tell him it is un-Christian, do not talk to him about hell-fire; tell him sternly it is dirty, beastly, a thing for which he deserves to be kicked out of the school.

Most profoundly true; of the utmost practical importance; and far wiser than the teachings of Solomon or of Jeremy Taylor: but, at its best, it is purely heathenish; it is the mere self-centred Pharisaism of the "suppression stage" of morals.

But to those who have sympathetically studied James Hinton's works, light has arisen in this Valley of the Shadow of Death; and how precious is that light. A father who on Sunday evenings goes through with his children a series of lessons on sex; as he sits with his eldest boy on one side, his eldest girl in the other, with his anatomical models of cardboard and coloured calico on the table before them, and James Hinton's life-thought steadily burning within his soul, such a father then knows how in the light of the Law of Service every detail of the anatomy of sex becomes simply divine, and its most repulsive features are transformed into the very beauty of holiness. This, at least, is an "easy" plan; it has never yet been tried; and surely if two or three generations of children were thus taught, the world would become something widely different from what it now is.

(iii.) To the thoughtful student, Hinton's teaching in the *Law-breaker* on the moral value and use of pleasure, though it needs correction and modification, is profoundly suggestive and important. Most clearly does he show how the refusal of pleasure, the life of asceticism, is simply the intensest form of selfishness.

In truth are not the needs of others which mean our pleasure those which have really the most power on our spiritual life? For those which mean our pain we may attend to utterly for ourselves; and no voice warn us that it is after all for self. But the needs that mean our pleasure, how deep they go. How deep nature has insisted on their going. How absolutely she prepares all things to give them their full power. (*Law-breaker*, p. 122).

A father who has taught his children the lessons we have above described, knows well how simple and how easy it is, in the light of this thought, to explain to them the truth God has written in our bodies concerning the physical pleasures of sex; how solemn and heart-searching that truth is, how infinitely more potent upon the conscience than the hopes of heaven or the terrors of hell.

(iv.) Lastly, we can give two illustrations to show that there may be some truth even in the fundamental fallacy of the whole book. Christ reset the disjointed moral world by openly breaking a ceremonial law for service' sake. Hinton implies that the Christ of to-day must redeem the world of sex by openly violating the law of monogamy for the sake of the service which that law forbids. To begin with, monogamy is not a ceremonial law; it is a fundamental law of man's physical being, as unalterable as the law that we must have fresh air if we would keep in good health. Science demonstrates that it is for service; and Hinton has not written one solitary syllable to prove the contrary. He rails against our marriage laws as if their being contrary to service was a thing allowed on all hands; but he gives no shadow of proof for this assertion. It is, however, our duty to endeavour to do more than criticise; we should, if we can, try to develop and carry out his unfinished, unspoken thought.

Now first consider a very common case. A man after a happy married life is left a widower with several young children. His wife's sister has often been with them, she is fond of children and has a special gift for managing them; and these children always have looked up to "Auntie" as their best friend next to their own mother. Naturally and inevitably she comes to take care of them; and after a year or two as inevitably she comes to feel almost as if they were her own.

Now under such circumstances what is the man's duty? So far as he himself is concerned no doubt the noblest ideal for him would be the life of strict absolute monogamy: to be literally faithful to death to his loved one in Heaven. But "all men cannot accept this saying"; and at any rate he has no right to bind himself irrevocably to such a course. And yet if he marries in accordance with the existing English law, he will be compelled to the monstrous wickedness of turning the virtual mother of his children out of house and home, and tearing her from the children God has given into her charge.

And, again, even if he can be sure of himself, he has no moral right to compel her to a course which makes her marriage impossible unless she renounces the trust God has given to her. Celibacy for service' sake is the highest possible ideal for a man; it is consistent with the utmost perfection of his physical nature; but celibacy to a woman is utterly unnatural, it is her lowest possible ideal of goodness; to condemn a woman to a life of celibacy is a moral wrong of a most serious kind. Plainly, therefore, his duty is to marry her for his children's sake and for her sake. If he sneaks away to the Continent and goes through an empty form of marriage abroad, we cannot condemn him; if he marries her because he has gradually and helplessly fallen in love with her, we cannot condemn him. If out of a superstitious feeling of the superior "purity" of a celibate life, or from dread of the social ostracism involved in breaking the law, he persists in a life of selfish maidenhood, we cannot condemn him, though he is guilty of the self-centred sin Hinton so sternly denounces, of "refusing a pleasure that is for service." But if, without falling in love with her, he openly and publicly marries her, for his children's sake and for her sake, in deliberate defiance of an iniquitous law, then, like Christ, he is one of the law-breakers who redeem the world.

Let us consider a second case, dragged out of a quaint dusty corner of the world's lumber-room. There could be few movements more pregnant with hope for the world's future than a deep, widespread, and intense revival of the national and religious life of Judaism. All real lovers of literary art have been familiarised with this idea in the pages of *Daniel Deronda*. Now, suppose Daniel Deronda had had one only elder brother, married, but childless; suppose that this brother had died shortly after Deronda's marriage with Mirah, and before they had matured their plan of going out to the East. The still small voice of conscience would come to Deronda from time to time, and would whisper in his startled ear

the well-known words of their sacred law. He would try to shake off the thought ; persuade himself that it was absurd, ridiculous, a relic of a barbarous and a forgotten superstition. But all to no purpose : that voice would haunt him continually ; a threatening Angel would stand between him and the Jerusalem of his hope : "*How dare you dream of leading My People home, when you yourself are faithless to My Law?*" And at last he ventures to face this haunting fear ; he gives conscience leave to speak ; and then comes the wrench of soul.

Had it been his grandfather, Daniel Charisi, there would have been no such wrench. *He* would have gone to work in a frankly brutal fashion, and never troubled himself with anybody's opinion on the matter, except that of the Chief Rabbi. But Daniel Deronda, thanks to the wayward wilfulness of his mother, is an Englishman by education and early associations, as well as a Jew by birth ; he inherits the West as he inherits the East ; "in the fire of his passions they are melted into one." And to him, therefore, the thought of obedience to the Sacred Law is as torturing as was the voice that spoke to Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac whom thou lovest, and offer him up for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

But faith and piety prevail at last ; the sacrifice is already offered within ; his animal instinct of passionate exclusiveness immolated on the altar of the eternal love, and then comes the hard task of telling Mirah. Day after day he puts this off, even as once before he kept looking into the shop windows one by one to put off facing the truth about the real Ezra Cohen ; but at last, he knows not how, he dares to tell her all. To his dying day he can never forget the unutterable loveliness that clothed her from head to foot in that crowning moment, as the whole wealth of her Jewish blood surged up in one grand wave of passionate pride, and she lifted her face to his even as Jephtha's daughter looked up to meet her father's sacrificial steel, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; let Him do unto me even as seemeth Him good."

Then in due form the Chief Rabbi gives notice in the Synagogue of Deronda's fixed resolve ; and in time a son is born to the widow ; and Mirah herself takes him in her arms to be acknowledged with all holy rites as the heir to the dead, brought into the world by the piety of his *Goel*. And now that this Act of Faith has been accomplished, they make their preparations for their journey Eastwards. Mirah has gone the round of her farewell visits ; she and Deronda have passed a silent afternoon together, pacing the little

cemetery where Mordecai sleeps ; but the sharpest pang of all that Mirah has felt has been in saying " Good-bye " to her sister-in-law and her little nephew step-son. And at last when they have fairly started, while Deronda is getting the tickets and seeing after the luggage, Mirah looks over the railway bookstall for something to amuse her on the way ; and picking up a second-hand copy, almost uncut, of the *Law-breaker*, partly attracted by its quaint title and partly wishing, after a peep among the leaves, to see what these Gentiles think about the great Prophet of Nazareth, she buys the book and takes it into the carriage. And when they are alone together in the swift-rolling luxury of a midnight express, she carefully cuts through the leaves and then begins to read, turning over the pages in puzzled bewilderment, till at last her woman's instinct is attracted by one passage (quoted above), and she reads it, and looks backward to lead up to it, and her brow is tensely knitted as she tries to understand, and her fingers unconsciously play with the little jewelled locket that lies on her bosom with its hidden curl of a baby's hair, till at last the clear meaning of the whole flashes out in her face and the light in her eyes grows deeper and more divine as she turns to her husband with the words—" *Isn't it wonderful how perfectly this Gentile understood all that is in our heart now ?*"

This is not indeed an instance of law-breaking, rather of law-keeping : but it shews how, in the case of a conscientious Jew, the Hintonian philosophy may hold good, "*There can be no true having even of monogamy, except in giving it up.*"

The tourist travelling among the autumn moorlands sometimes sees as he begins the day the lofty brow of some sky-fronting tor, and he steadfastly sets his steps to gain what he supposes to be the summit of that slope. But when at last he has attained it, lo, a slight hollow lies before him and thence another long climb to a loftier summit unseen before. And thus it may be in the future progress of our race. To us in this ignorant present there seems to be no possibility of a loftier, a nobler ideal than that of a true monogamy. And we steadfastly set our steps to gain that ideal. We are indeed far enough off from such a consummation as yet. Europe is a moral chaos, in which monogamy is hypocritically professed, while polygamy and polyandry are the rampant realities. But when at last with agelong toil and pain we have gained the summit of our hopes, it may be that we shall find ourselves mistaken, and that there will then arise before our astonished gaze another upward slope leading to another summit, bathed in a rosier light, and swept with a keener, a more exhilarating ozone. And it may be that to James Hinton

was vouchsafed the revelation of some such vision of unimagined bliss ; and that the sight of that surpassing glory dazzled his eyes and paralysed his tongue, so that thenceforward he could only speak in mystic parables, and was counted by the multitude as one mad. It may be so ; time alone can tell. But if the worst that the world can say be true ; if it be the fact that during the later years of his life his thoughts revolved with the persistence of actual insanity around a mere hysterical hallucination, let us not forget that that hysteria was the result, partly of reckless overwork, but mainly of the self-denying heroism of his personal life, and of the intensity of his sympathy with a degraded and down-trodden womanhood. And when we reflect what that down-trodden womanhood means ; when we think of that typical story of a forsaken wife, who for three long days of starvation endured the gnawings of a double hunger and then found that there was but one way to save her unborn baby alive ; when we remember that it is by the Parliamentary organization of such things as these that our secluded homes are kept so beautiful and so pure ; and that this is accepted alike by sinner and by saint as a divinely appointed finality ; when we look on the one hand at society thus self-convicted, and on the other hand think of James Hinton with his shattered brain, his broken heart, and his untimely grave ; contrasting these two, the verdict of every true man, of every true woman will be—" *Malo cum Platone errare quam cum istis recte sentire.*"

JAMES A. ALDIS.

INDIAN ENGLISH AND INDIAN CHARACTER.

III.

Le style est l'homme même.—Buffon.

THE *MA-BAP* attitude of mind, already referred to as a marked characteristic of natives of this country in their dealings with Englishmen, is one that is capable of very considerable illustration, so widespread is it in its extent, and so varied in its phases.

Truer than Napoleon's well known sneer against his English neighbours is the remark which describes the Bengalis of the middle class as a "nation of clerks," and it is curious to observe how (as in the instance about to be given) "drudgery at the desk's dead wood"—a servitude so abhorrent to poor Charles Lamb—makes up, for them, almost the whole idea included under the term *work*. Thus to the writer whose words are quoted below "toiling and moiling" means simply office employment, unless haply he refers, under that phrase to his exertions in composing and despatching his letter (!)—which runs as follows:—

To ———, Esq.,
High Court.

HONORED SIR,

After having endured a long list of losses, crosses, and mishaps, arising from providential dispensation which no mortal being could forbid, I have hence presumed and made myself bold enough to apply to your honor for providing me with a berth, that doth constantly occur to your honor's disposal. After having maturely considered that without toiling and moiling nothing could be had in this shabby planet of ours, I have determined to serve your honor, please thou gracious to bestow on me the desired boon, and I shall ever afterwards with a sincerity of mind, devote my whole life to pray for thine good health and long life.

The letter concludes with the ejaculation—"May God bless your honor!" The writer apparently substitutes the word *ne* for *et* in his reading of the old Latin motto, *Ora et labora*.

In the same strain, a letter from a *zillah* school boy to a college professor, quite unknown to him, lies before us, in which the former, after expressing his hope that "the earnest prayer of a poor boy

shall be able to move the mind of one so great," goes on to make the following modest request: "If your highness condescend to show favour to so a low one in sending a note with important questions on our text book and grammar, your petitioner shall be much benefited and obliged."

Letters begging for employment, or even begging letters pure and simple, from University students to the Principals and Professors of their colleges are by no means uncommon, especially in the mofussil. Here, for instance, is one addressed in the form of a petition to one of our European professors:—

The humble petition of H—— P—— K——,
3rd Year Class,— College.

Sheweth,

That he is an object of your philanthropy—nay an really object of your that noble feeling.

He has to study at college one year more, but he has no means. . . . He is at a loss of what to do. To leave off college is at once revolting to his mind—and really so, for that is surely cutting short of progress. The very idea sickens him; nor does he find any means to make him quiet

Would this account of his miserable circumstances enkindle your benevolent feeling and make you a little well disposed to him? He has no expedient to have recourse to nor any other *benefactor* to whom to resort. Should you do him any good (which he thinks you may easily) he shall be much obliged to you for life, and heartily pray to God for your welfare.

He is

yours most obeyd.,

H—— P—— K——.

In spite, however, of the assurance conveyed above that he had "no other *benefactor* (the italics are his own) to whom to resort," our enterprising student, determined to have two strings to his bow, had recourse to another "expedient" and wrote on the same day a letter to his college Principal, parts of which may be quoted:—

To

———, ESQ., M.A.,
PRINCIPAL OF THE ——— COLLEGE.

SIR,

Poor as I am, I can hardly afford to pay the college-fee. My father, an old man, is quite unable to work;—so the whole charge of our family is solely dependent on, and is but barely supported by my elder brother's toil. In short our family-circumstances are too unfavorable to provide for me even a farthing. Nay I have to aid my brother now and then. To add to our misfortunes, I failed to win any stipend, because of various causes, which would flavour a bit of pedantry to set forth.

* * * * *

Placed as I am under these adverse circumstances, and pressed by fresh 'misfortunes—misfortunes chiefly from want of money, I have no alternative but to apply to you, and so to invoke your generous feeling. Would you kindly

take up my case, and take pains to relieve me from these difficulties? Should you ever be so well disposed to me as to offer me any private tutorship of a pretty good sum (not a drudgery), I would be much obliged to you, and should ever be thankful to you. For, otherwise, I do not see any means to continue my study at College one year more—which is indispensably necessary for me.

I remain,
SIR,
Your most obedient pupil,
H—— P—— K——,
3rd Year Class.

We may note, in the above, the appearance of the cloven hoof in the expression “not a drudgery,” with which the writer qualifies his request for employment.

Dislike for any work of a physical nature, as not only too laborious, but also as below the dignity of any but the purely artisan classes, is a frequent characteristic of these petitionary letter-writers. They cannot dig, and to beg they are *not* ashamed. Take, for instance, the following epistle sent by a former student, who had obtained a post in the Survey Department, to the Principal of his college :—

Kaligunge, in the District of the 24-Pergunnas.

23rd February 1875.

SIR,

Pardon me for remaining so silent after my safe arrival at Kaligunge, where I am suffering very much both of body and mind and three of food, fuel, and lodgings. Though I and others are living very agreeably in concert and harmony with one another, and indeed, though I do not feel the pangs of passing days, yet I rest assured that I am doomed to haunt over wild and uncultivated tracts, the frequent abodes of fox, jackals, and serpents. This is not all, nor is this all, I am also made to belt or survey some such lands as the *coolies* of my country go with spades and baskets over their shoulders to clear off drains or nullahs bare-footed, in order to work upon clay, waters, and jungles. I have therefore, my good sir, made up my mind to have recourse to my mother land just at the close of the present month, which, though it does not afford the best opportunity for drawing out the pay of this month, yet I will be compelled to leave it alone to the care of the Survey Superintendent for the same purpose. I am not well here, suffering under some kind of nauseous disease, that is the produce of the salty quarters, where I am both inhaling and drinking such air and waters. I hope, therefore, that you will be so good and kind enough as to stand for me the very patron as you are from the days heretofore, and bless me with any employment which your generosity can afford.

I am,
Sir,
Your most obedient pupil,
M—— N—— S——.

Again, another letter written by another native student, after leaving college, to the same Principal, commences thus :—“Honored and

Beloved Sir,—With feelings of sincere and everlasting gratitude, and highest respect and adoration, I am sending these lines to your honor." The writer then expresses his regret that his immediate departure after passing the Law Examination "obstructed my everlong hearty desire to visit your high and noble honor." * "But," he continues, "ever since leaving college I regard your honor as my guardian and parent with everlasting gratitude and veneration." The writer next proceeds to explain that he is not earning enough money to live upon by practising in the Courts of Rampore-Beaulah, and "feels very uneasy to remain still a burden to his eldest, lest he is tired to continue in his difficulty of supporting us any more." He accordingly proposes that "your high honor will be pleased to know my qualifications and competency, and offer me a post of Moonsiffship by your honor's high recommendations." With a view to which happy consummation, he suggests the following very original plan (the italics are his own):—

Being parentless I look in yourself as my *guardian* and parent and patron. I have determined to make myself, my position, qualifications, competency, and character very well known to you. I therefore intend to join the Civil Service Class, to exercise gymnastics for restoring my energy, spirit, and vigour of *sound Health*, to meet the variety of affairs and works long in the *worldly life*. I will join it in September ensuing, and continue in it till spring season. During this period of five or six months, both for the purpose of covering my expenses and making my qualifications thoroughly known to you, I will humbly request your high honor to engage me with a monthly salary of Rs. 25 only in either of the following offices:—1st, I may be a private tutor of *Bengalee and English* to your children or relatives. I may be a private writer in your private office. And in serving both as *private writer and tutor*, I want only Rs. 25 per month in all. 2nd, I may be a teacher to teach History in the L. A. Classes on a salary of Rs. 25 per month.

But the gem of this production is to be found in the postscript, which runs as follows:—

I will try to write a Biography of the greatness, true nobleness, and generosity of your high honor and eternise your goodness. I humbly pray your gracious honor will be kind to convey my most respectful compliments of gratitude and filial adoration to her Ladyship Mrs. T——. I tender my highest respects to the *honorable madam* as her son and servant. I hope my filial respects and gratitudes will be graciously accepted as the effect of a *real heart* and sincerity; for my *father* and *mother* have been removed to Heaven from this world by the almighty merciful Father; and whose kind providence helps the parentless by appointing noble and merciful *patrons good and great*. I am extremely helpless, and my only hope of being useful to my family and *society of men* is resting in your high noble patronage.

The following is another letter in the same strain, addressed to another college Principal by a native youth, who was a perfect stranger to him:—

To

——— Esq.

HONORED SIR,

Here is as trouble to this boy that canot write on paper or I explain from their tonuge (tongue) but the whole trouble will be expose from the following condition.

Before I was learning at my country while my father was but in last month of April of 1874 my father died then my relation could not give me the fees of school which I learn to the languages.

I therefore beg to stand as a candidate to put me in your school from your honour kindness. God will bless you if you will nurse to orphan boys who have no father or mother as I am. I shall ever pray for your long life and prosperity.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

25th February 1875.

R——— L——,

Goldsmith.

We may observe that in this case the selection of the Principal to whom to make his appeal was distinctly unfortunate ; for, however excellent as a man, his correspondent happened to be of so thoroughly practical and unsentimental a disposition, that it was impossible for the wildest imagination to picture him as discharging the function of a “ nurse to orphan boys.”

We have remarked that to beg the natives of the middle class (the class we have mainly in view throughout these papers) are *not* ashamed. They will, in fact, never submit to run the risk of losing anything for want of asking. A useful book or even a few rupees *might* be secured by the expenditure of a little ink and paper and indifferent English ; why, then, not make the attempt ? It may, of course, end in failure ; but, on the other hand, there is always the chance of success : and so, troubled by no misgivings, our enterprising applicant casts his bread upon the waters, or, in other words, writes his begging letter, in the hope it “ may return ” in the shape of the desired boon, and that not “ after many days.”

No one who has published a school-book but will recognise the familiar strain of such a letter as the following selected at random from a sheaf of similar ones received by the author of a popular class-book :—

To

—————
HONORED SIR,

With great respect and humble submission I beg to lay before your honor the following few lines for your kind consideration and order.

That I learn that you have prepared—(here follows the name of the book). I beg to have a copy, but being in bad circumstances am not able to pay the

price. May I therefore ask the favor of your giving me a copy gratis. Your high position, vast acquirements, and habitual kindness have encouraged me to throw myself at your honor's mercy and make this application. I further beg to enclose a half anna stamp for your kind reply which is earnestly solicited.

I remain to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

28th November 1882.

B——— N——— M———.

Another applicant hopes "to be supplied with a copy" on the ground that he "is of low condition and has hardly enough to live on from day to day." A third remarks that "though the price of the book is not so much, yet to me it is a heavy sum, but to you it is a trifling one," and backs up his petition with a certificate to his "fair progress" from the head-master of his school, who "will be very glad to hear that his request has been complied with." Another, after expressing a hope that "you will kindly lend your willing ears to my prayers," continues :—

I have been descended from a respectable family, comparatively reduced to poverty, for which I find it hard to meet the expenses of my studies. I was a vernacular scholar ; but I fell into great difficulty, when my scholarship expired. I was compelled to quit school on this account ; but I was able to procure something from some generous people. From time to time I have been asking help from others. * * * You are a great man and your fame has extended throughout the whole of India by your several works. * * * My circumstances do not allow me to purchase a copy of ————. I should be much obliged if you would be good enough to offer me a copy.

This applicant also, to "make his request stronger," annexes a certificate from his head-master, who "has no hesitation in recommending him to the liberality of the enlightened public." There is a sort of comic pathos in the sentence with which the letter closes :—"If you wish to assist this poor fellow you may send it through bearing parcel."

Another petitioner states that he is very poor and has procured one of his required school-books "only by begging two rupees from a gentleman here." "If," he continues, "you will kindly send me a copy of ———— by unpaid book post then I will be grateful to you as long as I shall live."

Sometimes these communications are very curt and business-like. Take for instance the following :—

SIR,

I beg most respectfully to inform you that I want ———— which you have published. I hope your kindness will not fail to grant my petition.

Yours obediently,

A——— T——— M———.

Yet another applicant writes, not for one of his correspondent's publications, but for pecuniary aid to enable him to go to Calcutta and appear at a University examination. He had previously received help from different persons "in his going through the school-life," but—

Now I am penniless and find no means to get rid of the surrounding difficulties. I have none in Calcutta or its suburbs to give me food or to procure a room to put my head in. Here also the case is almost the same. I am undone and find no means of relief. Sir, will you be so kind as to let me know at your earliest convenience if you would help me on the present occasion?

This writer, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, followed up his first application by two more, in the latter of which he states that "some Rs. 5 will be required for the stay at Calcutta on this occasion," and begs to be "blessed with a speedy relief."

There is, it must be allowed, a certain pathos about many of these petitions, which in the large majority of instances are, no doubt, perfectly genuine, and that they sometimes meet with a favourable reception at the hands of generous individuals, unwitting of the consequences, seems to be indicated by their frequency. The fact is that appeals of this kind are only an outcome of the native yearning for office under Government to which we have already referred, and the young student who once has his foot on the educational ladder, will resort to almost any expedient rather than lose his hold upon the one great means of mounting to the delights of civil employment.

The boldness (not to use so harsh a term as presumption) of these applications—their sweet *unreasonableness*—is sometimes quite remarkable. Take, for instance, the following letter sent a few years ago to a college Principal (the italics are ours):—

SIR,

As a Bengali Surveying School is now to be established at D—— under your disposal, I wish to take admission therein.

I passed the Vernacular Scholarship Examination from H—— School, M——; but could not continue my study for my bad circumstance.

Now I hope that you will admit me in the school and *furnish me with a scholarship too*, that I may be able to continue my study.

I have, &c.

Nor are these appeals confined to the student class, though for reasons stated above they are doubtless more frequent with them than with others. Newspaper managers, for instance, are by no means free from applications of this kind:—

SIR,

I beg most respectfully to bring to your notice that I am exerting very much for a long time to be a subscriber to your esteemed paper, but owing to my inability to defray the necessary expense, I am unable to attain my heart's desire.

However, as you are an avowed friend of the struggling worth, I fervently request your favor of supplying me with a copy free of charge.

Yours, &c.,

H———— M————.

Calcutta, April 28th, No. 9, ——— Lane.

A European lady in a mofussil station once received the following letter from a Native to whom she had shown some kindness, but whose idea of gratitude mainly consisted in the sense of favours to come :—

TO THE MRS. ———.

I have the honor to request that you supported me every thing like my mother, when I was in good circumstances. Now I am fallen in very poor and miserable condition. As I hope you will kindly to supply me some rupees into your favourable consideration. As you few month ago sent Rs. 10 for my good healthy.

I am your most
Obedient beloved,

—————

But the following letter—one before which the coolness of the proverbial cucumber must sink into hopeless insignificance—probably touches the highest point yet attained in this line. As (we imagine) almost a unique specimen we quote it in full, premising that it was addressed, some years back, by a young law student to a late Judge of the Calcutta High Court, to whom he was a perfect stranger :—

HONORABLE SIR,

With due respect and humble submission I beg to bring to your Lordship's notice that I have intended to go London for the purpose of making myself a barrister-at-law, but I have no such means or person who will assist me to my cherished hopes so I ask your Lordship to assist me with a certain amount that will cover my passage and other expenses which will be incurred by me during five years' stay in London.

I shall feel much obliged to your Lordship as long as I will perform the acts of this worldly stage if this my petition be taken into your Lordship's favourable consideration.

A reply is earnestly solicited from your Lordship.

I am, Sir,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

G———— P————.

In June of the year 1875 the members of the Philanthropic Society of Dacca presented a petition to Sir Richard Temple, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, praying that "steps may be taken to insure the teaching of the elementary principles of morality in the Government schools and colleges of Bengal." The petitioners complain that "certain moral laws cease to command the respect of many educated natives now as they once did," and that "the evils

of such a disregard of morality are beginning to be felt in a painful way in native society." The document proceeds :—

Your petitioners are urged to present this appeal to Your Honor, because they themselves, with the rest of native society, are beginning to suffer from the consequences of the neglect of moral training among the educated native youth of Bengal. This neglect is painfully felt when pupils treat their teachers and superiors without proper respect, in many cases grumbling at being requested to salaam the officers of the institutions where they receive their education, and professing to be ignorant of any reason for such "servile compulsion,"—refusing to support their parents, even when they enjoy good salaries, on the ground that they are ignorant of any sufficient reason for such a course ; manifesting a morbid anxiety for the respect due by their superiors to themselves ; and in many cases though far better educated than their fathers, proving themselves far more troublesome members of society than they ;—all of which evils Your petitioners trace partly at least to the exclusion of the teaching of the simplest moral principles from the curriculum of the University.

The members of the Society, therefore, pray that Government would ordain that henceforth the teaching of morality should be an integral part of that curriculum, and recommend Chamber's Moral Class Book as "about the best book to make a text book in such a scheme."

The reply of the Bengal Government to this petition was to the effect that you cannot make people virtuous by simply inculcating rules of morality. Good manners should always be taught in schools, and breaches of good manners should be punishable, but it can "hardly be expected that men of different creeds would teach practical morality, with all its issues, without their peculiar dogmas giving a tinge to their teaching."

Further, the recent Education Commission recorded in their Report—in all probability mainly at the instance of the Native members—the double proposal that an attempt should be made to prepare and teach "a moral text-book, based upon the fundamental principles of natural religion," in all Government and non-Government colleges ; and that "a series of lectures on the duties of a man and a citizen" should be delivered, in every session, to each of the college classes.

Here again the old difficulty—the strict religious neutrality which the Government of India is constitutionally bound to observe—comes in ; while a perfectly vague and colourless text book would, according to the Government Resolution, probably do but little to remedy the defects or supply the shortcomings of a purely secular education, however imperfect such an education may be regarded.

The question no doubt is one of considerable difficulty ; and our reason for referring to it here is to point out that even in the

opinion of the best judges among the Natives themselves, the tone of morality of the rising generation of middle-class Indians is unsatisfactory and likely still further to deteriorate.

This, however, is a characteristic which, naturally, is not likely to find much illustration in their writings—the subject with which alone we profess to deal in these papers. Still, a few examples may be quoted. Thus there are actually candidates for our University examinations whose standard of right is so low that they can think that the examiner may be induced to credit them with marks which they have not earned. The following letter in this strain was received by a University Examiner a few years back :—

To

THE HUMANE EXAMINER.

SIR,

Knowing that I shall be plucked in this branch, I am writing an application to show your favor to me. I am a poor man, son of a poor family. But you may say that as I have not worked any single sum how can I show favor towards you. But the reasons. I have passed in the three other days ; and I know not why I cannot work these sums ; perhaps God is on my opposite side or my fortune is bad. If you give me ten marks then that will be sufficient for me. If you do not show me this favor I shall lose my whole year. You see distribute pice to poor which is of great labor, but this is of very petty labor, so give me the above mentioned marks.

From your most obedient servant,

The almost infantine simplicity with which the applicant argues on behalf of the perpetration of a dishonourable action, half disarms our indignation as we read. The writer is, seemingly, quite unconscious that he is doing anything wrong, and discloses the most primitive ignorance of the first principles of moral rectitude.

A letter from another candidate to his examiner lies before us in which the former explains that though the other days' papers "were very tolerably finished," he "has much doubt in History." "I cannot," he continues, "directly solicit you to show me some favour, as that is a very miserable etiquette (!), but I shall tell you that I shall be out of any danger whatever if you bestow a little of your consideration upon my petition and paper, as I have no doubt in the other days' answers." In a postscript the writer has the assurance to declare that he would "be doubly obliged to you by your kindly informing me of the result of your favour." Here we have a young man of education and attainments, a candidate for the B. A. degree, who is evidently unaware that he is committing any offence against morality or that his application is an

insult to the person whom he addresses. For, of course, such an appeal has no meaning unless accompanied by the name and registered number of the examinee.

A third candidate writes to explain that he sat up studying the whole of the preceding night and so did badly in the next day's examination. "I may," he says however, "likely pass if I secure passable marks in English." He then appeals to the kind feelings of the examiner, as being an old pupil of his, and continues: "I should be much obliged if you would be good enough to grace me with so many marks as will enable me to pass the examination, *i.e.*, with 18."

The letter that follows, in spite of its length, shall be quoted in full. We have not the heart to break in upon the tissue of mingled hope and pathos, chastened sorrow and abject despair, touching appeals and descriptions of natural scenery, which make this production a study worthy of the philosopher and the psychologist. It was addressed to a University Registrar, and with the exception that names are suppressed, is given *verbatim et literatim*.

To

THE SYMPATHISING HEART OF MR. S——.

SIR,

Providence knows why I seem to trouble you with my writing. Please know surely that I write to you only for the consolation of my wounded and afflicted soul. I know not why my soul naturally directs me to trouble you so often. Should it not, therefore, please you to excuse me at my sincere regret to you. I often congratulate myself with a particular hope from all of you: J—— W——, Mr. F——, Mr. M——, Mr. J—— and Mr. K. P. G——. I know not what they and you shall do for me. I pray unto my God for my premature death wherewith all my grief and affliction shall be gone away for ever. I see I am born to trouble the hearts of some men.

I went to see you when I was at Calcutta; you shall be sorry to hear that I have come to a corner of Bengal, living cut off from my old mother's lap. The name of the place is Cooch Behar, which is 16 days' journey from home. I know not what I should do. Pray comfort my afflicted soul with thy advice.

I am troubled at myself. I went to the Senate-hall to know the subjects of my failure. I saw in a piece of paper that I failed in three subjects. I was sometimes astounded with it and at last came to learn that I am born not to pass. I only thought of my failure in Arithmetic. Gushing tears roll down my cheeks. I know not why I have failed in three subjects. Ah! death why does thou not put end to my life.

My case is peculiar. I am helpless and desperate one. Please do not be stone-blinded. My heart-felt impatience and grief incline me to know the marks in all branches, so that I may understand whether I shall pass in my next attempt, and in other way I may take a proper precaution when I labour. Pray do not see the rules of University. Do not be offended with my writing this. If you take offence and do not favour me then kill me at once. I see that my

precious days of youth are going in vain regrets and researches. When I will die. Do you advise me for trying again? Pray advise me with fatherly affection. I have no father.

I have a peculiar hope from you. The place is very near to Himalaya mountain. Divalagir seems to be a cloudy from hence. I have a mind to see the mountain I will wait here for your advice and answers. Please console me. I am somewhat well. Trusting this will find you the same.

I remain,

Your most obedient servant and affectionate,

B——— P——— C———.

Another candidate, regardless also of University regulations, writes to his examiner to learn his marks "for his private satisfaction"—information which, he continues, "I humbly hope, your pity will make you give even if charity were to forbid you to do so." According to this writer's code of ethics, apparently the emotion of charity is subject to the rules of the University, while that of pity is relieved from any such obligation.

We have another letter relating to this part of our subject, parts of which may be quoted, that speak for themselves. It is addressed to a college Principal by an old student of another college who, though nearly twenty years had elapsed, is "fully confident that no length of time can efface impressions from great minds." By way of reminder, however, the writer relates how these indelible impressions came to be first imprinted:—

When I came down to C—— along with ten other boys in order to compete in a cricket match entitled "C—— against K——," we were made to stay in the college under your direct superintendence. As long as I stopped at C——, Mrs. T—— (the Principal's wife), whom I looked up to as my mother, used to love me with great tenderness, and fondly to call me "antelope."

Then a series of misfortunes ensued; he and his family were caught in a cyclone on the river, and "not to tell the tale in all its horrid details, the boat overturned and went down with all the men that were on it," the writer, "by some Providential interference," being "the only person that escaped the watery grave." Thus "reduced to orphanage and destitution, he was at a loss for some time to determine what to do." And now comes the pith of the whole epistle:—

I turned out (he continues) a contractor, and have since the last four years been serving in that capacity under Mr. W——, C. E., Executive Engineer,—— District. Since I have been at this work sufficiently long to think myself competent to it, my prayer is that you will be pleased to recommend me to the above-named gentleman, so that he may give me at the time of calling for tenders and distributing contracts, any one I may apply for.

But our readers will have had enough of a rather unpleasant topic, and we pass on to the last characteristic that we propose to

notice here, *vis.*, the sensibility—the susceptibility to emotion—which is so marked a feature of the Indian temperament. This trait, together with that of naivety,* has already been illustrated to some extent in the examples that have been quoted; a few others may find a place here.

Not very long ago the pupils of a school in the neighbourhood of Calcutta held a meeting, at which they presented their retiring Head Master with a farewell address, which ran as follows:—

To ———

“ ——— Farewell !

For in that word—that fatal word—however

We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair.”

DEAR SIR,

Our hearts break, our heads become dizzy, our eyes shed tears, when we hear that you are going to leave us. Not that you are going to leave us for a day or two, but that you are going to leave us for ever. A greater misfortune could not befall the school. A teacher so disinterested, so mindful to teach his boys, and so popular, can scarcely be found. Your loss is irreparable. You are leaving a blank in the staff that can never, never be filled again. You were not only our excellent tutor, but a sympathising parent. When you will be grey with years, the people will call you:—“The Arnold of the East.”

* * * * *

In conclusion, we beg to state that you will be kind enough to keep us in a corner of your spacious mind, for we are losers, we must have some indulgence.

It is our earnest desire to preserve a portrait of your glorious image in the poor Library of our School.

We are,

Sir,

Your most obedient admirers and pupils

OF THE ——— SCHOOL.

To English ears such a strong expression of sentiment on an occasion of this kind, sounds strained and unreal; the reserved Northern temperament shrinks from publishing its emotions, and leaves them for the most part to be understood. Not so the Indian; if his feelings are temporary, they are intense; and he utters all that he feels, untroubled by any *mauvais honte* in the matter.

The following account of an accident on the Hooghly resulting in the sinking of a boat full of passengers, communicated by a Native to a Calcutta newspaper, forms an excellent example of how

* The following is a remarkable instance of this characteristic:—Upon a lady remarking to her native cow-keeper, as she looked at the domestic cow from her window, that the animal seemed very thin, the man replied that the side of the cow she had in view was the thin side, but that the creature was quite fat on the other side (!).

the Indian mind loves to gloat over its sorrows, and seems to take almost an artistic delight in "piling up the agony:—

In the course of this morning, August 14, by seven, a boat having laden a number of wretched souls over from the other part of the river Hooghly was hastening with all its speediness to reach the Aheereetolah ghat; but on a sudden, the further movement was impeded by being plunged in. This sad accident proceeded from the boat's violently rushing to another. Only two helmsmen out of which rescued themselves from the ever-terrible hands of that cruel monster, leaving the rest to form a mass in bottom. Ah! what a most painful calamity came to meet to those pitiable creatures in the shape of death, to disappear them from the vastly extensive limit of this universe; having totally extinguished the fires of hopes and imaginations to their future career and for which they set out. Ah! in what a fathomless deed of sorrow, will their families and relatives cast themselves upon, when this most heart-piercing news will arrive at. Ah! what a woful scene the walls of their houses will assume when the bitterly agonising weeping will overcome them all.

—and so the writer goes on for six lines more, closing with the remark, "It is most strange, after all, to look upon."

The succeeding extracts are taken from the letter of a Native, an old pupil of the college professor whom he addresses. The writer divides his epistle into seven numbered paragraphs, after the fashion of official correspondence. Here are the fourth and fifth:—

4. That you loved me much like your own child for the two years I had been under your honour, is the idea which led me to take so much indulgence. I always hoped, am still hoping, and will ever hope for your honour's affection towards me.

5. As, for this affection I will be very happy when I will again serve under your honour, so I pray always to the Almighty Father that He will kindly place your honour on a higher Chair in India.

This touching expression of sentiment reminds us of the young village school-master who told the Inspector of Schools of his Circle, at his first interview with him, that "he was determined to win not only his *respect* but his *love*."

The strong emotional nature of the Hindu is, as the letter quoted on pages 595-6 has shown already, frequently exhibited in the state of utter despair into which he falls in consequence of failure in an examination. This feeling is sometimes so strong that there are instances, we believe, where unsuccessful candidates have actually committed or attempted to commit suicide. The following somewhat pathetic letter addressed to his college Principal by an examinee who had failed to pass a University examination, well illustrates the strength or rather violence of feeling that comes into play on these occasions. The youth appears to have actually fainted away in the Examination-hall.

To

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE ——— COLLEGE.

HONORED SIR,

I beg most respectfully to bring to your notice that I have been plucked in Mathematics for two or three marks only, and that from what I wrote I had every reason to hope for the pass-mark. I could have answered more questions, but in the afternoon of that fatal day I got fainted, though I know not whether it was from exhaustion, or fear of failure. Never had a failure been the source of so great a distress as mine, since I am the poorest possible boy that ever had access to thee. Had I not been a scholar, I could not have received a college education. Sir, will you be pleased to let me know whether I may be entitled to any scholarship this year if I pass deservedly? As this news shall encourage my only guardian to allow me to continue my study, and set an edge to my industry. I hope you shall kindly let me know it, and oblige.

Yours most obedient,

P ——— G ——— C ———,

2nd Year.

In bringing to a conclusion this light, and by no means exhaustive sketch of a not unimportant subject—a sketch, the aim of which has been more our readers' amusement than criticism—we would disclaim any inclination on our own part to view Native character on its darker side. If its weaknesses and defects rather than its excellencies have formed our topic, the reason is intimately connected with the subject which we have chosen, and which naturally lends itself to such treatment. We believe that for the Indian, with the growth of that self-respect and self-control, which will arise from a larger sense of duty and the better discipline of generous impulses, a vista of honourable improvement is opening in the not distant future; let him only learn in time that State Education is not the one thing needful, and that there are grander hopes and nobler aims than even Self-government can bestow.

“Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul according well
 May make one music as before,
 But vaster.”

ELLIS UNDERWOOD.

FOUR SONGS
AFTER THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

I.

LANDSCAPE.

Omnia plenis
Rura natant fossis—
Virgil.

Not a fluttering leaf in sight,
Not a single bird to sing,
Gleams of intermittent light
From the red horizon spring ;

Squalid ["]bramble bushes here,
Fields whose furrows soaking lie ;
Peeps of old grey walls appear,
Willows gnarled and bent awry.

There a dead flat plain extends
To a dyke of water grey,
And a poor old woman bends
'Neath a heavy burden's sway ;

Further on the narrow route
Up the distant hillside holds,
Like a ribbon lengthened out
In thin undulating folds.

II.

THE FALL OF DAY.

Now slowly dies the day ; yon large pale cloud
With careless grace lets droop from her far height,
The surface of the slumbering stream to shroud,
The long folds of her ample robe of white.

The night draws on, the night sad and serene,
For day her brother clad in dark attire,
And every star upon her throne a queen
Holdeth her court in regal robes of fire.

I hear the plaining of the ring-doves soft,
Their dreaming nestlings' murmurs sound between,
And gentle rustlings fill the air aloft
As of the wings of birds that fly unseen.

And in some old and world-forgotten tongue
The sky to the husht earth sings soft and low.
Was't of some mystery play an act was sung ?
But one word only, "God," I seemed to know.

III.

THE LAST LEAF.

In all the forest bare and torn,
Nought's on the boughs rough winds have stirred,
Excepting one poor leaf forlorn,
One poor leaf only, and a bird ;

And nought is left now in my breast
Except one little love to sing,
But autumn's wind roars in unrest,
Nor lets me hear that music ring.

The bird flies ; falls the leaf in gloom,
And love burns low in winter keen ;
Ah, little bird, light on my tomb
And sing there when the leaf is green.

IV.

THE SOUL OF THE ROSE.

Let thy bright eyes uncloset
And hearken to my call ;
The soul I of the rose
You wore at last night's ball.
You took me—leaves still wet
With sparkling drops of dew—
And at that brilliant *fête*
You wore me all night through.

O thou my death's dear cause,
Thou shalt not drive me away,
Round thy pillow I flit nor pause
All night till dawn of day.
Trust me I claim no right
To requiem or sighs,
My soul's this perfume light
Wafted from Paradise.

An envied fate was mine
By such a death to die ;
Many would life resign
'Neath thy white throat to lie.
Mine epitaph compose
Sir Poet who enviest me,
Write thou " Here lies a rose ;
What king so blest as he ?"

M. R. WELD.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

ANECDOTA OXONIENSIA. *Aryan Series. Vol. I. Part III. The ancient palm-leaves containing the Prajñāpāramitāhridayasūtra and the Ushnīṣavarjyadhāraṇī. Edited by F. Max Müller, M.A., and Bunyin Nanjio, Hon. M.A. Oxon: with an appendix by Professor Bühler, C.I.E. Clarendon Press, Oxford. 1884.*—This volume, for which we are indebted once more to the critical sagacity and untiring labour of Professor Max Müller, contains the text of the oldest Sanskrit MS. existing any where, so far as is known, and marks a new departure in the study of Indian palæography.

In his Introduction to Part I, Volume I, of the Aryan Series, Anecdota Oxoniensia, the Professor gave a full account of his discovery of two ancient palm-leaves which had been brought from China to Japan in the year 609 A.D. and preserved ever since in the monastery of Horiuzi. These MSS. were difficult of access; and though several facsimiles were obtained, thanks to influential friends at Mikado and at Yedo, it was felt that nothing short of a perfect photograph of the originals would satisfy the demands of Sanskrit scholarship. Such photographs came at last and have been reproduced so faithfully that, for all practical purposes, the autotype copies are (the Professor believes) as good as the originals. The difficulties in the way of restoring the text of these ancient leaves, as read at any rate towards the end of the seventeenth century, were considerably lessened by a stroke of fortune.

In the year 1694 the text was copied, transliterated, and translated into Chinese by Ziogon, a Buddhist monk of Yedo. In 1883 an accurate photograph of the monk's copy passed into the hands of Professor Max Müller. The monk's own words, as translated by Mr. Bunyin Nanjio, a Japanese priest (the Professor's pupil and colleague), have all the charm of quaintness while they tell how and why the copy was made. "From the time I was very young," writes Ziogon, "I had my mind bent considerably on the Hidden Doctrine. When I was grown up, I went to see many teachers, and inquired after the depth and fulness of its meanings. They all said, that unless a learner of the Doctrine

of Yoga studied the Sanskrit texts so as to be able to make the form and sound and meaning of the letters or words clear, he would not reach the hall and inner apartment of the Doctrine. Therefore, I have searched everywhere and studied Sanskrit intensely, and in some degree understood the sound and form and meaning of the letters or words. But on account of a wide difference of customs and habits between India and Japan, the Sanskrit letters still remained difficult to be corrected, just as if one were looking at the great ocean, and facing the sea-god Zōku. Now then in the treasure-house of the monastery of Horiuzi in the province of Yamato, there have been kept two palm-leaves, handed down from Central India. They contain the Sanskrit text of the Shingio or the Prajnā-pāramitā, and of the Butsukiosonshio or the Buddhoshnīshavijaya-dhāranī, and the fourteen sounds of the Siddha or alphabet.

"In this year (1694 A.D.) I have unexpectedly been able to see them. This opportunity suits my original desire very well, and my joy is immeasurable, so much so that I cannot help dancing with delight. Then wiping my sick eyes and sitting at the bright window, I venture to consider the right and left sides and the heads and tails of each letter; and I felt pretty sure the letters might be copied out somewhat after the original form. Thereupon I have made a copy without regarding the softness of a hare's hair (of a writing brush) and then added parallel comments and pointed out the beginning of each word with red; thus I leave my copy to future generations. As the power of the writing in the original is strong and firm, like the flying of a dragon and the running of a lion, I have only regretted that my copy should not escape being ridiculed, as when one has drawn a tiger and it only turns out to resemble a dog—Written by Shaku Ziogon, a Sramana of the Rūm monastery in the Eastern capital, on the fourteenth of the tenth lunar month, in the seventh year of the Genroku period, the cycle Kozutsu."

The palæographical value of the palm-leaves, discussed at length in Professor Bühler's masterly appendix to the volume under notice, is two-fold. It is constructive, so far as the Indian palæographer need no longer trouble himself with the general objections urged by scholars (Professor Weber and the late Dr. Burnell among the number) against the genuineness of the Nepal Buddhist and Western India Jaina MSS., which have been found within the last decade and the earliest of which are dated from the tenth century, for the Horiuzi MSS. prove that a palm-leaf MS. can last and has lasted more than thirteen hundred years.

It is destructive, so far as it leads to a substantial modification, if not to the entire rejection, of the commonly received theory as to the history of the Indian alphabet. The theory is elaborated in Dr. Brunell's standard work on Indian epigraphy, and, briefly stated, is that the gradual transformation of the alphabets of India is to be found in and traced from the characters on the inscriptions; in other words, that the gradual changes in the epigraphic characters led to the development of the modern literary characters. When applied to the palm-leaves of Japan this theory proves self-destructive. For, assuming the theory, there are cogent reasons, minutely set forth by Professor Bühler, for assigning the Horiuzi MS. to the beginning of the eighth century. But this MS. is proved by external evidence to be at least two hundred years older. The argument is therefore faulty in some respect. Not in the age of the Indian inscriptions, which is beyond doubt. Hence the fault must lie in the theory. "This being once recognised," the Professor continues, "the case is plain enough. Starting from the two facts that we have on the one hand a MS. of the first half of the sixth century A.D., showing an alphabet with far advanced forms, and on the other hand a series of inscriptions, extending over the period from the fourth to the eighth century, the characters of which gradually change and in their latest development closely agree with those of the MS., the inevitable conclusion is that the changes in the epigraphic characters are due to the influence of the literary alphabet.

"In other words, the masons who incised the inscriptions, or the writers who wrote the originals from which the masons copied, tried to make the characters archaic, but succumbed at last to the influence of the literary alphabet which they used in every-day life. In some cases the old forms disappeared sooner, in others later, and the natural conclusion was, as it is always in such struggles, that the antique types went out altogether." And as an additional support to his view, Professor Bühler instances the analogies that are to be met with in the history of the Greek, Roman and Semitic alphabets.

Turning to the subject-matter of these ancient palm-leaves the student of Indian philosophy will find in them little indeed to be thankful for. The *Prajñāpāramitā* is the barest epitome of the metaphysics of Buddhism. If literally translated, Professor Max Müller writes, it seems often utterly unmeaning. But it is in reality one of the many attempts in philosophy to express the phenomenal or unreal character of all human knowledge. Kant, literally translated into Sanskrit, would be as unmeaning to Buddhist Bodhisattvas as the

Prajñāpāramitā, turned into English, is to us. The Ushnīshavijaya contributes still less to a history of Indian speculation. The dhāraṇīs or prayers, of which the latter work is a specimen, are "so utterly devoid of sense and grammar that they hardly admit and still less are deserving of a translation, however important they may be palæographically, and, in one sense, historically also, as marking the lowest degradation of one of the most perfect religions, at least as conceived originally in the mind of its founder." While these dhāraṇīs are abundantly met with in all Buddhist countries, it is strangely disappointing that none of the Buddhist philosophical works in Sanskrit, which were known to have been imported into China, are now forthcoming. "Here, as elsewhere, the truth of the Eastern proverb is confirmed that the scum floats along on the surface, and the pearls lie on the ground."

WIDE-AWAKE STORIES. By F. A. Steel and R. C. Temple. *Bombay: Education Society's Press. London: Triibner & Co. 1884.*—Most of these 43 Tales have appeared before in the *Indian Antiquary*, the *Calcutta Review*, or the *Legends of the Panjāb*—where, however, they were not published, as here, drest up in the graces of style, but as baldly strict translations to answer a scientific rather than a literary purpose. The former aim has, at the same time, not been lost sight of here, for while Mr. Steel is responsible for the text, Captain Temple has appended annotations giving the originals, with literal translations, of all doubtful words, and of all the verses occurring in the course of the narratives. The latter writer also supplies his readers with an Analysis of the Tales on the plan adopted by the Folklore Society of England, so as to form part of their scheme of investigations into the general machinery of Folk-tales. This Analysis is followed by a "Survey of the incidents in Modern Indian Folk-tales," by the same author. A careful Index closes the volume, which forms another proof, if proof were wanting, of the painstaking industry and skill with which Captain Temple continues to apply himself to the study and elucidation of Indian Folklore.

In the preliminary remarks to his Survey above mentioned, the writer gives some valuable suggestions as to the method of Folklore criticism to be adopted by the scientific investigator. There are, as he points out,* two distinct parts in every tale, which are capable of complete separation, *viz.*, the *plot* and the *incidents*. Each of these may be interchanged in the mouth of the story-teller, who likes to introduce variety into his tales, and thus, in any given tale, "plot and incidents may have a perfectly separable history, or rather the plot may have one history, and the parts of the padding as many distinct histories

as there are incidents." Hence it becomes the task of the folk-lore analyser to separate, in each case, the incidents from the plots, and then by collating the former under different heads, he will be able to differentiate and compare the folk-tales current at any given epoch over any large tract of country such as the Indian peninsula. Captain Temple has in his "Survey" applied this method with much patient skill to a group of books containing folk-stories told in our own time, *viz.*, the present volume, *Indian Fairy Tales*, *Old Deccan Days*, *Folk-tales of Bengal*, *Legends of the Panjâb*, and the late Mr. Damant's tales from Bengal in the *Indian Antiquary*. The analysis is highly interesting to the scientific reader, as showing how numerous are the incidents that are common to all or to several of these collections of tales, thus confronting us once more with the old problem (a three-headed Cerberus at the gate of the dark and little explored region of folk-lore investigation) as to whether this similar material has distributed itself over a wide area from a once common stock, or whether such incidents have been interchangeably borrowed by one region from another, or, lastly, whether it may be that they have independently suggested themselves, in various quarters, to the old tale-mongers at the same or even at different periods.

At the same time it is, of course, possible or rather probable that, in relation to these folk-stories, all three influences have been at work, and that here too, as in the domain of language, some incidents have been derived from one source and some from another.

We may find an instance—one out of many—in the very first story in this volume, entitled "Sir Bumble," answering to the benevolent fairy of western folk-tales, who watches over and protects the hero in his adventures.

In this tale "the soldier's son," with his wife, the Princess Blossom, falls into the clutches of a supposed Brahman, who turns out to be a horrid vampire. The only resource left them is a hair of their protector's beard, which they are to burn if they should ever get into trouble. The tale continues:—

At that moment they heard him at the door, and the Princess, who was very brave and kept her wits about her, had barely time to thrust the magic hair into the fire, before the vampire, with sharp teeth and fierce eyes, appeared. But at the selfsame moment a boom ! boom ! binging noise was heard in the air, coming nearer and nearer. Whereupon the vampire, who very well knew Sir Bumble's power, changed into a heavy rain pouring down in torrents ; but Sir Bumble changed into the storm wind beating back the rain. Then the vampire changed to a dove, but Sir Bumble, pursuing it as a hawk, pressed it so hard that it had barely time to change into a rose, and drop into King Indra's lap,

who in his celestial court was listening to some dancing girls singing. Then Sir Bumble, quick as thought, changed into an old musician, and standing beside the bard who was thrumming the guitar, said, "Brother, you are tired ; let *me* play."

And he played so wonderfully, and sang with such piercing sweetness, that King Indra said, "What shall I give you as a reward? Name what you please, and it shall be yours."

Then Sir Bumble said, "I only ask the rose that is in your Majesty's lap."

"I had rather you asked more, or less," replied King Indra ; "it is but a rose, yet it fell from heaven ; nevertheless it is yours."

So saying, he threw the rose towards the musician, and lo ! the petals fell in a shower on the ground. Sir Bumble went down on his knees and gathered them up ; but one petal escaping, changed into a mouse. Whereupon Sir Bumble, with the speed of lightning, turned into a cat, which caught and gobbled up the mouse.

Who that reads this passage (which we have quoted at length to illustrate how well Mr. Steel in his preparation of the text, has done his part in this volume) but does not at once recall the closely similar incident in the Arabian Nights' story of the Envier and the Envied, recounting the mortal conflict between the Princess and the Afrit. There, he rushes upon her open-mouthed in the form of a lion, upon which she becomes a sharp sword and cuts him in two. His head then turns into a scorpion, and she into a great serpent, and a sore battle ensues between them, till the scorpion changes into an eagle and is pursued once more by the Princess in the form of a griffin. And so the struggle proceeds on very similar lines with that quoted above, the escape of the one rose petal, which Sir Bumble overlooked, being curiously paralleled by that of the single pomegranate seed, which the Princess in the shape of a cock failed to pick up with, in her case, such fatal results.

In this instance, the two incidents are so intimately related to each other in all their details, that it is difficult to come to any other conclusion than that either the one incident has been copied from the other—which seems the more probable—or that they have both been derived from a common stock.

Or take another example from the story of "Little Anklebone," compared by Captain Temple with Grimm's Singing Bone, and reminding us of Wordsworth's "Danish Boy," who, "in a forgotten tongue, warbles melody."

Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill
He is the darling and the joy ;
And often when no cause appears
The mountain ponies prick their ears ;
They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he sings alone
Beside the tree and corner stone.

In like manner Little Anklebone "sat under the tree that drooped over the pond, and played so sweetly on a new shepherd's pipe, that all the beasts of the forest, and the birds of the air, and the fishes of the pond came to listen to him." Here we have our old friend Orpheus come to life again in another shape; as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he re-appears as the mermaid on the dolphin's back that utters—

Such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

This class of incident, representing sweet music as having power to charm the lower animals, and even inanimate things, is so common a feature of the folk-tales of all the Aryan nations that we can hardly choose but regard it as one of the early legends of the primitive race, which has been handed down under various phases to its descendants—unless, indeed, an incident based on an idea so simple and almost rudimental in its nature suggested itself independently to the minds of the story-tellers of different peoples.

The authors give us an interesting explanation of their method of proceeding in collecting these tales, a method requiring plenty of leisure and almost infinite patience. During winter tours in the district, a carpet is spread for the operator under a tree near the Magistrate's *durbâr* tent. Presently the village idlers begin to edge up to it, these being generally small boys, who nudge one another, whispering and sniggling. By and by a group of women stop to gaze. After a question or two, the ice is broken, and then the only difficulties are, first to understand them, and secondly, to get them to go away.

A general conversation started, enquiries are made by degrees as to how many witches there are in the village, or what cures they know for fever and the evil eye, &c. At first these are met by denials expressed in set terms, but a little patient talk will generally lead to some remarks which start the villagers' minds in the direction required, till at last, after as many persuasions as a shy young lady requires to induce her to sit down to the piano, some boy begins a story; then others correct him as to details, and at length emulation takes possession of the crowd, and the story-teller is brought to the front. Every village possesses a story-teller, *par excellence*, amongst the boys. It is always, "Shiv Diyâl knows heaps of stories," or "Dittû has plenty of them."

It is when the story is thus begun that the listener's patience is really tried. The first story has probably been heard a dozen times before, but it must be patiently listened to all the same, for any hint of previous knowledge is fatal. Then, perhaps, follows a perfectly pointless and disconnected jumble, or promising

beginnings tail off into sheer talk; but all the while the teller must be profusely complimented, if he is to be encouraged to go on to something valuable. Finally, the most likely story-tellers are picked out and invited to come again in the evening, for *more Indico* it is only after sunset that their tongues will be profitably loosened.

These tales thus collected into the present neat volume are admirably told by Mr. Steel and are full of interest. Poetry, pathos, and humour are all represented here; and among English children, who, we trust, in spite of Science Primers and School Board Inspectors, still love to wander at will through the shadowy paths of the pleasant Wonderland, we predict for this delightful book a wide and well deserved popularity.

OPEN LETTERS TO PUBLIC PERSONS ON PUBLIC QUESTIONS. By Shettjee Sahibjee, Esq., B.A., B.L. *Calcutta: J. Morgan and Co.* 1884.—The author of this pamphlet, whom from certain internal evidence (though his English on the whole is remarkably good), we may safely pronounce to be a native of this country, has thought it worth while to rescue these “open”—very open—“letters” from the ephemeral obscurity of “Gup and Gossip.” We doubt his wisdom. The writer has, no doubt, to some extent, caught the *Vanity Fair* trick of compositions of this kind—a style of which, we imagine, the public must by this time be beginning to get heartily tired.

To put the matter, then, briefly, the pamphlet before us is a combination of triviality, adulation, and scurrility, with, we fear, but a small modicum of good sense and good taste. Of the first the letter to Baboo Surendronath Banerjea may be indicated as a specimen, who is represented as “god-like” and at whose imprisonment for contempt of court “universal mourning was observed throughout the land.” Of the second quality the letter to Mr. Atkins forms a fair example, which is simply silly in addition to being untrue; and of the third we may take as an instance the second letter to Mr. Rivers Thompson, which we should hardly think the most rabid of his opponents could read without a blush of shame for the spirit that dictated it.

This is not the place to defend the Lieutenant-Governor against such charges as these—charges which are the outcome not of honest indignation but of manufactured spite and artificial malignity; nor, indeed, is any defence necessary. In the well-known words of the Latin poet—

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Mente quatit solida.

We say deliberately that this letter is a disgrace to native Indian journalism ; and it is only a sense of the duty of protesting, in the name of just and honourable criticism, against such a literary outrage, that prevents us from passing over the pamphlet in which it is reproduced with the silent contempt that it deserves.

PANJAB NOTES AND QUERIES. November, 1814. *The Pioneer Press, Allahabad*.—With its October number this excellent periodical, under the able editorship of Captain Temple, enters upon its second volume. A very complete Index to the first, both Geographical and General, lies before us, forming a guide to a mass of interesting and out-of-the-way information about India and its people. It is hard to exaggerate the usefulness and importance of this publication ; in the short space of the 18 pages that comprise the number before us we have interesting “ notes and queries ” on Religion, Social Customs, Folklore, Castes and Tribes, Language, History, Antiquities, Arts and Industries, Numismatics, Bibliography, Proverbs and Sayings, and Miscellaneous. Take a single instance found under the head of Folklore :—

154. *Deformities unlucky*.—People with certain deformities, particularly defects in the eyes, are considered constitutionally vicious and knowing. The following is a well-known rhyme :—

Sau par phúll, sais par kánd,
Tú ká úpar ainchá-tánd :
Ainchá-tánd kare pukár,
“ Kanjá sé main mánu hár.”
Aur phir kanjá bichár kyá kare,
Go kold-gardan úpar pare ?

With a cataract, master of 100 ; blind of one eye, master of 1,000 ; and squint-eyes is *his* master ; but squint-eyes cries out, “ I admit that I am beaten by green-eyes,” and what could poor green-eyes do, should short-neck jump upon him ?

This is the order of demerit in these lines, but there are some others which I cannot recall just now in which the man without a single hair on his chest is made the worst of the lot.—*W. Cockburn*.

Much in the same way Bacon tells us that deformed persons “ are commonly even with nature,” and that “ certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one she ventureth in the other.”

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Ninth Edition. Vol. XVII. *Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black*. 1884.—This volume, from MOT to ORM, has been for some time lying on our table for notice. A list of the contributors of the principal contents includes the names of the most distinguished specialists of the day. Thus Professor Robertson Smith contributes articles on

"Nahum," "Nineveh," and "Obadiah," W. Morris writes on "Mural Decoration," Rosetti on "Murillo" and Professör J. R. Seeley on "Napoleon I," while in other articles the British, Continental, and American Professoriates are well represented by the names of Jebb, Ray Lancaster, Macfarren, Tulloch, Göebel, Aughey, Dellmar, Cayley, Gamgee and Daniel Wilson. Of the geographical articles our own W. W. Hunter contributes one on "Mysore," no difficult task to the compiler of the *Indian Gazetteer*; "Nepal" is from the pen of Dr. Daniel Wright; Prince Kropotkine describes "Odessa" and Dr. E. A. Freeman "Normandy," while we see the name of General McClellan at the foot of the paper on "New Jersey."

The maps at the end of the volume are admirably neat and clear. Especial praise is due to the choice of subject and the delicate execution of the specimens of ancient mural decoration; some of these designs might replace with happy effect the hackneyed shapes that fringe our Calcutta dados.

THE MAHABHARATA translated into English Prose. Part XII. *Calcutta: Bharata Press, 367, Upper Chitpore Road. 1884.*—With this part the indefatigable translator, Baboo Protap Chandra Roy, having completed the *Adi* and *Sabha* Parvas of the great epic, enters upon the *Vana* Parva, the largest but one of the whole eighteen. We wish the translator every success and encouragement in his great and self-denying undertaking. His patriotic enterprise should receive the aid and support of all his educated fellow-countrymen.

THE CREAM

Of the Quarterly Reviews.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1884.

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MR. CHILDERS' NEW HALF-SOVEREIGNS.—In discussing the important proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the writer starts from first principles, so as to give the plainest and simplest explanation of the points at issue, that the reader may come to an impartial judgment on the subject.

The coins which are passed every day from hand to hand in the British Isles, in the acts of buying and selling, are of two descriptions—*viz.*, standard coins and token coins. The standard coins, such as our sovereign and half-sovereign, have their metallic value generally equal to their nominal value ; in other words their value in exchange depends in ordinary times solely upon the value of the metal contained in them. But our token coins (not to be confounded with tradesmen's tokens), under which category stand all our silver and bronze issues, do not have their metallic value equal at any time to their nominal value ; five and a half shillings weigh one ounce of standard silver, of which the metallic value is only four shillings and three-pence ; in every shilling there is rather less than nine-pence half-pennyworth of silver ; and in every bronze penny there is but one-seventh of a pennyworth of bronze. Thus the Government makes a clear gain of four shillings and sixpence upon each score of new shilling-pieces it puts into circulation, a gain of more than three-farthings on every penny, and a corresponding profit on all the other tokens now in use. We may judge how large is the revenue arising from the coinage of tokens when we read in the Mint returns that in the year 1872 silver coins were issued to the amount of £1,243,836, and bronze to the amount of £47,413. Professor Jevons calculated that the profit on the coinage of bronze amounted, up to the end of 1871, to about £270,000. But

from these large receipts must be deducted the cost of minting, the cost of the wear and tear of all the worn silver and bronze coins which have to be perpetually recalled and re-minted, as well as the loss to the nation whenever coins are withdrawn from circulation, as by shipwreck or other causes. A large balance of profit still remains ; but this would be totally insufficient to meet the dead loss of interest upon the vast capital which is shut up in silver and bronze money ; for it is evident that when wealth is put into coins the very opposite of a lucrative investment is made ; not only does no interest accrue, but through wear and tear that wealth is continually diminishing. Now it is calculated that if all the wealth now shut up in English coins in circulation (gold, silver, and bronze) were lent out at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., there would be an annual return of something like £4,000,000 ; but we should be utterly unable to carry on our buying and selling with ease and expedition if we had not these coins in use ; in fact, the nation prefers to lose £4,000,000 a year than be subjected to the inconvenience of barter. The loss of interest on the token coins alone at the same rate would be more than half a million a year ; but omitting this rather considerable item from the balance-sheet, it is certain that Government derives no small income from the issue of token coins.

This income, of course, is for the benefit of the tax-payer. There is another object kept in view—*viz.*, to prevent the uncoining of the nation's money ; for if our shillings and pence were standard coins, millions of them would be melted down, the moment the price exceeded even by a small fraction the nominal value of the coins.

But how then is it that the country is not flooded with illicit tokens ? Why do not clever coiners in Paris, Brussels, or Berlin seek to deprive our Government of part of its expected profits by covertly introducing into our circulation tokens of equal fineness and finish ? The temptation to do so is no doubt very great, but so is the risk which would be incurred ; for the Bank of England, which alone can legally regulate both the issue of such coins and their recall when superabundant, would speedily discover both the fact and the source of any considerable extraneous addition ; and further, it is possible, by means of private mintage-marks, as well as by the still more perfect finish of the coins when issued, to render the counterfeits easy of detection. So it appears then that the State derives a large profit from its issue of token coins, whilst there is at the present day a minimum of chance that their number will be either reduced by the melting-pot of the bullion dealer, or increased by the illicit coiner.

Now as regards our gold currency, how do matters stand ? The price of gold in the bullion market is more stable than that of silver or of bronze, but in order to maintain the gold sovereign as the standard unit of value of our metallic monetary system, it is prescribed by law that the sovereign shall weigh 133'27447 grains of standard gold. The legal weight for the half-sovereign is exactly half that of the sovereign.

Now it might be asked why not turn our gold standards into gold tokens ?

Why not put only eighteen shillings' worth of gold into the sovereign, or, better still, only fifteen shillings' worth, or even twelve shillings' worth,

and thus at one stroke not only render it quite unprofitable to uncoin, but make a large profit into the bargain, perhaps even abolish the income-tax, or at any rate relieve taxation in one way or another to the joy of the nation at large? Would not the sovereign continue to be exchangeable for the same amount of goods as now? would not the Government stamp or denomination be quite sufficient to prevent depreciation? Such are the questions naturally suggested, and the reply must be remembered by all who would understand the points now at issue. In a sound monetary system you must have at least one standard coin to form its mainstay, to act as the peg from which everything is to hang; for you cannot keep up the value of the tokens unless it is enacted by law that they shall exchange with standard coins. A half-crown would not purchase the amount of commodities which it can now purchase, were it not prescribed by law that eight of such coins shall be always exchangeable with a standard gold sovereign. A shilling would buy only $9\frac{1}{2}d.$ worth of goods, if it had not been ordered that twenty shillings shall always exchange for a sovereign. And in just the same way, if the sovereign were to contain only fifteen shillings' worth of gold (*i.e.*, if it be turned into a token), only fifteen shillings' worth of goods would be purchasable with it; the denomination, superscription, or Government injunction would avail nothing. So it is clear that a sound monetary system could not be maintained for a day unless the standard coins were preserved intact.

For, the gold money being kept up to its full value, our token money will readily exchange in the market for more than they are metallically worth, because they are legally exchangeable for gold money which is worth what its name tells us it is.

Everything would go wrong if we allowed the sovereign to be depreciated and so become a token; if, *e.g.*, it came to be publicly recognized as containing 19s. worth of metal instead of 20s.

And this is exactly what has taken place, and is taking place in an increasing degree every day.

* * * * *

Already our good neighbours on the Continent have begun to examine rather closely the gold cash which we put into their hands; and the intending tourist in some parts of Austria and Italy is reminded by previous inconvenience that he had better ask his banker to select only newly minted money to put into the pockets of his travelling suit. Yet, through the operation of Gresham's law, as the economists call it, the worst money never goes abroad. We Englishmen alone can watch the effigies of George III and George IV growing fainter and fainter, and the harps and the lions being gradually rubbed out. Our national credit in the matter of coinage is at stake, and it is only our indolence which has blinded our eyes to the actual condition of things.

Who, then, is to pay for the cost of a re-issue of standard gold after more than forty years of complacent negligence? What means are available for meeting the charge of £710,000, the lowest estimate of the necessary expense without providing for future needs? To this question the answers have been numerous.

Perhaps most will be content to allow the last holder to meet the cost whenever it can be saddled upon him. It was enacted by the Act of 1870 that the

last holder should bear the loss. If I tender a light sovereign in payment for an article which I have purchased, the tradesman with whom I am dealing, after taking the coin into his hand, is bound by law to weigh it, to break it up, and to charge me with the value of the deficiency. He will be guilty in the eyes of the law if he fails to make me bear the loss ; I shall be guilty before the same tribunal if by a subterfuge I seek to escape that loss. In strict accordance with this enactment it is the usual practice of the Bank of England, its branches, and a few Government offices, to weigh all gold money that may be brought to their counters, and if the coins be light, to make the person who tenders them suffer the loss. This is a curious example of a legal provision which is clearly at variance with the national sense of justice. Nobody will readily agree that it is right that one individual only out of the tens of thousands through whose hands in forty years a coin has passed shall be made to bear the expense of its wear and tear during the whole period.

It has been urged by some that those who earn their living by operations with money, and especially the bankers of the United Kingdom, are the proper persons to be taxed. All banks ought to stop light money, and so prevent its further circulation ; they have not done their duty in this respect, because their interests would suffer, for their clients would resent what they would consider an injustice. But the bankers might no doubt reply that their sins of omission are not peculiar to themselves, but are common with the whole mercantile and shopkeeping classes of the community, and therefore it would be unjust to fine them, and allow their companions in guilt to go scot-free.

A mintage charge has been proposed as a solution of the difficulty. At present, under the Coinage Act, any one may take gold to the Mint and have it coined gratuitously, it being intended thus publicly and unmistakeably to mark equality of value between gold as bullion and gold as standard coin. The Bank of England seems to be the only body or institution which is in the habit of availing itself of this privilege, and it has been calculated by the best authorities that a mintage-charge adequate to cover the expenses of recoinage would have to be a very high one, so high as to seriously impede in several ways the operations of the Bank of England. It stands to reason also that anything which adds to the reluctance to coin, anything which would tend to check the adequate supply of money when much needed in times of increasing commercial prosperity, would be injurious.

Admirably has Mr. Childers cut the Gordian knot. By the carefully regulated issue of token half-sovereigns, he will raise a fund sufficient not only to rehabilitate the sovereign, but also to provide for its perpetual maintenance at the point of standard weight and fineness.

Nine shillings' worth of gold will receive the Government denomination, and be called a ten-shilling piece, the State putting the difference into its own coffers. Mr. Childers' new half-sovereign tokens will buy as much goods in the market as the half-sovereign standards do now, because, as now, two half-sovereigns will be always exchangeable for one standard sovereign, and because, as now, they will be viewed in no other light than as convenient divisions of the standard sovereign. And so, as by the touch of an enchanter's wand, this

great Hill of Difficulty has been removed, and Mr. Childers can go straight forward where previous Chancellors had been forced to halt.

Let us now consider the objections that have been urged against the proposed scheme.

Some people view it with mistrust, because they can readily conceive a condition of things in which the new tokens would suffer depreciation, and would be most reluctantly accepted when tendered as payments of debt.

Suppose that in order to increase the revenues of the country after a course of extravagant expenditure, an unscrupulous Government were to issue an unlimited number of the tokens, or a number out of all due proportion to the quantity of standard sovereigns. The consequence would be certainly disastrous. If the sovereigns became scarce, it is clear that two new gold tokens could not be readily exchangeable in every shop and market with a sovereign, and no longer would there exist the sole condition by which they would maintain their appointed position in our monetary system. Hence would ensue a speedy fall in value, a fall which would be stopped only at the limit of the metallic value. And if we might pay our debts to any amount in these gold tokens, the discredit and suspicion in which they would be held would greatly accelerate the depreciation. But those who are haunted by the fear of such disasters may rest assured that Mr. Childers has foreseen and fully provided for such contingencies. No modern British Government is likely to be unscrupulous as to the manner in which it raises revenue, and if it were, it could not attain its selfish ends by excessive issues of tokens without openly inviting Parliament to repeal the cautious regulations which Mr. Childers now proposes to enforce by law—*viz.*, that the new half-sovereigns shall be legal tender only to the amount of £5; and the number to be issued shall be strictly limited, some definite ratio being always preserved with the number of standard sovereigns. We do not know that any more safe and certain safeguards could be adopted than these two provisions:

Another plausible objection is that by diminishing the stock of standard gold coins the amount of gold available for international payments will be reduced.

Henceforth the foreign nations whose goods we purchase will accept sovereigns only, and when large accounts have to be settled, the demand for sovereigns to be exported will be so great as to place a premium upon them, consequently to depreciate the half-sovereign, and thus to cause a dislocation of our monetary system. But it may be replied that generally speaking, we do not pay foreign nations in hard cash, but with our goods and manufactures; gold is used only to settle the final balances, and surely with the enormous number of sovereigns in circulation at home and abroad enough could always be found for such a purpose. And even now, as Mr. Childers has told us, the half-sovereign, though a standard coin, is a domestic institution; it stays at home. "I have made careful inquiries within the last few months," he said, "and I can find no instance of half-sovereigns being sent from this country in any considerable quantities as remittances or for exchange purposes." Nay, if there should arise a sudden large demand for gold to be sent abroad, what is there to prevent the

uncoining of a million or two of gold tokens at the Mint, the withdrawal of the additional alloy, and the exportation of the bullion to the extent required ?

Again, it is asserted that all circulating media should have the power of self-adjustment ; and that if we diminish the amount of standard gold and add to the number of our tokens, we endanger the free exportation of our superfluous coin, and weaken the natural elasticity of the currency.

If the half-sovereign has been a domestic coin hitherto, we are now going to take measures by which in the future it shall never have the chance to go abroad. We are going to stop emigration just when the evils of over-multiplication are too evident. All this is true, but cannot be regarded as an insuperable obstacle. Undoubtedly it would be better if all our currency possessed this most desirable attribute of natural elasticity ; but what Nature will not do for us, we can sometimes accomplish for ourselves by the aid of science—not so well perhaps, but still well enough for our purpose. And just as in the past provision has been made by Government for the recall of notes and silver tokens when proved to be redundant in the country, so Mr. Childers has not failed on the present occasion to provide for the possible danger which has been indicated. “Arrangements have been made with the Bank of England for the receipt of any quantity of redundant ten-shilling pieces, just as redundant silver is now received.”

Once more, will not the proposed change encourage the evil practices of swelters and coiners, and afford a permanent opportunity for easy theft ? Will not the illicit coiner be lured by the prospect of gaining one shilling on every half-sovereign that he can put in circulation ? But—

That art is now rendered possible and practicable by the fact that we are all familiar with the look and touch of worn light coins, which are passed from hand to hand without remark. But if a system be perfected by which all sovereigns are recalled the instant they fall beneath the least current-weight, if our eyes and fingers are familiarized with nothing but coins of full weight and perfect finish, it will be more difficult for the sweater to pass the coins which he has maltreated, for they will be immediately noticed and traced back to his possession. Whilst the change is taking place he may find the opportunity to pursue his nefarious calling ; but as soon as the new *régime* has been established, he will find it far more dangerous than now to rob the public Exchequer. And as for the illicit coiner who will endeavour to put into circulation ten-shilling pieces which cost him only nine shillings each to produce, we scarcely think that the gain so to be obtained will prove large enough to cover the risk.

* * * *

If the difference between the nominal and metallic values of tokens were very great—if, for instance, the value of the silver in a shilling were but two-pence, and that of the silver in a half-crown only five-pence—there would be presented a very strong temptation to introduce illicit coins, a temptation which would be in exact proportion to this difference. But for this very reason the Government never aims at making a very large gain when it issues tokens : it simply desires to obtain a fund which shall cover all the expenses of coinage,

to make the currency self-supporting, and, if possible, to provide for future emergencies. And so with the new gold token; if the metallic value were lower, the inducement to unlawful imitation might be very serious; but with so much as nine shillings' worth of metal remaining in each piece, the limit of safety will not probably be passed, and no greater dangers will have to be met than those which all the other tokens have to encounter.

A few minor objections remain. Suppose that, when the new gold tokens come fully into use, and there is no longer any inducement for bankers to hoard the half-sovereigns because they are light, and cannot be returned to the Bank of England without loss, it be found that a smaller than the estimated quantity are required for circulation; then the scheme will not pay. But the sum of £50,000 has been put aside for such contingencies, and is surely a sufficient margin.

And we think there is no reason to expect a diminished demand for half-sovereigns so soon as the new provisions shall have come into play. The wealth of the country is increasing at a rapid rate, and though that wealth may not be so equally distributed as we could wish, still it is probable that more and more persons who now receive or spend nine shillings in a day will by-and-by receive or spend ten shillings, and will use a convenient and well-coined gold token in preference to four half-crowns or five florins. In various ways the practical working of the scheme may entail trouble and annoyance both at the Mint and at the Bank of England. At the latter place it may complicate the accounts, and perhaps throw into confusion for a time the books of the Banking and of the Issue Departments after every transfer of half-sovereigns from the one to the other. It may cause some alterations in the wording of the Bank Act, and necessitate a revision of the regulations concerning the gold reserves on which bank-notes are now issued. But all these difficulties can be smoothed away by a careful readjustment, and cannot for a moment be placed in the category of serious objections.

Some, however, would prefer to see the sovereign itself replaced by a one-pound note, and a part of the revenue so obtainable applied to the maintenance of the half-sovereign as the only standard coin.

By such a course, it is asserted, a vast amount of interest would be saved to the nation, the cost of recoinage would be obviated, and the convenience of the public much advanced. Here we are standing on the brink of a limitless sea of controversy, into which we do not now care to plunge; but it appears to us that the currency of this country rests really upon bullion, and if we were to withdraw or suffer to be drained away a vast quantity of the sovereigns now in circulation, we should diminish the gold of the country to an extent that would be detrimental to a safe and sound financial policy. We have gone as far as we safely can go in the issue of paper money, and the public security demands cautious restriction.

It is because Mr. Childers is able to combine due caution with true science, that we believe the Budget speech of 1884 will be long and gratefully remembered in England.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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IMPERIAL FEDERATION FROM AN AUSTRALIAN POINT OF VIEW.—Since the writing of this article the Conference on Imperial Federation, held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, has thrown some hopeful light on the subject. So far as Australia is concerned the practical outcome of the League's efforts will probably be to sustain and to increase the efforts now being made to render the Australian defence organization more efficient, and to bring it more and more into unison with the scheme of Imperial defences. Mr. Douglas thinks that the Australian Colonies, which hitherto have in the matter of defences acted up to the recommendations of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed in 1878, would be prepared to go further, and would, if necessary, form an arsenal and establish factories for war materials. But he doubts if they would contribute to the fortification of Aden or Singapore. They would probably say, "We will fortify coaling stations on our own territory at Newcastle on the Hunter, at Thursday Island, and at King George's Sound, but more than that we cannot undertake at present."

The article opens with a reference to Lord Rosebery's speech on this subject at Aberdeen, a speech conceived in the finest vein of patriotic feeling.

He assumed that leading statesmen were giving their attention to the subject as one which must be discussed before long, and he arrived at the conclusion that those who professed to lead opinion in this matter must take the people into their confidence. If there really was to be federation, it involved immense constitutional changes, and a basis of action must be found for this in the wishes and the reasonable conclusions of the people themselves, of the many who feel, as well as of the few who have to think and devise. He declined to specify or to dogmatise how it was to be done, but he asserted that the more immediate unification of the outlying portions of the empire with the central system of Government is expedient, and even necessary, if the British Empire is to perpetuate its existence in correspondence with its achievements in the past. To do this the federal principle must be recognised, and he declared for union on that principle.

The Imperial Federatists are influenced in the first place by a hope that they may re-create an United Empire on a grander and more substantial footing than the present one, and in the next place they think that the empire will thus be prevented from entering on a period of decrepitude and decadence, from which nothing can save it unless we have recourse to some sort of heroic reconstruction suited to the circumstances of the times.

Lord Rosebery to some extent adopts this view. While in Australia he lately expressed himself strongly in favour of doing all in his power to promote the lasting union of Australia with the mother country, and he does nothing more than justify his intentions when he raises the question of Federation as he has done. His speech at Aberdeen will be read with much interest in Australia. It was the deliberate statement of one who, having been an eye-witness of the immensity of the British possessions beyond the seas, believes in the necessity for a constitutional reconstruction of the British Empire, so as to bring the whole into more active and more sympathetic accord. The Empire has to be reconstructed, he thinks, and the people have to think out the question with their statesmen. He invites them to do so, and every really patriotic man who prizes his inheritance in history as the best of his political possessions is entitled to respond to the invitation. The present writer responds to it in this spirit, and perhaps, so far as Australia is concerned, he has some slight right to do so, for he has lived a life of active sympathy and of intercourse with many of the leading men of Australia, whether as explorers of new country or as explorers in the tangled paths of experimental politics.

The Australian point of view of this question will not be adequately understood without some account of the causes which led up to the movement in favour of Australian Federation.

Previous to 1870 very little had been done. Up to that time the various colonies or states of Australia had been fully occupied with their own internal affairs, industrial and political. The Franco-Prussian war in that year showed what mighty catastrophes might still occur in the history of nations. The neces-

sity for union was felt. The great despotic powers of Germany and Russia might combine, and at one time Russia openly declared that she would no longer be bound by her engagements. Belgium, too, was threatened. These European complications drew the attention of our leading men to the possible position in which we might find ourselves, and the result was a strong recommendation to federate, which came from a Royal Commission then sitting at Melbourne.

It may be well here to quote a few of the pregnant opening sentences of that report, in order to indicate the spirit which then animated the community.

Advantages of a Federal Union.—On the primary question of a federal union of the Australian Colonies, apart from all considerations of time and method of bringing such a union about, there was a unanimity of opinion. The indispensable condition of success for men and nations is that they should clearly understand what they want, and to what goal they are travelling, that life may not be wasted in doing and undoing; and as we are persuaded that the prosperity and security of these colonies would be effectually promoted by enabling them to act together as one people, under the authority of a federal compact, they cannot, we believe, too soon come to an understanding upon this fundamental point.

The difference in strength and prestige between isolated communities having separate interests, and a national confederation with a national policy, has been illustrated in the history of almost every great State in the world, and conspicuously in the history of States of which we share the blood and traditions. The effects of such a confederation, where it is voluntary and equal, are felt throughout the whole complicated relations of a nation's life, adding immensely to its material and moral strength. By its concentrated powers it exercises an increasing gravitation in attracting population and commerce. It multiplies the national wealth by putting an end to jealous and wasteful competition, and substitutes the wise economy of power which teaches each district to apply itself to the industries in which it can attain the greatest success. It enlarges the home market, which is the nursing mother of native manufactures. It forms larger designs, engages in larger enterprises, and by its increased revenues and authority causes them to be more speedily accomplished. It obtains additional security for peace by increasing its means of defence; and by creating a nation it creates along with it the sentiment of nationality—a sentiment which has been one of the strongest and most beneficent motive powers in human affairs. The method, indeed, by which States have grown great is almost uniform in history. They gathered populations and territory, and on these wings rose to material power; and with the sense of a common citizenship there speedily came, like a soul to an inert body, that public spirit by whose inspiration dangers are willingly faced and privations cheerfully borne in the sacred name of country.

We cannot doubt that it is the destiny of the Australian Colonies to pursue a similar career, and their duty to prepare for it. They possess resources and territory which fit them to become in the end a great empire. They are occupied by a population already larger than the population of many Sovereign States; they yield a revenue greater than the revenue of six of the kingdoms of Europe; and we believe that they share the sentiment which may be noted as the most subtle and pervading of our century—the desire to perfect the union and autonomy of peoples of the same origin.

Fourteen years have passed since the date of this Royal Commission Report, and all this while Australia has been feeling her way with a growing sense of responsibility. The Federal Union now contemplated can by no means be compared to the Canadian Federal Compact. The autonomy of the different States proposing to enter the union is left almost undisturbed.

It would be difficult to say that the Confederating States surrender any powers now possessed by them. They will be left as free to act within their own borders, and to legislate, as they now are. They propose, however, to take to themselves additional powers—powers which are perhaps inherent in their constitutions, but which have not been acted on. Thus if the union be consummated and ratified by imperial legislation, the States adherent to it will become one for some higher purposes of government—purposes which may be termed national. The Federal Council will indeed be a select body of the consultative and administrative rather than of the parliamentary kind. It will possess limited and defined powers, though it is hoped that it may lead up to a more comprehensive union of the Canadian type. This, it has been considered, after a good deal of consultation, is all that can be done just now. To attempt more would have been useless, and the hope is that when once a union has been effected the necessity for a closer union will be demonstrated. The Select Council of Advice thus created will concern itself chiefly in those affairs of Australia which may be termed external, or common in their application to all the Australian Colonies alike. This will at any rate give a common citizenship. Thenceforward the people of Australia will be Australians in a political as well as a geographical sense, and then will come to them the soul, as we may hope, which was prefigured for them by the Melbourne Commissioners in 1870. Possessed of that, we are assured that “dangers are willingly faced and privations cheerfully borne in the sacred name of country.” It may, I think, be assumed as certain that the Federal Constitution provisionally agreed to at Sydney, scarcely twelve months ago, was as much as would be accepted, at the present time, by the adherent Legislatures.

Four of these—Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, and Tasmania—all of them being self-governing colonies—that is, colonies enjoying the rights of responsible government—have heartily accepted the preliminary articles of union. Western Australia and Fiji, both of them being still Crown colonies, have also accepted them, and that acceptance carries with it the assurance that they too will shortly be admitted to the higher order of more responsible Governments; Western Australia certainly will be, though Fiji may still have to wait for some years. But, however that may be, there are six Australian States or Colonies which stand committed to the Australian Union—New South Wales hesitates. It has always been anticipated that there would be hesitation in this quarter. The Legislative Assembly declined, by a majority of one, on a motion of the previous question, to ratify the resolutions. This may cause some delay, but it is scarcely probable that serious difficulty will arise out of it. It is not likely to alter the determinations arrived at by the assenting Colonies, and it is hoped also that it will not alter the decision of Her Majesty's Government as to the enabling Bill which

will have to be brought into Parliament. As regards New Zealand, friendly resolutions have been passed, though nothing definite has yet been decided.

Notwithstanding the objections of some not inexperienced politicians to this Federal Constitution, on the grounds that it would have been better to have waited and worked out the system of autonomous State Government until the lapse of time, the improved state of railway communications and the presence of some real impending danger had drawn them together the general sentiment in favour of Australian autonomy sufficed to carry the resolutions through the Legislatures.

So far the movement in favour of autonomy has prospered undisturbed by claims to the hegemony on the part of any State.

The representative governing men of Victoria and New South Wales have in this respect behaved very well. Either the one or the other of these States has a population fully three times as many as South Australia or Queensland, and yet they have expressed themselves as content to go into the Union not only on an equality with them, but with Tasmania, where the disparity of population and of resources is still greater. The same may be said of New Zealand. Victoria undoubtedly has led the way. Her Premier, Mr. Service, has been very much in earnest, and he has been zealously supported by Mr. Berry, the able leader of the Victoria democracy. By both parties in Victoria, by the Upper House as well as by the Lower House, the scheme proposed has been accepted as a reasonable solution at the present time. In Queensland, again, Mr. Service, following up the original impulse given by Sir Thomas McIlwraith, has been ably assisted by Mr. Griffith, the present Premier, who drafted the Federal Bill as it now stands. The action, also, of those leading men has been aided by the present condition of politics in the Colonies. In all of them party politics are dormant, and the time has been specially favourable for co-operation among public men.

But other causes have also been at work which have operated towards union.

For a whole generation Victoria and New South Wales, or rather, perhaps, I should say Melbourne and Sydney, have been almost inaccessible to one another by land. Mr. Service admitted the other day in Sydney that he had lived for thirty years in Victoria, and yet never once until then had he been in New South Wales. The railway systems of the two countries had, all this while, been approaching one another, but it was only a few months ago when a junction was finally effected, and then, when the railway bridge over the Murray at Albany was opened, there was a great fraternisation. Now there is constant and even rapid communication. The traveller leaves Sydney on the evening of one day and reaches Melbourne at twelve o'clock on the following day. In another two or three years' time there will be a still further railway development. Adelaide, by that time, will be connected with Melbourne, and possibly Brisbane with Sydney, though in this latter case the link between Sydney and Newcastle is progressing but slowly. So much for internal territorial union. Externally, other causes have been at work which have tended in the direction of union. A good deal is said now-a-days about the expansion of England, some saying that England

is expanding too rapidly, others saying that England does not expand rapidly enough. Latterly, Australians have been hearing a good deal about French expansion in the Pacific, and the manner of it has seriously troubled them. Nothing has so moved them since the days of their own emancipation, as the prospect of the Recidivist Law. This external menace helped them, however, to look at the question of federation with a friendly feeling.

There was also the stirring incident of the annexation of New Guinea.

It had been much talked about. British men-of-war had visited the coast, and more than one naval captain had, on their own responsibility, hauled up a British ensign on a provisional flag-staff, and had saluted it in token of respect to this preliminary form of assertion. For ten years at least it had been the subject of correspondence with the Colonial Office. Public meetings had been held about it in the capitals of Australia. Dr. Lang, the veteran exponent of Australian rights, had held forth at these meetings. Secretaries of State and Governors had been well "addressed." D'Albertis, the Italian, and McKlucho-Macloy, the Russian traveller and anthropologist, had explored portions of the coast. There had been fugitive and unsuccessful explorations for gold by Queensland diggers. Meanwhile some small New Guinea annexation had been effected. It fell to my lot to recommend the annexation of all the islands in Torres Straits on the coast of New Guinea. This was carried out with the sanction of Her Majesty's Government. These movements, however, had attracted the attention of foreigners. At one time we heard of Menotti Garibaldi meditating an Italian settlement. Then came the abortive project of the Marquis de Ray in those seas. After this the German papers began to discuss the capabilities of New Guinea, and there was talk of a German settlement. I hardly know why we in Australia should object to be associated with the Germans in the Pacific. Indeed, we are already associated, for Germany has for all practical purposes annexed Samoa, and Germany will probably occupy New Britain, for already German subjects have acquired a footing there. We like our German colonists: they are most frugal and industrious. A fair proportion of Germans, in fact, in the Pacific would do no harm. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that we in Queensland prefer very much to see the British ensign flying in New Guinea, which is almost in sight of our settlement at Thursday Island. So when, following up the discussions about New Guinea in the German newspapers, a German corvette came out to cruise along the coast, some of us got a little anxious about the big island on our starboard bow. Moresby, no doubt, had annexed it some years before, and, so far as the hauling up of flags can annex, it was annexed. Sir Arthur Gordon also, at Fiji, had, as High Commissioner in the Pacific, given in his suggestions for protecting and practically annexing portions of the coast. Were we to let an opportunity slip, and might it not be as well to have another flag-flying and another proclamation? So, at any rate, thought Sir Thomas McIlwraith, then Premier of Queensland, and his recommendation was sanctioned by Sir Arthur Kennedy, who was then Governor. A despatch was written to the Secretary of State, telling him what was proposed to be done, and then Mr. Chester, the resident magistrate at Thursday Island, was instructed to carry it out without further delay, fearing that the German vessel might anticipate us.

The news of this exciting little demonstration caused a flutter of interest in the British Parliament when it was announced. It was thought rather amusing that the youngest of the Australian self-governing colonies should undertake to annex one of the largest islands in the world. This act of annexation was not approved by Her Majesty's Government, and the claim became dormant. Nevertheless, it really effected the object in view. From one end of Australia to the other the unauthorised proclamation was applauded. The national sentiment was gratified. And subsequently a protectorate has been proclaimed, and protection means ultimate occupation.

But this flying of the flag effected another good purpose. It afforded Her Majesty's Government an opportunity of pointing out what responsibilities were incurred by annexation.

Who was to pay for it, and who was to pay for the protection of the natives? If the Australian Colonies were really in earnest about the flag-flying, would they back it up? Would they unite for the purpose? Here was an inducement. The refusal to annex was justified by the opening thus provided to encourage federation. Meanwhile the movements of the French in the New Hebrides were intently watched. The missionaries of the Protestant missions connected with the New Hebrides got anxious. If we did not look out, France would annex the New Hebrides. The Solomon group would follow, and then there would be nothing left in the Pacific worth speaking about. No more new country to be taken up! This taking up of new country reminds me of a story told of a settler named Gellibrand, who came over from Tasmania to take up country in the western district of Victoria. He ascended to a high hill-top, and from that vantage ground, overlooking one of the finest stretches of country in Australia, he made his proclamation. "All that I see," said Mr. Gellibrand, "I claim for myself, and all that I do not see I claim for my son John." This was his primary title to occupation. The Crown Lands Commissioner of those days did not confirm the title to the full extent, but Mr. Gellibrand got a very fair slice. It was probably not quite in this sense that the Colonies represented at the Sydney Conference asked Great Britain to annex the whole of the Pacific islands. But they undoubtedly wished it to be understood that they objected to any one else annexing. The reply made by Her Majesty's Government to this comprehensive demand has virtually been to this effect: "Gentlemen, let us protect the present proprietors, the native inhabitants. It is true they are only savages, and it may be that you will inherit their possessions, but let us protect their rights as long as they last." Here also we have another inducement to federate. It will add to the responsibilities of Australia, and it may be assumed that it will provide some additional guarantees for the moderation of our demands. It is easy enough to pass resolutions at public meetings. Shall we act on them when we are bound to respond to the weighty obligations involved? It is an excusable function of young communities to expand into sympathetic utterances for the taking up of new country. When the responsibility of occupying and maintaining that country comes upon us, it will wholesomely

limit our ideas to what is absolutely necessary for our economical and our profitable possession.

The moving causes in the direction of Australian Federation have thus been rapidly sketched.

There has been, first and foremost, the gradually growing sentiment in favour of Australian nationality. Then there has been a more serious sense of external responsibilities beyond the horizon of our immediate vision. And, so far as the French are concerned, let me say that for many years we have been excellent friends with them, so far as we were acquainted with them. We have sometimes endeavoured to attract French wine-growers to our shores. Some have come, though not many. They are capital colonists, and better agriculturists than most of our own people. We have always given a hearty welcome to French men-of-war in our ports. The officers are very polite. French Consuls are generally very popular, and we have always regarded our old allies in the Crimea with respectful confidence. Our trade with France has increased, and we are quite willing to give a fair share of patronage to the Messageries boats. Unfortunately, between them and us, there has now come this cloud about their convicts. Those who escaped from New Caledonia have never been welcome, but we could tolerate them and not withhold our pity from those poor wretches who had braved the perils of a thousand miles at sea in open boats. There were not very many of them after all. But when it came to be perceived that the French settlements in the Pacific were to be made the channel for draining off the scum of France on our shores, it was time to speak out. We began to see that France was not only going to do a serious injustice to herself, but to us also. This sufficiently accounts, surely, for our change of attitude to our French neighbours. We were of course rivals in the Pacific, friendly rivals, with no *arrière pensée* to speak of; but still, apart altogether from actual possession of the islands, whether territorial or commercial, we looked upon this deliberate scheme of contamination as a most unfriendly act. Australians, I believe, are prepared for any sacrifice, and they are certainly prepared to forego any advantages they may enjoy from their commercial relations with France, rather than accept this interpretation of colonisation in the Pacific. In one sense, however, this coolness with Frenchmen has done good. It has shown us the necessity for a Federal Union.

But, it may be asked, what has all this to do with Imperial Federation? The answer is thus given.

The text of my remarks has been Lord Rosebery's speech at Aberdeen. In laying down the principles which ought to prevail in formulating federal unions, he has stated that one of the chief points to be kept in view is, "Strength for mutual objects with separate management for separate objects." The Federal Union of Australia will certainly promote these purposes in Australia. For Australia to be united and strong for mutual objects, or at least more strong and more united than she has been, is a good thing in itself, and cannot lessen the strength of the British Empire. The same may be said of Canada. And the same may be said of India, though with the difference that the Government of India can never be constructed on the same principles as those of Canada or Australia. Of Australia, if it may be permitted to me to speak in the language of assured hope, it cannot be doubted that, with the growth of an Australian national sentiment, the capa-

city for entrance into the higher forms of federal union will also grow. But Lord Rosebery must give us time. We cannot grow in a single night, like the gourd in the Eastern story. Even now it will take some years to perfect our imperfect Federal Union. By the time he has lived, as we may hope that he will, to be as old as Mr. Gladstone, it might be interesting to speculate as to what may then be the condition and prospects of the Australia Union. It would not surely be an extreme estimate to assume that, within the life of men now in the vigour of manhood, the population of Australia will be ten millions. When I first knew Australia it did not contain more than 500,000 people of European extraction. It now numbers fully three millions. Fifty years hence it may have a population of twenty millions. Even now the population and resources of Australia will bear favourable comparison with those of the old American Colonies when they accomplished their complete freedom. There is of course a very great difference in the situation. There is the most complete confidence in the relations between the Australian Colonies and the mother country. Australians may admire the great American Union, and in some respects they may desire to profit by that example. But they are essentially loyal, loyal to the Queen as the head of the great parent Union, and loyal to the interests of that great political association which is recognised in the world as the British Empire. There is no desire to dim the lustre of that constellation by the extinction of a single scintilla. Nevertheless, as Australia grows, she must learn to stand alone—stand alone, as is sometimes said of each of us, when our individual responsibility is spoken of. The Australian people, even if they may wish to struggle against it, must some day accept their absolute independence not only as a duty but as a necessity.

Lord Rosebery indicated, with playful animation, when he talked of the union which now exists, that the bond of the affections is not sufficient, that England and Australia must be more than lovers, and nothing less than married folk. The bond, he said, must be binding and indissoluble. But the true relationship between Great Britain and such federal unions as those of Canada and of Australia, is not that of husband and wife, but rather of father and son, or of mother and daughter.

They are one in origin, they are one in language, they are one in thought, one in the nature of their laws, and they may be one in action. If they have been educated into a right perception of the duties connected with the family relationship, as we know they have been, then they will aid one another. They will recognise the truth of the federal maxim, "Strength for mutual objects." They may, for this purpose, be subordinated to some headship, just as now they are subordinated to the headship of the kingly office in the person of the Queen. This is well for all concerned, but it is well with a reservation that it involves absolute freedom of action, absolute independence, should it be necessary, however reluctantly, to attain to it. Reverting once more to the probable position of Federated Australia fifty years hence, can we imagine such a homogeneous people—"sons of the soil," as we say—a people of twenty millions, inhabiting a country nearly the size of Europe, separated from the rest of the world by vast stretches of ocean, and yet united to it by this same highway of the ocean—can we imagine such a people content to be controlled in essentials by even a

kindred people having diverse interests and prospects in life? It could not be. If it were attempted it would only produce estrangement, strife, and, possibly, an unfriendly severance of dependent relationships. Imagine one of these peoples, it matters not which, committed to war, the final arbitrament of war. If a nation is really to retain its nationality, it must have regard to the possible contingency of war. There are circumstances in which it can only acquit itself honourably in such a way. It can only, I may say, minimise the chances of war by a refusal to submit to unjust or oppressive treatment. Such being the case, no nation can refuse to go to war in a just cause without peril to its living principle. Great Britain cannot refuse, and a great war might be forced upon her. Not only could Great Britain fight more freely, more effectively, if Canada and Australia were free to fight or not as they pleased, but the probability is that each of them and all of them would serve the interests they all hold in common more effectively by fighting separately, if needs they must fight. They may thus be strong for mutual purposes, and they would be most strong by maintaining their separate management for separate objects. It comes to this : there can be no nation, no really national life, without this condition of distinct and separate responsibility, though a federal union may exist also as a bond of union. The Melbourne Commissioners said, in the words I have already quoted, that there comes a time in the history of every young nation when the sense of a common citizenship animates the inert form, and gives it a life it never knew before. The saying is as true of individuals as of nations. That life has not yet come to Australia. I doubt if any of us wish consciously to hasten its coming. We are sufficiently pleased with the irresponsible freedom of our youth. But the time is coming, the time must come, when we shall have to pass to maturity. And that time may even be not far distant.

So far Mr. Douglas is acquainted with public feeling or public life in Australia, he would say that if Australia is to continue to be part of the British Empire, and thus federally united to Great Britain, Ireland and the Empire of India, it must be a partnership limited as to time and as to liability.

Even Federal Australia will, if the proposed plan be adopted, be as little compelled into federation as possible. The partnership is a limited one. The national sentiment will permeate it and perpetuate it. It will grow into something more binding. So with imperial federation : if it is to be, it had better in the first instance be limited. The potential independence of Canada and Australia being admitted, the conditions of the partnership could then be discussed ; and, starting from these premises, we may reach the conclusions foreshadowed by Lord Rosebery in his trades-union maxim. Allow me here further to illustrate my meaning by a reference to the negotiations which in Australia have been conducted to a partially successful issue. The leading States of Australia, through their representative men, and much to their honour, make no claim to superiority. Victoria and New South Wales by their representatives consented to go into the Federal Council on a par with the less influential Colonies or States. Now, is it possible to suppose that the same spirit might actuate the several members of an Imperial Confederation? Would the people of the ancient kingdom of Scotland, merged now so happily in what is called the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—would this people,

if their ancient separate existence should be once more, for some purposes, recognised, be content to take their place in an Imperial Federal Union on a par with Canada or Australia? It would be a considerable sacrifice perhaps, but it would not be such a concession as Victoria makes to Tasmania in the Australian federation. Or, again, would India, Ireland, or the great mother State—England—would England accept these conditions? Yet, in all probability, something of the kind would be claimed when, in the next century, Canada and Australia shall have attained to the population and proportions of great States, outnumbering Scotland or Ireland, and probably not far from equalling England itself. This is the sort of prospect we have, if there is to be an Imperial Federal Union. My ideal, however, for a reconstructed British Empire runs rather, I must confess, in the direction of a frank admission of the potential independence of Canada and Australia, and a good working alliance on that footing. For the rest, there are no signs recognisable, by the outward vision, of the decadence of England. With her commercial empire, her splendid but scarcely sufficiently appreciated dominion in the East, with Ireland really reconciled and united by a larger liberty, Great Britain and Ireland can hold their own against any odds likely to appear in arms against them. With Canada federated and Australia federated, what has the British Empire to fear? It would be as great as ever—nay, even greater, for young nations such as these would be the best allies which could be had. When we colonists read in some of your newspapers of a decrepit and a worn-out England, we sometimes fancy that we know more of England than England knows of herself; at any rate, we believe in that immense reserve of power and of resources which Disraeli sometimes used to speak of. Nor can it be believed that America, the United States of America, could or would remain indifferent to a combination of European Powers against the British nation. Blood, after all, is thicker than water. We row in the same boat. It is scarcely possible to conceive that America, bound as she now is by so many ties of interest and of intercourse to the mother country, would willingly submit to the humiliation of Great Britain by the despotic Powers of Europe. Her cause is still the cause of freedom.

But if, according to this showing, there is no necessity for a greater Britannic Parliament, there is every reason to conclude that a Federated Australia would willingly work out, in combination with Her Majesty's Government, some great projects in which they may be mutually concerned.

There is the Pacific annexation question. An importance has been attached to it which does not really belong to it on its merits. So long as the Australian people maintain the integrity of their institutions on the continent they already inhabit, we need fear but little from either French or German expansion. It should not be forgotten that America has always been content with her continental development. Even now Cuba or Jamaica or San Domingo would be considered very doubtful acquisitions. Why should Australia be so keen for the Pacific? Or why, perhaps, it might be more correctly said, should Victoria? It involves much trouble in dealing with the island labour question, and Her Majesty's Government could deal with it most effectually. The labour traffic as now conducted should be put down—resolutely put down—by Her Majesty's Government, acting in combination with Australia, and with France, Germany and America. It is a wicked traffic, and like to slavery.

Another work may be cited, which ought to be done on the Federal Union principle. Another telegraph cable is required.

It should be laid either across the Pacific, or from Perth, in Western Australia, to Plymouth, *vid* the Cape. The tariff should be at the rate of a shilling a word. It may be assumed with safety that, taking into consideration the vastly increased business which would flow into it, such a cable would pay; and it should be laid by the Governments in combination. Nothing at present would draw England and Australia more closely together than cheap and regular telegraphic communication. At present we depend solely on the Eastern Cables Company, at a tariff which is practically prohibitory.

A third example of what might be done by England and Australia on the same principle is the buying up and the duplication of the Suez Canal.

It may be confidently stated that, whether as a national or an international undertaking, Federated Australia would gladly accept her share in the responsibilities involved in making this great oceanic highway what it ought to be. This no doubt is a big question, but it is referred to here simply to illustrate what really big questions might be practically approached without waiting for the convocation of a greater Britannic Parliament.

The conclusions, therefore, which may be drawn from the present position of the British Empire, as interpreted from an Australian point of view, seem to be all in favour of the concentration of power and of administrative intelligence where countries or colonies can be grouped together for mutual support.

Canada has thus grown, and has become a source of strength. Australia will grow in like manner, and will also become a source of strength. Of Africa it is difficult to speak with the same confidence, because the presence of a large coloured population there makes it doubtful if the principles of self-government will be found to be as effective there as in Canada and Australia.

But whatever may be the ultimate destiny of Canada or Australia, no Australian believes that either the power or the prestige of Great Britain would be in the least diminished by the absolute independence of his own country. Great Britain, as the great commercial power of the world, as the possessor of India, as the holder of an unrivalled chain of settlements in the East—settlements most insufficiently appreciated—has a very grand position among nations, even the grandest. She has a great prestige, and colonists know full well what strength she has to act, if need be. In this she is, and will remain, an Imperial Power, and we colonists know full well—none better—what capacity she has to act up to the correspondence of her greatness if the necessity arose.

Canada and Australia are outworks of that power—independent outworks they ought to be, and must become—and if so, then it follows that the policy of the empire should be based on their present voluntary adhesion, and on the recognition of their potential independence. Nevertheless, as Lord Rosebery has pointed out, there is a greater question even than the franchise, though the franchise question is uppermost just now. That question is the

unity and security of the empire, the essential security of the citadel and its outworks. There are those who think that this may be best effected by the creation of a supreme Federal Government and a supreme Federal Parliament. There are others again who look rather to the growth of the imperial principle acting in accord with a recognition of a healthy but loyal spirit of colonial independence. My experience, at any rate of Australian affairs, leads me to conclude that British interests in the world will be best served by as little divergence as possible from the principles of government which have of late years been recognised and applied to the great self-governing offshoots of the British Empire. Their growth has been healthy and natural. Let it continue to be so. Australians, I believe, desire more and more to become united with one another, and thus they may learn to "perfect the union and autonomy of peoples of the same origin."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1884.

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FRANCE AND CHINA.—The events taking place in Tonquin and the Chinese seas are such as to cause serious anxiety to all the Treaty Powers, and it is in their interest that more trustworthy information should be obtained, both as to the situation in China and the proceedings of the French in their mixed campaign of bombardments and negotiations.

The colonial policy of the French, so essentially aggressive in respect to the acquisition of territory and coaling stations in the Chinese seas and the Indo-Chinese peninsula, is a standing menace, not to China alone, but to all the Western nations taking part in the vast trade passing through the Suez Canal towards the Eastern shores and Australasian colonies. Assuming that the whole Annamite territory lately overrun, including Tonquin, will remain a French possession, its chief value to France, it may be confidently asserted, will be the access it may and is intended to give to the southern and western provinces of China, on whose frontiers French dominion will be established in force. Such a state of things foreshadows doubtful relations in the future with China, and a proximity fraught with danger to the weak states of Siam and Burmah, together with the British possessions. It will be evident that there is a future in store from which the past and the present cannot be dissociated. Indeed the connection is so close, that the right understanding of all that has gone before can alone afford a safe guide to that which is to follow, and apparently at no distant time.

I. From the generally hostile tone of the French Press, and in the history of the operations leading up to the annexation of

Tonquin, it is impossible not to perceive a very decided spirit of jealousy and enmity towards England.

It is desirable then to ascertain what are the causes of this hostile feeling in a nation that has during the last 70 years fought side by side with us, in the Crimea and in China. How far do these sentiments really pervade any considerable part of the nation? It behoves us to look such facts, if they are facts, fairly in the face, and not shut our eyes in a fool's paradise of delusive security.

What, we may reasonably ask, does France complain of in British diplomacy or policy? Not long ago there appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* a letter from a Paris correspondent, which answers some of these questions from a French point of view. The writer says:—

This, for instance, is a very common form of reasoning among Frenchmen:—"Englishmen did not help us in 1870; we may forgive the open enemy who beat us, but we can never forgive the *souffisant* friend who stood by chuckling and never raised a finger to save us or aid us. She would, had she dared to do so, have thwarted us in Madagascar. She has shouldered us out of Egypt and tried to rob us of the Suez Canal. She now presumes to lecture us about our policy in China. She is a corrupt and purse-proud Oligarchy, and we are a great and noble Republic. For all these reasons she deserves a lesson; and we must give her one. We run no risk. She cannot possibly invade us, as Germany did. Thanks to her shameless infraction of the law of liquidation, her insular egotism, and the contemptible vacillation of her *ministère pour rire*, she has not an ally in Europe. Our fleet is as good as hers, and better. The same invincible iron-clads which destroyed Keelung and pulverized the forts of Kinpai will make short work of Portsmouth and Southampton. English commerce and colonies offer a hundred vulnerable points for one that ours present. A few weeks of naval warfare will bring the modern Carthage to her knees; and great glory, not to mention a heavy pecuniary indemnity, will be ours." That much of this should be nonsense is nothing to the point. The nonsense is firmly believed in by the enormous majority of the French lower and middle classes, and by the middle and lower classes the policy of France is ultimately shaped.

It is clearly, then, desirable to trace these feelings to their source, when we shall probably find they are of no modern origin.

2. More than a century ago we were in the midst of an embittered struggle with France for colonial empire in the New World. It was an age of gigantic rivalry between England and France. The impression on the minds of those generations was that these nations always had been at war and always would be. During the great conflict lasting from 1744 to 1763, India in the East and Canada in the West were both lost to France. But the vision of a French Empire in the East still lived in French memory.

And thus when Napoleon was just put in charge of the war with England, his thoughts speedily reverted to the lost possessions in India, and to Egypt as the road to India, and Malta as the key of Mediterranean. Nor did the glamour of such visions end with Waterloo or Napoleon, we now see; and their resuscitation in the substantial form of Annam and Tonquin affords the explanation of what is now developing into the occupation of Cochin China and the Tonquin Gulf. And the history of these past giant struggles between two rival Powers, by which France is now lured on these distant colonial adventures, notwithstanding her own experience has unfailingly borne out Sir James Mackintosh's dictum, that "Colonial possessions have been unanswerably demonstrated to be commercially useless and politically ruinous." To France this sums up the whole history of her colonial efforts at expansion and empire in distant regions, and even nearer home, in Algiers.

3. The claim of France to take the ground she assumes in Tonquin and China need not be inquired into, as regards the relative rights of the two States, of which they must judge for themselves. It is important, however, for the other Treaty Powers to be rightly informed as to what are the real objects aimed at in the French schemes of colonization.

French official despatches and the correspondence of their political and military agents supplies us with some curious and instructive information as to the object of the present operations of the French.

We must remember, as a starting-point, that the French Ministers, in answer to questions in both Chambers, "categorically" denied having any thoughts of conquering the Delta, and on April 6, 1883, a despatch was sent, blaming Commander Rivière for the affair at Nam Dinh, and ordering him to do nothing more till further orders. This reached him on May 12; and along with it came another, written two days later, authorizing him to capture not only Sontay and Bac Ninh, but also Ninbueh; and a week later (on May 19) Rivière was killed in his sortie from Hanoi. So previously, during M. de Freycinet's administration, while the Foreign Ministry promised that there should be no policy of aggression, Admiral Jauréguiberry was telling Rivière in private despatches that the "conquest of Tonquin had been decided upon in principle." This, we see, was Tunis over again, with M. St. Hilaire's emphatic disclaimers of conquest or annexation, to end in both.

Such being the facts, and seeing that the correspondence of all the chief actors in the Annamite and Chinese negotiations displays a persistent enmity to England as a primary motive for activity, some inquiry may be justified in self-defence as to whither such action tends.

From Rivière's defeat dates the policy, since announced, of "intelligent destruction," and the conversion of an aggressive advance in Tonquin into an attack on China proper as a measure of reprisal. In this campaign of bombardments and blockades without a declaration of war, England, no doubt, will be the greatest sufferer. All the other Western Powers, however, with

commerce in the China seas, will, in the end, have to contribute to the liquidation of the bill of costs which the French are running up at a rapid rate with "a light heart," seeing they have no trade to be taxed or to lose, and that China and the other Treaty Powers have very large interests involved, and will consequently be the only sufferers.

4. The origin of the rights of France in Cochin China, according to the French, commences with the treaty entered into by the refugee king, Gia-Long, in 1787, at the instance of the missionary envoy, the Bishop de Pigneau.

The charm by which he worked was enmity to England. Thus, in setting forth the advantages of the enterprise, he writes as follows :—

"The most certain way of damaging the English in India is to ruin, or, at any rate, to weaken her commerce. In time of peace, being situated nearer to China, we should undoubtedly absorb much of her trade, the voyage being shorter, and the expense of transit cheaper, than to India. Chinese merchants would naturally prefer the French ports in Cochin China to the more distant ones of Calcutta and Madras." And the second advantage is of similar purport, for he points out that : "In time of war it would be still more easy to stop all commerce between China and any hostile nation ; the situation of our harbours would enable us to forbid the entry of or departure of any vessel from the China ports." In other words, virtually to blockade India and China. And under the fifth head the whole argument is further brought home in the reflection that, "From such a coign of advantage it would be easy to interfere with the designs which the English evidently have of extending their frontier more to the East."

The treaty was signed, and a French expedition restored the fugitive king, giving the French a *de facto* as well as a *de jure* protectorate. Unfortunately, however, for the scheme, France was soon too deeply involved with her own revolution to spare ships or troops for such outlying regions, and in time a king succeeded Gia-Long who did not share his French proclivities. It must be admitted that grave provocations were given. From 1820, when Gia-Long died, the lives of many members of the Mission Etrangère were sacrificed, and under Tu Duc's reign, in 1861, nine missionaries were strangled or decapitated.

In 1858, to avenge and put an end to these atrocities, a Franco-Espagnol Expedition was sent (August 31) and destroyed the batteries at Tourane, which place was taken possession of by Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, who commanded an expedition of some 3,000 men ; but later on, Saigon, 150 leagues south of Tourane, the *entrepôt* of Lower Cochin China, was seized as a preferable possession, and the forts well armed and supplied with ammunition, were taken.

Tu Duc, the king, subsequently signed a treaty of peace (June 5, 1862), the principal articles of which stipulated for the free exercise of the Christian religion, the cession of three provinces and Praho Andore, together with a

prohibition to cede Annamite territory to any other foreign Power, and an indemnity of 20,000,000 francs.

If we compare the chief clauses of the two treaties, the first of 1787 and the second of 1862, with an interval of a century between them, the identity of sentiment and continuity of thought in the later period is remarkable.

To pass over other—many other—authorities, all French, and all equally conclusive in their evidence as to the anti-English character and design of the aggressive operations undertaken in Annam and Tonquin—a *brochure* from the pen of the defeated Captain Rivière, written just before he proceeded to Tonquin to take command, may be cited.

It is entitled "La Guerre avec la Chine. La Politique Coloniale et la Question du Tonkin." He commences with several pregnant questions. "La conquête du Tonkin vaut elle les défences qu'elle entraîne, en hommes et en argent? Y a t-il nécessité indispensable pour la France d'avoir une politique coloniale?" And he proceeds to formulate the following answer in italics:—"Ouvrer à notre commerce et lui réserver, par des tarifs protecteurs, des débouchés assez considérables pour qu'il puisse verser un chiffre d'exportations retablissant l'équilibre rompu à notre détriment." He then proceeds to inquire whether "Tonquin is well chosen as a '*débouché*' for French commerce—rich enough to pay for the manufactured goods of France, and its population large enough to create a large trade." He answers all these questions in the affirmative, extolling the mineral wealth of Tonquin and the adjoining Chinese province of Yunnan—as so many arguments for the French occupation of Tonquin—all the more, that he declares the climate of the Delta is too fatal to be occupied by Europeans in force, and placing the mortality at 61 per cent. of the troops employed there. In this connection he openly advises that France should avail itself of the chance of a quarrel with China about the Black Flags and Tonquin to take possession of Yunnan, Kwangse, and Kwan-tung. That is, the three southern and western provinces of China proper, and he concludes by assuring his Government that a war with China would be a "bonne fortune" and "une excellente affaire pour la France." He further suggests that if England does not like it, or makes the slightest opposition, diplomatic or otherwise, that she should be told the French would do as the English were doing in Egypt, and the occupation of the three Chinese provinces would be provisional, to cease when commerce and order were established, and the necessary guarantees obtained for liberty of commerce with the whole interior of China. And thus he concludes: "A colonial empire would be created that might rival that of England in India, if not in extent at least in wealth. Let us follow their example," he adds, "and carve out for ourselves, by the annexation of these provinces of China—the most productive in the world, and teeming with mineral wealth—a vast colonial empire." "Il y a de notre prospérité nationale. Pouvons nous hésiter un seul instant?" were his last words. And on his arrival in Cochin China a few months later as the officer in command of the sea and land forces, and political representative of the French Government, he did not hesitate, and while carrying out the policy here sketched he lost his life in a sortie when beleaguered in Hanoi. I think it will be seen that international law, with its rights and duties, had little concern with French policy and operations in Cochin China.

5. The coveted territory having been overrun and annexed, it may be asked why should England, or any foreign Power, interfere or object ?

There are two conditions attending the recent progress of the French schemes of colonization in the East which justify England in the exercise of a jealous vigilance. The first is the avowed object by means of such territorial acquisitions, in the fair way and main route of our great Eastern trade, to menace and damage that trade and all English interests now and hereafter. The second is the equally plain and declared object of excluding English (and foreign) trade from competition with their own wherever their influence extends. This is not the place to enter upon the question of Free Trade and Protection or Fair Trade. It is sufficient for my present purpose to point out that the principles of Free Trade can only be maintained if applied over a large area, and the policy of France is to restrict that area to the extent of its power wherever its influence can prevail—in France itself and all her colonial dependencies, from Algiers and Tunis in the Mediterranean to Madagascar and Cochin China in the East. One consequence following of necessity from this is, that any port or territory gained by France is a loss to every other country, by being closed against the trade of the world on any fair or possible terms of competition. It may be nothing to the purpose to show that it is a losing if not suicidal policy for France itself, but such it can be shown to be now and in all past time.

6. If the object of France in acquiring new colonies were simply to open new markets for her own products, they do no wrong to other States. But countries, like Great Britain, which opened China at her own risk and cost, for all nations, and refuses to levy any differential or protective duties in British ports at home, can hardly sympathise with a policy by which a market is closed to English goods.

7. It now remains to consider briefly what are the resources of China and her powers of resistance. In doing this we must take into account the feelings of the inhabitants, numbering as they do hundreds of millions. Napoleon learnt this to his cost in his invasion of Spain.

The policy of China hitherto has evidently been one of drift, and letting things slide into confusion and disaster, for want of courage and decisive action at the right time.

Between the Dupuis and Garnier expeditions, in which a handful of men, were, on various pretexts more or less specious, seizing towns, storming citadels, and terrorizing the Annamite mandarins and king into virtual submission to any terms dictated to them, and Captain Rivière's very similar proceedings in 1883 there was abundant time and opportunity for China either to fight or negotiate with effect, and she did neither. Had Tonquin in those ten years been firmly held by successive relays of Chinese troops in large numbers, the worst that could have happened would have been the loss of the Delta. The invasion and conquest of Tonquin was an after thought, born of the utter ineptitude and helplessness of all authorities, Annamite and Chinese. Whatever may be the

inferiority of any Chinese army the Government at Peking can put in the field against a French force, it is certain that while this was entangled in a difficult country, cut up by rivers and water-courses, under a tropical sun and in an unhealthy climate, and surrounded by a hostile population, numbers were alone required to harass and discourage, if not to wholly disorganize, any regular European force, and to render it, by a process of exhaustion, incapable of holding the territory, and consequently to induce France to come to terms on some more reasonable basis than indemnities and cession of territories in Tonquin and Formosa.

None of these measures having been taken, though well within the means China has at her command, she has now to face a much worse situation, after her arsenal has been destroyed, and a port and coalfield of incalculable value to the French have been seized.

What are the means left to the Chinese Government to deal effectively with so untoward a condition of affairs? Her army and fleet, as at present organized, may be put out of the question. If they cannot operate effectively as a harassing diversion in Tonquin, they can do very little or nothing elsewhere. Without taking the French accounts of their several conflicts with Chinese forces as worthy of credit, there is no doubt that the Chinese, though not wanting in courage, and with a greater contempt of danger than European troops generally, are unequal to their enemy in the open field.

However well armed their batteries may be with the best Krupp guns, or their infantry with the newest arms of precision, they were warned long ago by General Gordon and by others, whose opinion they ought to have weighed, that without effective organization and European drill, without cadres of officers competent to command, and trusted to lead them in battle, they were wasting their money in buying Remington rifles, Krupp guns, torpedoes, or any other instruments of modern and scientific warfare. Equally so in building or buying at great cost iron-plated ships, and all the newest armaments, with crews imperfectly trained, and a red-buttoned incapable mandarin to lead them in battle. Nor can they ever possess either army or navy to be depended upon for national defence or offence until the Boards and Governing Powers at Peking learn that war has become a science and must be learned, and soldiers and the profession duly *honoured*, before officers will be obtained, either native or foreign, capable of creating army or navy in any true sense, or when created, of successfully commanding and making them formidable against European forces.

Because in their Confucian system the military profession is looked down upon and despised, and the education utterly neglected of those who are entrusted with commands, they are paying the penalty of possessing nothing in the way of force on which the Government or the country can rely for their defence. Since the last war in 1860, which saw a foreign enemy at the gates of Peking, and the capital at its mercy, from this humiliating and crushing defeat they have learned nothing. Or rather they only half learned the lesson such defeats should have taught them, and attributed our superiority to the arms and not the men and their organization as an army. They have since spent millions with a lavish hand in arsenals, docks and arms, ships and guns, but have neg-

lected to supply themselves with a navy or an army. They have yet to learn that a fortuitous collection of men, whether in ships afloat or in regiments ashore, do not constitute an army or a navy.

And the wide-spread corruption that prevails throughout China in all the official class, is perhaps still more fatal. Moreover, a bad fiscal administration is not neutralised as in other States of Europe, by adequate training in the science of war or by honours freely bestowed as the reward for victory and good service.

The Chinese Government is in consequence reduced to one of two alternatives—either to negotiate and diplomatize under the most grievous disadvantages, or to rely on a passive resistance to desultory attacks on their coast. The latter of these alternatives is not inviting, but if the Chinese harden their hearts against any amount of damage the French fleet may find means to inflict at the ports, it will involve a long struggle of an exhaustive kind to both combatants, and the question is, Which will find it the most trying in the end? We hear a good deal of war of a more decisive character eventually, by the march of a French army on Pekin, or across the southern frontier from Tonquin, and the seizure of two or three provinces with the port of Canton. Without predicating the impossibility of success in either direction, if France should resolve on so large an enterprise, with all its sacrifices of men and money which will be required, it may be doubtful whether the march on Pekin and its possession would finish the war. When the allies were there in 1860, there was an exodus of Imperial authorities to Jchol, and beyond the Great Wall, where no enemy could pursue, and a startling doubt arose whether any Power would be left with whom to treat. With an impossibility of a prolonged stay under the certainty of being ice-bound for months, and the chance of finding another Moscow in the capital of the Celestial Empire, constituted a situation which seriously exercised both Lord Elgin and Baron Geor, and still more the commanders of the troops.

Under these conditions it would certainly seem the better policy for both litigants to come to terms on the basis of the Tientsin Treaty, without further question as to indemnity or the retention of Formosa. France would retain the chief prize for which she has fought—the whole Annamite territory, while China would not be called upon to suffer any further defeat or humiliation.

As for Chinese diplomacy, it seems probable, if any such termination can be arrived at, it must be by the friendly mediation of a third party—whether England, Germany, or America does not perhaps very much matter; although to France, Germany's mediation might be less acceptable than that of another Power. For to all parties this consideration must be kept in view. If, as has been shown, it would not be desirable in the interests of the Western Powers that one of their number should give cause of triumph to China, it is equally undesirable that China should be compelled to submit to a great humiliation or a flagrant wrong in an unjust quarrel, to rankle in the minds of all her population, led by the official classes, gentry and literati, who are, collectively, a great power in the State and the country.

We must, moreover, remember that so various are the influences at work—mandarins, literati, the palace eunuchs, and the people—in shaping Chinese diplomacy, that it would be a capital error to base our hopes in any critical circumstances on an assumed analogy with the course of negotiations in Europe.

8. The writer concludes by referring with satisfaction to a recent article by Mr. John Lemoine in the *Revue Politique*, a translation of which was given in the December number of this Review—an article which advocates a policy from which, if it is fairly kept in view, we may hope for some peaceable solution.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1884.

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GERMAN SOCIALISM.—The signal triumph of social democracy at the late German elections naturally attracts general attention, and we have quite recently heard again of diplomatic activity among the European Cabinets to bring about an international convention against the machinations of international Socialism. Of these "Revolutionary Propaganda" Germany is the centre, and the German Socialists are no longer divided as regards internal organisation and political tactics. It is remarkable, however, that the agitators have not one master mind to direct them. Karl Marx is dead, and others of the foremost men have been forcibly removed, or have voluntarily retired. Hence it must be confessed that if the success of social democracy depended on the talents of its chief representatives, the German Government would have little cause for alarm.

The strength of the Socialist movement, however, lies in the very conditions of social life as the result of a historical process. A great industrial revolution has produced a growing antagonism between capital and labour, and the considerable extension of political equality has roused aspirations among the masses after greater equality in substance as well as in form.

To the bulk of German working men the Social question is bodily comfort. They want to be fed better, clothed better, housed better, and amused better than they are. Some of them, not carried away by the materialistic tendencies of the times, are attracted by Socialist ideals, and idealism is a peculiar trait of

the countrymen of Fichte. Others, again, are more easily captivated by the more abstruse dialectics, and destructive criticisms of Socialist writers of the Hegelian school. The German labourer and artizan reads and thinks for himself, and the longer he thinks the less he is satisfied with his present condition. And since the labour party has become a political power, it naturally tries to improve its social status by means of democratic organisation on a large scale. Hence the impossibility of stamping out Socialism; for the movement itself is only the symptom of a chronic social disease which has reached an acute stage. To remove its causes is the only way of restraining its force.

The supposed signs of decay four or five years ago in the Socialist organisation have since passed away, and at the Congress of Wyden in 1880 the forces of social democracy were drawn together and the party reconstituted. At the Congress of Copenhagen last year it had regained its complete strength.

At Wyden steps were taken for the appointment of a governing body with the *Social Democrat* for its official organ, and the words "with all *legal* means" were cancelled in the paragraph of the Gotha Programme, which formerly ran thus: "The Socialist labourer party of Germany strives *with all legal means* after a free state and society on Socialistic principles." This amounted to a declaration of war with the authorities, and a challenge to the framers of the Socialist laws. The boldness of the stroke revived the confidence of the party in their own power, with the result that they won a victory in the electoral campaign of the following year.

* * * * *

At Lassalle's death in 1864 the number of inscribed members was about 4,610. In 1867 about 40,000 Socialist votes were recorded in the elections for the Reichstag; in 1874 they had risen to 339,738; in 1877 there were 493,288 Socialist votes out of 5,401,021 given altogether. In 1878, when the Parliament was dissolved to secure by an appeal to the people a strong majority for passing the Socialist laws, the losses of the party only amounted to 78,000 votes and 3 seats. The election, like that of 1881, was a decided triumph of social democracy, and a crushing defeat to the Government when all the surrounding circumstances conspired to render it a victory. As in 1881 so in 1884, events have verified the hopes of the social democrats. In each case there has been a considerable show of numerical force, this year giving that party 200,000 additional votes. In Berlin alone the total number, which in 1874 was 11,279, is this year 68,910. No wonder the official organ breaks out in jubilant tones, and calls the 28th of October, 1884, a "glorious day for the German social democracy."

One of the reasons of these successes is the astuteness of the central authorities in party tactics. Blind fanaticism is no longer their chief characteristic. Their plans for eluding the law where resistance would be dangerous or hopeless are remarkable for coolness of judgment and thoroughness in execution.

Thus, *e.g.*, in direct contravention of the first paragraph of the Socialist law, which forbids all associations of a social democratic tendency, they manage to spread their ramifications like a network all over the country. Although meetings of every Socialistic kind are strictly forbidden, yet, as a matter of fact, they

are held whenever it is necessary for party purposes, and under the very nose of the police authorities. The whole country is mapped out by the Socialists into electoral districts, officered in each case by "trusted persons," who act as delegates at provincial meetings, and these again act in concert with the common centre (*Verkehrsstelle*) in Switzerland. To facilitate intercourse in the local centres without arousing the suspicion of the authorities, the "trusted persons" of the district convene meetings from time to time which take the form of friendly gatherings in houses or excursions into the country. Under the innocent title of singing classes, smoking clubs, and the like, associations are formed for party purposes.

Again, the strength of the movement is shown by the sums raised from its adherents in spite of severe penalties of the law, which forbids all collections for such purposes. Contributions are levied in the form of entrance-fees at concerts, &c., arranged ostensibly for charitable objects. When it is safe to do so, collections are made in factories.

From the official report of the Copenhagen Congress, we learn that the amount thus collected from all sources in the German Empire from August 5th, 1881, to February 28th, 1883, was in round numbers about 95,000 marks, apart from 20,429 francs collected for special objects sent to Zürich and some 150,000 marks spent in expenses for victims of the Socialist law and electioneering. A considerable proportion of this, it is true, comes from the United States, which contains not only Irish patriots but German malcontents.

Next to men and money, the most powerful Socialist propaganda is its literature.

During the most flourishing period of its existence, social democracy had its forty-four political newspapers in the chief cities of Germany, besides its then official organ, the *Vorwärts*, with 12,000 subscribers, an illustrated paper, two scientific and comic serials, and fourteen trades union papers to represent the movement in the press. The twelfth paragraph of the Socialistic law, which forbids the publication and circulation of every kind of printed matter connected with Socialism, put an end to the existence of nearly every one of these. But it could not stop the surreptitious distribution of still more violent party publications, printed and smuggled into the country by persons unknown. As the postal authorities stopped every species of Socialistic literature, a secret service, called the "Feld-post," was organised by the Socialists. Thus papers and pamphlets containing the most inflammatory matter found their way into the hands and houses of the working classes, and even into the garrisons, for the purpose of corrupting the soldiery. There have been cases where many thousands of Socialist prints were placed in one night under the doors of houses, with a special copy put on the window-ledge of the chief of police as a token of humorous defiance.

As might be expected under these circumstances, the tone of Socialist writings is increasingly virulent and fierce. The 18th of March, the anniversary of the insurrection of the German Proletariat in 1848 and also of the French Commune in 1871, furnishes yearly a pretext for dwelling on past reminiscences as incentives for future

revolts. Thus, the leading article of the *Social Democrat*, which appeared on March 13th of this year, concludes:—

The proletariat of the nineteenth century has no revolutionary legends, because in its very nature it is revolutionary, because all its aims necessarily lead to one point, and that is the revolution. Against this no Socialist law whatever, nor any exceptional decrees, however stringent, can avail. The revolutionary proletariat is not the product of any particular agitation, it is the resultant of modern capitalistic development. Put an end to this, you Bismarcks and Taafes, Ferrys and the rest, if you would forestall the coming social revolution! Put an end to modern industry, if you would prevent the final triumph of social democracy."

Breuel and Hasenclever, prominent members of the party, expressed, it is true, their dissent from these violent views, from their seats in the German Diet. But the general feeling of their followers was against them, the circulation of the paper increased by several thousand subscribers, which now amount to 9,000; and the tone of defiance assumed by the organ was approved of in a special resolution voted unanimously at the last Congress. The defenders of society, as well as its opponents, are fully conscious that a crisis is imminent:—

"What we want," said Liebknecht, in his speech in the Diet when moving the repeal of the Socialist laws last year, "is the radical transformation of existing conditions. We cannot be bought over. We accept, indeed, small reforms when they are offered to us by way of instalments, but we do not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage; we know that the prevailing social misery and injustice cannot be removed by such small reforms; we know that social reform, to be thorough—and I say it without incurring the charge of contradiction—if it is to be revolutionary, implies the complete transformation of the existing social order, *i.e., of our present conditions of production*. Therefore we shall *never be satisfied* with partial reforms, with insignificant measures, with mere palliatives. We want radical remedies, and *from this revolutionary object* which we aim after we cannot be diverted. And even if we *allowed* ourselves to be so diverted we should only convict ourselves of incapacity to understand the state of things, and should soon disappear from the scene; for, according to the logic of facts, *others* would come who would put the necessary demands, and would know how to defend them."

The last appeal in a conflict of this kind must be to force. As regards the effective strength of social democracy in view of this war of extermination, the party, as we have seen, has gained in compactness since its dissolution was decreed a few years ago by Act of Parliament. Soldiers are secretly drilled for active service, and sooner or later it is hoped to bring over the German army, which is after all only an army of citizens.

The sobering effect produced by the position of affairs on the advanced critical or historical school of political economy is no doubt gratifying, but the effects of former less cautious utterances

are little likely to be much modified by this partial change of front. The Academical Socialists, in their demand for State interference to protect the weak against the strong in the struggle of unlimited competition—whether they were right or wrong in rousing easy-going respectability from its optimistic dream by pointing out the sorrows and sufferings of the masses—were found, and are still found, in close proximity to Socialists properly so called.

Moreover, "State Socialism," as its founder Rodbertus boasts, has given them respectability in making Socialism "presentable at Court."

The position of State Socialism is well defined in the motto of the former organ of the Conservative clerical party who call themselves State Socialists: "The Social question exists, but it can only be solved by a strong monarchical State allied with the religious and moral factors of national life." Its ultimate objects are stated to be the establishment of a "Ministry of Labour" to counteract the existing evils of free competition, and to prevent over-production and the recurrence of periodical crises by an elaborate system of statistical observation which would take cognizance of the various fluctuations in every branch of national industry. Thus an adjustment might be brought about in the relations of capital and labour. Careful and impartial inquiries into the state of trade and the nature of the labour power of the country would enable it to fix from time to time a normal day of labour and the rate of wages as the final result of these observations and calculations. In the meanwhile, however, this Government department for labour would confine itself to the protection of health by means of factory laws, the security of the working man against accidents by means of compulsory national insurance, the limitation of employment of women and children in factory labour, the shortening of working hours for all, and the revival of trade-guilds in a modern form as a means of mutual protection and voluntary labour organisation.

The "State Socialists" are sometimes called the "Agrarian party," because many of their social reforms are in favour of the landed interest. The advocates of Agrarian Socialism have of late learned to regard Prince Bismark as its most illustrious representative. Prof. A. Wagner said in an assembly of the Christian Social Labour Party at Breslau in April, 1881—

Would that the man might arise for the German nation, who, with the help of the cultured classes and the royal house, would take the initiative in the struggle against unlimited competition, or the protection of the weak. To-day we have the man; he has undertaken the arduous task; let us help him while we can!

In another speech he adds: "*Laissez faire* is of no use. It is indispensable that the State should interfere."

We may fairly ask how far the attempt has been crowned with success. After taking counsel with some of the leading State Socialists and economists and, it is said, studying in seclusion for nearly a year the "Social question," the future "economic reformer of Germany" entered upon that course of

social reform which began as early as 1877, was met for a time by a series of parliamentary reverses, and ended in the passing of two important measures, one for the relief of work-people in sickness in 1882, and the other the Insurance against Accidents Bill in the present year. The adoption of a Protectionist policy and the contemporaneous appointment of an "Economic Council" were intended to stimulate the commercial development of the country, like the proposed subsidies to transmarine steamers and the projects of an extensive system of colonisation lately put forward. They had for their object the removal of some of the sources of discontent among the industrial classes. The Usury Laws, passed in 1880 for the protection of the agricultural interest, were intended to stay the ruin and despair of small holders, who are liable to become a prey to Agrarian Socialism. The remission of taxes in the two lowest classes of the State, carried in the Prussian *Landtag*, was referred to by the Emperor in his message to the Diet in 1883 as one of the objects of Government in "positively promoting the welfare of the working classes. . . which they have a *right to claim*."

And Prince Bismark went further still in these memorable words:—

"I recognise the *right of labour* unconditionally, and hold myself responsible for it as long as I remain at this place. In doing so I am not taking my stand on the same platform with Socialism, which is said to have arisen contemporaneously with the Ministry of Bismark, and to have grown under its shadow, but on the ground of the Prussian Constitution. . . . And is not the right of labour founded on our moral and Christian view of life, so that if any one comes to his fellow-citizens and says, 'I am strong, and anxious to work, but cannot find anything to do,' he may add also, 'Give me labour'? *This is the duty of the State.*"

The moral effect of these proposals was unsatisfactory. Every effort of this kind was received with suspicion by Socialists. They were regarded as a confession of impotence on the part of the authorities, who now tried to gain by cajolery what they were unable to secure by force—the submission of social democracy.

"The hand stretched out to us," said the official organ of the party, "we thrust back with contempt. Between the originators of the Socialist law and the German social democracy there is an impassable gulf."

The cry of "Christian Socialists" of both confessions is: "Strengthen the Church and you weaken Socialism." The ultramontanes aim at unlimited freedom of the Church to use its influence for the pacification of society, while the Protestants aim at the revival of religious faith and life among the people.

Both agree with Socialism proper in denouncing the results of free competition and the "natural process" of industry on purely selfish principles, and in their demand for the protection of labour against the "tyranny of capital." Both emphasize the principle of Christian equality and the importance of the "caritative element" in the economic relations between man and man, the dignity of labour, and the duties of property. Attempts have been made towards united action between Catholics and Evangelicals in preparing a

common programme of social reform on a broad religious basis, but this has not met with even partial success.

It is remarkable that in Roman Catholic districts Socialists have little hold on the people, while the reverse is true in purely Protestant localities.

As to the joint effects of Christian Socialists of both persuasions, it may be said that in their protests against existing social evils; in their programmes, more or less defined, of social reform; in their appeals to moral and religious principles as the basis of all social contracts; in their attempts to reconcile class antagonism, and their endeavours to impart religious enthusiasm to every effort made to ameliorate the social condition of the poor, they have done much in stemming the tide of revolution and retarding the progress of Socialistic agitation.

On the other hand, it must be confessed that the moral resistance to the revolutionary movement has been less than the momentum imparted to it by the religious sanction given to some of its theories and aims.

Such are the actual and auxiliary forces of contemporary Socialism in Germany. As to the future development of the movement, that, as Scheel points out, depends on two things, the quality of social reforms, and the magnitude and energy of the Socialistic section in the community. Of the various plans for social reform proposed either in Parliament or outside it, few have received favourable consideration, fewer still have passed into law; and those which have done so prove inadequate for the purpose of allaying the evils complained of. At the same time social democracy increases both in numbers and in power, and presents a bold front to the world. Its late sufferings and misfortunes have gained for it many sympathisers among the people, who regard the victims of the Socialist laws as martyrs, whilst its champions in Parliament are winning the consideration and respect of their colleagues, and will be strong enough in the next Reichstag to table motions on their own account. The party, so far from being broken or bent by "prophylactic" measures of the Government, returns with augmented strength to the Imperial Diet, boldly to confront the men who have long since signed its death-warrant, but find themselves powerless to execute the sentence of the law.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.—It is exactly 100 years ago since Dr. Johnson wrote his last letter to Lucy Porter, in which he announced to her that he was very ill, and that he desired her prayers. Less than a fortnight later, on the 13th of December, he was dead. The winter of 1783 had been marked by a collapse of his constitution. He suffered from asthma and a dropsy that made his legs useless for half the weary day. From whatever cause, Johnson, who dreaded solitude, was now almost always alone, mortified by spiritual no less than by physical pains, torturing his wretched nights with Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, and with a laborious diagnosis of his own bodily symptoms.

At Boswell's request, the doctors with one accord clustered round him with their advice and prescriptions.

Mrs. Boswell, encouraged by a more favourable account of his health, invited him down to Auchinlech in March. He could not venture to accept, but he was pleased to be asked, and recovered so much of his wonted fire as to fancy, in a freak of strange inconsistency, that he would amuse himself by decorating his London study with the heads of "the fathers of *Scottish literature*." To Langton, who—as Johnson justly thought, with unaccountable "circumduction"—had made inquiries about his old friend through Lord Portmore, he expressed a hope of panting on to ninety, and said that "God, who has so wonderfully restored me, can preserve me in all seasons." It is very pathetic to follow the old man through the desolate and wearisome months; nor can we easily understand, from any of the records we possess, why he was allowed to be so much alone. On Easter Monday, after recording without petulance that his great hope of being able to go out on the preceding day, had been doomed to disappointment, he goes on to say, "I want every comfort. My life is very solitary and very cheerless . . . I am very weak, and have not passed the door since the 13th of December."

Bright weather came in May, and Johnson went to Islington for a change of air, and was able to go to dinner parties day after day.

No doubt, though Boswell does not like to confess it, the constant dissipation, intellectual and mildly social, of those two summer months was mischievous to the frail revival of his health. At the dinner of the Literary Club, June 22, every one noticed how ill he looked. Perhaps the true cause of this was a secret chagrin which we can now appreciate, the final apostasy of Mrs. Thrale from his friendship. At all events, Reynolds and Boswell were sufficiently frightened to set their heads together for the purpose of getting their old friend off to Italy. We are divided between satisfaction that the inevitable end did not reach the old man sociable in the midst of strange faces and foreign voices, and bewildered indignation at the still mysterious cabal which wrecked so amiable an enterprise. If Lord Thurlow was shifty, however, other friends were generous. Dr. Brocklesbury, the physician, pressed Johnson to become his guest that he might the more carefully attend upon him. From Ashbourne, whither he had been prevailed upon to go, he kept this last mentioned friend well posted in the sad fluctuations of his health, and we see him gradually settling down again into wretchedness. His mind recurred constantly to the approaching terror. To Dr. Burney he writes in August, "I struggle hard for life. I take physic and take air; my friend's chariot is always ready. We have run this morning twenty-four miles, and could run forty-eight more. *But who can run the race with death?*" Reflections of this class fill all his letters of that autumn; and in October he sums up his condition in saying to Heberden that "the summer has passed without giving him any strength." It is strange that still no one seemed to notice what is plain to us in every line of his correspondence, that Johnson was dying. With himself, however, the thought of death was always present; and even in discussing with Miss Seward so frivolous a theme as the antics of a learned pig, Johnson was suddenly solemnised by recollecting that the pig had owed its life to its education. One hardly knows

whether to smile or to sigh at the quaint and suggestive peroration: "The pig, then, has no cause to complain; protracted existence is a good recompense for very considerable degrees of torture." To protract existence was now all Johnson's thought, and he set his powerful will to aid him in the struggle. His only hopes were those which his strength of will supplied him with. "I will be conquered," he said, "I will not capitulate."

It was not till he reached London in November that he consented to capitulate. The terror of death was now upon him indeed.

"Love me as well as you can," he wrote to Boswell; "teach the young ones to love me." On the 8th of November he closed the diary of his symptoms—his *ægri ephemeris*—now become worse than useless. His suffering, dejection, and restless weakness left his brain, however, unclouded, and less than a week before the end he corrected an error in a line from Juvenal which Dr. Brocklesbury had carelessly recited.

At last the end came at 7 o'clock in the evening of Monday, the 13th of December.

Devoid, as it is, of all external romance, there is perhaps no record of the extinction of genius which attracts more universal interest than this death of Samuel Johnson.

So much of frivolity or so much of cant attends most of us even to the tomb, that the frank terror, expressed through a long life by this otherwise most manly and courageous person, has possessed a great fascination for posterity. The haunting insincerity of verse, particularly of eighteenth-century verse, had extracted even from Johnson, in the pages of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, the usual rose-coloured commonplace about death being "Kind Nature's signal for retreat;" but he completely cleared his own mind of cant, even though a little clung about his singing robes. Boswell has given us an extraordinary instance of his habitual and dismal apprehensions in the celebrated conversation in 1769, which started with a discussion of David Hume's supposed indifference to the idea of death. Not less familiar are the passionate asseverations with which Johnson startled Mrs. Knowles and Miss Seward in 1778 by repeating again and again that to exist in pain is better, far better, than to cease to exist altogether.

The age in which we live cannot be entirely given up to priggishness and the dry rot of sentiment, so long as a class still exists whose nerves and lungs can endure the strong light and tonic air of Johnson's vigorous genius, and who rejoice to think that no one ever tamed their tiger-cat. To such this anniversary is valuable as giving them a landmark from which they may look back and judge the effect that distance has upon the apparent and relative size of such a personage.

How then does the noble and familiar figure strike us in looking backward from the year 1884?

In "constant repercussion from one coxcomb to another," have the sounds which he continued to make through a career of stormy talk ceased to preserve

all their value and importance for us? How does he affect our critical vision now that we observe in relief against him such later talker-seers as Coleridge, De Quincey, and Carlyle? To these questions it is temperament more than literary acumen which will suggest the replies; and the present writer has no intention at this particular moment of attempting to forestall the general opinion of the age. His only object in putting forth this brief note is to lay stress on the curious importance of temperament in dealing with what seems like a purely literary difficulty. The personality of all other English writers, in prose and verse, even of Pope, even of De Quincey, must eventually yield in interest to the qualities of their writing. In Dr. Johnson alone the writings yield to the personality, and in spite of the wonder of foreign critics such as M. Taine, he remains, and will remain, although practically unread, one of the most potent of Englishmen of letters.

We must admit that it is now practically impossible to read him. In verse he lags behind his contemporaries, Gray and Collins, Churchill and Chatterton; in prose, who shall venture to say that Johnson is the equal of Fielding, Smollett, Hume, Goldsmith, Gibbon, or Burke?

We know that he is far less entertaining, far less versatile and brilliant, than any one of these. The *Discourses* of his direct disciple Reynolds are more often read, and with more pleasure, than those essays of *The Rambler* from which their style was taken. As a dramatist, as a novelist, Johnson ranks below Douglas Home, below the inventor of *Peter Wilkins*. For years he laboured upon what was not literature at all, for other years on literature which the world has been obliged, against its will, to allow to disappear. When all is winnowed away which has become, in itself, in teresting only to scholars, there remains *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, a gnomic poem of tedious morality, singularly feeble in the second joint of almost every recurring distich; *Rasselas*, a *conte* in the French taste, insufferable in its lumbering machinery and pedantic ethics; the *Lives of the Poets*, in which prejudice, ignorance, and taste combine to irritate the connoisseur and bewilder the student.

The paradox is that a Johnsonian may admit all that, and yet hold that his hero is the principal Englishman of letters throughout the rich second half of the 18th century.

Let us consider for one moment the case of the unfortunate tragedy of *Irene*. There are very few of us who are capable of placing our hands upon our bosoms in the open sight of heaven and swearing that we have ever read it quite through. The *Mourning Bride* still counts its admirers, and even *Cato*, but not *Irene*. Who among the staunchest and strongest Johnsonians can tell what hero it was that confessed, and upon what occasion,

"I thought (forgive me, fair!) the noblest aim,
The strongest effort of a female soul
Was but to choose the graces of the day,"

without peeping furtively at the text? Nevertheless *Irene* lives and always will live in the memory of men. But while other dramas exist on the strength of their dramatic qualities, this of Johnson's lives on the personal qualities of the author himself. It is not the blank, blank verse, nor the heroine's reflections regarding the mind of the Divine Being, nor the thrilling Turkish fable, nor the snipsnap

dialogue about prodigies between Leontius and Demetrius, that preserves the memory of this tragedy. It is the anecdote of how Walmsley asked, melted by the sorrows of Irene, "How can you possibly contrive to plunge her into deeper calamity?" and how Johnson answered, with a reference to his friend's office, "Sir, I can put her into the spiritual court!" It is the eagerness which George III. expressed to possess the original MS. of the play. It is the monstrous folly which made Cave suppose that the Royal Society would be a likely body to purchase the copyright of it. It is the screams of the audience at Drury Lane when they saw Mrs. Pritchard with the bowstring round her neck. It is the garb in which Johnson insisted on dressing to look on at the performance, in a scarlet waistcoat, and with a gold-laced hat on his head. It is the tragedian's unparalleled frankness about the white silk stockings. These are the things which we recall when *Irene* is mentioned, and if the play had been performed in dumb show, if it had been a ballet, an opera, or a farce, its place in literary history would be just where it is, no higher and no lower. Such is the curious fate which attends all Johnson's works, the most interesting of them is not so interesting as the stories which cluster around its authorship.

This personal interest which we all feel in the sayings and doings of Johnson is founded on his broad humanity. The reputation of Johnson does not stand or fall by the appetite of modern readers for the *Life of Savage* or even for the *Letter to Lord Chesterfield*.

It depends on the impossibility of human beings ever ceasing to watch with curiosity "the very pulse of the machine" when it is displayed as Johnson displayed it through the fortunate indiscretions of his friends, and when it is on the whole so manly, wholesome, brave, honest, and tender as it was in his. There will always be readers and admirers of what Johnson wrote. Let us welcome them; but let us not imagine that Johnson, as a great figure in letters, depends upon their suffrages. The mighty Samuel Johnson, the anniversary of whose death both hemispheres of the English-speaking race will solemnise on the 13th of this month, is not the author of this or that laborious contribution to prose or verse, but the convulsive invalid who "seesawed" over the Grotius, the courageous old Londoner who trusted his bones among the stormy Hebrides, the autocrat of the Literary Club, the lover of all the company of blue-stockings, the unequalled talker, the sweet and formidable friend, the truculent boon-companion, the child-like Christian, who, for all his ghostly terrors, contrived at last "to die contented, trusting in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ." If the completed century finds us with any change at all of our feelings regarding him, it is surely merely this, that the passage of time is steadily making his faults seem more superficial and accidental, and his merits more striking, more essential, more pathetic and pleasing.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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FREEDOM.

I.

O THOU so fair in summers gone,
 While yet thy fresh and virgin soul
 Inform'd the column'd Parthenon,
 The glittering Capitol ;

2.

So fair in southern sunshine bathed,
 But scarce of such majestic mien
 As here with forehead vapour-swathed
 In meadows ever green ;

3.

For thou—when Athens reign'd and Rome,
 Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with pain
 To mark in many a freeman's home
 The slave, the scourge, the chain ;

4.

O follower of the Vision, still
 In motion to the distant gleam,
 Howe'er blind force and brainless will
 May jar thy golden dream,

5.

Who, like great Nature, wouldst not mar
 By changes all too fierce and fast
 This order of our Human Star,
 This heritage of the past ;

6.

O scorner of the party cry
That wanders from the public good,
Thou—when the nations rear on high
Their idol smear'd with blood,

7.

And when they roll their idol down—
Of saner Worship sanely proud ;
Thou loather of the lawless crown
As of the lawless crowd ;

8.

How long thine ever-growing mind
Hath still'd the blast and strown the wave,
Tho' some of late would raise a wind
To sing thee to thy grave,

8.

Men loud against all forms of power—
Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues—
Expecting all things in an hour—
Brass mouths and iron lungs !

NOTES ON POPULAR ENGLISH. *By the late Isaac Todhunter.*—

Some quotations from these “notes” may be found interesting by our readers. The examples given are not fabricated but taken from writers of good repute.

An error, not uncommon in the present day, is the blending of two different constructions in one sentence.

The following are recent examples :—“The little farmer [in France] has no greater enjoyments, if so many, as the English labourer.” “I find public-school boys generally more fluent, and as superficial as boys educated elsewhere.” “Mallet, for instance, records his delight and wonder at the Alps and the descent into Italy in terms quite as warm, if much less profuse, as those of the most impressive modern tourist.” An awkward construction, almost as bad as a fault, is seen in the following sentence :—“Messrs.—having secured the co-operation of some of the most eminent professors of, and writers on, the various branches of science . . .”

A very favourite practice is that of changing a word where there is no corresponding change of meaning.

Take the following example from a voluminous historian : “Huge pinnacles of bare rock shoot up into the azure firmament, and forests overspread their sides, in which the scarlet rhododendrons sixty feet in *height* are surmounted by trees two hundred feet in *elevation*.” In a passage of this kind it may be of little consequence whether a word is retained or changed ; but for any purpose where precision is valuable it is nearly as bad to use two words in one sense as one word in two senses. Let us take some other examples. We read in the usual channels of information that “Mr. Gladstone has issued invitations for a full-dress Parliamentary *dinner*, and Lord Granville has issued invitations for a full-dress Parliamentary *banquet*.” Again we read : “The Government proposes to divide the occupiers of land into four categories ;”

and almost immediately after we have "the second class comprehends . . ." : so that we see the grand word *category* merely stands for *class*. Again : "This morning the *Czar* drove alone through the Thiergarten, and on his return received Field-Marshal Wrangel and Moltke, as well as many other general officers, and then gave audience to numerous visitors. Towards noon the *Emperor Alexander*, accompanied by the Russian Grand Dukes, paid a visit . . ." "Mr. Ayrton, according to *Nature*, has accepted Dr. Hooker's explanation of the letter to Mr. Gladstone's secretary, at which the First Commissioner of Works took umbrage, so that the dispute is at an end." I may remark that Mr. Ayrton is identical with the First Commissioner of Works. A writer recently in a sketch of travels spoke of a "Turkish gentleman with his *innumerable* wives," and soon after said that she "never saw him address any of his *multifarious* wives." One of the illustrated periodicals gave a picture of an event in recent French history, entitled, "The National Guards Firing on the People." Here the change from *national* to *people* slightly conceals the strange contradiction of guardians firing on those whom they ought to guard.

Of words that are objectionable or liable to misuse the writer gives the following instances :—

Ignore is a very popular and a very bad word. As there is no good authority for it, the meaning is naturally uncertain. It seems to fluctuate between *wilfully concealing* something and *unintentionally omitting* something, and this vagueness renders it a convenient tool for an unscrupulous orator or writer.

The word *lengthened* is often used instead of *long*. Thus we read that such and such an orator made a *lengthened* speech, when the intended meaning is that he made a *long* speech. The word *lengthened* has its appropriate meaning. Thus after a ship has been built by the Admiralty, it is sometimes cut into two and a piece inserted : this operation, very reprehensible doubtless on financial grounds, is correctly described as *lengthening* the ship. It will be obvious on consideration that *lengthened* is not synonymous with *long*. *Protracted* and *prolonged* are also often used instead of *long* ; though perhaps with less decided impropriety than *lengthened*.

A very common phrase with controversial writers is, "we *shrewdly* suspect." This is equivalent to, "we *acutely* suspect." The cleverness of the suspicion should, however, be attributed to the writers by other people, and not by themselves.

The simple word *but* is often used when it is difficult to see any shade of opposition or contrast such as we naturally expect. Thus we read :

"There were several candidates *but* the choice fell upon — of Trinity College." Another account of the same transaction was expressed thus : "It was understood that there were several candidates ; the election fell, *however*, upon — of Trinity College."

The word *mistaken* is curious as being constantly used in a sense directly contrary to that which, according to its formation, it ought to have. Thus : "He is often mistaken, but never trivial and insipid." "He is often mistaken" ought to mean that other people often mistake him ; just as "he is often misunderstood" means that people often misunderstand him. But the writer of the above sentence intends to say that "He often makes mistakes." It would be well if we could get rid of this anomalous use of the word *mistaken*. I suppose that *wrong*

or *erroneous* would always suffice. But I must admit that good writers do employ *mistaken* in the sense which seems contrary to analogy ; for example, Dugald Stewart does so, and also a distinguished leading philosopher whose style shows decided traces of Dugald Stewart's influence.

Among examples of confusion of metaphor Dr. Todhunter quotes the following :—

A recent Cabinet Minister described the error of an Indian official in these words : "He remained too long under the influence of the views which he had imbibed from the Board." To imbibe a view seems strange, but to imbibe anything from a Board must be very difficult. I may observe that the phrase of Castlereagh's which is now best known, seems to suffer from misquotation : we usually have, "an ignorant impatience of taxation ;" but the original form appears to have been, "an ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation."

The following sentence is from a voluminous historian : "The *decline* of the material comforts of the working classes, from the effects of the Revolution, had been incessant, and had now reached an alarming *height*." It is possible to ascend to an alarming height, but it is surely difficult to decline to an alarming height.

"Nothing could be more one-sided than the point of view adopted by the speakers." It is very strange to speak of a point as having a side ; and then how can *one-sided* admit of comparison ? A thing either has one side or it has not : there cannot be degrees in one-sidedness. However, even mathematicians do not always manage the word *point* correctly. In a modern valuable work we read of "a more extended point of view," though we know that a point does not admit of extension. This curious phrase is also to be found in two eminent French writers, Bailly and D'Alembert. I suppose that what is meant is, a point which commands a more extended view. "Froschammer wishes to approach the subject from a philosophical standpoint." It is impossible to *stand* and yet to *approach*. Either he should *survey* the subject from a *stand-point*, or *approach* it from a *starting-point*.

"The most scientific of our Continental theologians have returned back again to the relations and ramifications of the old paths." Here *paths* and *ramifications* do not correspond ; nor is it obvious what the *relations* of *paths* are. Then *returned back again* seems to involve superfluity ; either *returned* or *turned back again* would have been better.

A large school had lately fallen into difficulties owing to internal dissensions ; in the report of a council on the subject it was stated that measures had been taken to *introduce more harmony and good feeling*. The word *introduce* suggests the idea that harmony and good feeling could be laid on like water or gas by proper mechanical adjustment, or could be supplied like first-class furniture by a London upholsterer.

An orator speaking of the uselessness of a dean said that "he wastes his sweetness on the desert air, and stands like an engine upon a siding." This is a strange combination of metaphors.

The following remark is good in connection with the employment of metaphors and similes, which require great care in their use :—

The words *like lost sheep* which occur at the commencement of our Liturgy always seem to me singularly objectionable, and for two reasons. In the first

place illustrations being intended to unfold our meaning are appropriate in explanation and instruction, but not in religious confession. And in the second place the illustration as used by ourselves is not accurate; for the condition of a *lost sheep* does not necessarily suggest that conscious lapse from rectitude which is the essence of human transgression.

The language of the shop and the market affords us some amusing peculiarities.

I cannot say that I have seen the statement which is said to have appeared in the following form: "Dead pigs are looking up." We find very frequently advertised, "*Digestive* biscuits"—perhaps *digestible* biscuits are meant. In a catalogue of books an *Encyclopædia of Mental Science* is advertised; and after the names of the authors we read, "invaluable, 5s. 6d.:" this is a curious explanation of *invaluable*.

The title of a book recently advertised is, *Thoughts for those who are Thoughtful*. It might seem superfluous, not to say impossible, to supply thoughts to those who are already full of thought.

The word *limited* is at present very popular in the domain of commerce. Thus we read, "Although the space given to us was limited." This we can readily suppose; for in a finite building there cannot be unlimited space. Booksellers can perhaps say, without impropriety, that a "limited number will be printed," as this may only imply that the type will be broken up; but they sometimes tell us that "a limited number *was* printed," and this is an obvious truism.

Some pills used to be advertised for the use of the "possessor of pains in the back," the advertisement being accompanied with a large picture representing the unhappy capitalist tormented by his property.

As regards advertisements—

In one of the theological newspapers a clergyman seeking a curacy states as an exposition of his theological position, "Views Prayer-book." I should hope that this would not be a specimen of the ordinary literary style of the applicant. The advertisements in the same periodical exhibit occasionally a very unpleasant blending of religious and secular elements. Take two examples—"Needlewoman wanted. She must be a communicant, have a long character, and be a good dressmaker and milliner." "Pretty furnished cottage to let, with good garden, &c. Rent moderate. Church work valued. Weekly celebrations. Near rail. Good fishing."

The writer gives a few words to some popular misquotations.

"The last infirmity of noble minds" is perpetually occurring. Milton wrote *mind* not *minds*. It may be said that he means *minds*; but the only evidence seems to be that it is difficult to affix any other sense to *mind* than making it equivalent to *minds*: this scarcely convinces me, though I admit the difficulty.

"He that runs may read" is often supposed to be a quotation from the Bible: the words really are "he may run that readeth," and it is not certain that the sense conveyed by the popular misquotation is correct.

A proverb which correctly runs thus: "The road to hell is paved with good intentions," is often quoted in the far less expressive form, "Hell is paved with good intentions."

"Knowledge is power" is frequently attributed to Bacon, in spite of Lord Lytton's challenge that the words cannot be found in Bacon's writings. "The style is the man" is frequently attributed to Buffon, although it has been pointed out that Buffon said something very different; namely, that "the style is of the man," that is, "the style proceeds from the man."

* * * * *

A common proverb frequently quoted is, "The exception proves the rule;" and it seems universally assumed that *proves* here means *establishes* or *demonstrates*. It is perhaps more likely that *proves* here means *tests* or *tries*, as in the injunction, "Prove all things." [The proverb in full runs: *Exceptio probat regulam in casibus non exceptis*.]

The words *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* are perpetually offered as a supposed quotation from Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith. Johnson wrote—

"Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

It has been said that there is a doubt as to the propriety of the word *tetigit*, and that *contigit* would have been better.

It seems impossible to prevent writers from using *cui bono*? in the unclassical sense. The correct meaning is known to be of this nature: suppose that a crime has been committed; then inquire who has gained by the crime—*cui bono*? for obviously there is a probability that the person benefited was the criminal. The usual sense implied by the quotation is this: What is the good? the question being applied to whatever is for the moment the object of depreciation.

The writer closes his notes with two specimens of happy expressions.

The *Times*, commenting on the slovenly composition of the Queen's Speeches to Parliament, proposed the cause of the fact as a fit subject for the investigation of our *professional thinkers*. The phrase suggests a delicate reproof to those who assume for themselves the title of *thinker*, implying that any person may engage in this occupation just as he might, if he pleased, become a dentist, or a stock-broker, or a civil engineer. The word *thinker* is very common as a name of respect in the works of a modern distinguished philosopher. I am afraid, however, that it is employed by him principally as synonymous with a *Comtist*.

The *Times*, in advocating the claims of a literary man for a pension, said, "he has *constructed* several useful school-books." The word *construct* suggests with great neatness the nature of the process by which school-books are sometimes evolved, implying the presence of the bricklayer and mason rather than of the architect.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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LIFE IN A DRUSE VILLAGE.—This is an account of Mr. Lawrence Oliphant's summer lodge on Mount Carmel ; his previous wanderings in Palestine have been described by him in previous pages of "Maga."

The Druse village of Dahlieh stands in one of the loveliest valleys of Carmel near the south-west extremity of the mountain. Mr. Oliphant's house is "a white stone dwelling with a somewhat pretentious castellated roof, a generally unfinished appearance, and suggestions of landscape-gardening not altogether in keeping with the native surroundings." The following narrative describes how Mr. Oliphant came to build this habitation, and the sort of life he leads in it.

A year ago, when in search of a retreat from the summer heats of Haifa, I instinctively sought the highest village in the mountain, which is Esfia, also containing a Druse population, but with an admixture of Christians of the Melchide or Greek Catholic persuasion. Here I was presented with the alternative of hiring a native house or forming a camp. The objections to the native house seemed almost insuperable. They may be summed up in two words—smells and fleas. The whole place reeked with the odour of burned manure ; while the effort of perpetual scratching produced too great a sense of weariness and fatigue to be endured for many consecutive days and nights. On the other hand, while the nights were deliciously cool under canvas, the days were oppressively hot with no better protection than it afforded against noonday rays. I therefore determined to combine my resources. First I hired the only stone vault there was in the village—a chamber of about thirty feet square. The walls

and roof of massive blocks of limestone, which had formed part of some ancient edifice,—for Esfia is built on the ruins of an ancient site,—secured me mid-day coolness; and for the few hot hours, we determined to put up with the odours and the insects—waging, nevertheless, incessant war against the latter with powder and other appliances. Then I hired from a Bedouin encampment in the neighbourhood their largest tent, and procured from Haifa a number of rafters and mats. The Bedouin tent I stretched on the rafters, which were supported by uprights, so as to form a roof; the walls I made of mats, which were each six feet square, and could be bought for a shilling apiece. This gave me a room 32 feet long, 7 feet high, and 12 broad, which I subdivided into apartments; besides which, I had an ordinary fourteen-roped canvas tent, and put up a kitchen and shelter for the horses with brushwood. I also strewed as many branches on the roof as the Bedouin tent would bear—thus gaining additional protection against the sun. By these means I obtained accommodation, such as it was, for our whole party, which generally numbered six, and on the occasion of visitors eight, and sometimes even ten, including several ladies; but not, of course, without some unfortunates being condemned to sleep in the vault, to which on any hot days we all repaired for our siestas. On these occasions it often used to represent the mixed appearance of an artist's studio, a schoolroom, and a dormitory, as we pursued our varied avocations of sketching, studying Arabic, writing, and snoring. As soon as it got cool enough in the afternoon, we made exploratory expeditions on horseback, sometimes taking with us our afternoon tea. In the course of these I visited, within easy riding distance of my camp, no fewer than twenty sites of ancient towns and villages—six of which I had the interest and pleasure of discovering, and at all of which the massive remains bore testimony to the vast and highly civilised population which must have at a former period inhabited this historical mountain. Putting it at a very low estimate, Carmel, which has a circumference of thirty-five miles, contained probably a population of at least 50,000 souls, who must have made of this enchanting highland region a perfect paradise. Indeed, from the nature of the frequent references to it in Holy Writ, it is clear that in Biblical days the "excellency" of Carmel, or, as its name literally signifies, "God's vineyard," was synonymous with everything beautiful; and any one who should spend months, as I have, exploring its infinite variety of wild and hidden valleys, will not fail to understand why this should be so. If in imagination we build up its now ruined terraces and cover them with vines; if we clothe its hill-sides with pendulous forests of heavy timber, and fancy its level plateaus and fertile valleys waving with grain; if we crown almost every eminence with stately towns, where now we find fragments of columns, carved capitals, immense rock-cut cisterns, huge stone olive-mills, and wine-presses hewn from the solid rock,—we may begin to realise the nature of the architecture and of the industries of its once teeming population. Now, with the exception of two small villages whose united population does not amount to a thousand souls, all is silent, desolate, and waste: one rides for hours without meeting a soul following the cattle-tracks which lead through the thick brushwood—now under lofty beetling crags perforated with caves, now across high breezy plateaus, now along smiling open valleys, now into gloomy gorges, until we almost despair of exhausting the novelty and variety of the scenery.

To an explorer combining the tendencies of the sportsman and

the archæologist these rides offer other inducements besides their mere scenic attractions.

At one moment you stumble unexpectedly upon a carved stone, upon which you see, or fancy you see, an inscription; you put down your gun to examine it, and up gets a covey of partridges within ten yards of you; you mark them down, and lo, they have led you to an extensive area of ruin, hitherto unknown and unsuspected by Palestine explorers. For the rest of that day you don't think anything more about partridges, but linger so long over your new discovery, that you lose your way in the dark—for you naturally despise guides, and altogether dispense with them—and on your arrival find your household, or rather “camphold,” consumed with an anxiety which is principally compounded of disgust for having been kept so long waiting for dinner; or else you give yourself up to a day in the tombs. This is a more lively occupation than it sounds. You provide yourself with a candle and matches, and go to certain ruins, in the neighbouring rocks of which you have “marked down” tombs. How torn and hot and dusty you get by the time you have examined a dozen of these subterranean abodes of the dead, scrambling about on all-fours or *à plat ventre*, tearing away the brushwood which conceals their arched entrances, and counting and measuring their *kokin* and their *loculi*, and making plans thereof, and sketches of such ornamentation as may exist! I have become *blasé* in regard to tombs: as I have scrambled into certainly at least a hundred, my mortuary appetite is satisfied. I am only tempted now by one that never seems to have been opened. That, I confess, is irresistible.

Hitherto Mr. Oliphant has never found in tombs anything more interesting than bones or more valuable than broken pottery jars, and there is an odour about a tomb that has never been opened, when you are the first to roll away the great circular stone that has closed it for the last 2,000 years, which would probably be fatal if inhaled in large quantities; at any rate it is sickening enough.

But how encouraging it is! There is a flavour of hope and anticipation in it that compensates you for feeling inclined to faint. Some of these stones are fancifully engraved—sometimes with a seven-branched candlestick on each side of the door, sometimes with a sort of cinquefoil or rosette. Moreover, on the stones in the ruins, one comes across some on which are devices indicating various historical periods down to the Crusades,—the Christian warriors having evidently discovered the charms of Carmel, and had their outposts and summer retreats up here, while they were keeping watch and ward in the strong fortress of Athlit—the “*Castellum Peregrinorum*”—which was one of the landing-places of the pilgrims to the Holy Land. So we find occasionally their shields and bosses and crosses on these old stones. But it is not without a certain kind of risk that we rummage about for these records of the past; for, as a general rule, they are so overgrown with brushwood, that we have to push our way without being able often to see where we are going, or knowing what kind of creatures we may have to encounter apart from the snakes and scorpions which abound—the former, I believe, rarely venomous, the latter sometimes as large as moderate-sized crabs. I have in some of these caves come across traces of more formidable animals. On the soft soil at the bottom of a large natural cavern which I

was one day exploring, I came upon the recent footprints of a leopard : and lest there should be any doubt as to the existence of these animals on the mountain—which, I observe, some writers have denied—I may mention that I received notice one morning that a Bedouin had shot one the previous night ; and riding over immediately to his tent, I found he had killed a very handsome specimen, measuring a little over six feet from the snout to the tip of the tail—the skin of which I have now in my possession.

Other *feræ naturæ* are also to be found—crocodile, hyæna, porcupine, wild boar, deer.

But summer shooting on foot is hot work for the sportsman ; and if one rides, the rocky and precipitous nature of the country often involves a wild scramble for the horses, more especially as the paths we generally follow are those made by goats. My horse has a habit, when he is going down a perfectly smooth piece of limestone rock, at an angle of 45°, which overhangs a precipice, of stopping to scratch his ear with his hind foot, which interferes for the moment with my respiration, and of which I have in vain tried to break him.

In the course of his scrambles Mr. Oliphant has three or four times come upon curious square erections, which he had not observed mentioned in any work upon Palestine.

The largest of these was fourteen feet high by twelve square, and formed of slabs of stone averaging three feet by two, by one in thickness, laid upon each other without cement, but evidently hewn so that the construction should be symmetrical. I thought at first there might be a chamber inside ; but on examining one of the smaller ones, I found it to be perfectly solid. From the weather-beaten appearance of the stones, they seem to have been in position from great antiquity ; but whether they were altars, or monuments over tombs, or served some more practical purpose, I leave for those skilled in such matters to decide. The huge millstones are numerous, and are to be found, sometimes far removed from any ruin, in the most remote valleys. The lower one usually measures from 8 to 10 feet in diameter, with a raised rim round the circumference, 8 or 10 inches high, and a square hole in the centre : they are about 2 feet 6 inches thick, but they are often hewn out of the living rock, as well as the basin for the receptacle of the oil below them. Then there are rock-cut reservoirs ; the largest I have seen was about 100 feet by 45, and 15 in depth ; but it was half filled with vegetation, and was originally much deeper. And there are trap-like and deceptive cisterns, the mouths of which are about the size of the coal-hole in the pavement of a London street ; but when there is a bush instead of a lid over it, a false step may land you in a circular pit perhaps 20 feet deep, of a demijohn shape, and with smooth sides, from which escape would be hopeless. It was into such a pit probably that Joseph was let down by his brothers. These cisterns are very numerous at some of the ruins, and prove how dependent the population were upon rain-water, and how glad they must have been when Elijah saw the cloud from this very mountain, after a three years' drought, which indicated a rainfall.

As to climate, rain never falls on Carmel between April and October, but there are many mornings so damp and cloudy in the middle of summer that in any other country one would certainly predict a rainy day ; and although the sun soon drives away the

damp feeling, the cloudy sky remains more or less all the day. This combined with a strong fresh sea-breeze, always keep the temperature cool.

In Esfia last summer, the thermometer on the hottest days only reached 81° in the vault, and at night it generally fell to 70° in the tent. Here at Dahlieh it is a little hotter, ranging sometimes in the day to 85° , but only occasionally. As the altitude of our camp at Esfia was 1,750 feet, not only did we enjoy a most agreeable climate, but a magnificent view—of a very different kind, however, from that at Dahlieh. There it was panoramic. Immediately at our feet, scarcely a mile off as the crow flies, was the plain of the Kishon, with that stream winding through it, and issuing from the plain of Esdraelon, over which we also looked by the narrow valley formed by the approach of the low wooded hills of Galilee to the base of Carmel. Sitting at our tent-door, we could see the bay and city of Acre, and the sea-coast as far as the ladder of Tyre. The irregular outline of the mountains of northern Galilee, the highest reaching an elevation of 4,000 feet, limited our view in that direction. To the north-east we faced Hermon, with its snowy crest. Nazareth, about twelve miles off, seemed almost at our feet: beyond it was rounded Tabor, the plain of Jezreel with the villages of Endor and Nain, and Mount Gilboa, with the mountains of Gilead plainly visible in the distance. To the south we looked over the hills of Samaria, and on a clear day could make out the outline of the ruins of Cæsarea on the margin of the sea, which bounded our horizon in that direction.

While, however, enjoying an almost unrivalled prospect and a cool climate, the residence of the party upon the exposed mountain top was not without its *désagrémens*.

As often as not it blew a gale of wind, generally from the south-west, and I sometimes feared that our whole fragile construction would be blown clean down the Wady Shomariyeh, 1,800 feet, into the plain below. This was a rocky gorge, on the edge of which our camp was situated, so precipitous that there was not even a goat-path down it. Then our *cuisine* left much to be desired. The cook, in his windy brushwood shed and without even a table to cook on, struggled manfully with dust-clouds and prowling dogs, performing wonders on a couple of little iron tripods, on which he built charcoal-fires; but as he generally cooked enough for the whole day at one time, the seven-o'clock dinner was merely the twelve-o'clock breakfast, sodden and warmed up, with a great deal more dust in it. Our apartments were so breezy that only large stable lanterns could stand the racket, and they are bad to read by—indeed they are not good to eat by, but the less we saw of our food under the circumstances the better. Fortunately we often had partridges, to vary the stews of chicken and mutton, and plenty of *leben* or sour milk, tasting very strongly of goat. The flavour of goat is an acquired taste. Then we were rather short of water. All of this necessary of life had to be carried nearly a mile up a steep rocky path: two donkeys were perpetually employed on this service. There was a spring nearer, called "the spring of the leeches." Unwarned by the name, I once watered my horse there, and for some days afterwards was occupied extracting leeches from under his tongue and the recesses of his throat. I pulled out eleven altogether, so the spring was not misnamed. I thought of trying to use it for bathing purposes, but was afraid

the ladies might object, even though the alternative involved a certain economy in tubbing arrangements, which did not comport with our usual habits. We also had nightly visits from jackals, which sometimes had the boldness to poke their noses into our bedrooms in the dead of night, causing our small dog to burst into frantic fits of barking, and producing general consternation and wakefulness. Now and then a scorpion was found under a pillow or in a shoe. But these were little incidents which gave an interest and piquancy to existence unknown in civilised life. I merely mention them to show why, in order that they should not become monotonous, we determined not to subject ourselves to them another year, but to build something more substantial than our matshed.

Even on Mount Carmel the travellers were not beyond the range of the recent cholera scare.

When it was reported that some cases had occurred in Beyrout, a panic was produced in Haifa. A cordon was put round the town, some six or eight families of the richer native inhabitants flying from it, and taking refuge in Esfia. All postal communication by land and sea was stopped. For two months we were without news of the outside world—even the telegraph was forbidden to perform its functions, lest news should be conveyed of the spread of the disease which should increase the panic. The consequence was, that the wildest rumours were afloat of the daily mortality in Beyrout, which had never exceeded two doubtful cases in all; and the scare was only thereby increased, till it culminated in a visit to my camp by the police in search of a Haifiote who had been in Beyrout at the moment when these deaths occurred, who was supposed to have fled from that town, and as he was known to be a friend of mine, was suspected of being in hiding in my tent. This conjecture was enough to infect Esfia: for two days we were put into quarantine, and prohibited from going to Haifa, and I had some trouble in convincing the police that I knew nothing whatever of the refugee in question.

Mr. Oliphant's first intention was to build a house in the village of Esfia; his proposal was received with acclamation by the inhabitants. But he soon found their enthusiasm was not mere sentimental delight at the prospect of having an Englishman as their neighbour.

My presence, they said, would be a protection against the thieving propensities of the inhabitants of Tireh—a Moslem village in the plain, with a notoriously bad reputation—who were so daring in their depredations that they would come in broad daylight into the vineyards of the Esfiotes and carry off their grapes under their eyes, without the latter venturing to make any resistance. That they had not suffered that summer from any of these predatory incursions the villagers attributed, rightly or wrongly, to my presence. Under these circumstances they declared, in the first flush of their enthusiasm, that they would present me with a building-site. This I declined, preferring rather to pay a small sum for the land. In my innocence I took their offer for a *bond fide* one; and it was only when I came to make them what I believed was a reasonable proposal, that I discovered they had been indulging in complimentary figures of speech, and that they demanded 150 napoleons for a piece of ground which was certainly not worth above twenty. Although they came down

in their price 100 napoleons at a bound, they had shown the cloven foot in too marked a manner for me to choose them as neighbours. It would be no satisfaction to me, I remarked, to protect from the thieves of Tireh as big a set of thieves after another fashion, and I declined having anything more to do with them. It must, in justice to the Druses, be remarked, that this part of the village did not belong to them, and that the chief offender in the matter was the head of the Christian community there.

The decision to make a home in Dahlieh was brought about by an incident that illustrates the cruel manner in which conscription for the Turkish army often oppresses families.

It was about the middle of last winter, when I was beginning with some perplexity to revolve in my mind summer schemes for avoiding the heat of Haifa, that I one day received a visit from a venerable old man with a grey beard and a dignified bearing, who announced himself as the *khatib* or spiritual sheikh of the Druses of Dahlieh. His story was a pitiful one. The term of the annual draft of conscripts for the Turkish army had arrived, and his only remaining son, the husband of a very beautiful young woman whom I remembered having seen, was to be carried off as a soldier. The old mother, and the young wife, who had a baby, were in despair. One son, they said, had been taken under the conscription ten years before, had deserted to his co-religionists in the Hauran, and had been lost to the family for ever; and now its last prop was to be snatched from it, unless fifty Turkish pounds were forthcoming to purchase a substitute. The object of the old sheikh's visit was to borrow this amount from me. It occurred to me that if, on inspection, Dahlieh suited as a summer resort, I might kill two birds with one stone, by helping the sheikh out of his difficulties and obtaining a site for a house. I had already visited the place and been struck with its beauty, but I had not looked on it as a possible residence, and I now lost no time in riding up on a tour of inspection. The result was in every respect satisfactory; for it so happened that, besides the sheikh being the owner of a good vineyard, the best situation in the village for a house belonged to him. We therefore had no difficulty in coming to an arrangement to our mutual satisfaction, whereby he saved his son from the army, and I became a landed proprietor in Dahlieh.

Fortunately there were extensive ruins existing in an ancient town about a mile from Dahlieh, and here was an unlimited supply of stones which had been cut by the Romans or possibly an anterior race.

The name of this place is Dubil. It is situated on a hill about two hundred feet higher than Dahlieh, from which it is separated by a valley terraced with orchards and gardens; and upon comparing it with the numerous other remains of ancient towns which I have visited, I have little doubt that in old times it was the principal city of Carmel, though it has not, so far as I am aware, been identified with any known historical place. It has served as a quarry for the surrounding country for so long, that all its best stones have long since been carried off—indeed I felt myself somewhat guilty in following the general example. But in the absence of any law for the preservation of ancient monuments, it is difficult to be the only person in the country who respects them, the more especially when it

involves a great saving of money to use them. Most of those I took were undrafted stones. And are they not as well preserved in the walls of my house as lying on the barren hill-top? I was in hopes of finding some with devices or inscriptions. Many of those which have been procured from here by the villagers of Dahlieh, and built by them into the walls of their houses, are thus decorated; but I was not so fortunate. There is a handsome sarcophagus, some fragments of columns, and stone basins, however, which I have my eye upon, and which at some future period I may succeed in transporting to my new abode. Meantime, curiously enough, I had no sooner begun to dig the foundations of the house, than I struck those of one of a period long gone by. I found, when I got two feet below the surface of the ground, that I could put the whole back wall upon a solid basis of hewn masses of stone, which were so appropriately placed that they might have been put there to order. I also came upon great quantities of *tesserae*, and hoped to find a tessellated pavement also ready for immediate use. In this I was disappointed; but I came upon a good stone floor, in which was cut a groove about three inches deep and two wide, the object of which did not at first occur to me. Loath to cover it with any cement, it now forms, in all its original rudeness, the floor of a back passage. Near this the workmen came upon a dozen or more iron rings, from two to three inches in diameter, attached to nails about eighth inches long, which had been clinched at the opposite end. These were found about three feet below the surface, and were, of course, heavily rusted. I think it is likely that they may have been used for fastening horses. At any rate, I have passed some of them through the fire, and find them excellent as stable rings. The others I have kept as curiosities. Besides this, we came upon a large fragment of a carved cornice, which I had carefully put on one side, and which, to my intense disgust, the workmen, by mistake, squared into a building stone; also half a stone basin, a copper coin of the time of Constantine, and a great quantity of broken glass and pottery.

In moving a stone wall for a new terrace, a discovery was made of one of those curious huge rollers mentioned in the Survey of the Palestine Exploration Fund; these rollers seem peculiar to Carmel. The one unearthed by Mr. Oliphant measures eight feet in length and two feet six inches in diameter at the centre, but tapers to two feet at one end, and has four parallel rows of grooves. Each groove is about a foot long and two inches deep; they are a foot apart. They are thought to have formed some part of olive-pressing machinery, as it is evident from the remains of the olive mills at Dubil, that it was a great centre of an olive-oil industry.

But the most fortunate discovery—and this was not made till the house was built—was an ancient cistern just outside the back wall.

The use of the groove in the stone floor of the back passage was now evident. It was to conduct the water into this cistern, which had an opening, 18 inches square, into the solid rock, and swelled out below into the shape of a bottle 15 feet deep and 8 feet in diameter. As the rock from which it is hewn is very hard, the ancients have saved me from £20 to £30 in providing me with this reservoir, which I am enlarging, and shall have to cement, as the old cement, though still

adhering to the sides in many places, has of course become useless. It was full of earth and *débris* to the brim; and in clearing it out I got much fine mould, besides a great quantity of broken pottery, and some stems and fragments of glass vases, the rims of which were turned over and lined with silver—unfortunately none of them perfect.

But it seems impossible to build a modern abode in Palestine without the uncomfortable discovery that one is burying deeper remains that is perhaps one's duty to excavate and bring to light.

In front of the house, about 20 yards from the verandah, I observed a fig-tree growing out of a suspicious-looking hole, and on clearing away some brambles, perceived that it led down into a cave. Into this I descended with a light, and found myself in a circular underground chamber 100 feet in circumference, the roof supported by a rude column of the living rock. Loose stones now cover the floor to a depth of two feet; but when they are cleared away, it will give a height to the roof of about eight feet, which can easily be increased if necessary. It had a second small opening under a rock at the opposite side, and near it what appeared to be a blocked-up passage. This I had cleared out, and found that it led to a second smaller cavern very much choked with stones. A dozen yards lower down I found the entrance under a rock to a third cave, which, I suspect, communicates with the other two. They do not appear to have been used as tombs, though the rocks had been hewn in places, especially at the entrances. In their immediate neighbourhood the field is strewn with *tesserae* and fragments of pottery and glass, and the natives tell me that if I dig, I shall find remains. This had produced a disagreeable conflict of sentiment in my mind. Regarded from a purely practical point of view, I think it will pay better to plant this field out in vines than to excavate in it. On the other hand, I feel I have already done a heathenish thing in building a house on the top of the foundations of one of the Byzantine period, without examining them thoroughly. From the relics I found, my predecessor must have been a man of wealth and position, or he never would have used such elaborate wine-glasses; and it may be that I am living now on the top of something interesting. But had I, as I was sorely tempted to do when I found the carved cornice, gone on digging, I should have turned the site of my future house into a pit, broken my contract with the builder, and had no place to come to this summer—all which would have involved great loss and inconvenience, on the chance of contributing my mite to the existing collections of Palestine antiquities.

Mr. Oliphant, therefore, consoles himself by the reflection that these remains are relatively modern, and that the chance of there being under his bedroom a trilingual stone with an inscription which may throw light on the earlier religions of mankind is exceedingly remote. Rather, then, than spend his substance in seeking for it, he will convert what the ancients have left him to practical purposes.

There is a hole two feet deep and two feet square hewn out of the solid rock near where I propose to build a stable, which I will turn into a horse-trough. These caves shall become cellars; the modern wines of Carmel shall be stored away in its old tombs, the bottles packed neatly into *loculi* or stacked away in *kokim*, and the various vintages allowed to mature in the sepulchres of a bygone

race. I will put hogsheads into the caverns once occupied by hermits ; the grottos of ascetics shall become storehouses for the ruddy juice that maketh glad the heart of man ; and the irony of fate shall, through my instrumentality, work its revenge upon the haunts of these misguided anchorites. As for the evidences of luxury that I come across, they only aggravate me. When I think of my Byzantine predecessor seated beneath marble porticos, drinking out of the most exquisitely shaped flagons of delicate blue glass, golden and silver tipped, his eye ranging over the same view that mine does—the same, and yet so different, with its hanging forests and terraced vineyards, its columned temples, its teeming population—and compare the mud-built village, ruined terraces, naked hills, and unpeopled valleys, with all this vanished luxury and beauty, I don't want to find anything that reminds me of the contrast. The future, not the past, seems to claim our energies and resources. When every man, free from the tyranny of the unjust judge or the extortionate tax-gatherer, can sit in peace and happiness under his own vine and his own fig-tree, it will be time enough to begin to excavate under them. Meanwhile, be mine the task, however feebly, to labour for the restoration of this land to its former condition of fruitfulness and abundance.

TEMPLE BAR.

DECEMBER, 1884.

A Perilous Secret.	CHAPS. XIII.-XIV.	—
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A Two-Franc Piece	—
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Peril.	CHAPS. XXXV.-XXXVII. (<i>Conclusion</i>)	—

EDMUND YATES.—In giving a sketch of this paper, we shall include some quotations from an interesting article in the December No. of the *Fortnightly*, entitled "Men of Letters on themselves," by Mr. Escott. Both papers relate to a recent work, "Edmund Yates : His Recollections and Experiences."

Mr. Yates was born in 1831 ; he was the son of Mr. Frederick Yates, one of the best and most versatile actors that ever graced the boards of a theatre, and of Elizabeth *née* Brunton, a young actress holding a good position at Covent Garden, and coming from a well-known theatrical family. Mr. Yates gives an animated description of his mother :—

A miniature of my mother in her youth, painted by Stump, of Cork Street, admirably reproduced in this volume, shows her as a lovely girl ; but in my recollection of the last half—thirty years—of her life, her charm lay rather in the softness and sweetness of expression than in regularity of feature. Her eyes were blue and rather hard ; her complexion was dark ; but her mouth, furnished with beautiful teeth, was singularly winning, her laugh infectious, and her voice one of the sweetest ever heard. . . . In her private life she was one of the best of women, truly and unaffectedly pious, cheerful and charitable ; a loving, forgiving and long-suffering wife ; a most self-sacrificing and devoted mother.

Of John Reeve, the "low comedian," Mr. Yates tells us that he was an "enormous favourite."

He was unfortunately of a convivial turn of mind, and used to say a great many things that were not expected. "The Pilgrim's Progress" was

mentioned one evening, when John Reeve broke out with, "I have always wondered how a *union* could help a pilgrim in his progress," which brought down the house. He was great in "The Wreck Ashore," with his reminiscences of his Father the Beadle, and in another piece in a scene representing a statute fair he danced delightfully.

Mr. Yates, when a child, though living in the Adelphi Theatre, was not allowed to see the performances, and on the sudden death of his father, Mrs. Yates's distaste for the theatre seems to have increased. Mr. Yates writes :—

"That Hammersmith house was the scene of a very funny incident which impressed itself on my youthful mind. Hoping never to have to return to the hated theatre, and desirous of banishing as much as possible all memory of it, my mother desired me never, in any intercourse with the new servants, to refer to the Adelphi, or to hint at what had been my father's calling. Of course I obeyed, and we imagined our former state was wholly unknown to the household. But one day, as I was standing in the garden, watching the factotum man-servant at work, he looked up and said, 'Lord, sir, how you do remind me of your pa!' I was very much taken aback, and asked him if he had ever seen my father. 'Seen him! Bless you!' he cried, in tones of genuine admiration, "shall I ever forget him as Robsperry at the Adelphi?' Then I ran off to tell my mother, who, in the midst of her dismay, could not help smiling as she told me that Thomas had probably referred to a piece founded on certain incidents of the French Revolution, in which my father had played Robespierre."

When Mr. Yates went to school at Highgate he was treated scornfully, because he was the son of an actor—a different state of things from the present. In some parts of the North actors, in the old days, were not very respectfully treated, as at Leeds, where Mrs. Siddons one night, when slowly draining the bowl of poison, was encouraged by a sympathetic cry of, "Soop it oop, lass!"

Here is a capital anecdote of Macready, who had a great hatred of a certain actor named Wynn :—

"For some reason or other, Sala (Wynn) was most objectionable to Macready. Possibly want of reverence had something to do with the feeling; but the fact was that the great tragedian detested the eccentric actor. When at rehearsals Wynn appeared on the stage, Macready's eyes were tightly closed until he disappeared, when he would ask the prompter, 'Has it gone?' Now, it happened that on the revival of Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII.' with Macready as Cardinal Wolsey, the part of Cardinal Campeius was allotted to Mr. Wynn. It had been represented to the manager that Mr. Macready's costume would be correct and splendid, more especially as regards some magnificent point-lace which he intended wearing, and it had been suggested that something extra should be done to make the other Cardinal respectable. But Mr. Maddox thought some old scarlet robes fudged up from the wardrobe would suffice; and as to point-lace, silver tissue-paper, deftly snipped and sewn on, would have much the same

appearance when viewed from a distance. At the dress rehearsal Macready enthroned in a chair of state, had the various characters to pass before him; he bore all calmly until, clad in the scarlet robes bordered by silver tissue-paper, and wearing an enormous red hat, Wynn approached. Then, clutching both arms of his chair and closing his eyes, the great tragedian gasped out, 'Mother Shipton, by——!'

It is pleasant to find actors enjoying themselves in their old age, and such suppers as Mr. Yates's grandfather, Mr. Brunton, gave can never be thought of without regret.

We dined early—two o'clock—in Kentish Town, and had the most delightful hot suppers at nine, suppers of sprats, or kidneys, or tripe and onions, with foaming porter and hot grog afterwards—grog which I used to sip in a teaspoon from the old gentleman's tumbler as I sat on his knee. Years afterwards, when I might have been of the mature age of twelve, at a Christmas gathering at our house there was some talk about what were the strongest or the pleasantest "nightcaps;" and I frightened most of the company by giving my vote for gin. "Gin, sir!" exclaimed an old maiden lady—my godmother; "what a horrible idea! and from a child, too! Where did you ever *taste* gin?" The old gentleman was there; but even in those days I had some *savoir faire*. I saw the appealing look on his face, and somehow got out of the difficulty."

The eccentric head of the Beresford family, Lord Waterford, was very conspicuous in London brawls. He was rather more than eccentric—the result of a crack on the head which he had received from a *morgenstern* (the heavy club of the Stockholm Watchmen), while carrying on his nocturnal vagaries in the Swedish capital. He had, it was said, sworn he would catch and shave Mr. Muntz, the member for Birmingham, the only Englishman in those days who wore a large beard. Mr. Muntz, on hearing of this threat, bought a huge stick, without which he was never seen in public.

We perfectly remember Mr. Muntz with his huge stick, and troops of *friends* hovering in the distance, all devoutly hoping that the operation would come off in their presence. Mr. Muntz's eyes resembled those of a badger about to be drawn. Mr. Muntz was rather deficient in his grammar. He went down into the country to look after his grass crop. When he returned Coroner Wakley asked him what he had been doing there. "I have been making A," said Muntz. "Well," Wakley said, "as you have been so busy about the alphabet, why the deuce did not you make the letter H?"

In 1854, Mr. Yates made the acquaintance of Charles Dickens. Mr. Yates was soon put on the staff of "Household Words," and the success of his literary career was assured.

"There were no photographs of celebrities to be purchased in those days, and I had formed my idea of Dickens's personal appearance from the portrait of him, by Maclise, prefixed to 'Nickleby:' the soft and delicate face, with the long hair, the immense stock, and the high-collared waistcoat. He was nothing like that. Indeed, my mother who saw him shortly after this, and who had

not met him for fifteen years—declared she should not have recognised him, for, save his eyes, there was no trace of the original Dickens about him."

Mrs. Yates was perfectly correct. The Dickens of 1854 was a totally different being from the Dickens of 1839. He was more like a sea-captain than the dandy of former days.

Mr. Yates alludes to the unfortunate mistake Dickens made when, on the advice of Mr. Delane, he gave a history of his domestic troubles to an astonished world. It seems incredible that a man of Dickens's character could quarrel with the editor of "Punch," for not inserting his manifesto in that humorous publication. (People would have thought it a joke.) Alas! it only proves how right the philosopher was who observed that there was the wise man and the fool in everybody's composition. Some men commit follies all their lifetime, others reserve themselves for some gigantic act of indiscretion.

* * * * *

We agree with Mr. Yates, that the "readings" were the cause of Dickens's premature death. In spite of Sir Thomas Watson's warnings, he would persevere in them. What is worse, he would read from "Oliver Twist" the description of the murder of Nancy. The last time we ever saw him was when we invited the actors and actresses to come and hear him, and instead of selecting "The Christmas Carol," or the Trial from "Pickwick," he read the horrible scene between Bill Sykes and Nancy.

Now Dickens was more successful in comedy than tragedy, and his exertions in this painful reading must have materially hastened his end.

In his chapter entitled "The Influence of Pendennis" (writes Mr. Escott), Mr. Yates gives us what is, autobiographically, one of the most interesting portions of his work:—

"To get admitted into the ranks of literary men, among whom I might possibly, by industry and perseverance, rise to some position, began to be my constant thought; and I was encouraged in the hope that I might succeed, perhaps more than anything else, by reading the career of *Pendennis* which, in its well-remembered yellow cover, had then been appearing month by month for the last two years, and in its complete form was just obtainable at the libraries. There is no prose story in our English language, not even the *Christmas Carol*, not even *The Newcomes*, not even the *Scenes of Clerical Life* or *Silas Marner*—and now I have named what are to me the most precious—which interests and affects me like *Pendennis*. It had this effect from the very first. I knew most of it so thoroughly. The scenes in the provincial theatre—the Fotheringay, her father, the prompter, the company—were such perfect creations (to this day I have never seen any hint as to where Thackeray got his study of these people, who were quite out of his usual line); the position of *Pendennis* and his mother was so analogous to that of me and mine—her devotion, his extravagance; the fact that I was personally acquainted with Andrew Arcedeckne, the original of Foker, in whom he was reproduced in the most ludicrously lifelike manner: all this awakened in me a special interest in the book; and when, in the course of *Pen's* fortunes, he enters upon the literary career, writes his verses for the *Spring Annual*, dines with Bungay, visits Shandon, is engaged on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and chums with Warrington, who makes that ever-to-be-quoted speech about the power of the press: "Look at that, *Pen*! There she is, the great

engine ; she never sleeps, &c.—when I came to this portion of the book my fate was sealed. To be a member of that wonderful Corporation of the Goosequill, to be recognised as such, to be one of those jolly fellows who earned money and fame, as I thought, so easily and so pleasantly, was the one desire of my life ; and, if zeal and application could do it, I determined that my desire should be gratified."

Of the Thackeray Episode Mr. Escott writes :—

When Mr. Yates was first admitted to the Garrick he was not eighteen years of age. When he left it he was twenty-seven, and Thackeray, who was the cause of his leaving it, was forty-seven. The little article contributed by Mr. Yates to a paper long since dead, at which Thackeray took grave umbrage, scarcely deserves the censures passed upon it by its author. It is simply a piece of smart, hurried, impertinent, and curiously young writing. Now, as Thackeray was then twenty years Mr. Yates's senior, what one might have expected from him was, if he had been incurably wounded, silent contempt ; or, if he had been merely annoyed, a sharpish caution to Mr. Yates. The article in question did not violate the sanctity of club life. It disclosed no private or semi-private conversations ; it said absolutely nothing more about Thackeray than was at the time on the lips of everyone, and was, therefore, public property. Thackeray, however, very absurdly, as all cool-headed persons will think, addressed to Mr. Yates a formal letter, which, as its recipient says, was severe to the point of cruelty—being, indeed, an inexplicably bitter outburst of personal feeling, and "a censure, in comparison with the offence committed, ludicrously exaggerated." What, however, under the circumstances, Mr. Yates ought to have done is perfectly clear. Young men of twenty-seven cannot allow themselves the luxury of engaging their superiors and elders in single combat. Their business is to be conciliatory and to wait. Mr. Yates should clearly have written to Thackeray an apologetic disclaimer, assuring the great novelist that he had misunderstood the motives with, and the conditions under, which the offending article was penned ; that on reading it the author recognised its impropriety, and that doing this he could only cry "*Peccavi!*" express his extreme regret, and throw himself on his elder's consideration. One of two things must then have happened : either Thackeray would have accepted the apology and condoned the offence, or by refusing to do so, he would have made a graceless exhibition of churlishness, and public opinion, even the opinion of the Garrick Club, would have been with Mr. Yates.

But Mr. Yates's rejoinder was the reverse of conciliatory, and the alternative was at last presented to Mr. Yates of apologising to Thackeray, or of quitting the club. Here Mr. Yates, according to Mr. Escott, made a second mistake. He declined to apologise, and preferred the doom of exile.

Mr. Yates gives us some amusing anecdotes of Mr. John Forster, well described by a cabman as a "very harbitrary gent."

There is a story told of him going into an eating-house and ordering parsnips. The waiter said there were none. "*Let there be parsnips,*" was the magniloquent reply. He was rather violent at times. We once, after dinner, heard a terrific row between him and Mr. Chorley on a very delicate subject. How Forster roared and how Chorley screamed ! It was like a fight

between a bull terrier and a wild cat. He once at a literary party (it was before "Vanity Fair" was written) rushed across the room and actually sat on Thackeray, roaring out, "Innocence in the lap of Beauty!" And this to Thackeray, who was very sensitive about his personal appearance. Dr. Johnson said he could not conceive a greater degradation than to be patted on the back by Tom Davies. Thackeray evidently thought it the reverse of an honour to figure in an involuntary *tableau*, with Mr. John Forster in the principal part.

Mr. Yates gives a charming anecdote respecting Lord Westbury's habit of finding a scape-goat on all occasions when he got into a difficulty. At a shooting-party at Hackwood Park, where Lord Westbury then resided—

"There were very few pheasants, but after they had been out a little time a terrific howl was heard from one of the keepers, who had been badly shot. A warm altercation, carried on in strong language, occurred between the two Bethells, father and son, each accusing the other of having shot the man. Cockburn took an opportunity of asking the keeper by which of his masters he had been shot, and got the reply, 'Damn' em! both of 'em!' Next term-time there was a meeting of legal dignitaries about this question of reform. Sir Richard Bethell opened the proceedings by saying that he had given the question careful attention, and was glad to say that his learned friend, the Solicitor-General, to whom he had explained his views, was of his way of thinking. On Cockburn's demurring gently, and saying he did not recollect the discussion having taken place, Sir Richard said, in his most mincing and affected tones, 'You must recollect it, my dear friend: it occurred the morning you shot my keeper!'"

The following description of the Bishop of Oxford at the *Athenæum* is not flattering:—

"DEAR MR. YATES,—I do not know who wrote the article on Wilberforce, but I agree with you that to call him a 'truly delightful person' is an absurdity. I saw a great deal of him, and to me all his agreeability was spoilt by his palpable insincerity. He was a coarse-minded man. The Committee of the *Athenæum* were frequently obliged to write to him about his selfish irregularities. He lodged in Pall Mall, and quite lived at the club. After breakfast it was his custom to sit upon two newspapers while reading a third—or to retire with a whole bundle. The article on 'Plain Whig Principles' is a bit of Reeveism *tout pur*. It is not authorised by the Whig leaders, nor by Lord Granville, nor, Lord Hartington, nor, to the best of my belief, by any Whig of note.

Faithfully yours,

A. HAYWARD.

It is to be feared there is some truth in this portrait.

A friend of ours on a very hot day left the *Athenæum* to attend a philanthropical meeting in the City. The Bishop was comfortably seated on his newspapers imbibing a tumbler of seltzer and something. On arriving at his meeting our friend was surprised to hear a letter of apology read from the good Bishop, commencing, "It is only the pressure of the most urgent business that prevents me," &c. Another time the Bishop got into a railway carriage, and having established himself, put his cloak on the opposite seat. A porter came to the door and asked whether the seat was occupied. "You

see it is," responded the bland Bishop, who then turned to an eminent counsel who sat by his side, and said, "Now, if the porter had asked if the seat was engaged, I should have given a different answer." The Bishop was "saponaceous;" and the donors of a school children's party—the Bishop and his brother-in-law, the Rev. A. Pott—should not have been so annoyed when there was a transparency exhibited in their honour with their initials, S. O. A. P.

These pleasant volumes re-call the days of old for the play-goer.

How well we remember the first time we saw Liston in Poole's farce of "Turning the Tables," his stolid pomposity in the part, and when the tables were turned upon him the solemn dignity with which he dismissed his supposed faithless wife with, "Go, woman, go. Go to your paramount." In "Sweet-hearts and Wives" he was wonderful—his address to his fellow-servant who was in low spirits, "There is something on your mind, unbosom yourself if its murder!—*mention it.*"

As regards literature, we have now no such central figures—Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay—as then existed. The general average of literary productiveness has immensely increased, but the stimulating influences of individual genius, placed on a high pedestal, have disappeared.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1884.

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DUBLIN CITY.—Dublin is not a provincial city ; it is the decayed capital of the English in Ireland. A visitor to Manchester or Birmingham is borne along by a far fuller and fresher tide of life than that which flows in the streets of Dublin ; noble buildings, dedicated to public uses, have sprung up in those great cities during recent years ; the citizens are full of zeal for industry, science, art, even though high in air a solid firmament of mammon and

mammon-worship may overarch these, and shut out the spaces and upper gates of heaven ; every one is awake, and stirring with a little activity ; no one (unless it be the author of " John Inglesant " at Edgebaston) dreams of the past ; and yet all this life is distinctly life in the provinces. In Dublin one moves along the traditions of a capital out of a capital that has fallen into decay.

Not that our numbers have declined since the Union ; on the contrary, Ptolemy's tribe of Eblani has largely multiplied ; but other cities have robbed us of pre-eminence in point of numbers, and our dignities, which were unique, have disappeared. Seventy years ago Dublin was the second city of the British Empire, and only half a dozen capitals in Europe exceeded it in population and extent. A century since one hundred lords and two or three hundred great commoners brought wealth, and influence, and splendour, and gaiety, to the chief city of their native land. The Viceroy's court, if he were a liberal and pleasure-loving nobleman, exceeded in brilliance that of George III. The great nobles of Ireland had each his town mansion, many of these as spacious and proud as the palaces of the magnificoes of Florence or Venice. The stone-cutter's chisel, the mason's trowel, rang by the river-side, and in the central thoroughfares ; public buildings,—the custom-house, the Four Courts, and others,—conceived on a great scale and with a certain majestic unity of design, were climbing aloft ; on one was spent £200,000, on another twice that sum. Now they dominate the streets and quays, noble but inanimate examples of exotic architecture, neo-classical fabrics of the eighteenth century, impressive at a single view, stupid in details ; there they stand, and we have little need to build. Wealthy benefactors keep our cathedrals from crumbling and endeavour to renew their beauty, and that is all. If we want a city hall, we move into the deserted Exchange ; if we need offices for this public service or that, we borrow an acre of empty rooms from the Custom-house ; if we wish to set up a library, a " mendicity institution," or a bank, we can easily acquire possession of the deserted *palazzo* of some absentee Irish nobleman, turning it to better uses possibly than those of its gaudy days.

The capital of Ireland was never an Irish city.

" Dubhlinn of Ath Cliath," the " dark waters of the ford of hurdles," was at first only the dusky river flowing from bog and turf, with some few huts, and a wicker bridge by which the great road from Tara—home of kings—was continued across the Liffey. In later years it was the fortress of the Scandinavians, of the Anglo-Normans, or of the English in Ireland ; never the centre of the native race. At one time His Majesty of England graciously made a present of Dublin to his faithful subjects of Bristol ; five hundred of these faithful subjects, on Easter Monday, went forth to disport themselves in the fields, almost on the spot where these lines are written. The Irish on the hills and in the woods were on the watch for them, and swept down suddenly on the luckless Bristolians. The names " Black Monday " and the " Bloody Fields " commemorate what happened on that day. It was a custom with the citizens, in later years, to march on each anniversary of the dismal Monday to the scene of slaughter and display their banner in token of contempt for their Irish foes. " The citizens," said Holinshed, " have, from time to time, in sundry conflicts, so galled the Irish, that even to this day the Irish fear a ragged and jagged

black standard that the citizens have almost, through tract of time, worn to the hard stumps." These are not the relations which ought to subsist between the capital of a country and the country-folk living around it. When Thackeray visited Ireland in 1842, the first sight that greeted him on landing was a hideous obelisk stuck upon four fat balls, and surmounted with a crown on a cushion, commemorating the sacred spot touched by the foot of George IV. In the Exchange was a pert statue of George III. in a Roman toga, simpering and turning out his toes. Two nursery-maids were keeping company with the statue of George I., who rides on horseback in the centre of Stephen's Green. George II. was visible peering over a paling in Dawson street. "How absurd," Thackeray breaks out, "these pompous images look of defunct majesties, for whom no breathing soul cares a halfpenny!" Absurd enough; but only a petty fragment of the huge absurdity that Ireland might do honor to anything, provided only it was not Irish. Even so late as 1856 a writer complains that no public statue of an illustrious Irishman has ever graced the Irish capital. "Dublin," he says, "is connected with Irish patriotism only by the scaffold and the gallows." This complaint of thirty years ago can no longer be uttered. Perhaps at present there is an inclination to brandish the green banner a little too vehemently in the faces of all men; to thrust a pasteboard "sun-burst" high in air and gaze in rapture upon the glorious apparition; to view all things through an emerald mist. "Not Greece of old in her palmiest days,"—thus opens a popular life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,—"the Greece of Homer and Demosthenes, of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, of Pericles, Leonidas, and Alcibiades, of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, of Solon and Lycurgus, of Apelles and Praxiteles,—not even this Greece, prolific as she was in sages and heroes, can boast such a lengthy bead-roll as Ireland can of names worthy of the immortality of history." With self-criticism comes respect; such a rhodomontade as this means that to render life tolerable we have long had to lap ourselves in dear delusions, and that the habit still clings.

The charm of Dublin is that it never imprisons you; it lays no intolerable nightmare on the spirit; from its decayed grandeurs you can escape in half an hour to unspoiled country where no manufactory chimney belches smoke, no mountain of slag and ash rises hideous.

To hills where the furze and heather make a glow in autumn; to sea-buttresses overrun by the daintiest flowers of spring, where the gull floats far below you in mid-air, or descends with his delicate scream to touch the waves where the porpoise tumbles; where in summer, if you scramble down the cliff, you may perchance watch for an hour the seal thrusting ever anon above green water his grotesque head, lit by two amiable, almost human little eyes. Over some of these spots, now accessible in a brief space of time by tram-car or train from the midst of the city, romantic memories hover. Here in Howth Park stands a cromlech, under which lies Aideen of Ben-Edar, who pined away and died when her husband Oscar, son of Ossian the bard, fell at the battle of Gavra; around her grave the Fenian heroes stood sorrowing:

"They heaved the stone; they heap'd the cairn;
Said Ossian, 'In a queenly grave
We leave her, 'mong her fields of fern,
Between the cliff and wave.

" 'The cliff behind stands clear and bare,
And bare, above, the heathery steep
Scales the clear heaven's expanse to where
The Danaan Druids sleep.' "

Here, by the sea-shore at Clontarf, King Brian in hoariest old age rode, his golden-hilted sword in one hand, a crucifix in the other, animating his warriors to meet the Norsemen ; and here he slung back the invaders, and fell beneath the battle-axe of the sorcerer and apostate Brodar. On that day there were strange presages of death ; the god Odin descended on his gray charger, halbert in hand, before the battle ; swords leaped at night from their scabbards ; a man of Caithness caught sight of twelve strange folk riding as the wind, and entering a hill-side ; he pursued them and gazed in—they were the Fatal Sisters, Choosers of the Slain ; and there they wove the crimson web, with human heads for the weights of their loom, men's entrails for the warp and woof, a sword for shuttle, and arrows for the reels ; and as they wove they chaunted that dreadful song which Gray translated from the Norwegian for English readers. Elsewhere, but still on the skirts of Dublin, is a spot fatal, not in the annals of war, but of love—Chapelizod, a village from which rises a gray church tower. Here Sir Tristram of the Round Table, disguised as a harper, and calling himself Tramtris, was put to the keeping of the beautiful Iseult to be healed of the wound received from her brother's envenomed spear ; here, when restored, he was arrayed by Iseult's hand in harness, and sent forth to the jousts—"and right so she put him out at a privy postern, and so he came into the field as it had been a bright angel." More potent than any love-philter with a woman's heart it is to have saved a noble champion from despair and death, and have sent him forth arrayed by her hands to do deeds of high emprise. Iseult's Tower, near Dublin Castle, has disappeared, and Iseult's Fount no longer murmurs and gleams ; but Chapelizod, the Chapel of Iseult, is at least a living name. If any one in our nineteenth century should follow Dante to that "second circle of sad hell" where he beheld Tristram, it will be a momentary solace to the afflicted lover to learn that his story is still sung on earth by high poets, and that pilgrims now and again visit the spot where Iseult of Ireland shed tears at his leave-taking.

From the fact that the traveller from Holyhead to Kingston has to put his watch back twenty minutes on touching Irish soil, Mr Dowden infers that the English people get through the twenty-four hours of the day faster than his compatriots. The Irish lounge and loiter through life, knowing that they will come to the end soon enough.

When things around us get a little out of gear, we do not hurry to set them to rights ; the peasant stuffs an old stocking into the gap of his window-pane ; my Lord Mayor and the Town Councillors watch the Liffey swirl past, a steaming sewer, and proceed to elect a Public Health Committee. We are not oppressed with riches or business. We are a pleasant, gossiping, story-telling, scandal-mongering tribe. We cannot avoid seeing the same faces day after day, and so we watch one another closely, or we should have nothing to gossip about, and should die of ennui. We cannot afford to quarrel with friends whom we meet at every dinner-table ; so we make amends by giving our opinion of these friends behind their backs with touching candour. We have no plutocracy

among us, and no Bohemians. If a man makes a vast number of hogsheads of beer or barrels of whisky, he becomes a kind of spiritual peer and builds synod-houses or restores cathedrals, and is respected almost as much as if he belonged to the shabby-genteel class ; but here we draw the line,—at this point our sense of gentility becomes inexorable. We are equally intolerant of any approach toward the literary or artistic gypsy life, or any wondering propensities in matters of opinion. Revolters are too few among us to have a good time of it together ; each must needs be his own centre of spiritual activity, and his circumference as well as centre : each must warm himself at his internal fires. Even from the University no wave of thought has ever spread abroad and ruffled the blue innane ; individual thinkers—we need but name Berkeley—have produced a profound impression, but no general movement of thought and feeling has ever startled society out of the trance of custom.

“As in private duty bound,” to use the time-honoured formula of the “bidding” prayer at the University sermon at Cambridge, Mr. Dowden loyally looks on Trinity College as the central point of the metropolitan city, and as the eye of Ireland.

It is an eye which long squinted in the direction of the dominant religion (and yet squinted with a less villainous obliquity than most other Irish institutions), but on the threat of a painful operation it righted itself with miraculous celerity. I have loyally tried to admire the college front, with its classic pavilions, stony festoons, pilasters, and deadly rows—three hundred feet long—of barrack windows, and my failure has been signal ; but Foley's statues of Burke and Goldsmith make one proud or pensive, and the classical desolation of abomination is for a moment forgotten. Burke, indeed, might be any one else—the philosopher is submerged by the orator ; but Goldsmith can be no other than the most beloved, foolish, wise, playful, serious, mirthful, tender of the sons of Ireland. His grave cannot be identified in the burial-ground of the Temple ; doubtless he grew weary of lying in English earth, with the perpetual roar of Fleet street in his ears ; his heart untraveled turned fondly homeward. I cannot but think that dead or alive he would, in the end, set his face toward Lissoy, bringing back to Ireland his brogue and his blunders ; and how gladly the land that gave him birth would catch to her breast the wayward child ! One other statue the University should possess—not Swift's, for he has a sufficient monument in Dublin, but that of Berkeley ; it should be of marble, and his silent face appear as the index of a mind forever.

“Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.”

In consideration of his studies on Rhode Island and his fine dream of a college in the remote Bermoothes, the sculptor (and subscription) might be American ; and we should inscribe on the pedestal Berkeley's magnificent prophecy :

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
The first four Acts already past ;
A fifth shall close the drama and the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

Mr. Dowden has not very much to say in favour of the life-Fellowships of Trinity College, though, no doubt, genuine scholars are sometimes maintained by them.

Goldsmith's brutal tutor, Wilder, and Berkeley, possessing every virtue under heaven, represent the five varieties that have exhibited themselves among the fellows of our college. The Wilders, if any exist, have moved upward, "working out the beast"; the Berkeleys, it is to be feared, have dropped something of the angel. Having after an arduous examination won his fellowship at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four, the successful candidate, on condition of performing a moderate amount of daily drudgery, is assured a fair competency for life, and may, if he pleases, grow daily more ignorant during sixty years; thus an almost incredible attainment in ignorance becomes possible. Or he may choose to grow daily more learned during the same period, and the result is equally appalling. Between the two types stands a literary *roi faindant* who lives upon the reputation of a great unwritten book; the materials have been accumulating during half a century. The author's vast range and abysmal profundity necessarily delay the enterprise; but favored friends have beheld his manuscript—"a sight to dream of, not to tell." Suddenly one morning the college bell booms with a muffled monotone. The great scholar has died of fatty degeneration of the heart. The great treatise seems to have perished by the same disease and to have vanished from existence with its author. Of late the *roi faindant* has been largely replaced by the genuine scholar. We are proving our right to exist, and trust that the good axe which hewed down cumberers of the ground in Ireland may spare the most useful and flourishing of its institutions. We could brandish brilliant names in the face of the world, but Irishmen are modest. There is among us a Mezzofanti, who, having mastered all tongues, weeps for a new language to conquer; it has been suggested that he might try to forget Japanese. Our library, where once the erudite Jacky Barrett—afterward Vice-Provost—ruled, is, as the guide-books say, "an extensive stone building"—so extensive, indeed, that on a foggy winter morning, looking from the entrance of the great room, you see no end, and believe that it may be possible to advance forever through an interminable vista of folios. Here Dr. Barrett's ghost must surely wander—a dwarfish figure with parrot's nose, locks radiating from his head like a bunch of radishes, the curls that had fallen off being attached by hair-pins to the back of his head, and with voice, if ghosts can speak, of a gritty, angular quality, and rapid yet emphatic articulation. Jacky wore breeches brown in reality, but called in courtesy black, a shirt black in reality, but called in courtesy white, hose, and no cravat. He washed his face and hands on the occasion of a fellowship examination,—once, perhaps, in two years,—and was, in consequence, hardly recognizable by his friends. He was a severe misogynist. "What other mainin' (meaning) has *rosh* beside *caput*?" he asked at a Hebrew examination. "Why, it manes p'ison (poison); and there's a passage in Scripture which is translated, What *head's* above the *head* of a woman?—but it ought to be, What *p'ison's* above the *p'ison* of a woman?" Him I have never seen in ghostly or bodily form. But once in the innermost recesses of the Fagel Library I beheld the apparition of a man perched on the top of a ladder. It was an unearthly and ghostly figure in a brown garment, the blanched hair totally unkempt, the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I remembered that this was the luckless poet, Clarence Mangan, dead since 1849; that John Mitchel had seen him in bodily form, yet a spectral creature in this same attitude, and that the very words which came to my mind to describe him withal were Mitchel's words.

In College Green, facing the College, and in front of the some-time Houses of Parliament, his old domain—stands the admirable statue of Grattan, by Foley.

His hand is flung in air by the passion of his thought ; he has just liberated his mind by some noble utterance. Which, I wonder, of many noble utterances ? Ranting extravagances in his own plays were styled by Dryden 'the Delilahs of the theatre.' Delilahs of the senate-house found numerous admirers in the Irish House of Commons ; but Grattan's eloquent explosions meant not merely smoke and fire, but solid grape-shot. Perhaps Foley had in his mind the invocation, mouthed since 1782 a thousand times by every blatant, unfledged Demosthenes : 'Spirit of Swift ! Spirit of Molyneux ! Your genius has prevailed ! Ireland is now a nation ! In that new character I hail her ! and bowing in her august presence I say, *Esto perpetua !*' But I like better to think that he has just flung out his defiant words of two years earlier, when he moved in the House the Declaration of Rights : "I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanging to his rags ; he may be naked—he shall not be in iron ; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted ; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live ; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him." Foley's man of bronze was in reality a man of fine and fragile nerves. Perhaps a more heroic but more difficult memorial of Grattan might have been executed, had he been represented as he appeared in the House on the night when Ireland lost her independence—risen from a bed of illness, and dressed hastily in the uniform of the Volunteers, so feeble that he could not stand alone, his head drooped upon his chest, his eye sparkling with unwonted fire, the flush of passion on his cheek. "There was a moment's pause," writes our historian, Lecky, "an electric thrill passed through the House, and then a long, wild cheer burst from the galleries. Then was witnessed that spectacle, among the grandest in the whole range of mental phenomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter, of the power of enthusiasm, and the power of genius nerving a feeble and emaciated frame. As the fire of oratory kindled,—as the angel of enthusiasm touched those pallid lips with the living coal,—as the old scenes crowded on the speaker's mind, and the old plaudits broke upon his ear, it seemed as though the force of disease was neutralized and the buoyancy of youth restored. For more than two hours he poured forth a stream of epigram, of argument, and of appeal,"—poured forth such life as was in him, but in vain. By permission of the Speaker, Grattan kept his seat while addressing the House, yet his action had a commanding energy. Here is a novel and romantic subject for some future sculptor to present. The Houses of Parliament are now put to substantial, if not very sentimental, uses. The satirist can easily raise a smile :

"Here where old Freedom once was used to wait
Her darling Grattan nightly at the gate,
Now little clerks in hall and colonnade
Tot the poor items of provincial trade ;
Lo, round the walls that Bushe and Plunket shook
The teller's desk, the runner's pocket-book,"

Yet it is highly agreeable (even poets feel this) to have an account to your credit at the bank ; and the clerk who cashes a check for you is, after all, a much more interesting and admirable person than many of the fine gentlemen who sold their votes and pocketed their bribes in the days of Lord Castlereagh.

Thackeray could have gladly seen the generation of royal Georges in effigy abolished, but would have spared William III. in College Green. And, no doubt, a portion of the history and life of Dublin has gathered round his leaden majesty. Each year from 1701 onwards for more than a century on the anniversary of William's birthday, the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the Lord Chancellor and Judges, the Provost of Trinity College and other notabilities paraded thrice round the statue, trying to look grave, so to do honour to the "pious, glorious, and immortal memory."

Many of the college lads were Jacobites, and sometimes the grey of morning would discover two figures astride of the leaden horse—one the hero of the Boyne, dressed up with hay, the other a man of straw, leaning limp against the hero's shoulders. The volunteers would muster, and bang off their cannons and blaze their *feu de joie* around the statue. King William survived the insults and defied the assaults of his enemies until a fatal night of April, 1836, a mysterious light was observed that night in his neighbourhood, and presently there followed a deafening explosion ; the king flew high in air as if through some violent apotheosis, then fell, a shattered bulk of royalty, and lay flat, ignominiously indifferent to popery, prelacy, brass money, and wooden shoes. In the morning they carted the body to a police office, and held an inquest ; physicians discovered an envious puncture between hip and saddle-skirt. Irish criminals have been restored to life after their execution by judicious blood-letting from the jugular vein. The grand monarch, by this or some other device, was revived ; his mangled limbs were made straight, his Roman nose was set, and when Thackeray pleaded in his behalf, my Lord Mayor, Daniel O'Connell, had the king under a canvas, and was painting him of a bright green picked out with yellow—his lordship's own livery.

The statues of Tom Moore, Smith O'Brien, and Dan. O'Connell demand a passing notice.

Turning Lifeyward, we observe some one else beckoning to us from his pedestal—probably some patriot chimney-sweep, he looks so black and grimy ; or, this lumpish nigritude, can it indeed be meant for Tom Moore ?

" This were a popet in an arm to embrace
For any womman smal and fair of face."

Our western bulbul, half Cupid and half tom-tit, was the most dapper little gentleman, compact of sentiment and sense ; this is a shapeless blot upon the face of day. And so charming a subject has been lost. The sculptor might have shown us the grave Muse laying Master Tommy across her knee and inflicting motherly chastisement for his early indiscretions ; or the melodist might have appeared in the dainty trim assumed for an evening at Carlton House, smilingly taking his harp down from the willows when the titled folk of Babylon begged him to sing them one of the songs of Erin ; or, better still, why not let us see

him, unspoiled at heart, in his modest home, resting for a moment amid the industrious hours, while a gleam passes across his lips and brow, and he pens in his diary such words as these : "A strange life mine ; but the best as well as the pleasantest part of it lies *at home*. I told my dear Bessy, this morning, that while I stood at my study window, looking out at her, as she crossed the field, I sent a blessing after her. 'Thank you, bird,' she replied, 'that's better than money ;' and so it is. 'Bird' was a pet name she gave me in our younger days." But Bessy, when she gave the pretty pet name, did not think of such a fossil bird as this upon the pedestal—slow-waddling, web-footed ornithorhynchus. Still statues and statues ! Smith O'Brien, with a pert, pugnacious aspect, little characteristic of that indiscreet and gallant gentleman, folds his arms and projects his toe in air ; the back of the statue is the best of it, for the three wrinkles in the marble frock-coat are admirably realistic, and, indeed, it is only an artist in frock-coats that can adequately appreciate them. From across the bridge the Liberator, gazes forth sublime, and dwarfs the petty race of mortals creeping past. He needs a sea of faces around and beneath him to set him off ; then, for certain, he would open his lips and give tongue, like the huge watch-dog whose place Cuchullin took in Celtic legend, or like the hounds that uttered "sweet thunder" in Theseus' hearing, for he seems one of their race, whose

"Heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd and dewlapp'd like Thessalian bulls."

Lacking his oceanic democracy, O'Connell's occupation is gone ; the burly tribune hardly knows what to do so high above earth, in solitude, commercing with the skies. It was well for him that, when unveiled, the wide avenue beneath was surging and alive. An Irish procession, numbering tens of thousands, is full of animation, yet admirable for order if only it is intrusted with the guardianship of the peace, possess a sense of responsibility, and is marshaled by its chosen leaders. It is, however, lamentably deficient in the artistic instinct ; with much brightness or glooms of temper, its strong side is not common sense, and it has little or none of that feeling for the ludicrous which accompanies common sense. The emblematic banners flung forth on these gala days, on which considerable sums of money are spent, and which are displayed with extraordinary pride, are too often absurd in design and of mingled color that sets your teeth on edge. A vast throng, however, animated by a single sentiment, is always impressive. "Which stilleth the voice of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people." The sea and the people—these two vast powers are only less sublime than the light of some lonely star, or the solitary thought of a mind which, in its musings, has outsoared the shadow of our night.

The visitor is advised not to ascend the dark, narrow, cob-webbed stairs of the column on which in Sackville street Nelson is mast-headed. Rather let him become one of the loungers and loafers (admirably hit off in one of the illustrations) at its base, who sit and smoke, shunning ambition with its dangerous ascents, gossiping one to another, or dropping off to sleep in the sunshine.

Below the new bridge, new-named after O'Connell, the sea-gulls hover, and bring a savour of freshness and freedom, a vision of

drenched rock-ridges and blown sea-spaces into the heart of the town.

Looking up the river, as day declines, sometimes a far-reaching and mystic sunset will liberate the spirit by its strange and infinite beauty seen above and athwart the irregular elevations and decaying frontage of old houses that line the river-sides, and above and beyond the fantastic wreathings of city smoke. There are no houses of great antiquity in Dublin, such as may be seen in Chester or in Edinburgh; but as hard usage and starvation may turn a girl into a hag at twenty-five, so neglect and grime and squalor have made comparatively modern tenements hag-like houses, with an evil look, in door and window and roof, of famine, pest, ill-living, despair. Some look gaunt and fierce, and seem to pluck their eaves over their brows; others have shrunk and grown wizened and piteously lean and ragged, like the woman who shuffles past in draggled shawl, and pauses to rest against a doorway while she coughs. These quays were in former days the scene of fierce and prolonged conflict between the Liberty boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the Ormond boys, or butchers who lived in Ormond Market. Bridges were stormed, were taken and retaken; and day after day the garboils might be renewed; above a thousand combatants were sometimes at once engaged. On one occasion the victorious Liberty boys proceeded to hook a number of Ormond boys by the jaws to their own flesh-hooks, and retired, leaving the butchers hanging for meat on their own stalls. When the divine rage of battle would come upon the Trinity College students they sided with the weavers, the keys of their chambers, slung in the sleeve or tail of a gown or in a pocket handkerchief, becoming a favorite and a formidable weapon. "On one occasion," writes the author of "*Ireland Sixty Years Ago*," "several of them were seized by the butchers, and to the great terror of their friends it was reported that they were hanged up in the stalls in retaliation for the cruelty of the weavers. A party of watchmen sufficiently strong was at length collected by the authorities, and they proceeded to Ormond Market; there they saw a frightful spectacle—a number of college lads in their caps and gowns hanging to the hooks." They hastened to the rescue, when suddenly laughter succeeded horror; the learned youths had been granted the benefit of clergy, and hung in air suspended by the waistbands of their breeches.

Along the quays and in narrow ways adjoining them, side by side with narrow bric-à-brac shops or pawn-offices, may be discovered the second-hand book shops of Dublin, and here the collector prowls.

The four-storied houses of former days, crammed with well-bound rows of works which no gentleman's library can be without, have disappeared. America has helped largely to drain the country of its literary treasures. On the whole, we are not a reading people, and there are at present few great collectors among us. It is long since Dr. Murphy, the former Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, whose staircases, hall, garrets, kitchen, must each and all have been shelved to hold his possessions, has been seen upon the quays, with his gold-headed cane, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and snuff-besprinkled waistcoat. "Ah!" he would exclaim, when the vendor added on a venturesome half-crown—"Ah! you think to impose on the poor Connaught man;" but on effecting a fortunate purchase he had always an episcopal blessing to bestow on the bookseller's wife or children.

It was among the coffins of Cook street, where the Libitina of the poor crouches veiled, that Bunting's famous collection of old Irish music disappeared, to be recovered after further transmigrations in fragments from the soap and candle-sellers, and reverently pieced together by the pious zeal of an enthusiast. Anglesea street, where Moore dropped the manuscript of his first printed poem in the box of the editor of "*Anthologia Hibernica*," boasted of authors among those dim recesses in which ragged rarities—Irish history and poetry, Elizabethan plays and pamphlets, or better preserved Aldines and Elzevirs—lay lurking. From an inner apartment, where he read, the learned John O'Daly would glance over his spectacles at a stray customer, or startle him with an abrupt, impatient answer, as if to ask for a volume not included in O'Daly's bibliopolic stores were an impertinence which it required some magnanimity to forgive. Patrick Kennedy, who had told with delightful humor the legendary fictions of the Irish Celts, would appear, a few doors higher up, with round, bald head, grizzled beard, and a smile and twinkle over all his face, sunning himself in the rare beams which struggled down to his window; while on the opposite side might be seen the Shakspeare's Head, where Mr. Rooney—enrolled by virtue of his pamphlet among the authors of Shaksperiana—obtained for one shilling that copy of the first quarto of Hamlet, afterward purchased by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips for £120 and sold by him to the British Museum. All are gone—all from Anglesea street, some from earth. But T. remains (rival collectors shall not hear his name from me),—T., the sweet reasonableness of whose prices has cemented a friendship between him and the writer of this article. He knows all your weaknesses and gently humors them; introduces you in a casual way to his favorite tomcat, an erudite creature, but of roving propensities; slides a book into your hand, with some innocent inquiry about its title-page which engages your vanity on his behalf; tickles his trout so gently that it is a pleasure to be tickled; is never eager, or grasping, or unfair; and makes you free of a learned litter rising from the floor, which you may spend a blissful hour in shifting and sifting, washing the auriferous drifts for grains of gold. As wreckers visit the coast on stormy days, so you should time your book-hunting aright; after an auction has taken place, at which many uncatalogued bundles have been dispersed, then visit the second-hand shop, and esteem yourself fortunate if you arrive just as an unopened sack, showing by its square protrusions the outlines of octavo and duodecimo, is hauled from the doorway or flung from the bearer's back. Watch with glittering, avaricious eyes as the contents are drawn forth; among the Valpy's Grammars and Mangnall's Questions without number may gleam some fiery opal of literature, "jacinth, hard topaz, grass-green emerald"—a first edition of *Alastor* or *Epipsychidion*, or a little volume published at Paris by Augustin Courbé in 1637, containing Corneille's *Le Cid*. These you may secure in all probability for a slender sum; but in their own department—Irish history and literature—our booksellers are learned; without their friendly aid this slight sketch of Dublin might never have been written.

Turning from the quays northward and climbing a short ascent you find yourself in presence of Christ Church Cathedral. On the way you may, if you please, peep into "Hell." The story of Death and Dr. Hornbook, declares Burns,

"Is just as true as the De'il in Hell
Or Dublin city."

The Devil, majestic with horns and tail, but long since worked up into snuff boxes and other relics, stood over the arched entrance to Hell, where toys were sold and lodgings let, as the advertisement in an old journal bears witness : " To be let, furnished apartments in Hell. *N.B.*—They are well suited to a lawyer."

Christ Church, as it now stands, is a monument to the genius of the great architect, Mr. G. E. Street, and to the munificence of Mr. Roe, a Dublin merchant. A fossil reptile can be reconstructed by Owen from a single bone ; Mr. Street, from fragments of Strongbow's church of the twelfth century, with certain indications afforded by the crypt, has recreated the structure ruined or lost under an unsightly choir of two hundred years later and stucco ornaments in spurious Gothic of 1831. It is a veritable revival of the past ; and yet not absolutely complete. For when I visited Christ Church, having heard of these rare achievements, I looked to see the tall figure of St. Lawrence O'Toole, in his habit of a canon regular, bowing before the crucifix, or going forth to chant prayers in the cemetery for the souls of the faithful dead ; but he was not there. I purposed to seek some benefit for a wandering nineteenth-century spirit from the "*Baculus Jesu*"—the staff of Jesus—presented to St. Patrick by a hermit dwelling on an island in the Tuscan sea ; but I was told that it had been publicly burnt by some reforming bishop in the strifes of Henry VIII. I thought at least to live again in the hardy memories of Strongbow's days, while I stood above the effigy of his tomb ; but it seems that in the church, where the impostor Lambert Simnel was crowned, a fictitious Strongbow does duty for the real,—a mere pretender, who has been stretching his legs and raising plous hands upon his breast, for three hundred years, in order to receive the rents and dues payable under old deeds "at Strongbow's Tomb." There is always some signal oversight in the cleverness of a knave, and this rogue in stone, when he stole in Strongbow's resting-place, forgot to cover the Fitz Osbert arms upon his shield. He lay, not inappropriately I thought, in that anomalous structure, a Protestant cathedral of the thirteenth century amid the crowded lanes of Catholic Dublin, where, when I visited the church, no poor and pious wayfarers passed in to kneel in dim oratory or before secret shrine, with muttered ejaculation, and went forth into the street refreshed in spirit ; but the gaslights flared, and a surpliced choir were chaunting faint amens to faint prayers for the High Court of Parliament and the Lord Lieutenant, in the presence of three languid ladies, possibly sight-seers like myself. No : even Mr. Street's genius has not quite revived the age of faith.

Of St. Patrick's Cathedral there is only one word to say, and that was said sixty years ago, by Walter Scott, when he visited Dublin, and was fêted and followed like a king : " One thinks of nothing but Swift there ; the whole cathedral is merely his tomb."

Macaulay, indeed, took notice, like a dutiful historian, of Schomberg's tablet and the spurs of St. Ruth ; Thackeray, censor of shams, was afflicted by the tawdry old rags and gimcracks of the most illustrious order of St. Patrick, the pasteboard helmets and calico banners, and lath swords ; Scott swept all these out of sight with one touch of imagination, which lays bare the truth, and he beheld only the tomb of Swift. But the tomb of Swift must needs be Stella's

tomb, and there she lies, her bones now mingled with his. While we stand beneath Roubiliac's bust, and read that terrible inscription, "*Ubi Salva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*," we think before all else of the mournful night when, by the flare of torches under the high roof, the faithful heart of Esther Johnson was laid in the dust, and the torch-lights gleamed across to the old deanery windows, where Swift, ill in body and tortured in mind, sat in gloom. "This is the night of the funeral," he wrote, in a paper perhaps meant for no eye save his own, "the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber." And there, fingering perhaps that precious relic, "only a woman's hair," he went on to write of her softness of temper and heroic personal courage, her modesty, her learning, her gentle voice, her wit and judgment, and vivacity of heart and brain. "Night, dearest little M. D.," he had so often added as the farewell word of the diary to Stella; now with her it was night, and a cloudier night with him. And so the darkness deepened, indignation giving place to rage, and rage to imbecility, with no star aloft, but murk and despair rising thick from the unwholesome earth and throttling him in their shadowy coils.

A visit to the tomb of Swift will make the traveller disinclined to admire the brick magnificence of Dublin Castle. To tell of the persons and events connected with the Castle in elder days, when it was an Anglo-Norman or Anglo-Irish fortress would need a volume, and the volume would contain strange and tragic records, splendors and gloom, secrets dark and cruel with touches of comedy entwining the long historical drama.

To a rightly constituted mind no part of Dublin Castle is quite so awful to contemplate as a room in the Bermingham Tower, which contains, in vast folio volumes, the pedigrees, deduced from Adam, of all persons capable of being regarded as sons of somebody. Amid these wizard tomes sits the enchanter king-at-arms, guarded by his wyverns, gryphons, unicorns, cockatrices and other "animals phantasticall," terrible creatures to the rabble rout, but which couch or rise, turn the head regardant or extend the paw, display or indorse their wings, at Merlin's beck, tamer than villatic fowl. A Saracen and a wild man answer his bell, and fetch the tinctures employed in his necromantic art.

It is impossible here to gossip through all the streets and squares of Dublin. The history of the old theatres—a brilliant history it was—must be left unrecorded, nor can space be found for more than a mere mention of the spot where Sarah Curran waved her last adieu to Robert Emmet and of the Four Courts, in which all the jokes and good stories flying about the world are supposed to have had their origin, and Merrion Square, with its countless doctors' hall-door plates. To the "Phaynix" Park a jarvey will be the best cicerone; one is glad not to blot one's brain with the nightmare of the Wellington monument, and more earnestly are our thoughts averted from a deadlier horror of blood on the great avenue of the Park.

But to write of Dublin and omit to tell of Donnybrook Fair and its humours would be as if a traveller were to describe the Rome of 20 years ago and forget to mention the Carnival.

The fair has long ceased to glorify the month of June, and Donnybrook is only an uncomely village on the skirts of Dublin ; but the fields of revelry and riot, near which the Dodder ripples past, reflecting giant burdock leaves, may still be seen. Through the mirthful eyes of Jonah Barrington we can see the fair itself unshorn of its splendors. Here are tents formed of long wattles in two rows, inclined together at the top ; over which for covering are spread patchwork quilts, winnowing-sheets, rugs, blankets, old petticoats, secured by ropes of hay. A broom-head or well-worn brush, a watchman's discarded lantern, surmounted by variegated rags torn to ribbons, serve the purpose of the tavern's ivy-bush ; a rusty saucepan or old pot signifies that eating as well as drinking may be had. Down the middle what a day since had been doors and now are tables rest on mounds of clay, and benches, swaying under the sitters when their equilibrium becomes uncertain, run along supported in like manner. "When the liquor got the mastery of one convivial fellow," says Sir Jonah, "he would fall off, and the whole row generally followed his example ; perhaps ten or even twenty shillelagh boys were seen on their backs, kicking up their heels, some able to get up again, some lying quiet and easy, singing, roaring, laughing, or cursing ; while others still on their legs were drinking and dancing and setting the whole tent in motion, till all began to long for open air, and a little wrestling, leaping, cudgeling, or fighting upon the green grass. The tent was then cleared out and prepared for a new company." A delightful aroma, in itself nourishing, filled the June air—mingled turf, whisky, steaming potatoes, Dublin Bay Herrings, salt beef, and cabbage. At dusk a dozen fiddlers and pipers would strike up and a row of perhaps a hundred couple work away at their jig-steps, "till they actually fell off breathless." Matrons would bring the "childer" to this paradise of cakes and simple toys, and these infantine revellers would assist musicians with pop-gun and drum and whistle. Under the summer moon young men and maidens would utter their vows and fix the day for going before Father Kearny, who declared that "more marriages were celebrated in Dublin the week after Donnybrook Fair than in any two months during the rest of the year." As to the fighting at the fair, it was for the most part void of malice and good-humored. Horses cannot be bought and sold without differences of opinion between buyer and seller ; the shillelagh was at hand as a graceful arbiter of disputes. It is a vulgar error to suppose that practice with the national weapon is a brutal brandishing and whacking ; it is rather a game of skill ; and if a head was now and again laid open, this was quite in a friendly way, and what are heads for if not occasionally to be cracked in a worthy cause ? Do not, however, honest John Bull, excellent Brother Jonathan, run away with the notion that Donnybrook Fair represents in miniature the whole of Irish life. Believe that ours is the same human nature as your own, with a difference. Perhaps you are not always sane and sober any more than we. Placed as we are between you, we want to hold hands with both, and dream of the day—far distant still—when we shall be as a link to bind together the kindred democracies of England and America.

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DECEMBER, 1884.

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ENGLISHMEN AND FOREIGNERS.—The publication of that sprightly and most amusing work, *John Bull et son Ile*, and of the ponderous rejoinder thereto, "John Bull's Neighbour in her True Light," has given an impetus to speculations upon race peculiarities and national differences. The writer of this article deals with a few idiosyncrasies of his neighbour's from the Englishman's point of view; his touch is much lighter than that of the author of "John Bull's Neighbour" and he has a clear view of some of John Bull's own peculiarities.

There has always been in the minds of those who have amused themselves with speculating upon the ultimate destiny of mankind a dim belief that a good time is coming, when wars shall cease, distinctions of race fade away, frontiers be abolished, and all nations, kindreds, and languages be united in the great family of humanity, ruled by "the Parliament of Man the Federation of the World." I should not care to be the president of that assembly. But indeed there seems little likelihood that the Millennium will begin yet awhile, or that we, as Englishmen, shall have any immediate cause to regret our geographical position. As matters stand at present, isolation has its obvious advantages, and, judging by analogy, we should neither feel more friendly towards our neighbours nor understand them better if we could shake hands with them across an imaginary line, instead of bowing politely to them from the other side of the waves which Britannia rules.

Comprendre c'est pardonner. Perhaps so; but we are a very long way from understanding one another as yet. The simple beauty of Free Trade is not universally recognized; standing armies have increased; potential armies include whole nations, and ingenious persons continue to busy themselves in devising machines for the wiping out of the largest possible number of their fellow creatures in the smallest possible space of time. In short it may safely be prophesied that the dawn of universal peace will be deferred until there shall be a common consent to keep the ninth commandment,

which is as much as to say that we shall none of us live to see the Greek Kalends. But we are progressing towards the goal, some sanguine people affirm.

The movement of the earth, which is spinning through space at the rate of over a thousand miles a minute, is imperceptible to the atoms who crawl upon its surface ; the movements of society are hardly to be detected by its component parts, which vanish and are replaced continually. What we do know is that we ourselves are bustling about much more frequently and rapidly than our forefathers did. We have all become more or less of rolling stones ; and the moss of ignorance and prejudice is being rubbed off us day by day. It seems natural to assume that this must be so ; but, as a matter of fact, is it so ? Do Mr. Cook's excursionists obtain the smallest insight into the habits and character of Continental nations ? And do the more ambitious ladies and gentlemen who would scorn to be "personally conducted" anywhere, and who hastily survey mankind from China to Peru every year, bring back with them any notion of what a Chinaman or a Peruvian is like beyond such as might have been gathered from photographs purchased in Regent Street ? Steam power has enabled us to see many races of men, but it has made it infinitely more difficult for us to know them. There is, or there formerly was, in use among the Genevise a queer kind of carriage, surrounded on three sides by leathern curtains, in which the occupant sits as in a waggonette, contemplating only that portion of the landscape which directly faces him ; and it is narrated that an Englishman once hired one of these conveyances, and, after making the complete circuit of Lake Lemán, inquired innocently where it was. The modern English traveller labours under a somewhat similar disadvantage. He spends his holidays abroad ; he rubs elbows with the natives in the streets ; he gazes at the outside of their houses and at their closed doors ; but he has his back turned to them, as it were, the whole time ; he is among them, but he is not of them. They are not interested in him, nor is he ambitious of making their acquaintance. It is not upon them that he depends for society. When his doctor orders him to go south for the winter he has no change to dread or hope for, except a change of scene and climate. Wherever he may go he will be tolerably sure to find a more than sufficient assemblage of his fellow-countrymen, an English club, a rubber of whist in the afternoon if he wishes for it, lawn-tennis grounds innumerable, possibly even a pack of hounds ; and he will be invited to dinners and balls, at which he may perchance from time to time meet a stray foreigner or two, just as he might in London.

With this state of things the generality of us are very well contented.

We no longer think, as Lord Chesterfield did, that "it is of much more consequence to know the *mores multorum hominum* than the *urbes* ;" and the instructions issued by that shrewd old gentleman to his son, when the latter was completing his education in foreign parts, are simply amazing to fathers who live in the latter part of the nineteenth century. "I hope," says he, "that you will employ the evenings in the best company in Rome. Go to whatever assemblies or *spectacles* people of fashion go to. Endeavour to outshine those who shine there the most ; get the *garbo*, the *gentilezza*, the

leggiadria of the Italians. . . . Of all things I beg of you not to herd with your countrymen, but to be always either with the Romans or with the foreign ministers residing at Rome," and so forth. Fancy advising a young man of the present day to "get the *garbo* of the Italians," and imagining that he would, or could, do any such thing !

Lord Chesterfield, no doubt, was able to procure admission for his son into "the best company" at Rome and elsewhere ; but in the præ-railway era most European capitals were very hospitably disposed towards persons of less distinction. Provided that these were decent sort of folks, and that they were received by their ministers, no further questions were asked, and every facility was afforded them for acquiring the *garbo* of the Italians and whatever other distinctive attributes the French or Germans may have been supposed to possess. It is probable that they did not take much advantage of these opportunities, for the English are not naturally imitative ; but at all events they learnt something about the manners and customs of their entertainers. Most of us have seen letters written by our grandfathers—possibly even by our fathers—which testify, with that old-fashioned fulness of style which cheap postage has killed, what a much more amusing experience travel was then than it is now. The writers had all kinds of small adventures, incidents, and impressions to recount ; they jogged leisurely along the highroads of Europe in their heavy travelling carriages, keeping their eyes open as they went ; when they reached a famous city they did not set to work to calculate in how few days the sights of that city could be seen and done with, but hired for themselves a house or an *appartement*, prepared for a long stay, and presented their letters of introduction. Of course they were in a small minority. Half a century ago it was not everybody who had time enough or money enough to leave home for an indefinite period. But, as far as the promotion of universal brotherhood is concerned, the knowledge of the few may perhaps be as useful as the superficial familiarity of the many.

As a means to the above end increased facility of locomotion seems to have failed. Some time-honoured superstitions have, it is true, been swept away thereby ; we no longer imagine that frogs form the staple article of a Frenchman's diet, while the French, on their side, do not now accuse us of selling our wives at Smithfield,* although their belief that we prefer raw to cooked meat appears to be ineradicable. Yet there are very few Englishmen who can be said to be at home in French society, or to be able to follow the drift of French opinion.

This last, it must be confessed, is not an easy feat, and indeed can hardly be accomplished by anything short of a prolonged residence in the country. Foreigners naturally form their opinion of a nation as much from reading as from personal observation, and probably there is no people so ill represented by its press as the French. Any one who should read for a year the "Times," the "Daily News," the "Standard," and "Punch," to say nothing of the weekly reviews, would be able, at the end of that time, to pronounce a fairly accurate judgment upon English politics and English habits of thought. Can it be

* But "*dans la basse classe, son mar's la joue pour dix schellings, pour une demi-couronne, pour une consommation.*"—John Bull et son Ile, p. 107.

supposed that, after a twelvemonth's patient study of the "Journal des Débats," the "République Française," the "Figaro," and the "Vie Parisienne," the inquiring stranger would be in an equally favourable position as regards our neighbours across the water? English novels, again, may be said to mirror English life faithfully, upon the whole, but if a man should base his estimate of French society upon a study of the best French novelists he would arrive at a conclusion almost grotesquely unlike the truth.

For the French novelist, for all his so-called realism, takes neither his characters nor his scenes from everyday life, his contention being that, were he to do so, he would produce a work so insufferably dull that no one would buy it. Writing, not as we do *virginibus puerisque*, but for readers who like the dots to be placed upon the i's, he sets before them a succession of pictures from the life, drawn often with great power and insight into human nature, nearly always with scrupulous exactitude of detail, and asserts—what cannot be denied—that they are true pictures. It is a pity that they are usually unpleasant pictures, and that they are liable to be misinterpreted by readers who adopt the too common course of arguing from the particular to the general. There is no occasion to dispute the accuracy of the scenes portrayed in such books as "Le Nabab" or "Les Rois' en Exil," or to doubt that the author could, if he chose, point to the living or dead originals of his chief characters and declare that he has maligned none of them; but when we find him, year after year, dwelling and insisting upon what is most ignoble in his fellow-creatures, we are surely entitled to accuse him of a *suppressio veri* and a *suggestio falsi*. With the single exception of "Tartarin de Tarascon," which is a burlesque, I do not remember one of M. Daudet's books, from "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné" down to "Sapho," his last and infinitely his worst production, which does not leave behind it a profound impression of sadness. "C'est la faute de la vie, pui dicte," he said once, in answer to this reproach, as though life had but one side, or as though the literal truthfulness of a photograph conveyed all that there is to be seen in a landscape. But indeed some people, as we know, have the misfortune to be colour-blind, and to them, no doubt, the outlines of the world must seem to be filled in rather with shade than with light. One may pay a willing homage to M. Daudet's genius and yet suspect that life, if he had chosen to listen, might have dictated to him different stories from those which he has published, and one may question whether his sons will be much the better for reading "Sapho" "even quand ils auront vingt ans."

But the subject of French fiction, its tendencies and influences, is too long a one to be more than glanced at in a Magazine article. The wit, the brilliancy, the charm of style of About, Octave Feuillet, Cherbuliez, Jules Clarétie and others of less repute, are familiar to most educated men. Not all of them are such pessimists as M. Daudet; yet those who know what *ordinary* French life is will find only a faint reflection of it in the novels of the above-named writers, unless it be here and there in the pages of M. About.

It is always best to avoid making statements which, from their very nature, are not susceptible of proof; but, after associating pretty constantly with French people for a matter of twenty years, I will take upon me to say that I doubt very much whether the marriage-vow is broken more frequently

in France than elsewhere. That weary old tale of conjugal infidelity, which appears to be as essential to the French novelist as the more legitimate love affair and marriage at the end of the third volume are to his British confrere, might, I believe, be told with as much or as little truth of other countries. There is an old story of an artist who sent a sketch of some Indian scene to one of the illustrated papers, and afterwards complained that it had been tampered with before publication, a group of palms having been introduced into the background, whereas those trees were unknown in the region which he had depicted. "That is very possible, Mr.—," replied the editor; "but let me tell you that the public expects palms in an Oriental landscape, and *will have them.*" Not being a publisher, I am not in a position to affirm that the French public expects, and will have, a breach of the seventh commandment in its novels; but there is every reason to infer that such is the opinion of French authors.

Of course it may be urged that, in literature as in forms of government, people commonly get what they deserve, and that a public which demands the kind of nutriment alluded to must be an unhealthy and immoral sort of public. It should, however, be borne in mind that there is a much larger portion of the French than of the English public which never reads novels at all.

Whether the immense sale commanded by such works as "*L'Assommoir*" and "*Nana*" is or is not a sign of national decadence is a question which will not be too hastily answered by any one who remembers the various phases through which literature has passed in other lands, but none need hesitate to say that the effect produced by them upon outside opinion of France and the French has been eminently unfavourable. It is not with impunity that a nation can delight, or seem to delight, in the contemplation of foulness. France, "*ce pays de gens aimables, doux, honnêtes, droits, gais, superficiels, pleins de bon cœur,*" to quote M. Renan, who knows his countrymen well and does not always flatter them, is becoming more and more regarded as a sink of iniquity, and those who watch the development of her manners, as illustrated by some of her most popular novelists, are beginning to ask themselves whether any good can come out of Nazareth. In England more especially this feeling is gaining ground. If we are little, or not at all, better acquainted with the French people than we were fifty years ago, we are a good deal better acquainted with the French language. We read all the new French books, particularly the new French novels (sometimes we have to keep them under lock and key and peruse them stealthily after the other members of the family have gone to bed), and it is hardly surprising that we should take our neighbours at what appears to be their own valuation. Englishmen, sober, reticent—a trifle Pharisaical, it may be—cannot pardon writers who take pleasure in stripping poor human nature of its last shred of dignity and exhibiting it to the world under its most revolting aspects. These things are true, the naturalistic school of novel writers say. What then? we may return. Most people know that hideous forms of vice exist; but most people think it is safer and wiser not to talk about them. As for those who do not know, for what conceivable reason should they be told? And so the Englishman, when he takes his walks through the streets of Paris, feels that he would just as soon have nothing to do with the unclean persons who, as he presumes, inhabit that city.

The truth is that there has never been any real sympathy between these two nations, so nearly united in geographical position and by some political ties and so widely separated in all other respects. Perhaps the one and only point of resemblance is the common inability of both peoples to adapt themselves to any ways that are not precisely their ways.

A Frenchman, wherever he goes, is always a Frenchman, and an Englishman is always an Englishman. In this particular the Americans have the advantage of us. With their keenness of observation, their restless curiosity, their desire to pick out and appropriate whatever seems to them best in foreign lands, the Americans have fewer prejudices and fewer antipathies than we who live in the Old World. Their extreme sensitiveness does not often take the form of self-consciousness; they readily pick up the tone of the society that they frequent; and, although they are not as a rule first-rate linguists, they soon acquire enough knowledge of a language to enable them to converse easily with the inhabitants of the country in which they are sojourning. Moreover, they are less prone than we are to save themselves trouble by accepting other people's views, and, whatever their opinion may be worth, are generally able at least to give grounds for holding it.

In the case of our kinsmen across the Atlantic we have of late years unquestionably made a great advance towards mutual understanding, and, it may be added, friendship. Possibly we are none the worse friends for having disliked one another very cordially not so long ago. There is a prevalent impression in England that the quarrel was one-sided, that the Americans were irritated (excusably perhaps) by our recognition of the Confederate States as belligerents, as well as by the general sympathy that was felt for the Southern cause, and that we really never said half such unpleasant things about them as they did about us.

But if they expressed their aversion more loudly than we did it is not so certain that ours was any less deep; and in our present liberal and enlightened mood we can afford to admit that most of us had but a poor opinion of our cousins, from a social point of view, twenty years back. I happened, towards the close of the civil war, to be in a German city much frequented both by English and Americans, who could hardly be induced to speak to one another. The British chaplain of the place—remembering, I suppose, that the Americans who attended his services contributed something towards the defrayal of the expenses connected therewith—took it into his head one Sunday to pray for the President of the United States, a custom which has since become universal among mixed congregations on the Continent. In those days it was an innovation, and an English gentleman who was present marked his disapproval of it by thumping his stick on the floor and saying aloud, "I thought this was an English church!" after which he picked up his hat and walked out. It is only fair to his compatriots to add that in the very pretty quarrel which ensued they declined to support him; but I doubt whether it was so much with his sentiments that they were displeased as with his disregard for religious pro-

priety. How the affair ended I do not know. Let us hope that bloodshed was averted, and that the irate Briton was brought to see that there could be no great harm in paying the same compliment to the President of the United States as we are accustomed to pay to Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. Squabbles of this kind are, happily, now rare. The "Alabama" claims were settled long ago; Americans in large numbers visit our shores every year, and are to be met with pretty frequently in London society, where they are kind enough to say that they have a lovely time; some are almost domiciled among us, and have recorded in print their intimate acquaintance with our mode of life in London and in the country. Perhaps their criticisms were a trifle too subtle for us just at first, but now that the subtlety has been discovered and proclaimed we quite delight in it. We, for our parts, think no more of crossing the Atlantic than we used to think of crossing the Channel; we partake of the boundless hospitality that awaits us on the other side, and do not fail to let our entertainers know how pleased we are with them before we re-embark. We used to add a kindly expression of surprise at finding them so agreeable, but we don't do this any more now. If the perennial interchange of civilities is sometimes broken by a stage aside we pretend not to hear it, and it may safely be asserted that we have as much real affection for one another as commonly subsists between collaterals. That, of course, is saying no more than that we shall probably continue to be friends until a cause for dispute arises; but more than this cannot, surely, be said of any two nations upon the earth's surface, and fortunately there is little prospect of a difference between England and America which may not be peaceably settled.

Since the war of 1870 the eyes of Englishmen have been turned towards Germany with the interest and admiration which success must ever command.

Our military system has been remodelled upon the German system; we have crowned our soldiers with a helmet somewhat resembling the *Pickelhaube*, which is, I believe, found to be quite as inconvenient as that celebrated head gear, and which is certainly several degrees more unsightly. Also we have a high respect for Prince Bismarck, considering him as the greatest statesman of the age, and drinking in eagerly the reports of his utterances vouchsafed to us by Dr. Busch and others. I have not, however, observed as yet any sign that we—as represented by our Government—are inclined to display flattery in its sincerest form by adopting the Chancellor's decisive method of dealing with any little difficulties that may arise.

In point of consanguinity the people whom Prince Bismarck has succeeded in uniting into a nation are not a long way removed from us; in times past they have frequently been our allies; they have, moreover, given us our reigning dynasty. Perhaps, upon the whole, we get on better with them than with any other Continental race. Many English families repair to Germany for educational purposes, are received at the smaller Courts, visited by the high-nobly-born *Herrschaft* with whom they are brought into contact, and thus gain some idea of German ways. It has been said that a sailor is the best of good fellows anywhere except on board his own ship,

where he is apt to become—well, not quite so good a fellow. The contrary rule would appear to apply to the German, who is a kindly pleasant person at home, but whose demeanour when abroad often leaves something to be desired.

We have all met him in Italy or Switzerland, and we are all aware that his manners, like Mr. Pumblechook's, "is given to blustering." We have all suffered from the loud, harsh voice with which Nature has afflicted him, as well as from his deep distrust of fresh air and his unceremonious method of making his way to the front at railway stations. But in their own country the Germans show to much greater advantage. They are well-disposed towards strangers; not a few of them have the sporting proclivities which are a passport to the British heart; they are easily pleased, and are, in the main, amiable, unassuming people. It is much to their credit that their sober heads were never turned by victories which would assuredly have sent a neighbouring nation half crazy. Of course there are Germans and Germans, and the inhabitants of the State which holds the chief rank in the Empire have never been renowned for prepossessing manners or for an excess of modesty. Even they, however, have a good deal of the innocent unsuspiciousness which is one of the charms of the Teutonic character. Not long ago I chanced to be speaking to a Prussian gentleman about the ill-feeling which existed at that time between his country and Russia, and which seemed likely enough to culminate in an outbreak of hostilities. He assured me that the ill-feeling was entirely on the Russian side.

"We have nothing against them," he declared, "and we want nothing from them; but they are angry with us, and that is easily explained. They cannot get on without us; they are obliged to employ our people everywhere instead of their own, and they are furious because they have to acknowledge the superiority of the German intellect."

I remarked that the superiority of the German intellect was manifest; whereupon he shrugged his shoulders quickly, and snorted in the well-known Prussian fashion, as who should say, "Could any one be such a fool as to doubt it?"

I went on to observe that in philosophy, science, and music Germany led mankind. He agreed with me, and added, "Also in the art of war."

"The Germans," I proceeded, "are the best educated people in the world;" and he replied, "No doubt."

"And they are the pleasantest company."

"Certainly," answered he, "that is so."

"And what adds so much to the attractiveness of their conversation," I continued, "is their delicate wit and keen perception of irony."

I confess that after I had made this outrageous speech I shook in my shoes and looked down at my plate. I ought never to have said it, and indeed I would not have said it if he had not led me on until it became irresistible. But there was no occasion for alarm. When I raised my eyes to my neighbour's face I found it irradiated with smiles. He laid his hand on my arm quite affectionately.

"What you say is perfectly true," he cried; "but do you know you are the very first stranger I have ever met who has had the sense to discover it?"

And then he explained to me that the Germans were absurdly considered by Frenchmen and other superficial observers to be a rather dull-witted and heavy race.

Is it possible for any one with a sense of humour in him to help liking a nation so happily self-complacent?

The Prussians are said to be arrogant and overbearing; but I don't think they are so, unless they are rubbed the wrong way; and what pleasure is there in rubbing people the wrong way? When Victor Hugo announces that France is supreme among nations, when he invites us to worship the light that emanates from the holy city of Paris, and hints that we might do well to worship also the proclaimer of that light, we are half shocked and half incredulous. The bombast seems too exaggerated to be sincere; it has the air of challenging and expecting contradiction. We find it impossible to believe that any sane man can really mean much of what this great poet tells us that he means. French vanity—and Victor Hugo, whether at his highest or at his lowest, is always essentially French—is not amusing. It is the kind of vanity which is painful to witness, and which cannot but be degrading to those who allow themselves to give way to it. But in the placid North German self-approval there is a childlike element, which is not unpleasing nor even wholly undignified. It may provoke a smile; but the smile is a friendly one. These excellent stout professors and bearded warriors who are so thoroughly pleased with themselves, and who never suspect that anybody can be laughing at them, command our sympathies—perhaps because John Bull himself is not quite a stranger to the sensations that they experience.

Yet, when all is said and done, John Bull remains John Bull. German philosophy, French wit, American 'cuteness, the "*garbo* of the Italians"—these things are not for him, nor is he specially desirous of assimilating them. He is as God made him, and has an impression that worse types have been created.

At the bottom of his heart—though he no longer speaks it out as freely as of yore—there still lurks the old contempt for "foreigners." As I have already made so bold as to say, I do not think that the hustle and bustle of the present age have brought him any clearer comprehension of these foreigners than his forefathers possessed, or that the advent of the universal republic has been at all hastened by the rise of democracy and the triumph of steam. Certainly all men are human, and all dogs are dogs; but you will not convert a bulldog into a setter by taking him out shooting, nor a mastiff into a spaniel by keeping them in one kennel. It is doubtless well that those who own a large number of dogs should encourage familiarity among them, and restrain them from delighting to bark and bite, and it might also be a good thing to induce them, if possible, to recognise each other's respective utilities. But they never do recognise these. On the contrary, they contemplate one another's performances with the deepest disdain, and if we could see into the workings of their canine minds we should very likely discover that each is perfectly satisfied with himself, and as convinced that his breed is superior to all others as Victor Hugo is that Paris is the light of the world.

Recent inventions have dealt some heavy blows at time and space, but have not as yet done much towards abolishing national distinctions of character. One result of them, as melancholy as it is inevitable, is the slow vanishing of the picturesque. The period of general dead-level has set in ; old customs have fallen into abeyance and old costumes are being laid aside. The "Ranz des Vaches" no longer echoes among the Swiss mountains ; the Spanish *sombrero* has been discarded in favour of a chimney-pot hat ; the Hungarian nobles reserve their magnificent frippery for rare state occasions, and the black coat, deemed so significant a sign of the times by Alfred de Musset, is everywhere replacing the gay clothing of a less material era. But, for all that, mastiffs are mastiffs and spaniels, spaniels. Democracy claims to be cosmopolitan : perhaps some of us may live long enough to see what the boast is worth. If it be permitted to ground a prophecy upon the lessons of history, we may say that co-operation is possible only so long as interests are identical, and that the mainspring of all human collective action is, and will be, nothing more nor less than that selfishness which, as Lord Beaconsfield once told us, is another word for patriotism. •

FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, *December* 1884.

THE Chinese have France in a *cul de sac*. Now that the big debate is terminated respecting Tonquin, the solution is not by any means nearer. It is M. Ferry's blundering and obstinacy which have placed the country in its present situation, and his majority have voted him 63 millions to continue that programme. It is now clearly established that the Chinese were not responsible for the affair at Langsen, and all the trouble has arisen from M. Ferry's rashly demanding 250 millions for a fault committed by himself and his agents. The real secret of the matter is this: M. Ferry represents the majority, not of the country, but a rather arbitrary majority, of some 100 in the Chamber; these Mamelukes look forward by keeping him in office to be returned at the General Elections next year, and if so, they would plump for M. Ferry's inheriting the Grevy succession. The reprisals in Tonquin and Formosa are viewed as mere waste of life and money. If China is to be reached in a vital part, the French must march on Tonquin.

The financial situation is bad; nothing more has been done but to change the dressing of the ulcer in order to keep its repulsiveness concealed till after the General Elections; and then the account will be squared by adding another milliard to the national debt.

Respecting Egypt, the Anglophobists wait for England's new propositions. These even will not make much difference, as, owing to the English ministry's want of decision and pluck, the French have got themselves to believe they have still, not an equal, but a better right than she, to occupy Pharaoh land. They conquered it in 1798, and held it till expelled by the English in 1801.

The Colonial Conference does not attract marked attention. France is cured of her craze for colonial expansion; the French are coming round to gather their forces together at home, to watch Alsace, and to avoid Bismarck as much as possible.

The close of the year is always devoted more to the gift book

class of literature, than to important works. Every University Professor feels it an auspicious moment to publish some classic, with his annotations. It is following an old usage, and has the advantage besides of enabling the writer to live. And very many invaluable notes have been thus published. This custom has greatly fallen into desuetude, since professors prefer sending contributions to newspapers and periodicals; if the returns are not so quick, the profits may be greater. And the contributor has beside this chance: he may, in adopting a special line of study, even of politics, "strike ile." If he go deeply into patriotic subjects, tingling his ink with a little Chauvinism, he can even aspire to become a Member of Parliament, gain 20 fr. per day certain, during four years, with the right to free travel over all the railways of France. Professor Fabre is a typical example: he has farmed Jeanne d'Arc, demands her secular canonization, and that a day be set apart in the calendar to mark her anniversary. Renan, the purest of pure *littérateurs*, who lives solely by his pen, does not make one-sixth of the income that a *romancier* earns in the feuilleton of a popular journal, by working up the imaginary fortunes of an ideal hero, who passes through all the escapades of successful swindling—may-be crime, and never encounters a policeman to remind him of the Penal Code, or to suggest reflections on the Decalogue.

Attention is being directed to what is described as the decadence or the corruption of the French language, by writers who aim at effect. Strange as it may seem, two individuals seated at the same table—editors for instance—will employ words and phrases as differently, relatively, as if they were not both of them French, but one English and the other a Gaul. There is a tendency to make of language a perfected instrument, able to interpret the complexities, the *nervosités* and the thousand shades of actual life. One prepares a vocabulary as an artist his palette. The writer commences with some phrase, to catch the groundlings, that sounds as a gong, or frightens like Ziska's drum. The attention of the readers captivated, a kind of metaphorical ring is formed round the writer, recalling an assemblage of negroes about the unpacking of a case of coloured glass beads. For the new, the beautiful epithet is rare.

To strike off the beautiful epithet, to manufacture the *mot*—all the art and the effect is there. By this the master-hand is recognised. Let the epithet but sound well, let the rhyme or jingle but vibrate justly, and the summit of art is attained. This is not unlike the Greek, who believed he surpassed Apollo, by merely using a golden lyre; or the painter who concluded he could emulate the

artist David, by employing a big brush. The aim of a popular writer is to have a piano of a louder key, though not of a sweeter tone ; to possess a repertory of more variable words, and to be independent of the French Academy and all editions of its dictionary, past, present, or—more impossible—to come.

There is another school, and a very numerous one that protests against this adulteration of the well of French undefiled. They groan over the corruption already rampant : they cry from the house-tops that were the men of the seventeenth century to revisit the glimpses of the moon, they would not be able to recognize their once mother tongue. This is the other extreme. As an epoch has its peculiar ideas so must it have its special words to express them. Hence, language oscillates as the sea ; it deserts one coast line of thought to invade another. And as these seas recede they leave behind the wreckage both of ideas and words. The physiognomy of language is too mobile to permit of being petrified, or eternally imprisoned in any formal idiom. To decree the fixation of language is synonymous with death.

And no one more than Victor Hugo has contributed to the manufacture of French. He coins words, as kings money : he profitably melts down the uncurrent money, and strikes the metal with a new image and superscription. A generation has lived on the language fabricated by Victor Hugo, but the fact is, the poet has not created ten new words ; there are very few neologisms in all his *bagage littéraire*.

Theophile Gautier said that all necessary words are in the dictionary ; and the reading of the latter was that eminent art critic's favourite study and recreation. Strange to say, he was accused of high treason in the matter of neologisms, and yet he did nothing but ransack the national dictionary. He knew that repertory better than his readers—there lay the justification of his misdemeanor. From 1835, the period of the Romantic School, up to 1870, Hugo, Nodding, and de Sacy moulded the French tongue. But since fourteen years ago a new epoch has sprung into existence : new passions have surged, new wants have been created, new sentiments stimulate, new pre-occupations dominate. We now demand stronger shades rather than new colours ; more variety than species. To illustrate the extremes, read Mercier, Hugo, and Zola. The last is credited with having invented the word *naturalism*. Not a bit of it ; Mercier quotes it from Montaigne. He has, it may be said, given us *impressionist* and many other words in current use. The author of the *Tableau de Paris* sought to enrich his native language without

deforming it ; to weld existing words to fresh usés. He never created *argot*, or locutions only embodying imbecility or marking the absence of all common sense. Is there anything but idiotcy in such words as *Pschutt*, which has for parent, the young Duc de Morny, the competitor of *ballerines*, or of *Vilan* ? But the first *rustaquonère* from Brazil or elsewhere, if he launches a slang word can claim to pass for a wit. Happily, as La Bruyère observes, these adventurer words, which appear suddenly, endure but a season and then are seen no more.

If the history of a nation can be written from its ballads—and Macaulay studied such materials—assuredly the same can be effected from its *Posters*. The bill-sticker acts history. Puffs and Posters would make an excellent volume, if we commenced, not with the *Pekin Gazette*, but only with the Greeks and Romans. True, the latter did a good deal of advertising on whitewashed walls, in coloured painting, as is common among moderns, but there were many manuscript bills pasted against shop windows to make known the contents of a shop. To-day, the poster is as much a necessity for industrial, commercial, and general life, as railways and telegraphs.

M. Dessolliers has a complete collection of all the *illustrated* posters struck off in France since 1830. A Belgian has a collection of all the theatrical bills which have appeared since 1800, and M. Meyerbeer, brother of the composer, has nearly the same. Then there are curious tastes in the matter : some collect only political bills, others commercial, &c. M. Dessolliers gives his attention only to illustrated placards : he has collected upwards of 10,000, all methodically arranged, and forming several large volumes ; they are classed chronologically and according to subjects. He has a special division for all relating to Napoleon and Napoleonic literature. He cherishes some of these illustrations as if they were a Rubens, a Van Dyck, or a Watteau. He has one bill over six feet high, by Meissonier, when this artist in his up-hill days, painted by the yard for export picture-sellers, as incipient Meissoniers to-day work at 2fr. the hour, like teachers of languages. Meissonier drew the sketch in question for the preface to Gavarni's *Diabîle à Paris*. The illustrated posters for book announcements are the most curious, and in point of design, are really artistic. *Paul et Virginie* and the *Mystères de Paris* are rich. Among celebrities who have tried their prentice hands at illustrated posters figure Gavarni, Gustave Doré, Bertall, Comte de Noë (Cham), Carpeaux Manet, and Gill.

La Bruyère observed of the collectors of curios, that it is a passion often so violent, that it is only secondary to love and ambition in the pettiness of its object.

M. Lépine, a distinguished architect, has the largest collection of political bills and commercial posters; he has a kind of "gallery" devoted to them. He has some bills dating as far back as 1594; his collections relating to the reigns of Louis XVI and the Revolution of 1848 are very rich. M. Lépine avows that when he commenced to collect he was very young and a student: he followed the bill-sticker, and when the latter had left for fresh woods and pastures new, Lépine tore down, like a chiffonnier, the treasure wet with paste.

It is a most lucrative profession that of designer of illustrated posters: there are about ten very distinguished men in this line, whose services are in demand from every part of the world: the prince of designers however is, M. Chéret, who came to Paris in 1866, from London. He prints also his own designs. There are at present 200 bill-stickers in Paris, of which some 150 are employed by the advertising companies. In 1722, their number was but 40—corresponding to the total of the "Immortals" of the Academy. Posting bills was subjected to the Press Laws till 1881: now the "profession" is free: no preliminary authorization is necessary, beyond the deposit of a copy of the bill, and the obligation not to employ white paper, that colour being reserved, not for the *Legitimistes*, but for the powers that be.

Literature has to deplore a great loss in the death of Paul Lacroix, better known under his *nom de plume*, *Bibliophile Jacob*. He died full of years—82, and full of honours. His brother, Jules, is perhaps the best Shakespearian scholar in France, and Guizot's son, Guillaume, promises to follow in his footsteps. Paul Lacroix was a bookworm in the best sense of the word; an indefatigable worker and seeker, but withal social, witty, and gay. He was devoted to his profession, and never happier than when among those great dead—invaluable books. He was Librarian of the Arsenal, the most important public library in Paris after the National. Indeed I have frequently succeeded in finding works there, that the latter wanted. Seneca counsels us to devote always more eulogiums to the life of a departed than tears to his demise. Lacroix was a philosopher; the grand secret of life, he often repeated, was to extract the utmost possible out of every one of its stages through which we pass—to gather the flowers as well as the fruit in their due season. He must have ever been occupied gather-

ing fruit. He was as polite as a Boufflers, and as courteous and kind as a Bernardin de Saint Pierre. His vast experience was at the disposal of all. He loved to share the treasures of his mind, and to encourage the young worker. Did you require a rare volume? Instead of ringing for an assistant, he would go and obtain it himself. I think he could find in the vast Library any volume even in the dark. He commenced at an early hour to write for the theatre, but his *chroniques* first fixed attention on him. He was only 23 when he composed his imaginary *Soirées de Sir Walter Scott à Paris*, and continued writing as an octogenarian—up to a few weeks before his death. He took his pseudonym “Jacob” from Louis Jacob, an illustrious bibliographer of the seventeenth century. Romances on history, manners, and events teemed from his fertile brain. He may be said to have *romantisé* the dry bones of history, manners, and customs. From 1860, Lacroix devoted his talents to serious compilations, for which his extensive reading and profound knowledge of books made him peculiarly qualified. Some catalogues of book-sales that he drew up are veritable master-pieces of learning and research.

He was an *homme-livre* and nothing gave him greater delight than to run through the pages of a volume damp even from the printing press. Perhaps he has written, edited, prefaced, and compiled not less than 200 volumes. He was a *Moliériste* to the marrow, and has left an important collection of notes on the French Shakspeare. His conception and writing of a book were only equalled by his dogged perseverance. He rose regularly at five o'clock, and worked till eight, he then gave an hour to his toilette and his barber, for he was as *coquet* as a woman, but not finical or bizarre. He worked till late in the evening, save during hours for repast and receptions. His “den” was more like a bookseller’s back shop than a library. He was short-sighted and his microscopic writing was as great a terror for printers as Balzac’s; to set up the latter’s copy, a veritable labyrinth from corrections, no printer would voluntarily agree: the printers drew lots for the sacrifice. Lacroix, I observed, rarely took walks abroad, he never paid visits, and was only at home to working bees. His time was his all: moments for him composed years. He wanted to buy time, and gave rendezvous in the other world to friends whom leisure did not permit to exchange social intercourse in this.

L’Archipel en feu, by Jules Verne. This author, a favourite with boys especially, and children of larger growth often, here follows his general manner in that speciality of literature which it may be said he has created, and is at once amusing and instructive. The present

volume recalls not a little Edmond About's *Roi des Montagnes*, it treats of the terrible war, 1821—1829, between the Greeks and the Turks, and the war of extermination against all the pirates who during this period infested the Mediterranean, or rather the Archipelago. There is more romance in this story than in the author's previous volumes, but it is, notwithstanding, entertaining and instructive. The pirate Sacratif is as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat. In the end he pays dearly for all his horrible crimes and treasons. It is his mother who is the foil of the story—heroic, as her son is infamous.

Le Ministre Gambetta, by Joseph Reinach. The author is a Jew, a kind of political Boswell. It was a serious charge against Gambetta that he never had luck since the day he delivered himself to the Jews : that is to say, to an Israelitish financial clique. Be this as it may, M. Reinach had many opportunities for painting the inner life of Gambetta. He maintains that the latter followed a vigorous course of political logic, and left nothing to hazard. Gambetta aimed at having a strong home Government, open to all. He succumbed to that task. The present *Chambre des Deputies*, which politically annihilated Gambetta, now exalts Jules Ferry for marching in his footsteps, so capricious and illogical are majorities. Gambetta aimed at having a Republic open to all : his party decided to have a Republic—one, but indivisible only for themselves. M. Reinach's work should be read side by side with M. Amagat's estimate of Gambetta—the truth will be found between the partiality and the antipathy.

Those who are interested in what is rare, difficult, and concealed, will find in *Le Diamant*, by Messrs. Jacobs and Chatriau, with many elegant illustrations, all that relates to or that is known, up to the present moment, about the natural, chemical, industrial and commercial history of diamonds. The diamond is the paradox of nature ; it is the only stone that really merits the epithet " precious," all other stones being in this sense, it may be said, but historically so, since their chemical composition is so well known, that man has wrung the secret from nature by his power of artificially producing them. Not that the composition of the diamond is by any means a secret, no more than there is mystery about a piece of charcoal or coke. But nature has hid from us how she crystallises carbon, and even the *milieu* in which the process takes place. Diamond mines are only beds of alluvium containing the gem. Analysis of the diamond shows that it is not composed wholly of pure carbon, as in the cavities of several diamonds liquids have been found.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

FUTURE GENERATIONS will look back upon the brief Session of Parliament which came to a happy close on Saturday last as one of the most memorable in the history of the British nation.

The great measure of Reform which may be regarded, as far as its main features are concerned, as having been virtually passed when Mr. Gladstone introduced the Redistribution Bill, on the 1st instant is, in one sense, a leap in the dark. That, for good or for evil, its effect on the fortunes of the country will be immense, it is, indeed, impossible to doubt, but whether for good or for evil, the boldest may well hesitate to predict.

The extreme uncertainty that attaches even to the immediate effect of the extension of the Franchise on the relative strength of political parties may be gathered from the fact that both sides claim to have obtained a victory, and though on both sides there are extreme men who take a less optimistic view of the situation, their conflicting verdicts may fairly be considered to neutralise one another.

One thing, at least, has been conclusively demonstrated by the compromise, *viz.*, that when moderate men agree to sink their differences, extreme men are powerless to resist the course of events. Great as the power of the Radicals is shown to be by the legislation of the past twenty or thirty years, it is a power which depends entirely on the antagonism, largely artificial, between the two older parties in the State. That, amid the general satisfaction with which the country has hailed its deliverance from the turmoil and danger incident to a great constitutional struggle, angry protests should here and there be raised against the mode in which agreement has been arrived at, is, therefore, not surprising. Whatever may be the ultimate consequences of the new order of things, the immediate result of the temporary *rapprochement* between the Government and the Opposition has been a sharp shock to the hopes of those who looked to making capital out of the conflict.

It is unnecessary to re-capitulate here the details of the Redistribution scheme which have appeared in the daily papers. Its chief features are the disfranchisement of all boroughs with populations of less than 15,000; the taking away of one seat from all boroughs or counties with populations of more than 15,000 and less than 50,000, that at present possess two seats; the distribution of the seats thus set free among existing boroughs and counties, and new boroughs, in such a way as to give, as nearly as possible, one member to every 54,200 inhabitants, and the splitting up of the

larger boroughs and counties, with certain exceptions, into single-member constituencies.

Under this arrangement 104 boroughs, with 115 seats, are entirely disfranchised and merged in the counties, and thirty-seven boroughs and two counties lose one member each. The city of London also loses two members, and Macclesfield and Sandwich are disfranchised for corrupt practices, while, at the same time, an addition of twelve is made to the total strength of the House.

Of the 170 seats thus rendered available for distribution, ninety-six are given to the existing counties and seventy-four to existing boroughs, while seven new boroughs with eight seats are taken out of the House counties and included in the Metropolitan area.

By the redistribution England, as a whole, gains six, and Scotland twelve seats, while Ireland and Wales retain their present quotas.

The number of boroughs within the Metropolitan area, including the city, is increased from ten, returning twenty-two members, to thirty-seven, returning fifty-nine members, to which may be added the *quasi*-Metropolitan borough of West Ham, with two members.

Besides the new boroughs carved out of the Metropolitan area, seven are created in the provinces.

The features of the above scheme that have provoked most criticism are the division of the country into one-membered constituencies and the proposed increase in the number of the House.

Two objections, neither of them without weight, are brought against the single member system. On the one hand, it is contended that it will tend to destroy such representation of minorities as already exists, and on the other hand, it is generally felt that it is likely at once to exercise a degrading influence on the constitution of the House and to diminish the influence of the large towns, all of which are strongly opposed to it and are preparing to protest against it.

As to the increase in the number of the House, there seems to be a general consensus of opinion against it; on the other hand, it is far the easiest and least invidious way of solving the difficulty of finding additional seats for Scotland, and, though the house is admittedly too large already, it would not seem to be a matter of vital importance whether it consists of 658 or 670 members.

The final outcome of the franchise controversy has so completely transferred attention to the future, that its past history has, to a great extent, ceased to interest the general public.

The precise means by which matters were finally arranged is part of the secret politics of the period, for an authoritative account of which we must be content to wait till the principal actors in the drama have retired from public life. In the meantime it is worthy

of note that, though the Session opened with indications of a strong disposition on both sides to discover some means of reconciling Mr. Gladstone's self-esteem with the reasonable demands of the Opposition, the truce which led to an understanding was actually concluded at the moment when it was least expected.

The pacific note sounded by Sir Richard Cross during the debate of the 7th ultimo elicited but a cold response from the Government; and, though it fell on many sympathetic ears on either side, its effect was completely obliterated by the whirlwind of angry passion which raged in Committee on the following Monday, and, with still greater fury, in the House, the next day. When Lord Manners declared that the attitude of the Ministry had rendered negotiation impossible, Mr. Gladstone replied that the speech of the noble Lord had extinguished all hope of a grave constitutional crisis being averted, and the Franchise Bill was read a third time amid defiant cries from the Opposition.

When, on the following Monday, Mr. Gladstone announced the readiness of the Government, on receiving certain assurances from the Opposition, to do what he had repeatedly declared they could under no circumstances consent to do, *viz.*, either to make their Redistribution Bill the subject of friendly communications between the leaders of both Parties, or, if preferred, to introduce it cut and dried, the statement caused hardly less surprise than relief.

The surprise, and, except to the Radicals, the relief were sensibly increased when it became known not merely that the only assurance Mr. Gladstone required was an honourable engagement from the Opposition leaders that, if an agreement were arrived at, they would do their best to secure the passage of the Franchise Bill through the Lords, but that, such an arrangement having been effected, the Government pledged themselves to stand or fall by the vital features of the scheme agreed on.

It would be equally useless and ungracious to pry too closely into motives at present. It was plain from the first that, leaving out of account a small minority of extreme men who desired a constitutional crisis as a means to an ulterior end, it was mutual distrust alone that barred the way to compromise; a belief on the one side that the professions of the Opposition in favour of the extension of the suffrage were insincere, and that their real object in requiring ministers to disclose their whole scheme was to obtain a lever for defeating it; and, on the other side, a fear lest the Government, having once got a rope round the neck of the House, in the shape of the Franchise Bill, should use its advantage to force a one-sided Redistribution scheme on its acceptance.

This distrust, once removed, the road to an understanding was clear.

It is unnecessary to follow, step by step, the proceedings of the House of Lords in connexion with the Franchise Bill. The essential fact is that, in accordance with the understanding arrived at, they read it a third time on the 5th instant, the Commons having read the Redistribution Bill a second time, without a division, the previous evening, when sufficient difference of opinion was disclosed to make it probable that its details will undergo modification in more than one point in Committee.

The only other items of business of special importance that have come before Parliament during the past month are the supplementary estimates for the Soudan and Bechuanaland expeditions, and Lord Northbrook's statement regarding our naval defences and the means contemplated for strengthening them.

Of the vote of one million on account of the cost of the Soudan expedition during the current financial year, all that need be said is that it is regarded on all hands as ludicrously inadequate.

The motion was accompanied by an explanation of the reasons which had induced the Government to take action in the matter, and of their grounds for the selection of the Nile route, in preference to that by Suakim and Berber.

From what Lord Hartington said on the former head it would appear that the determination of the Government to take steps for the relief of Khartoum was due less to any change in their policy or in their view of the danger to which General Gordon was exposed, than to the unexpected facilities which the action of the Mudir of Dongola—action, it will be remembered, persisted in against the repeated orders of the Government—had created for the purpose. From his speech it might, in fact, be inferred that, so far from feeling themselves bound to offer any defence for the procrastination which has trebled the cost of the expedition and rendered its success doubtful, the Government rather considered it necessary to offer an apology for acting at all.

The only portion of Lord Hartington's statement that affords any ground for satisfaction is the announcement that Lord Wolseley is prepared, in case of necessity, to abandon the original plan of the expedition and push a force of cavalry and camelry across the desert for the relief of Khartoum.

The Opposition wisely declined to lay themselves open to the charge of obstruction by availing themselves of the opportunity afforded by the motion to attack the policy of the Government,

which, however, is pretty certain to be subjected to severe criticism next Session.

Lord Northbrook's statement shows that, while recognising the necessity of making some concession to the demands of the public supported by a strong body of professional opinion, the Government are still obstinately determined to do no more than is forced upon them and to do that in as leisurely a manner as possible.

It is admitted that the naval armaments of the country are inadequate. Yet the necessary corollary of this admission—that the deficiency should be made good with the utmost possible promptitude—is practically denied. For, instead of doing at once what is admitted to be necessary, it is proposed to defer doing any thing to another year, and then to spread over five years work which every expert knows could easily be done in three.

The return of Lord Northbrook from Egypt has been followed by the submission to the Powers of a fresh set of proposals for the re-organisation of the finances of that country.

Their main features are understood to be:—(1) a loan of five millions sterling, to be guaranteed by England for the purpose of meeting administrative charges, including the payment of the Rothschild loan and one million for irrigation works; the revenues from the Domain and Daira estates to be paid into the Bank of England, as security for the interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per-cent., which is to be a first charge on the revenues of the country. (2) The Alexandria indemnities to be paid by a fresh issue of Preference Stock, the interest on which is to remain at its present rate. (3) The interest on the unified debt to be reduced one-half per cent. (4) The interest on the Suez Canal shares held by England to be reduced one-quarter per cent. (5) The administration of the Domain and Daira estates to be made over to the Egyptian Government. (6) The Domain and Daira loans to be unified with the Preference and unified debts respectively. (7) The charge on the Egyptian revenues on account of the British army of occupation to be reduced to £120,000 per annum. (8) Any surplus revenue, after meeting the above and all administrative charges, to be applied to recouping, first, the holders of the unified debt, and, next, the British Government for the cost of the army of occupation.

Those proposals are generally believed to differ in important particulars from those recommended by Lord Northbrook; but the Government has declined to answer any questions on the subject.

From a financial point of view, and considered with regard to existing liabilities only, the scheme seems to offer as prudent

and equitable a solution of existing difficulties as can be hoped for. England is secured against all risk on account of the new loan by the payment of the Domain and Daira revenues into the Bank of England. The immediate sacrifice required from the holders of unified stock is counterbalanced by the increased security which a satisfactory settlement would afford. As, moreover, the outlay on irrigation works is likely to be highly remunerative, and the Daira and Domain estates, if properly administered, are capable of yielding a large increase of revenue, the sacrifice is likely to be only temporary, while from the same source England may fairly hope to recover the additional expenditure which the arrangement would impose upon her.

Should the scheme be rejected by the Powers, it will be on purely political grounds. So far as can be gathered from the comments of the Continental Press, France, at least, would seem disposed to oppose it; and an attempt will probably be made to extract fresh guarantees for the eventual withdrawal of England and the neutralisation of the Canal.

The only change in the military situation in Egypt is that the expeditionary force, after superhuman exertions, is somewhat nearer to its objective than when I last wrote.

On the 1st instant the whole of the troops had left Wady Halfa, and at the time of writing some sixteen hundred men, including the Sussex Regiment, the Mounted Infantry, the Canal Corps and a squadron of Hussars, have passed Dongola. The difficulties of the river are, however, daily increasing, and all hope of the main body of the expedition reaching Khartoum before the middle of March has been abandoned. But it is expected that by the end of the current month, the mounted troops and two regiments of infantry will be concentrated at Ambukol, ready to make a dash for that place in case of Gordon being in urgent need of assistance.

Our news from Gordon comes down to the 4th ultimo, at which date he was well, and expected to be able to hold out till the arrival of the expedition. In his letter to Lord Wolseley, the full contents of which have not been published, he is reported to condemn, in the strongest terms, both the military arrangements of the Government and the policy of abandonment. It further confirms the report of the massacre of Colonel Stuart and Messrs. Power and Herbin, regarding which there is no longer any room for doubt.

According to native rumour the Mahdi, with a considerable force, has since attacked Khartoum, but does not appear to have made any impression on the place, while General Gordon still retains the command of the river as far as Shendy.

The Congo Conference, which held its first meeting at Berlin on the 15th ultimo, has got through the first part of its programme, the Powers concerned having agreed to a declaration defining the Congo region and establishing freedom of trade to all flags within its limits, and as far as they themselves are concerned, within a zone extending eastward of these limits to the shores of the Indian Ocean, from the 5th degree of north latitude to the mouth of the Zambesi.

The declaration further provides that within these limits no monopolies shall be granted; foreigners, without distinction, shall enjoy protection of person and property and the right of acquiring and transferring movable and immovable possessions; the Powers concerned shall watch over the preservation and improvement of the native tribes, help in suppressing slavery and the slave trade, protect religious, scientific, and charitable institutions, missionaries, explorers and the like, and extend freedom of conscience and religious observance to all creeds and nationalities.

The Committee of the Conference has since been engaged in considering an act of navigation for the Congo and the Niger. It was at first proposed to place the latter river, as well as the Congo, under the control of an international Commission. But England having protested against this course, as an infringement of her sovereign rights, the Committee have decided to recommend the continuance of the *status quo* as regards the guardianship of the Niger.

All questions of sovereignty are excluded from its purview and are left to be settled by independent arrangement between the claimant Powers. In the meantime Germany has recognised the International Association, and it is believed that England has resolved to adopt the same course.

The determination and vigour with which the Government have resolved to act against the Boer freebooters in Bechuanaland may be accepted as an earnest that the state of feeling on the subject at the Cape has at length aroused them to a just appreciation of the vital character of the issue at stake. That issue is simply the continuance of British supremacy in South Africa. A little more irresolution and procrastination, and there is every reason to believe that the colonists would have renounced their allegiance to a Power that had shown itself unwilling to protect either their interests or its own.

Lord Derby's instructions to Sir Charles Warren are as comprehensive as they are uncompromising. He is to remove the fillibusters from Montsioa's territories; to restore order there; to reinstate the natives in their lands; to prevent further depredations and to hold the country till its ultimate destination is decided on. No time has been lost in providing him with the necessary force to

enable him to act with promptitude and thoroughness. A body of fifteen hundred volunteer cavalry, of whom six hundred have been raised in this county and have already left for Natal, are to supplement a strong force of regular troops.

In the face of these preparations the Transvaal Government has been circumspect enough to withdraw its proclamation recognising the action of the freebooters, and the freebooters themselves are reported to have come to an arrangement with the Cape ministers under which they are to evacuate Montsioa's territory, and Bechuanaland is to be annexed to Cape Colony. It is probable, however, from the indignation which this arrangement has excited at the Cape, that it contains stipulations incompatible with the dignity of the British Government, and it is stated, though on doubtful authority, that Sir Hercules Robinson has actually condemned the Boer proposals as not only unacceptable but insolent.

The efforts which have been made by the British Foreign Office to find a practicable basis for mediation between France and China have been so far unattended with success, owing to the absolute refusal of the Pekin Government to recognise the principle of an indemnity.

In view of the unyielding attitude of the enemy, the French Government on its side has resolved to prosecute the war on a more effective scale; large reinforcements have been despatched to Tonquin and Formosa, and after a hot and protracted debate, the Chamber has granted the necessary credit. At the same time the discussion in the Credits Committee, a summary of which has been published in the form of a yellow book, has resulted in disclosures in the highest degree damaging to the Government. It has been shown, on the authority of the late Commander in Tonquin, that not only were the Chinese guilty of no treachery in the Langson affair, but the French advance was made by a subordinate officer on his own authority, in violation of international usage, and in spite of due warning that it would be resisted.

In the absence of reinforcements, the French have remained on the defensive for the past month in both Tonquin and Formosa. The blockade of the Formosan coast is said to be purely nominal, and, according to the latest accounts, the Chinese fleet is preparing for sea, with what specific object is uncertain.

M. Ferry's Government has sustained a series of defeats in the Chamber in connection with the Senatorial Reform Bill.

In one instance an amendment was carried against it, declaring the tenure of any office under the Government paid for by public funds, with the exception of offices at present tenable by members of the Chamber of Deputies, inconsistent with the Senatorial mandate.

In another case it was defeated on an amendment in favour of the election of Senators by household suffrage instead of by delegates from the municipalities, which was carried by a small majority. This amendment has been, in its turn, rejected by the Senate and the Bill sent back to the Chamber in its original form, in which it will probably be passed.

The new German Reichstag, with its apparently large quota of Socialist members, promises to give Prince Bismarck a good deal of trouble.

On almost the first day of the Session, in spite of his strenuous opposition, it voted by 180 to 99 a proposal in favour of the payment of members, and a few days later, a still more distinctly hostile motion of Herr Windthorst's, for the repeal of the law enabling the Government to expel priests who disobey its orders, was carried by an even larger majority.

In the social record of the month, crime has held an unpleasantly conspicuous place.

Seldom has a more brutal or cold-blooded murder been committed than that of poor Miss Keyse of Babbacombe. Her one enemy appears to have been the good-for-nothing youth to whom out of pure benevolence, she had lent a helping hand, her sole offence her determination to be the arbitress of her own bounty. But for the generous impulse that led her to shelter a convicted thief, she might in all probability have ended her days in peace.

Of a totally different complexion is the assassination of the private detective, Morin, in Paris, by a lady whose reputation he had persistently assailed by the most cowardly and insidious of methods. While no one who reflects what the state of society would become if provocation, however great, were allowed to condone deeds of private vengeance, can avoid condemning the act of Madame Clovis Hughes, the condemnation will everywhere be tempered with some measure of that sympathy which in France not only acquits her of all wrong, but applauds her courage and spirit.

The Court of Queen's Bench has decided against the plea of justification in the *Mignonette* case and found the unfortunate defendants guilty of murder. No other conclusion was, of course, possible according to English law, and no other would have been compatible with the interests of society. What might have happened had a different line of defence been adopted is doubtful. Public feeling is somewhat divided as to the merits of the case, but the weight of opinion is strongly in favour of the defendants, and the Secretary of the Home Department, on the recommendation of the Court, has advised Her Majesty to respite them.

Society, especially in the metropolis, has been stirred to its depths by the ill-considered action of Mr. Justice Manisty in the now notorious Coleridge libel case. Regarding the justice of the view taken by the jury on the question of malice, considerable difference of opinion prevails, but it is sufficiently patent which way the balance lies. Were the question put to the vote, it would be found that those who differ from the jury are mainly confined to the educated few. That this should be the case in a country where the domestic relations are held so sacred as in England, might, at first sight seem singular. But the great majority of people are too illogical to be capable of separating the issue regarding the liability of a brother for statements made in a confidential communication to a sister from its surroundings. The general feeling seems to be that Miss Coleridge had been cruelly treated by her relatives, and that because she had been cruelly treated, the plaintiff ought to gain his case. Probably, ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who take this view would, if called upon to justify a similar communication to a sister or be cast in heavy damages, consider themselves very badly used.

Regarding Mr. Justice Manisty's action also there are two views, that of a select minority, that it was injudicious, but honest, and that of the crowd, that it was one-sided and dishonest. The verdict of the jury was upset, it was very plainly said, because the defendant was the son of the Chief Justice. To any one accustomed to the sensitiveness of Indian Judges the flood of contempt with which the Court has been assailed in the Press must appear positively appalling. Not only, however, does the Court remain unmoved, but Mr. Justice Manisty, with a reference to the criticisms of the public which, to say the least, was in bad taste, has announced his intention of acting in the same manner, if he considers it necessary, in future.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, *December 9th*, 1884.

INDIA.

The departure of Lord Ripon from Bombay, at which city he was again the hero of an "ovation," as these minor triumphs are rightly named, has been welcomed with a sigh of relief by his Lordship no doubt as well as by his countrymen throughout India. Parting from Associations that addressed, and from Brahmans that blessed him was, judging from the lengthening out of the farewell progress, a sweet sorrow to the retiring Viceroy. It remains for those who are left behind to endeavour to forget the evil in the

régime that is ended and to find some sweet oblivious antidote for the perilous past in the hopeful future that lies before India under her new ruler. May the "civic slander and the spite" be rung out with the dying year, and all bitter feud and party strife give place to sweeter manners and nobler modes of life.

Into the question, widely discussed in the daily press, as to the real value and significance of this popular enthusiasm and these numberless addresses we do not here enter. It remains to be seen whether the power of organization so successfully displayed in calling forth and arranging these demonstrations will be able to create, consolidate, and direct a pan-Indian public opinion in other matters affecting the welfare of the people, where the immediate expression of feeling must take a form less showy and contagious than that of waving banners and showering flowers. It should not be forgotten that it was found possible to get up "enthusiastic demonstrations" by an utterly false cry in the Saligram case.

Lord Dufferin has, of course, had to submit to various addresses in his turn, but his answers have been marked by a cautious reticence that inspires a strong belief in the unprejudiced and impartial nature of his future policy.

A good omen for the return of peace with the new year is the publication of the Government resolution regarding Engineering Colleges, closing, as it does, a controversy which has done more than anything else (one measure excepted) to produce race-hatred and all uncharitableness. The unhappy Roorkee order has at last been rescinded and Europeans and Eurasians whose home is in this country are allowed to compete for appointments in the Public Works Department on equal terms with the children of the soil.

The news of Lord Reay's appointment to succeed Sir James Fergusson at Bombay, while creating a feeling of wonder that some politician with stronger claims on the Liberal Party had not been chosen, has been received with satisfaction. The Governor designate, half Scotch and half Dutch by extraction, is head of the Clan Mackay, but was naturalized as a British subject only so recently as 1877; one of his titles is Baron Mackay d' Ophemert, in the kingdom of the Netherlands. Lord Reay first came before the English Public some four years ago as President of the Social Science Congress. His address on that occasion was described as being fuller of politics than of social science, and was really a fresh and vigorous dissertation on the spirit that ought to inspire English diplomacy as contrasted with the militarism of continental nations. As President of the International Conference on Education recently held in London, Lord Reay gave expression to views which have consider-

able interest for those engaged in the work of education in Bombay. He held strongly that the duty of Universities is to train men for the public service, and insisted on the importance of giving free scope to the greatest variety of methods of education. It will be a pleasant change to have as Chancellor of one of our Indian Universities a man who has given some independent thought to the educational question.

The Afghan Delimitation Commissioners have reached their winter quarters where they will await the arrival of their co-workers from St. Petersburg. The men are housed in kibitkas and survey parties are rapidly mapping out the surrounding country. The Commission will score a geographical success whatever be the result of its labours for a political boundary.

It is a hopeful sign of the deeper and wider interest that India is gradually creating for herself in England and in Europe generally that each year sees a larger number of distinguished personages visiting her shores who look upon the country less as a happy hunting-ground than as a land to be seen, with a population worthy of observation and study. Lord Rosebery has truly said that a voyage to Australia, in which the vessel stops at no port that is not English between London and Melbourne, ought to form part of the preliminary education of every member of the House of Commons. There are at present in the country two Princes of the reigning house of Sweden; Don Carlos, the legitimist claimant to the throne of Spain; Lord Randolph Churchill, the coming leader of the Conservative forces, and more than one M.P., while the preaching peer Lord Radstock is initiating a missionary campaign in the great cities and towns.

The "Soldiers' Industrial Exhibition," just closed, has continued to afford a pleasant lounging place and rendezvous for the nondescript hour "between drive and dinner." There is little doubt that some such exhibition will, in future, become an established institution of each Calcutta cold season.

The Proclamation Day "Honour List" contains one name; at all events, which the public are glad to see there; the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is now Sir Rivers Thompson, K.C.S.I. The list is looked on with "painful surprise" by some portion of the daily press, owing to the conspicuous absence from it of the names of any representatives of the commercial and non-official classes. These classes, however, will not, we imagine, be much pained or surprised, nor will their labours in connection with Port Trusts and Chambers of Commerce be relaxed because Lord Ripon did not see his way to making any one among them a C.I.E.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Dear Long Ago.

IN the gray of the gloaming o'er lowland and highland
 The storm-wind is sounding its bugles afar,
 The billows roll black on the desolate island ;
 In vain shall the mariner seek for a star.
 O keeper, look well to thy beacon forth-
 gleaming ;
 O fisher, steer boldly, with eye to the
 light,
 Lest slumber unbroken by waking or dreaming
 Thy portion shall be in this turbulent
 night.
 Yet quiet I sit, thinking not of the sobbing
 So eerie and dreary of tempest and snow,
 For tones in my heart with strange sweetness
 are throbbing
 The runes and the tunes of the dear long
 ago.
 I am borne to the days that were swift in
 their flying,
 All pulsing with music and sparkling with
 mirth,
 The days when my childhood no space had
 for sighing,
 No place for the phantoms of darkness
 and death.
 On the hearth pales the fire's red glow to dull
 ashen ;
 Without, the trees moan in the deepening
 chill ;
 But fancy recalls to my spirit the fashion
 Of Spring on the meadow, the plain, and
 the rill.
 I remember the lilacs that budded and
 flowered,
 The willows that dipped in the full-
 flooded stream,
 The orchards with blossoms so lavishly
 dowered,
 In times when joy held me unchecked and
 supreme.
 Ah, wild is the winter on lowland and high-
 land.
 And black break the waves on the storm-
 battered coast,
 And sound the long bugles on peak and on
 island,
 And gathers the tempest with haste and
 with host.
 I sit by myself in the gray of the gloaming,
 I muse on the days that were tender and
 true,
 And my heart, like a child fain to rest after
 roaming,
 Is back in the bright days, my mother,
 with you.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

John Bull and Brother Jonathon.

If John Bull will permit his cousin Jona-
 than to have his own way for a moment, as
 they sit gossiping before the blazing Christ-
 mas hearth, his cousin will modestly remark
 that the development of the magazine in
 America illustrates the same eager rapidity of
 progress which characterizes the general move-
 ment of the country. In Great Britain the
Gentleman's developed into the *New Monthly*
Magazine and *Blackwood* and the *London*, and
 they into *Fraser* and *Bentley's Miscellany*, and
 they in turn into Thackeray's *Cornhill* and its
 contemporaries, and the grave *Nineteenth Cen-*
tury, *Contemporary*, and *Fortnightly*, in which
 solid courses of entertainment and instruction
 are served every month by masters in politics,
 science, art, theology, and literature. In
 America the popular magazine has added
 greater variety to the serial story, sketch, es-
 say, criticism, and poem, and is especially
 rich in papers of travel, exploration, and ad-
 venture. But its peculiar distinction is its
 illustration. Indeed, the art of wood-engrav-
 ing is an art which, after long delays, has
 latterly made extraordinary progress with
 unprecedented rapidity, and has reached its
 present perfection under the auspices of the
 American popular Magazine.

When, therefore, a few years since, the Maga-
 zine crossed the ocean and presented itself
 in "our old home," it was the lineal descend-
 ant of the *Gentleman's*, and the kinsman of the
 monthlies and the *London of Fraser* and the
Cornhill, returning from its new home super-
 bly decorated, like the foreign cousin, covered
 with ribbons and stars and orders, making his
 modest bow as an ambassador in the common
 ancestral hall. How cordial its welcome has
 been it gladly owns, and it does not disguise
 its pleasure in seeing the impulse that its
 coming has given to Cousin John to win and
 wear the decorative ornaments that it has in-
 troduced. The excellent Edward Cave of to-
 day has heard of America, and has long had
 dealings with its booksellers and book-mak-
 ers, and Sylvanus Urban beholds with mingled
 emotions the arrival of this brave Western
 gallant who announces himself to be a chip
 of the old block, a son of the *Gentleman's*,
 and who claims kindred with all his de-
 scendants.

His coming is contemporaneous with a
 closer international tone in the common liter-
 ature and feeling of John and Jonathan,
 which was prefigured, perhaps, in Thackeray's
Esmond and *The Virginians*. The historian
 Freeman points out the continuing institutions

and habits in both countries, and the storytellers Henry James and Howells and White trace the filial feeling to either shore, and with curious introspection disclose under differing forms the action of the same instinct. John and Jonathan may each play Santa Claus, and put it in each other's stocking as a Christmas gift of good-will, that, while every noted Englishman is welcomed in America with an effusion which England seldom shows, a famous American poet, for the nonce United States Minister in England, is asked, passing by all famous Englishmen to unveil a bust of Fielding in Taunton, while a bust of our Longfellow is placed by distinguished Englishmen with affectionate admiration in Westminster Abbey.

These things agree well with the entry of the American magazine into English homes—an admission accorded by kindly sympathy, as when some stranger is received at the gates and honoured with the freedom of the city. To speak every month in the same tongue, and that the common tongue, to the household upon the Winnipeg in Manitoba or to homes scattered along the Oregonian Columbia, and those that look upon the solitary Pacific, to friends at the mouth of the Mississippi or "far away on Katahdin"—in leafy English Kent in the shadow of Skiddaw and Helvellyn, in Milford Haven or King's Lynn, in remote Carnarvon upon the western sea, or "Ultima Thule, utmost isle"—this is to feel the truth of the inscription which the English scholar carved upon a seat under the trees at Cornell University, *Above all nations is Humanity*. To all these far-scattered homes upon different continents, yet bound together by a common faith, language, traditions, and love of liberty, this Magazine comes with its monthly message of cheer, saying with the poet whom both England and America love:

"Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest

At your warm fireside when the lamps are lighted.

To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

In this way the Magazine becomes a minister of that international good-will which the Christmas season commemorates, and our kin beyond the sea, as they greet its familiar aspect, not as that of a stranger, but of a friend, will feel more deeply the community of ennobling tradition and of humane purpose which unites America and England.

The felicity and the fidelity of Hawthorne's phrase every true-hearted American owns. With Lowell he may have remarked "a certain condescension in foreigners," but he readily

forgives to an islander an insular manner, and he chides himself if the air of condescension vexes rather than amuses him. It is not to the England of the cockney and of Bow Bells that the American is loyal, nor does a sensible Yankee see all Englishmen in the British traveller who asked his hackman to stop for a moment upon Bunker Hill that he might step out and spit upon the monument.

When the Englishman at an American table says to his host that the pudding is "just like what we used to call stick-jaw at school," or when he advises his British companion to take a cup of the hostess's coffee, because "it isn't so very nasty, you know," we do not hold the entire English people responsible. The absurdities of Englishmen amuse us as our absurdities amuse them. But we are not only too large to be patronized, we are too large also to do anything but smile at those who attempt patronizing. There was a time, indeed, when the gibes of Fiedler and of Mrs. Trollope made our grandfathers wince, and they were so furious at Sydney Smith's terrible question, Who reads an American book? that they forgot both that Fisher Ames had asked the same question ten years before, and that, alas! there was no American book much worth reading—always excepting, of course, the delightful Diedrich Knickerbockers veracious history, which, however, the Knickerbockers themselves held to be a work which fully justified Sydney Smith's taunting question.

Nobody laughs at Englishmen more good-naturedly and pungently than Englishmen. Turner said to the young woman who looked at his picture and remarked, with an air, "I never saw anything like that in nature." "No, madam; but don't you wish you could?" When the old-fashioned Englishman went through the world sitting aloof in his travelling carriage, and from that British throne surveyed mankind, and observing the characteristic custom of the country in which he chanced to be, or the peculiar national institution, remarked, "I never saw anything like that in England," the cosmopolitan genius whispered, "No; but don't you wish you could?" We Americans were very wrath with Dickens for the stinging flings in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But if the humorist lashed Cousin Jonathan, he scourged John Bull; and Thackeray the Great, while he sometimes playfully bantered the American roundly scored the Briton.—*Harper's Maga-*



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A JOURNEY TO THE PAMIR.

[In this day of Colonial enterprise and Delimitation Commissions the neighbourhood of the River Pamir attracts the attention of many readers who do not as a rule find matter of absorbing interest in the journals of Geographical Societies. The following pages contain a translation of a lecture delivered at a General Meeting of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, by D. L. Ivanoff on his recent explorations of that "terra incognita." Our readers will, from this paper, be able to form some definite notion of the topography of that region, and the eyes of some of them may at the same time be opened to the ceaseless activity displayed by the Russian Government in paving the way for their probable grand advance southward from Central Asia.—EDD., I. R.]

IN THE deep ages of antiquity the country along the highlands of the Oxus attracted the attention of explorers as of people generally. The propinquity of one of the most eastern of the provinces of the great monarchy of Alexander of Macedon-Bactriana to this "heart of the earth" and "cradle of the human race" afforded material for the scientific labours of Greek classics. In the 7th century B.C. we meet in the writings of the famous Chinese traveller, Suan-Tsan, with the name " Pomilo," a locality which he visited, on the road between Badakhshan and Káshgár. More than 600 years ago Marco-Polo opened the era of European explorers of the Pamir. But in this respect our own century has been the most productive. Englishmen from the south and Russians from the north

have penetrated further and still further to the "Cradle of the World." The first most direct and circumstantial researches incontestably belong to the Englishman Wood (1838) to whom, amongst other things, the great lake of the Pamir owes its sonorous title of "Lake Victoria." The 70th decade of this century was the most rich in varied explorations of the Pamir, and of these the most prominent place is occupied by the great English expedition under Forsyth, and by the Russian under Saivertsoff, Doctor of Zoology.

But notwithstanding the great wealth of material furnished by these expeditions, there are still on the map of the Pamir many blank spots, and many conflicting statements have been put forward regarding them. Nor has there yet taken place any durable connection between Russian and English surveys, whilst, on the other hand, there exists marked disparity in the material furnished through the researches of travellers.

During the year 1883 an expedition was equipped in Turkistan, to whose lot fell the task of filling up those geographical blanks which still existed on the map of the Pamir, and of binding all that had been discovered into one well-ordered whole.

You, gentlemen, are already acquainted with the general itinerary of our expedition to the Pamir from my letter sent from the Alai, which was inserted in the *Intelligence* of the Society.* I will now, therefore, communicate to you the nature of that itinerary, as amplified by the autumn route through Karategin, Darwaz, and Kolab.

But before submitting to your judgment the results of our expedition, it will be just that I should say two words about the conditions under which it carried out its operations. It will scarcely be an exaggeration when I remark that those conditions were in the highest degree unfavourable, and that they were calculated to produce failure. It indeed seemed as though everything was combining to add to the difficulties of our expedition.

I will begin with its organisation. In place of the large *personnel* which was at first proposed, and which was to have included an astronomer, an officer of the General Staff, a geologist, a naturalist, an ornithologist, a topographer, an interpreter, and even an artist, the number of the members of our expedition was, as you know, reduced to three.

Its pecuniary resources too were materially lessened, and finally assumed the most modest proportions, to say no more : the Governor-

* No. 2 of Vol. XIX, p. 336.

General only finding it possible to allow us 1,900 *roubles*, and an additional sum of 600 *roubles* (about £190 and £60 respectively) for the carriage of the supplies and stores of forage required for our escort of 12 mounted Cossacks.

The question of the despatch of the expedition was decided within less than a month of the date fixed for its departure, so that all the preparations had to be made in a hurry, and this, of course, added very much to the difficulty of equipment. The place of the proposed interpreter was filled by a *jigit* (mounted messenger) who scarcely understood Russian.

Mr. Petrovski, our Consul in Kashgaria, who was in Tashkand at the time, did not consider it necessary to warn the Chinese authorities of our proposed march across the Kashgarian portion of the Pamir, and the result was that we subsequently encountered endless obstructions on the part of the Chinese, who, indeed, demanded our return to the right bank of the Ak-Su, and forbade any of their Kirghiz subjects to engage themselves as guides with our expedition. Those persons, too, who had formerly been of service to us, and who had been rewarded at our hands, were flogged and sent with their families to Káshgár. This circumstance produced a panic amongst the Kirghiz population of the Pamir, and made it extremely difficult for us to procure interpreters. The Afghans had at this time also occupied Shignan, and had thus rendered it impossible for us to explore the western portion of the Pamir. We had scarcely any detailed information as to the best method of provisioning expeditions for the Pamir. Reports of a very varied nature were circulated, and on the basis of these we were led to the commission of a very serious error, for we took too much barley for the horses and much too little flour and biscuits for the men, the consequence was that we were reduced to the consumption of the barley.

Richter's optical depôt had not despatched the instruments ordered more than six months before the expedition started ; indeed, I only received the aneroid, binoculars, and minimum thermometer in November on my return to Tashkand, *i.e.*, after a year's interval. Certain literary material necessary for the expedition, which was in the Public Library at Tashkand, was not apparently accessible to us, because the said library had been closed by order of the new Governor-General and its contents were in sealed boxes. We could scarcely procure even ordinary documents from the Governor-General, because the date fixed for the departure of the expedition happened to fall within the period of General Tchernaiyeff's exploration of the Mertvi-Kultuk route from the Caspian, In a word, everything

went against us. The only bright spots amidst all this passive obstruction were the cordial and sincere assistance afforded to the expedition by General Jilinski, the chief of the Military Topographical Section of the General Staff, at whose initiative was organised the expedition of General Abramoff, former Governor of the Province of Farghana (Khokund) and by the small yet friendly community at the town of Osh headed by Colonel Ionoff, with whose immediate assistance our expedition was finally organised. Their co-operation and their hearty participation were of such value to us that I avail myself of the present opportunity, with peculiar satisfaction, to express before the members of our honoured Society my hearty thanks to the persons indicated.

Thus you see with what a serious mass of accessory difficulties our expedition had to contend, apart from its struggle with natural conditions, with the deep-rooted distrust of the native population, and with our limited information regarding localities that had not been visited prior to the arrival of our expedition.

I must here refer to my first letter from the Pamir, published in a former number of the *Izvestiya*, and furnished with a small map and a brief introduction. Owing to many circumstances, this letter was not as complete as I could have written here at St. Petersburg ; moreover, the small map of the Pamir attached to it, being copied from an old chart of the locality, was marked by many material errors.

(1.) Thus the first mistake is connected with the upper course of the river Gaz. This river is formed of three streams, *viz.*, the Kiyak-Bashi, which I will call the *Northern Gaz*, the *Karazak*, or as it is called lower down, the *Bang*, which flows from the west, out of the mountains of the Great Kara-Kul and the Rang-Kul Pamirs, and the *Southern Gaz* which comes out of the Mustag-Ata mountains and flows through the Tesser Kara-Kul to Bulun-Kul where it joins the Northern Gaz. The united stream then pierces the mountains of Kashgaria, and comes out into the basin of Jiti-Shahr.

(2.) The *Benderski* pass is shewn too much to the west, where the passage of the mountains is perfectly impracticable. The pass named is really close to the Urta-Bel pass.

(3.) On the map in question the route taken by my companions is not shewn along the river Wakhan as far as the fort of Kala-i-Panj.

(4.) The *Shah-Dara* stream is confused with that of the *Togus-Bulak*. The first-named joins the Gunt at the town of Bar-Panj,

whilst the latter falls into the Gunt near the village of Sardim, about 27 miles from its source, *i.e.*, the western end of Lake Yashil-Kul.

(5.) There is, too, an error with regard to the position of the *Kara-Bulák* pass, which is shewn due north of Sarez, whilst to cross the said pass from this village, it would be necessary to go back a whole day's journey along the Murghab to the point where the *Kara-Bulák* stream enters that river.

Concerning certain details set forth in the preface above referred to, which relate to the western limits of the Pamir, I consider that it will be more convenient if I deal with them in a special part of my exposition.

I will now, therefore, leave the Pamir and explain the route taken by our expedition.

In my letter despatched from the Alai, I broke off at the moment when both sections of the expedition were at Daraut-Kurgan. This junction took place under the following circumstances. When Captain Putyata and Topographer Benderski crossed the Jangi-Davan range at Belen-Kiik, their chronometers stopped, and Benderski caught a chill. This chill was increased the next day, when, after descending the Belen-Kiik pass, he was obliged to sleep out without warm clothing near the Fedchenko glacier. In consequence of this the progress of the expedition was delayed; for Putyata had to ride into Margilan to have the chronometers set for a fresh journey, whilst Benderski lay at Daraut-Kurgan, with symptoms of inflammation of the lungs, and in the hands of the doctor of the detachment, who had previously been solely engaged in geological researches. But in any case it was necessary to bring into play all available resources since the temperature of the sick man had fallen to below 74° Fahr.

In all probability it was partly owing to his being inured to such trips, but chiefly on account of the splendid weather on the Alai, which had set in steadily since the beginning of the autumn, that the patient recovered. On Putyata's return from Margailan, Benderski had begun to get about, so that the detachment doctor could leave him and devote himself to his more immediate duties. Since the delay had lasted twelve days, time was passing away, so much so that the expedition had to hasten in order to get over Peter I. range into the Ab-i-Hingau valley before the passes were closed by snow. On the 30th September (12th October) I set out leaving the rest of the expeditionary party at Daraut-Kurgan. After passing along the Kizil-Su I turned southwards from Muinak, and directed my way

towards the Gardan-i-Kaftar pass. But the very day I reached this pass, it was white with snow, and after going about $5\frac{1}{3}$ rd miles the snow reached my chest, and so on the 9th (21st) October I had to return in the midst of a terrible snow-storm.

This trip afforded the topographical information that the Ab-i-Hingau has an affluent on its right bank which, in its upper course, is called Kuliki and in its lower Shakhula.* This stream rises to the north of Peter the Great range, and, after piercing this stupendous chain, unites with the Upper Ab-i-Hingau. The valley of the last named river is divided into two provinces, that of Upper Wakhia and Lower Gulloz. This fact gave occasion to the whole river being marked on former maps as the Wakhia, whereas the river throughout its course bears the name of Ab-i-Hingau, or the "turbid river." Having again come out on to the Surkhab, I moved westwards with the intention of crossing Peter the Great range by the Luli-Harvi pass. I passed the night at the foot of this pass, but a snow-storm having come on meanwhile, I was informed in the morning that this pass also was closed. I accordingly went to Garm, and thence succeeded in making the necessary passage of Peter the Great range at a point where the mountains are considerably lower. Having crossed the Kamchirak pass, I reached the Ab-i-Hingau river at Chil-Dara, and thence, proceeding by the fort of Taval-Dara, I reached Sagirdasht by the Zakhbursi pass. From here I got to Kala-i-Khum, the capital of Darwaz, by the newly discovered Akhba-Rabat pass. It was now the end of October and the weather was excessively cold, snow-storms and rain having set in. I suffered so much from rheumatism in my right hand that I could no longer carry a hammer.

The time now remaining until the period fixed for our return was insufficient, and so I decided upon going back without making trips either eastwards or westwards into Darwaz territory.

On my way back I made a slight detour from Sagirdasht to the Ab-i-Hingau, and having learnt at Chil-Dara that the season of the year scarcely admitted of the passage of the Kamchirak pass, I turned down the Gulloz reach of the Ab-i-Hingau river. Even the passage of the low and, on ordinary occasions, easy Yafutch pass (7,000 feet) was through the rain and snow rendered so muddy that the horses could hardly make their way down. From Garm I crossed over to the right bank of the Ab-i-Hingau river, accomplishing *en route* several little trips into the mountains to the north. To think of crossing from Karategin into Farghana was out of the question, for

* The mouth of the Shakhula bears the name of Ab-i-Raynan.—*Author*.

not one of the passes of the Alai range admits of the attempt being made at the time of year of which I am speaking. It only remained for me, therefore, to go back to Daraut-Kurgan, and thence I reached Margilan in the middle of November by the Isfairam pass.

Putyata and Benderski entered Karategin two days after me. From Garm, Putyata went to Taval-Dara, whence he reached the highlands of the Ak-Su* by the Bolezak pass. Going down the valley of the Ak-Su he came to Kulab, whence, turning to the S. W., he reached the Amu-Daria at Siyab and Kala-i-Pshkake. Having left the Amu further on, he proceeded *viâ* Parkhar and Urta and Kizil-Koch passes until he struck the Amu again at Aul-Sarai (Ichka). From here he turned northwards, passing through Akbash-Adir and the ruins of Kafir-Kala to the town of Kurgan-Tapa, whence he came out upon the river Wakhsh at Kizil-Kala, and so skirting the Sitkau stream he reached the town of Kafirnahan. His further route joined that of Benderski and lay straight through the Bukharan town of Faizabad, and along the well-known road *viâ* Iiissar, Sarijui, and Shahr-i-Sabz to Samarkand.

In order that you may the more easily make out the details of the new map of the Pamir, I consider it not superfluous to put before you a short topographical sketch of this country, which, until so recently, was only known in a fragmentary manner, whilst so many persons were acquainted only with its name. The "Pamir" is the name of the country lying along the upper course of the Amu-Daria, which here flows in two main channels. The northern of these—the Kizil-Su, Surkhab, or Red River—belongs in its upper course to the vast valley of the Alai. Here the explorations, which had been carried out previous to the arrival of our expedition, put us in possession of detailed information. Here had laboured Fedchenko, the first to make his way to the Alai during the existence of the Khanate of Khokand. After him came Sairvertsoff, Mushketoff, Oshanin, the explorer of Karategin, and many others, all of whose labours resulted in the production of numerous topographical surveys. The other or southern branch of the Amu-Daria—the Panj river—presents a very complicated system of ramifications the further we move towards its sources. The main stream of the Panj system—the Ak-Su or Murghab—belongs for a distance of 217 miles to the Pamir, which it waters as far as Sarez. During the remaining 100 miles of its course it flows through the almost

* Or as Putyata calls it Yakh-Su: I do not know which is the more correct; the first means "the white," the second "the icy" river. It may be that the difference, which is slight, arises in pronunciation —*Author*.

inaccessible clefts of Roshan. The basin of the Ak-Su is the largest in the Pamir. Of those of its affluents which are possessed of the most importance, I will indicate, on the left bank, the *Istik* (the largest of all), and on the right in the direction of Kanjut and Tagdum-Bash the *Kara-Kul* and the Khan-Yuli, the *Kosh-Agil* (whose bed is dry in summer), the *Ak-Baital* in the direction of Rang-Kul, the *Sunk-Sai*, important as providing a flanking route, and the *Kudaru*, both of the latter being within the province of the shut-in Murghab. The following streams have also an importance for the Pamir: (1), *Wakhan-Daria*, which is fed by the *Almayan*; (2), the *Pamir*, which flows out of the Great Lake; many of the feeders of this river are of no size, and are important only because roads run along them. The *Khargosh* and *Mas* are examples; (3), the river of Shignan, which is made up of the *Alichur*, whose source is in the centre of the Pamir, where it passes through Lake Yashil-Kul, and thence issues under the name of the *Gunt*. This stream is reckoned as belonging to Shignan in the Shah-Dara. The central and lower reaches of the *Gunt* and of the *Shah-Dara* are occupied by villages, and constitute the main portion of Shignan.

Besides the enumerated rivers, which belong to the basin of the Amu-Daria, in the Pamir, we must include its Kashgarian portion, and we must, therefore, reckon as belonging to the basin of the Tarim the *Markan-Su*, the province of Gaz, and the high-lands of the Tash-Kurgan river with its affluent the *Tugarma*. The water-shed of these basins is, in most places, very low, and assumes an irregular and tortuous line.

I will now trace on the map the line of those mountains rising from the table-land of the Pamir, which, at the first glance, seem to stand out the most prominently. The principal chain appears to be that of the *Pamir*, which rises up between the Pamir and Alichur rivers. To the south of and parallel with it runs the *Wakhan* chain, which divides Wakhan from the Pamir river, and stretches to the high-lands of the Ak-Su in a direction E. N. E. To the north of the Pamir chain, and along both banks of the Murghab, run two lines of mountains called respectively the *Alichur* and *Murghab* ranges. The last-named of these runs as far as the Ulug-Rabat pass, and constitutes the water-shed of the Tagarma and Southern Gaz. To the north of Rang-Kul runs the line of the water-shed, dividing the two main basins of the Amu and of the Tarim. This I will call the *Rang-Kul* range. Westwards it lies within the same parallel as the Kokui-Bel pass and the Takhta-Goram. Another line of water-shed rising to the east of the Great Kara-Kul lake and joining the

range just spoken of, I will call the *Kara-Kul* mountains. Finally, the most easterly portion of the Kashgarian Pamir is marked by the lofty *Kachgar* range. With these indications I will for the moment close my observations, reserving for a special part of my communication a more detailed review of Pamir orography.

If now you call to mind my itinerary of 1883, you will to a certain extent comprehend the meaning of our recent expedition in its relation to the elucidation of the topography and general geography of the Pamir.

Let us remember that Professor N. A. Saivertsoff succeeded in crossing the Pamir in one meridional line only, *viz.*, Kizil-Art and Ak-Baital, and when he finished his explorations he was far from having traversed the whole of the Alichur Pamir. He had not in fact got beyond the lowlands of the Alichur river. Forsyth's expedition only succeeded in making a narrow circuit between two parallel roads, *viz.*, those along the highlands of the Ak-Su and Wakhan-Daria and along the rivers Pamir and Istik (within the limits of the so-called Great and Little Pamirs). Besides which, the English expedition was undertaken during the winter season, and was checked in its explorations by extraordinarily unfavourable conditions, the Pamir being at the time covered with a carpet of snow which concealed the detailed construction of the locality and the original character of Pamir life. Our expedition, on the other hand, in spite of many obstacles, succeeded in traversing the Pamir in all possible directions, and that too at a more favourable time of year. We set out from the Alai on the 14th (26th) June, and left the Pamir (if Altin-Mazár may be considered the point dividing the Pamir and the Alai) in the end of September (beginning of October, New Style). Our expedition was thus enabled to visit vast lake and copious river basins of an exclusively Pamir type, and also vast dry basins divided by very low ridges, to ascend the passes of very high mountains, passes that are very difficult of access, to penetrate rocky gorges and clefts which are approachable only at a certain season of the year, being at other times quite inaccessible even for persons on foot, to behold mountain valleys covered with forest growth, to reach low-lying localities where settlements and agriculture begin, and to be in the very midst of the glacier region. Two straight lines drawn perpendicularly on the map give the following figures; in the meridian from the Taldik pass in the Alai mountains to the south of the river Almayan on the northern slopes of the Hindu-Kush is more than 300 *versts* (200 miles). Along the parallel of Kashgarian Tash-Kurgan on the east to Sardin in Shignan

on the west the distance is 250 *versts* (167 miles). If in the whole area of the Trans-Alai Pamir which covers a space of 67,000 square *versts* (45,000 square miles), there have remained small blanks that were not visited by our expedition, such surfaces in a topographical sense are perfectly clear. In the first place they have been overlooked by expeditions from all sides. Secondly, much elicited information in detail has been obtained in many places regarding them. Lastly their general character has been ascertained by an examination from numerous elevated points surrounding them. What however is of importance is the following, and this all expeditions have either not been able to thoroughly carry out, or have failed to carry out at all for various reasons. The Kashgarian mountains have not been crossed *via* Ulug-Art and Gaz. There have taken place no direct explorations in the S. E. or most interesting angle of the Pamir, *i.e.*, in the direction of the so-called Tagdumbash and the highlands of the Almayan. No proper connection with Chitral over the Barogil pass has yet taken place. Lastly, Badakhshan, Western Shignan, and Southern Darwaz have not yet been explored. Besides these localities there still remains to the north one other which can interest geologists only. This remark refers to Western Kara-Jilga (in the highlands of the Kara-Kul Pamir) and particularly to the Suguk-Sai country, where all reports agree in stating that the Muk-Su brings down auriferous sand in such quantities that it might be profitably washed, not only there, but also at Garm, *i.e.*, along the wide beds of the Muk and Surkhab, and the vast area covered by the pebbles and sand brought down by those rivers. These then are the problems which await all other future expeditions to the Pamir.

I will now pass to an account of the result of our labours, but first of all I will make you acquainted with those localities which have already been visited by expeditions, and which have a serious importance as regards the general character of the orography of the Pamir. I will begin in the order of our itinerary from the Great Kara-Kul.

After crossing a pass 16,400 feet, the expedition entered the transverse valley of the Kara-Art, of a purely mountain type, being choked up throughout by *moraine* boulders interspersed with narrow belts of green, marking the course of the trickling stream. Lower down, this valley pierces the Kashgarian mountains by a cleft, which is scarcely approachable at any season of the year. I should state, therefore, that the main pass lies to the west of this cleft.

Turning east and ascending a second and more easterly pass, the Kush-Bel, 13,600 feet, we saw before us the valley of the Nor-

thern Gaz, the most characteristic part of the Kashgarian Pamir. Before us stretched a vast parallel valley, which at a distance of 47 miles from the pass whence we gazed upon it changed its direction from W. N. W. to N. W. This valley is flanked on the right by low sloping spurs, and on the left, *i.e.*, to the N. E., by the regular outline of the Kashgarian mountains, which here bear the appropriate name of Kirk-Koh, the "forty peaks," and certainly that number of regular shaped peaks can be counted as also a like number of regular gorges placed, as it were, side by side with extraordinary uniformity. These mountains take the form of a sharply-cut serrated line with high peaks, and with very deeply cut passes or, to speak more correctly, cavities, for the said passes can scarcely be considered practicable.

The whole of this chain of mountains is covered with one uniformly extending belt of eternal snow. In all the gorges there are glaciers which reach almost to the foot of the mountains and end in vast *moraines*. From the foot of the mountains the eye travels to very smooth and well-worn slopes. The appearance of these slopes is the more remarkable, because on them there is not traceable one prominent object such as a rock, a sharply-cut fissure, or a stream. The glaciers, of which we counted 40, seemed as though they were frozen hard, and did not exude a single drop of water. From 13 to 17 miles to the west of the Kush-Bel pass stretches a perfectly dried up steppe of which the side nearest the base of the mountains is strewn over with old *moraine* boulders. Below these again is another row of stones, and then gravel and sand, whilst the very centre of the steppe is covered with a fine and extraordinarily soft ooze. Water is met with for the first time when the intervening ground as far as Kiyak-Bashi has been crossed. This water does not issue from a gorge but bubbles up to the surface of the ground. An impassable marsh has been thus formed at this point, and out of this flows a fairly wide stream. The origin of this supply of water is the melted ice and snow received from the Kirk-Koh range. This passes underground, and percolates to the centre of the valley. Sixteen miles further on we crossed a pass and thus reached Muji, which is remarkable because of its situation on a wide salt-encrusted plateau at the junction of two streams. The surface of the ground at this point is covered with *kipets* and *ranga*, and the spot is frequented by the Kashgarian Kirghiz. Here also lives a Beg with an important name, but extremely poor. Amongst his "subjects" poverty is still more apparent. Here we first became aware of the great consternation which was produced by our unexpected arrival.

Beyond Muji the Northern Gaz continues to follow for a distance of 13 miles, a wide valley which, however, rapidly narrows, and the river then enters the recesses of the mountains, making for itself a way until it reaches the point where a stream from the Bulun-Kul enters it. Here, as I have already stated, two streams, bearing the name Gaz, are met with. These disappear in one cleft which more properly bears the name given to each of the two streams. With regard to the track that I followed from Muji, it runs for a short distance along a spacious valley, and then at Oi-Balgin it makes a bend, and enters a mountainous country, although in places there are small open spaces in the form of depressions which permit of the Kirghiz using them for their nomad camps. The pass of Oi-Balgin, which has an altitude of 15,500 feet, is easily ascended, and from it an excellent view is obtained of the whole of the Rangu-Kul basin as also of the triple peak of Murtag-Ata, which towers over the other mountains to the east.

Of the Rang-Kul basin, I have nothing particular to say. I will observe only that this basin contains numerous salt-marshes and sandy tracts, which are of the crumbling kinds, but amidst the different features of country are met with surfaces which admit of the erection of nomad camps. In the summer season not a single stream reaches the Rang-Kul lake, although it is not improbable that they may feed the waters of the lake by a system of subterranean springs. One stream that once constituted one of the most considerable of the eastern affluents of Rang-Kul now fails to reach its basin and loses itself in the sand. Passing along the upper course of this stream and crossing the Tok-Terek pass (15,500 feet) I descended into the valley of the Lesser Kara-Kul. Immediately after descending from the named pass, and having proceeded about $3\frac{1}{3}$ rd miles and turned to the left or east, a most splendid view of the Mustag-Ata opens out. This triple peak is certainly "the Father of the Ice mountains," for he rises above the level of the adjoining lake valleys to an altitude of 12,500 feet, his absolute height being more than 25,000 feet. The giant stands out at almost every one of the picturesque windings of the gorge, through which the traveller is passing, and although his majestic proportions are almost constantly obscured by the clouds that are ever gathering round his summit, one involuntarily pauses upon the spot to enjoy the grandiose picture. What I have been so bold as to depict with my own feeble pencil is, of course, very far from properly representing nature. The three separate peaks of the Mustag have been formed by the action of glaciers slipping down the slopes of the

mountain. Picture to yourselves a cone or cupola, which is throughout thickly covered with a coating of dazzling snow. This snow descends in the form of numerous ice particles from all sides of Mustag-Ata.

In some places the ice crust has cut for itself deeper fissures than in others, and these indentations have almost vertical sides. Under what peculiar conditions these fissures have been produced it is difficult to say, for in the laying bare of the gneiss strata, of which the Mustag is composed, no interruption of the regular lie of the layers can be traced.

The glaciers of to-day do not descend below a height of from 14,000 to 13,500 feet, but to their much greater development in former times the stupendous girdle of old *moraine* accumulations along the base of the Mustag abundantly testifies. From the Mustag there runs the very cheerful Igri-Kiyak valley, and this merges into that of the Lesser Kara-Kul. The entire valley presents the picture of one continuous green ribbon, and at the time that we visited it the meadow was prettily bedecked with blue patches of myosotis.

The Lesser Kara-Kul opens out only as you approach it. Beyond a small bend in the stream, along which the road runs, the limited basin of the lake all at once comes in sight. What is now the basin of the lake was at one time part of its bed, but now the water-covered portion is confined to the northern end of the basin. The rest of the surface of the basin is a perfectly level spot with abundant pasturage for the flocks and herds of the nomads, who are occasional visitors to the place.

The basin of the Lesser Kara-Kul is surrounded by low hills of a schist formation, but to the N. E. of the Lesser Kara-Kul rises a huge wall of snowy peaks, which are precisely similar to the Mustag, whose gigantic head is seen to the S. E. of the lake. The Mustag-Ata is not a detached mountain, but only the highest peak towards the north of a whole snowy group which stretches for a short distance in a S. S. E. direction along the valley of the Tagarma. Another similar line of mountains, a little closer together than the first, stretches along the course of the Kangshibar stream. This range bears the name of Shvakti and shuts in the valley of the Southern Gaz. In respect of size and grandeur the last mentioned mountains do not yield to the Mustag-Ata, for according to my approximate measurements, the Shvakti peaks are only 1,500 feet lower than the summit of "the Father of the Ice mountains." Here,

as in the case of the Mustag-Ata group, we see a row of the highest peaks with glaciers on their slopes and in their gorges, and below a high staircase of boulders piled up by the action of *moraines*.

The exit from the basin of the Lesser Kara-Kul, towards the Ak-Su, lies over the Ulug-Rabat pass (13,000) which first of all leads into the basin of the Tagarma, and then over another pass called the Gulma (14,300), whence the road descends to the Ak-Su, along the valley of the Kosh-Agil. The last named pass is remarkable in that its surface is sufficiently flat to afford space for the summer camps of the nomad Kirghiz. It was only on the highest ground about the Kosh-Agil pass that we saw springs, and about them three or four Kirghiz *kibitkas*. These springs which unexpectedly flow from underneath the stones as unexpectedly disappear again amongst them. The whole of the lower portion of the wide valley of the Kosh-Agil is perfectly dry and covered with sand. The valley shelves down to the river Ak-Su in a series of narrow conglomerate terraces. The valley of the Ak-Su is likewise shut in by the same sandy-pebbly river terraces which give it a very desert-like character. It is only in the immediate neighbourhood of the stream that small green-covered patches are seen. The country between the mouth of the Ak-Baital and the Istik appears to be possessed of the same characteristics as the dry waterless part of the Pamir. Here valleys from two to five miles wide and bearing principally in a N. W. direction stretch between low ranges of hills. The entire surface of the ground is strewn with sand and pebbles, and there is neither water nor vegetation in such localities. The sterile nature of the country in these parts compelled us to make a circuit in order that our successive camps might be pitched in the neighbourhood of the occasional springs. If we had proceeded in a direct line we should have had to keep the whole time to the line of the drainage of the mountains. Along the S. E. side of the water-shed, in the basin of the left affluents of the Istik, there is a similar dry locality, for it is only in the immediate neighbourhood of this river that there are small springs under the surface of the ground. This then is the general character of the dry valleys of the Pamir. In the first part of our route from the mouth of the Ak-Baital to the Istik we went along the Kara-Su stream, which in its upper valley is called the Kara-Uddin. Here there was a complete dearth of water. In order to avoid this tract, instead of making $1\frac{1}{4}$ marches in a direct line, we had to make two, and to cross an extra pass. Having effected this, the character of the country completely changed, the valley being watered in every direction by

numerous channels flowing from the northern slopes of the Wakhan chain, which reaches an altitude of 18,000 feet.

The valley of the Istik, from the point at which we entered it, *viz.*, at the mouth of the Igri-Miyuz, is divided into two parts, quite unlike each other. Whilst the upper portion is wide and connected with an entire net-work of similar valleys, through which flow the right affluents of the Istik, below the mouth of the Igri-Miyuz we entered a confined lateral gorge wherein the track was difficult, passing over precipitous cliffs. The gorge only opens out when the lowlands of the Istik are reached, and here the valley becomes spacious enough.

The march from the Istik to the Urta-Bel pass is characterised by an extremely gradual rise, so that the ascent to the pass itself appears from the north side to be perfectly imperceptible. If the march is very heavy, it is only because there is frequently no track at all over the extensive *moraine* that leads now to a perfectly bare locality, and now to a place where the surface of the ground is strewn with a covering of fine earth. I will not here describe the highlands of the Ak-Su. This vast net-work of lakes covering the surface of verdant valleys can be seen and appreciated from the crest of the Urta-Bel pass from which there is a descent over a steep staircase to the river just named. The water-parting between the Ak-Su and the Wakhan-Daria is interesting in that as it is characterised by so level and vast a plateau, one cannot at once determine whither flow the waters of the mountains streams. It is only after diligent search that it becomes apparent that the waters of the Kul-Airik, after leaving the Wakhan mountains, are swiftly borne towards the water-parting in a fan-like form of channel, the several branches dividing almost imperceptibly. One of them flows west towards the Wakhan-Daria, whilst the others turn eastwards and fall into the fairly large lake of Chakmaktin-Kul, which may therefore be considered to mark the sources of the river Ak-Su.

In my letter from the Alai I pointed out that the river Almayan must be considered as the source of the Wakhan river, and that the Almayan gorge is cut deep into the northern slopes of the Hindu-Kush. My trip up the Almayan proved very unsuccessful. In the first place my guide did not know the road himself, and secondly, though I could not help taking him with me as a man accustomed to travelling, I subsequently sent him to reconnoitre the Wakhan range in order to search for the Varram-Kotal pass, leading to the Great Lake. I had then to take with me the most unintelligent of our *Jigüts*, so that all the labour of searching for the road fell upon me. This was rendered still more difficult by a morning mist which obscured the whole gorge.

At the only bridge over the Almayan in its lower course I had to make up my mind and to determine from the general character of the locality where the road to the highlands of the river lay. My calculation proved to be very correct, for a mountain path was traceable on the bank of the river whereon I elected to search for one, and thus I was saved the descent to the bed of the river, which at the particular point of which I am speaking is of great volume and with a rapid current.

The valley of the Almayan may be more appropriately described as a cleft in the steep slopes of the mountains by which it is shut in. It is in fact the most rocky and most inaccessible portion of the Pamir. On the left hand rise up the most effective granite peaks of the Hindu-Kush, which appear to reach to heaven itself. Here, amidst hundreds of sharp and perfectly white tops, nestle a whole kingdom of glaciers of the most fantastic shapes. They adhere to the slopes and gorges, for not one of them comes quite down to the bed of the Almayan, the line of their lowest level may be fixed at 14,000 feet. The valley of the Almayan has many of the characteristics of the purely Alpine rocky type, for throughout it is exceedingly well traced the working of an ancient glacier which at some time or another must have filled the entire valley, and received into itself many icy channels from the slopes of the Hindu-Kush.

After making my way for a distance of from 23 to 26 miles, I was obliged to turn back, because further progress up the Almayan gorge would have necessitated my remaining for the night in it, and have caused uneasiness to my companions, who were awaiting my return to camp.

On my rejoining them I learnt that an examination of the Wakhan mountains gave an answer in the negative to the question of the possibility of crossing over to their northern slopes, and I was, therefore, obliged to give up further exploration of the Almayan gorge, for had I lost several days in making the attempt I should not have been able to reach the Alichur Pamir by the time I had agreed upon with Putyata.

As regards the valley of the Pamir proper, I will allow myself to forego giving a description of it since it has been already described, although not with particular fulness, in the report of the English expedition. I will only add to the information thus furnished that on the water-parting between the rivers Istik and Pamir we met with two lakes. One of these is quite isolated, having neither affluent nor effluent. It is called Kuruk-Kuntei, or the "dried-up lake." The other lies to the west of this lake, and it gives rise to a river which falls into the Zor-Kul or Great Lake. On issuing therefrom this river takes the name of the Pamir. In addition to this it may be stated that the feeders,

both of this river and of the Great Lake, are not in the northern mountains, as asserted by the English, but in the southern (i.e., not in the Pamir but in the Wakhan chain). This fact has become quite intelligible and natural after an examination of the general character of the slopes of these mountains. Thus the northern slopes of the Wakhan chain have long and deeply cut gorges filled with glaciers and snow drifts, whilst the slopes of the Pamir chain have, on the contrary, very short gorges, without any snow, so that they only feed Zor-Kul with the most meagre and occasional streams.

In order to acquaint ourselves with the Pamir mountain chain, we crossed it a little to the west of the Great Lake by the Bash-Gumbaz pass, which lies in the most rocky part of the mountain. The height of this pass exceeded that of all the Pamir passes which we visited; thus the majority of those which I myself crossed shewed an altitude of from 14,500 to 15,500; one only, the Kara-Art, reaching 16,000, whereas the height of Bash-Gumbaz is 17,000 feet. Although, according to the assurance of our guide, this pass is very much used by Kirghiz caravans, it is difficult to believe the statement, because it seems to involve too heavy travelling. The difficulty of its ascent is due to the fact that a very considerable portion of its surface is obstructed by sharp-pointed *moraine* boulders over which it is not everywhere possible to take laden horses. As the summit of the pass is approached the steepness of the ascent increases. All traces of a road disappear, and it would be very risky to lead laden horses amidst the holes between the rocks, to say nothing of the frightful labour involved in causing the animals to clamber over the huge boulders met with in moving up a very long and steep ascent. The ridge too of the crest of the pass is as sharp as a knife and very narrow. Furthermore, the descent to the Alichur side seemed to be still more difficult and even dangerous. After passing down a second ledge, an extremely sharp descent amidst huge rocks and boulders has to be faced. The last bit of the track lies along a perfectly vertical wall of rock about 10½ feet high. To go the reverse way could not be thought of. The pack horses would have to be unladen, and the goods taken down by hand, whilst the animals would require the most careful guiding as they leapt down from the successive ledges. In any case, the majority must necessarily suffer contusions.

I have dwelt on these details in order that I might the more vividly depict the character of the pass across the rocky ridge of the Pamir mountains.

But immediately after descending from the purely rocky portion of these mountains, we come at once to more favourable conditions.

Here we find forage, fuel in the shape of thorn-scrub, and a very fair road, which brings us at once into the wide valley of the Alichur, of a purely Pamir type. I need not describe its character, as it has been carefully explored and described by Professor N. A. Saivertsoff who visited it before us. I will say in two words that its advantages are chiefly centred in the fact that it is abundantly watered and consequently furnishes excellent grazing ground.

The feeders of the Alichur river are a series of streams which flow out of those same snow mountains, of whose high and rocky gorges the recently described Bash-Gumbaz pass is an illustration. Collecting in one channel, these streams (the principal one is called Utchkol) come out into the valley, which bears the name of Alichur. The Alichur stream is remarkable in that it is only in the flood season that the Utchkol group of streams reach the valley of the main river, at Chatir-Tash. During the autumn and winter seasons these streams dry up, the Alichur then rises below Chatir-Tash, its feeders being a whole series of springs or small lakes which at once form a river of some volume. For a distance of several miles the Alichur as a regular river can scarcely be said to exist, its character partaking more of the nature of an impassable marsh. Throughout the broad valley that bears this name are meadow plants, but at the point where the Alichur enters Yashil-Kul we see the first signs of forest growth in the form of clumps of willows.

Lake Yashil-Kul is surrounded by mountains with steep sides and is of immense depth. In certain places (as for example on its south side) its high and vertical shore is scarcely approachable even to the practised traveller.

At its western end Yashil-Kul is very narrow. Its entire length exceeds 13 miles. The small Buraman-Bel spur, which runs down from the Alichur chain, looks as though it would shut in a portion of this lake. My guide at first greatly alarmed me by saying that Lake Yashil-Kul had no outlet, and that the river Gunt rose on the other side of the Buraman-Bel pass. A personal examination, however, convinced me that the spur spoken of was pierced, but that the passage was, so to speak, bridged over by a considerable landslip from the southern mountains. This slip had almost filled up the whole end of the lake, the water of which had, however, made a way for itself under the rocks. A road has been made over this slip from the south side of the lake to the Buraman-Bel spur. But this road, as also the passage of the Buraman pass, is extremely fatiguing. When, however, the traveller enters the valley of the Gunt he involuntarily experiences feelings of joy under the influence of a landscape in such striking contrast to the scenery through which

he has so recently passed. The entire valley of the Gunt is forest-clad mountain scenery of the most varied forms alternating with numerous small and snug reaches of a winding and extremely beautiful river.

Passing along its valley, forest-clad to the water's edge, I reached the village of Sardim.

With regard to the valley of the Toguz-Bulak, it is interesting only in the sense that it bears traces, extraordinarily clear, of settlements, thus indicating that not so long ago the people of Shignan cultivated the land along the course of the river at altitudes exceeding 11,000 feet. It now remains for me to say something about the passage across the Khargosh Pamir. To the south of Yashil-Kul there is a mass of lakes, which together with Tashil-Kul itself must have formed at some time or another a vast lake system on the Alichur Pamir. Immediately after the traveller leaves this wide plateau and approaches the Khargosh Pass, he at once enters a confined and rocky gorge, so characteristic of the Pamir chain, but here he will meet with no especial difficulties. The Khargosh pass indeed is considered to be one of the most frequented of those leading from the Alichur to the Pamir proper. The descent begins at the point where there are two or three lakes, whence the water descends in pretty cascades over grass-covered ledges.

The Pamir valley, beginning at the Great Lake, is so obstructed from the very base of the Wakhan mountains with *moraine débris* that it loses its original level and wide character. The Pamir river, from the very moment that it leaves Zor-Kul, flows through extremely shut-in banks. To the right stretches a wall of granite rising abruptly above the river, and leaving a passage not wider than four to seven feet for both river and footway. Although below Yul-Mazar the cleft widens somewhat, even giving place to some narrow belts of green, still the character of the usually wide Pamir valleys is not repeated. By degrees bushes and trees are added to the grass vegetation, and in proportion as it inclines from N. E. to S. W. the valley still further cuts into the mountains, the track passing over rocks and very dangerous cliffs between which, at the point where it is joined by the Mas stream, the Pamir river is at length reduced to a cascade not more than 20 feet across. Progress along the Mas to the Shah-Dara stream does not prevent any special difficulty, except where the track leaves the Pamir gorge. Here it is necessary to surmount a very steep ascent (35°) in order to circumvent a rocky gorge at the mouth of the Mas. Here the track lies high above a veritable precipice. I am a man not possessed of particularly weak nerves, and I have long been accustomed to mountain paths,

cornices, balconies, &c., &c., but in going over this footway I tried not to look to my right. Here, beyond a very steep cliff along which was carried the path-way, rose up the rent and over-hanging wall of deep gorge of the Mas. The fathomless precipice produced a profound impression on me, for its depth cannot be less than 1,700 feet.

The direct road from Fort Kala-i-Panj through Mas is much more practicable, for no heavy ascent has to be surmounted. The road lies the whole way along an elevated terrace on the right bank of the Pamir and comes out almost at the crest of a flanking pass. After the descent into the Mas valley has been effected, progress is easy right up to the very easy ascent to the Shah-Dara pass. On the other side, however, there is a very sharp descent over several staircases, and then a very level, spacious, and quiet type of valley is entered. At eight or ten miles from this point the old abandoned settlements along the Shah-Dara begin. The settlements of the present day have been transferred to a point further down the river, more than a day's journey (the first settlement being Seiz).

At the entrance to the peaceful valley of the Shah-Dara a road branches off to the Alichur Pamir along the short and uninteresting Kok-Bai gorge. This brings the traveller out on to a wide plateau, which stretches past the summit of Toguz-Bulak to the Alichur Pamir. In the centre of this plateau, somewhat to the west of my route, is the large lake called Turumtai, which I was not able to visit. The locality is remarkable in that 25 years ago it was the resort of Kirghiz nomads.

I have now to tell you about the Sarez Pamir. It begins at the mouth of the Pshart gorge, the favourite summer resort of the Pamir Kirghiz. The Pshart pass is very easy, and it is only when the traveller gets to the other side of it that the character of the road changes. It now enters the narrow gorge of a stream which has a round score of names.

Two days' march along this stream brings the traveller to the valley of the large Murghab river, whence there is a road to the Sarez Pamir.

In the earlier stages there may be said, however, to be no road at all, and yet no especial difficulties are here met with. The road, as it comes out on to the Murghab at Chat-Tokai, is difficult in that the track which used to run above the left shore of Lake Sassik-Kul has been washed away, and now a very steep ascent and descent over a gigantic *moraine* brings the traveller down to the level of the lake.

The second half of the road along the course of the Murghab is still more tortuous. A fortnight before our arrival there was no road at all, for the character of the Murghab gorge is such as to allow

frequent passage from one bank of the river to the other. The road is cut into the cliff which overhangs the river, and to avoid this it is only necessary to cross over to the other bank, but this can only be effected at low water. Even at the time of my arrival at this point (the end of August) the passage was not everywhere possible, and presented many difficulties in other places.

In order that I may properly illustrate my meaning, I will adduce two examples. In one place during a whole day which fatigued the entire detachment, the total distance traversed was only $6\frac{2}{3}$ rd miles. These were the circumstances. On arrival at a cliff overhanging the river, it was first of all necessary to clear a road in order to get over the difficult place. The baggage had then to be carried across and the horses led over at great risk.

We got over the difficulty, but soon another rock of the same kind obstructed the track, and across this it was impossible to make our way. We then tried the bed of the river, but could not find a ford. We had then to turn back, when a pair of stupid horses broke loose. As we were clearing a road for ourselves, the whole detachment being halted in the water, a pair of riding horses were standing lazily in the river, when they suddenly began to try and walk across. They soon, however, got out of their depth, but on beginning to swim made their way to the other bank. As the Cossack who went after them was crossing the river, he quite accidentally fell into a deep ford. This suggested the idea of reducing the size of the loads, and taking them over in turn on the trustworthy horses. To effect the passage of this rapid river, the water of which reached our saddles, occupied much time, so that when we had all got across it was quite dark and all were tired. We had then to pitch our camp. The place where we encamped was distant just about one mile from the first obstruction on the road, and to accomplish even this short distance took us more than five hours.

In another place, about half-way on an otherwise good road to the Sarez Pamir, in order to surmount another of these rocks, it was necessary to risk the very dangerous pass across it. The track, after taking us up an incline of 38° and even 40° brought us out on to the ridge, and then descended by a most extraordinarily constructed cornice over the precipice. The passage is so narrow that it was necessary to unfasten the cloaks from the cruppers of the riding horses. Each animal had then to brush past the side of the cliff, and having effected this operation safely, to make a very dangerous jump across the ravine below. This "road" (!) was at length safely traversed, and we came out upon the picturesque village of Sarez with its miniature fortress.

I entered the village to get provisions for my own and the Chatrar detachment, under Putyata. The inhabitants of Sarez met me as a conqueror, and I had to make great diplomatic efforts in order to disclaim this honoured rôle. Having purchased some flour and made cakes of it, I hastened back in order to cross over the Kara-Bulak pass into the valley of the Kokui-Bel river, where I had to meet Putyata's detachment. Although the Kara-Bulak pass is not particularly high (15,500 feet), there is an extremely heavy ascent to it from the Murghab. With incredible efforts we dragged the packs up an incline of 38° and over a lot of loose stones that gave way, carrying the horses off their feet.

As soon, however, as the pass had been surmounted, the country at once changed. Again began the elevated Pamir plateaux with their feather grass, flocks of mountain sheep (*Arkharas*), lakes whereon are flights of geese and ducks, and meadow lands. From this point we entered the N. W. portion of the Pamir pasture lands. This is expressed by a wide belt of valley along the banks of the Kokui-Bel river, which merges imperceptibly in the southern plateau of the Kara-Kul basin to the north and in the valley of the Eastern Shurali to the west. I followed the latter and went as far as Kojar, where I met the other section of our expeditionary party.

I must now say one word about the passage from this point to the river Belenkiik, which, under the name Takhta-Goram, we are told was long ago visited, and known as affording a very important and well-beaten track between the Pamir and the Western Alai. The Takhta-Goram is divided into two rather narrow gorges of the same name. These gorges are short and with an easy ascent. In approaching them from the south the traveller comes to a large staircase of overhanging rock that looks as though it would fall, and obstruct the road which, however, ascends by very practicable zig-zags to the top, and then inclines towards the Southern Takhta-Goram. The latter gives the name of the "descent of planks" to the whole pass. And certainly the whole northern descent from the Takhta-Goram is strewn with broad stone slabs of mica and sandstone formation which resemble planks. Movement over these is quite easy, although there are no traces of a road. But the passage of the Kaindi Pass beyond is one of extreme difficulty. Here the horses have to be led over the Kaindi glacier, so that movement is at once very troublesome, dangerous and fatiguing.

FLATLAND.

"Flatland: A Romance of many Dimensions," with Illustrations by the
Author, A Square. London : Seeley & Co. 1884.

THE AUTHOR of this quaintly suggestive sketch has hit upon the happy expedient of utilising the fundamental conceptions of geometry as a vehicle at once for humorous satire and for an apology, implied rather than expressed, for the belief in a world transcending the limits of sense and thought.

The reader is introduced to an imaginary world, called Flatland, which is simply a world, the inhabitants of which, both in body and in mind, are absolutely restricted to a single plane; they live and move and have their whole being in two dimensions, length and breadth; and the idea of a third dimension is to them as inconceivable as the idea of a fourth dimension is to us. The beings who people this world are regular geometrical figures; one of whom, a square, who, unfortunately for himself, has had visions of other modes of existence and has actually for a time visited our world of three-dimension space, acts as interpreter between the reader and the dwellers in this strangely limited universe. With wonderful skill the writer has thus succeeded in infusing a thoroughly human interest into these absurd geometrical fictions; and, for the time being, we are in imagination transported into their mental plane, and see things as they see them.

The sex and social status of the Flatlanders determines, or is determined, by their shape. The prolific lower orders are all isosceles triangles, with small vertical angles ranging from half a degree to nearly sixty degrees. This vertical angle represents the brain and is the measure of their intelligence, while on the other hand it is used as an offensive weapon for piercing enemies. Soldiers and policemen are thus necessarily highly acute-angled and correspondingly destitute of intelligence. By virtue and industry this vertical angle increases in successive generations until at last, in rare cases, a child is born of isosceles parents which is truly equilateral. Such an infant is at once removed from its parents and adopted into the class of equilaterals,

who are the respectable tradespeople of this community. Thenceforward a fixed law of Flatland development ensures that in each successive generation a fresh side is added to the offspring: the son of the equilateral tradesman becomes a professional square; his son is a gentleman-pentagon; his son an aristocratic hexagon; and so on until we come to the polygonal peerage, and at last approximate to the circular priesthood. By a happy stroke of satire the women of this community are found at the opposite pole of shape; they are more acute, and therefore more brainless than the lowest of the low, being mere straight lines, with an eye and mouth at one end and a sharp point at the other. A woman thus exactly resembles a needle. This fact gives her a fearful power. For obviously to an eye in Flatland a woman, whose body happens to lie along the line of sight, is foreshortened into a point. They can thus render themselves invisible at will, and by a sudden movement backwards can transfix and kill any one who may have offended them. Special laws have therefore been made for the protection of males; every house has a separate door for the women, by which all females shall enter "in a becoming and respectful manner" (just as according to a foot-note taken from the *Spectator*, September 1884, there is in Spaceland among the aristocratic clergy a separate entrance for "villagers, farmers and teachers of Board Schools.") No female may walk in any public place without giving warning by continually keeping up her peace-cry. And either positive statute or the more potent law of fashion compels every woman to indicate her presence to those behind her by continually swaying her body from side to side. Hence, as the writer remarks, "in every family of position and consideration *back-motion* is as prevalent as time itself." And the rooms of the women are made long and narrow, so that it may be impossible for them to turn round: the master of the house can then say to them what he pleases, with impunity, as they cannot get him into their rear, and being perfectly brainless they will have forgotten by the time he has left the room alike the words that may have roused their wrath, and the promises by which he has propitiated their fury. The lower classes of society who rely too much on the brute force of their acute angles, instead of the defensive organs of "good sense and seasonable simulations," often forget the necessity for these wise provisions of household architecture, and recklessly "irritate their wives by ill-advised expressions out of doors." And since a "blunt and stolid regard for literal truth indisposes them to make those lavish promises by which the more judicious circle can in a moment pacify his consort," they are often slaughtered wholesale—a result in which the conservative circles philosophically acquiesce as a provi-

dential arrangement for naturally weeding out the more brutal of the isosceles classes and thus "nipping revolution in the bud."

Nevertheless the higher classes are not wholly exempt from their troubles: Fashion ensures safety at the sacrifice of comfort: "in the houses of the upper classes there is too often no peace: the voluble mouth and bright penetrating eye" of the females is, by an unwritten social law, invariably turned towards the master of the household; and "the tact and skill which suffice to avert a woman's sting are unequal to the task of stopping a woman's mouth; and as the wife has absolutely nothing to say, and no constraint of wit, sense, or conscience to keep her from saying it, not a few cynics have been found to aver that they prefer the danger of the death-dealing but inaudible sting to the safe sonorousness of a woman's other end." The writer frankly adds that the condition of Flatland women is indeed deplorable: they can never develop even the smallest brain-angle; "once a woman always a woman," but, as he sagely remarks, "we may admire the wise pre-arrangement which has ordained that, as they have no hopes, so they shall have no memory to recall, and no forethought to anticipate the miseries and humiliations which are at once a necessity of their existence and the basis of the Flatland Constitution."

Two very ingenious and amusing sections follow the above, in which the writer describes the way in which Flatlanders recognise and see each other. We have here some really interesting studies in applied geometry and perspective in which there is inwoven a vein of exquisitely humorous satire. As the description proceeds from an account of the methods of recognition by voice, by feeling and by sight, the dramatic interest deepens; and by an easy transition from the highly intellectual and complex problems of sight-recognition, which is chiefly practised among the aristocracy, the writer digresses into an episode of ancient Flatland history, and describes how a designing but degenerate scion of the nobility, by introducing the custom of distinguishing their sides by different paints, and thus making the difficult science of sight-recognition of no further use, artfully contrived to secure the suffrages of the populace for a Parliamentary Bill for the compulsory painting of women and priests, the effect of which would have been to have superseded the intellectual discipline of the academic study of perspection, and thus by enfeebling their mental strength to have paved the way for the gradual decay and final abolition of the peerage and priesthood. How this bill was all but carried; how the constitution of Flatland was however saved partly by a feminine reaction against colour,

owing to the tragic fate of a girl of a noble house who was entrapped into marriage by a polygonally-painted isosceles triangle, but still more by the astute statecraft and bold Parliamentary strategy of the chief circle, need not be told at length here. One passage we may quote from the description of the method of recognition by feeling. In the elementary schools of Flatland children are taught to recognise angles of different sizes by feeling them ; and the State provides for that purpose the *corpora vilia* of paupers and criminals whose brain angles range from half a degree to ten degrees. These wretched beings are kept securely chained up in the class rooms of the infant schools, and are used for object lessons, like the wooden blocks of a Kindergarten.

In some States the specimens are occasionally fed and suffered to exist for several years ; but in the more temperate and better regulated regions, it is found in the long run more advantageous for the educational interests of the young to dispense with food and renew the specimens every month—which is about the average duration of the foodless existence of the criminal class. In the cheaper schools what is gained by the longer existence of the specimens is lost, partly in the expenditure for food, and partly in the diminished accuracy of the angles, which are impaired after a few weeks of constant “feeling.” Nor must we forget to add, in enumerating the advantages of the more expensive system, that it tends, though slightly yet perceptibly, to the diminution of the redundant isosceles population—an object which every statesman in Flatland constantly keeps in view. On the whole, therefore, although I am not ignorant that in many popularly elected school boards there is a reaction in favour of “the cheap system” as it is called—I am myself disposed to think that this is one of the many cases in which expense is the truest economy.

The first part of the Romance closes with an account of the Doctrine of the Priest of Flatland. That Doctrine is summed up in the maxim “*Attend to your Configuration.*” Praise or blame is due not to morality of conduct but to the regularity of sides and angles ; and all our energies ought to be devoted to securing a fair and conventional outside. This doctrine, as our square author acutely remarks, is “theoretically unques tionable, but it has practical drawbacks.” When, for instance, his hexagonal grandson pleads as an excuse for disobedience that “a sudden change of the temperature has been too much for his perimeter, and that I ought to lay the blame not on him but on his configuration, which can only be strengthened by abundance of the choicest sweetmeats,” the square confesses that he can neither logically reject, nor practically accept, this conclusion.

But perhaps the most telling passage in the whole sketch is the account given by the author, at the close of Part I, of the evil results of the system adopted by the circles as regards the education of

women. It had been decided that women, "being deficient in reason but abundant in emotion," should receive no education whatever. And thus in the course of centuries the "slight vestige of intellect which women had by nature" gradually dwindled away. The square thinks this policy likely to react injuriously on the male sex.

For the consequence is that, as things now are, we males have to lead a kind of bi-lingual, and I may almost say bi-mental, existence. With the women we speak of "love," "duty," "right," "wrong," "pity," "hope," and other irrational and emotional conceptions, which have no existence, and the fiction of which has no object except to control feminine exuberances; but among ourselves and in our books we have an entirely different vocabulary, and I may almost say idiom. "Love" then becomes "the anticipation of benefits," "duty" becomes "necessity" or "fitness"; and other words are correspondingly transmuted. Moreover, among women we use language implying the utmost deference for their sex; and they fully believe that the chief circle himself is not more devoutly adored by us than they are: but behind their backs they are both regarded and spoken of—by all except the very young—as being little better than "mindless organisms."

Our theology also in the women's chambers is entirely different from the theology elsewhere.

Now my humble fear is, that this double training in language, as well as in thought, imposes somewhat too heavy a burden upon the young, especially when, at the age of three years old, they are taken from the maternal care, and taught to unlearn the old language, except for the purpose of repeating it in the presence of their mothers and nurses, and to learn the vocabulary and idiom of science. Already methinks I discern a weakness in the grasp of mathematical truth at the present time as compared with the more robust intellect of our ancestors three hundred years ago. I say nothing of the possible danger if a woman should ever surreptitiously learn to read and convey to her sex the result of her perusal of a single popular volume: nor of the possibility that the indiscretion or disobedience of some infant male might reveal to a mother the secrets of the logical dialect. On the simple ground of the enfeebling of the male intellect, I rest this humble appeal to the highest authorities to reconsider the regulations of female education.

The whole of the first part, which is, as we have seen, chiefly satirical, is however merely an introduction to the second part, in which the real argument of the Romance is developed. The human interest deepens; the undercurrent of theological thought grows more powerful, and begins now and then to eddy and ripple on the surface, while at the same time we lose sight of the element of the grotesque, the geometrical figures become beings with a moral sense and endowed with the germs of a spiritual life.

The story here opens with the author's preparatory and premonitory experiences a few days before the termination of the second millennium of Flatland history. In a dream he sees a vision

of Lineland, and has a long interview with the king of that narrow world. His majesty is a line six and a half inches long, with an eye and a mouth at each end ; one end being endowed with a bass, the other with a tenor voice. His male subjects are shorter lines ; the women are mathematical points. The horizon of every Linelander is necessarily a solitary point, and his whole mental being works in one dimension only ; the idea of breadth is inconceivable to him. Social intercourse of every kind is carried on by means of the sense of sound ; since no Linelander can either pass or see through his neighbour on either side. Great skill is here shewn in the development of the modes of life and thought possible within such a limited environment, and the Flatland square, in his futile arguments with the Lineland king, brings into clear dramatic relief the narrow mental range of the latter. The Lineland king can only see a point, although he can infer the idea of length, but the existence of anything out of his line is to him unthinkable. While the square is within his line he regards him as a point, endowed with but one eye and mouth, and therefore presumably a woman, with a monstrously unnatural bass voice. When the square quits the line, to the king he seems as dead ; and when he rapidly reappears and disappears again, the king looks on him as a sort of magician or impostor. To the king's mind his own two ends are his *outside*, the length between them is his *inside*, and that any one should see his inside appears simply incredible and absurd. The square, on the other hand, finds it impossible to express what he sees, when outside the line, to the Lineland king in terms level with the comprehension of the latter, and after a long controversy, in which the king gets more and more hopelessly mystified, and the square altogether loses his temper and his manners, the dream comes to an end.

On the day following the dream the square was giving a mathematical lesson to his youngest grandson, a bright and promising hexagon. He had explained to him how a point by its motion produces a line, say of three inches, and how a line, by a similar motion, generates a surface, say a square of three inches each way ; and he had shown him how to calculate the area of this square, and proves it to contain 3^2 square inches. Thus the simple number 3 corresponds in geometry to a line, and the second power 3^2 corresponds to a surface ; thereupon the hexagon suggests that perhaps 3^3 has some geometrical meaning, and begins a little analogical reasoning on the subject, which is cut short by the prompt rebuff, "Go to bed, if you would talk less nonsense you would remember more sense."

So the little boy is sent off in disgrace, while the square and his wife sit up to see the old millennium out and the new one in. The square is still brooding over his grandson's perversity, and has just given vent to his feelings by exclaiming, "the boy is a fool," when a mysterious presence enters the room, and a mysterious voice replies, "the boy is not a fool, and 3^d has a geometrical meaning." The square and his wife are horror-stricken to see a figure in the room, which at first looks like a woman, *i.e.*, a line; but the wife finding on nearer approach that the stranger is a circle, modestly retires and leaves her husband alone in his interview with so exalted a being. Then follows a scene between the square and his visitor, in which all the experiences and arguments of the Lineland vision are reproduced with an amusing fidelity, although the tables are turned, and it is the square who is now obtuse and proof against all argument. The stranger is really a sphere come from the land of space to make a convert, and an Apostle of the Gospel of a Third Dimension. He enters the plane of Flatland, and in that plane only his section can be seen, which is of course a circle, but a circle of variable size. He talks with the square, tries to make him understand that there is an existence out of his plane, and proves this by leaving the plane and describing the appearance of Flatland as seen from space; but all to no purpose. The square cannot believe that any one can see his own inside; and when the sphere leaves his plane he thinks him dead. The sphere at last tries the method of miracles; there is a securely locked closet in the square's house, in which are tablets and money boxes. To the mind of the square this closet is absolutely secure, as it is enclosed in every direction that he can imagine: the idea of getting at its interior by approaching it from the space on either side of Flatland is of course to him unthinkable; and when the sphere takes the tablet away into space and returns with it, and places it on the floor of the room, the square is only convinced that either the visitor is a magician, or that he himself has gone mad, and made desperate with this dread he rushes at his visitor with loud outcries, and after a short struggle the sphere is unwillingly compelled to thrust him out of Flatland into the regions of three-dimension space.

Here all the mysteries that had so perplexed him are explained: he looks down upon Flatland and sees for himself all that he had ever inferred when in his former state, of the nature of lines, angles, and figures. After a general survey of his late world, he is taken by the sphere to a place where he can look down upon the proceed-

ings in the General Assembly Hall of the States of Flatland, on the morning of the first day of the new millennium. His brother, the Chief Clerk of the High Council, is reading over the minutes of the last Millennial Meeting. In these minutes it was recorded that certain evil-disposed fanatics had troubled the peace of the States by professing to have received a revelation of the existence of another world, and of a third dimension; severe penalties (death or perpetual imprisonment) are demanded against all such rash and ill-advised persons in future. Thereupon the sphere leaps down into the Council Chamber, and in a loud voice proclaims the existence of the three-dimension world of space. The guards vainly attempt to arrest him, as he recedes from their plane: the younger Lords of Council are visibly impressed with a sense of awe, but the President explains that such phenomena have occurred on previous millennial commencements; but their occurrence has always been kept as a State secret; to ensure secrecy the guards and Council servants who have unfortunately witnessed the sphere's descent are taken away to summary execution, and the square's brother, the chief clerk, is sentenced to honourable but perpetual imprisonment.

The square and the sphere then retire to other regions of space, and the latter teaches his admiring pupil all the mysteries of Space-land, and especially the law of formation of regular solid figures, as for example, a cube. Then follows the climax of the Romance, in which the tables are turned upon the sphere himself with an amusing reproduction of all the previous analogical arguments from Lineland and from Flatland. A point by motion out of itself produces a line; a line by motion out of itself produces a plane; a plane by motion out of itself produces a solid. A fixed arithmetical law governs these developments; thus a point has *no* extremities; a line has *two* which are *points*; a square plane has *four*, which are *lines*; a cubical solid has *six*, which are *planes*. Hence the square naturally infers that a cube by motion out of itself will generate an incomprehensible something which will have *eight* bounding *cubes*. Again a point is but *one* point in itself; a line has *two* terminal points; a square plane has *four*; a cube has *eight*. Hence the square argues that this incomprehensible something will have sixteen terminal points. Again in Lineland, where there was only one dimension, it was impossible to survey the *inside* of a line; but by going out of Lineland into Flatland, the region of two dimensions, this vision became possible. In Flatland the *insides* of circles or squares could not be seen; but by leaving Flatland and entering the world of three-dimensions the interior of flat figures became

visible. Hence the square argues that, if we leave Spaceland and enter the world of four dimensions, we shall be able to see the *insides* of solid figures; and from that world we shall be able to enter and to leave rooms closed all round, as if by magic: and full of this thought he humbly entreats the sphere to take him into the world of four dimensions and show him his inside. Of course the sphere angrily retorts that such a thing is inconceivable nonsense, and re-enacts the dogmatically incredulous rage of the Lineland king and of the unconverted Square. The dispute is at last solved by the sphere, who kicks the too-presumptuous square back into his own plane, in which he awakes as from a swoon. He now determines to enter on his mission in Flatland as an Apostle of the three-dimension world; and in this determination he is encouraged by a dream in which he once more meets the now pacified sphere, who acknowledges himself to have been in the wrong, and takes him away to see a vision of the king of Pointland, who lives alone, self-contained, self-satisfied, in the non-dimensional gulf. He of course proves hopeless: the arguments and expostulations of the square are accepted by him as varying words of his own consciousness; he has no relativity of sensation, and the *non-ego* is to him unthinkable. More in sorrow than in anger they leave this self-complacent god of Pointland, and the sphere in a farewell discourse points the moral "to aspire and to teach others to aspire." Full of divine ecstacy the square awakes, ready to evangelize the whole of Flatland. "*Even to women and to soldiers should the Gospel of three dimensions be proclaimed. I would begin with my wife.*"

But, alas, the first sound he hears is the cry of the herald denouncing the doom of the Council against all fanatical preachers of the doctrine of a three-dimension world. And to his waking thoughts in Flatland the ideas which were so plain when he was in the world of space became dim and confused. He feels it hopeless to attempt to enlighten his wife: he tries the argument from analogy upon the very grandson who had first suggested it to him, but the grandson has heard the herald's voice, and is made proof against all such arguments by his aristocratic instinct of reverence for established authority; and of course the square breaks down hopelessly when he attempts to show in actual deed what the three-dimension is. Next he tries writing a book, but this proves of no avail. He becomes moody and melancholy, from the consciousness that the ideas of solidity are gradually fading away from his own mind: at times he mutters dangerous phrases about "seeing the insides of things," "the all-seeing land," &c.,; and at last, carried away at a public meeting by his long suppressed enthusiasm, he

openly avows the doctrine of the third dimension. He is taken before the Council, tried and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the same asylum with his brother, the ex-chief clerk. There he pines away; a poor Flatland Prometheus, at times hoping that his martyrdom may somehow prove efficacious in forwarding the mental emancipation of humanity somewhere; more often bowed down with a benumbing sense that all his cherished ideas are after all the abusive phantasms of a diseased imagination.

Such is a brief outline of the scope and style of this remarkable book; a book which bears a stray family likeness to the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More. Like that famous Romance, under veil of sarcastic wit there lies an implication rather than an expression of deeply earnest thought. But the underlying problems of Flatland are far more spiritual and more profound than those of the *Utopia*, and the highest praise we can give to the book is, that this depth of conviction and of thought never overrides the author's dramatic instinct. Once, and once only, is the mask lifted for a moment, and then apparently with a deliberate purpose; for the square's supposed treatise, "*Through Flatland to Thoughtland*," seems intended to remind us of a real title of a real book, "*Through Nature to Christ*," by Dr. E. A. Abbott, who is known to be the writer of the pages now under review. The only weak point in this romantic argument from analogy appears to us to be that it lends itself too readily to a Paleyan defence of the necessarily literal truth of the miracles recorded as accompanying the Resurrection; and the passage in which the sphere reluctantly admits that there have been rumours in Spaceland of beings of a higher order entering closed rooms and appearing and vanishing at will, even as the sphere entered the square's closed rooms—this passage may be construed as a recantation or repudiation of the profoundly spiritual, because fearlessly anti-Paleyan doctrine of *Philochristus* and *Onesimus*. But we prefer to look on the whole book as an exposition from a widely different standpoint of the central truth of James Hinton's philosophy, *viz.*, that all our life and thought in this world is by a negation, a not-being. All our ideas of space and time are projections outwards from the deadness within, and the spiritual world, which we think of as wholly apart from this world, really embraces it; we live but in the shadow and empty surface of that world which is the only reality. † Death is not a taking away, it is an addition; which gives us all we had before, but places that totality in a new light, and reveals it as a mere nothing in the fulness of a new and added life.

JAMES A. ALDIS.

SIZE.

IS THERE A FOURTH DIMENSION ?

IT IS NEEDFUL, when we consider this or any other question to define the terms which we use. No apology, therefore, is required for a preliminary glance at the meanings which the word *size* may bear, other than that meaning with which we have more immediately to deal.

Size, according to Dr. Johnson, is "bulk; a glutinous substance." The glutinous substance may be composed of gelatine and other things, obtained, curiously enough, from the skins of animals,—their superfcies.

"Sizes" again,—hence sizers or sizars,—may mean "allowances of victuals." In this sense the immortal William uses the word. These are various *sizes*. It is to the first *sizes*—"bulk"—and its relations that I would here pray for a little attention.

Size is not a big word, but it is a big thing. It is so big and plain that we all think we know all about it. The length and the breadth and the height we know, and *that* we call size. But how few things do we really measure in this way? And those things which can be measured in this way are precisely the things to which we apply other standards of measurement.

Take, for instance, a statue. Its size, measurable as it is, is not what we judge it by, although from its measure alone may come its excellence. To Nature the same remark applies, and measurement of length or breadth or height is what we least regard when we think of the familiar hillsides of our holidays, or the mountains of the land we love to call our home.

It is quite clear, therefore, that, however useful the three dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness may be, there is yet a Fourth Dimension, and it is one which we are all in the habit of using. We do use it, no matter what the subject.

That a fourth dimension really does exist we nowhere find stated, but the other three are very short measures, are they not?

There is more in "bulk," to use the learned Doctor's word, than they account for ; because space, when infinitely large, cannot be measured by them, and when it is reduced to a point they do not apply to it. So of dimensions there must be more than three—may be many more ; and the three we wot of are quite inapplicable to the infinite—the infinitely big or the infinitely little.

An illustration of this occurs to us in gauging the mind and matter of a man or of a woman ; so tall, so short, so muscular, and well built, so trim and shapely, so much nose to the face or calf to the leg, so much fine forehead. And never a reference to the grace of it all, of which we cannot but estimate the value,—to the beauty and the comeliness that come not of measurements, but are lent indeed to the three bald dimensions to cke them out withal and launch them on the waters of our critical consideration.

That comeliness or grace or beauty are any of them the Fourth Dimension is not maintained, but do they not borrow, and that freely, from a dimension that is not any of the ordinary three ? That there is much in the mere measurable is quite true. Both sound and colour, measurable as they are, depend on measure for their tones and changes, such measure as we are already well acquainted with. We know, however, that much more than sound or colour or any measurable thing enters into the dimensions of the simplest object which we contemplate, if indeed it does not constitute its chief dimension and principal relation to ourselves, perhaps through its relation to the infinite.

To mind it may be more difficult to apply the principle of the Fourth Dimension than to material objects. Unconsciously 'tis done. The length of a speech goes for something, it is true ; the breadth indefiniteness may extend or bigotry narrow ; and the height, although it does not require to be very high to soar beyond the attempt to reach it of an ordinary audience, is still measurable in that direction. Is there not here also a Fourth Dimension acknowledged as existing somewhere ? Do we not find it referred to in the *dictum* "Silence is Golden" ? What tape-measure can we apply to that ?—tape-measure of the tailor of the clothes philosophy ?—and how is it inched or jointed that we may read it off ? In the absence of existing canon, the presumption is that one will be discovered or invented.

There is little doubt about the dimension. It is there. There is a place for it if not many places, one application if not many.

Now if to measure such a simple theme as the outside of the commonest thing—a form, a body, a speech—we are helpless with our

three dimensions, what will become of us when the affairs of nations are in the balance, with *Skolasticos* M. P. reading off the steelyard,—or when the value of a thought is in discussion, prose or poetic, and some cruel critic or fatted publisher—mayhap a mere promoted printer's devil—the judge?

No! Emphatically no! The three dimensions are not enough for us. They never were enough to measure the world we live in or even a little fraction of it. The Garden of Eden could not be encompassed by these arbitrary measures—scales as they are of our ignorance; and, although, it is presumed, land enough was provided in the garden for our First Parents in its length and its breadth and its depth, that garden had other meters.

Nor would it be wonderful indeed if the question which remained for their more ingenious later progeny to put—

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

—had a closer connexion than we at present can discern with this very Fourth Dimension about which it may not have been unprofitable to have inquired—"There are more things in heaven and earth * * * *"

J. J. W.

FAITH.

A RHAPSODY AND A REPLY.

The speaker chideth :—

Where is thy God ? and whence,
 Whence knowest thou to find him ?
 Childlike thou see'st a Fairy's influence
 In green rings left behind him !

Look straight and true,
 Refuse not honour due
 To the revelation
 Of this newest time !
 Seek not salvation in ancient myth and rhyme !

Cease your childish dreaming,
 Look for *fact*, not seeming ;
 Say—God whom I do not see,
My God thou can'st not be.

* * * * *

The speaker's confession of faith here followeth :—

I see not—I infer
 That great primæval cell,
 Mother of all that dwell
 In earth—but safe in her
 My faith reposes.
 By faith I know the life
 Developed strong by strife,
 Which opposites encloses !

I see the rise from less to more,
 I see the growth that lies before
 Our present ken,—
 From small and slight to complex form,
 From cysted cell to mammal warm,
 And to the race of men.

And what beyond ?—I know not yet :
 But I have faith in nature's debt
 To instinct's boding dreams :
 The vine unconscious leans and twines,
 But nature guides its curved inclines,
 She grants what best beseems ;
 She shall fulfil the prescient will—
 The upward reaching conscience, still.

And then—what then ?

A noble race of noble men.
 Beauty of soul
 Evolved from perfect harmony
 Of frame and function. Calm on me
 The vision of the Whole
 Descends—Man strong and Woman fair,
 And nature answering to their care—
 The Golden Age begun !
 The Cell from which such glories spring,
 I honour as the noblest thing,
 The wondrous, Vital One.

This, this, I understand ! Yet no—
 Reverence forbids, rather let low
 Murmurs arise
 Of praise to That unseen by sense,
 That seeming frail omnipotence,
 That cypher, deeply wise,
 Which, being nothing, can create
 Time, space, the planetary state,
 The will of man, the vast decrees of fate.

This greatest, only, Miracle
This Force, creating heaven and hell
And all the shows of mind !
Creating music, and great arts
Strong loves, and dear heroic hearts—
Divinity enshrined !

Thee do I worship, Mother of men,
Unseen but inferred, imagined not heard,
Yet known by my intellect, seen by my soul
Beginning and End and Whole !

* * * * *

I have heard your confession, O brother,
Said the foolish child standing by ;
While you worship *Natura*, the Mother,
The FATHER of all would I.

But one and ever the same
Is the Author of being and bliss :
Though in cloudy forces hiding,
Though in humble forms abiding,
Love is his only name.
And the GOD whom you think you miss,
And the GOD whom I worship—is this.

DANIEL C. ANGUS.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

NOTES FROM VARAHA MIHIRA'S PANCHASIDDHIANTIKA. *By G. Thibaut, Phil. Dr.—Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Vol. LIII, Part I.*

Hindu astronomy, historically considered, presents two well marked phases of development. There is the earlier phase from which Western influence is absent, and the later one which bears indubitable marks of its Greek origin ; or, to adopt Professor Max Müller's division of the whole of Sanskrit literature, the earlier phase would come, chronologically, under the pre-Renaissance period which preceded the invasion of India by the Sakas (perhaps Scythians), about the first century B.C. ; while the later stage would be synchronous with the Renaissance, which roughly dates from the fourth century of our era. The pre-Renaissance sources of our knowledge of Indian astronomy are the Veda and the Jyotisha-Vedānga, though the date of the latter work is still uncertain. Vedic indications are few and of doubtful meaning. Professor Whitney in his essay on the Lunar Zodiac remarks that the twenty-seven lunar mansions or asterisms (*nakshatras*) appear as a system at the end of the Vedic hymn-period. In the Rig-Veda there is but a single mention of two of them : in the Atharva, which is later than the Rig-Veda, they appear more frequently, and in one of its books a complete list is once given. An intercalary month is also mentioned in the Veda ; and some scholars have professed to find a reference to the cycle of five years, which is later of the greatest importance. While referring to the Jyotisha-Vedānga or astronomical ancillary to the Veda, the oldest work on this subject that has come down to present times, we must once for all acknowledge our indebtedness to one of Dr. G. Thibaut's earlier monographs entitled "Contributions to the explanation of the Jyotisha-Vedānga," which is an invaluable exposition of this difficult little treatise.

The quinquennial cycle of years already referred to is established in the Jyotisha-Vedānga as an evident attempt to reconcile the discrepancies between solar and lunar calculations, and is based

on the assumption of five sidereal revolutions being exactly equal in duration to sixty-seven periodical revolutions of the moon and to sixty-two synodical months, while one complete revolution of the sun is supposed to be performed in three hundred and sixty-six days. The year being thus taken to consist of three hundred and sixty-six days, it is clear that the error at the end of one *yuga* or cycle of five years would amount (nearly) to $5 \times \frac{3}{4} = 3\frac{3}{4}$ days. In truth, the wonder is that the accumulation of the error after the lapse of a few *yugas* did not force itself on the attention of the Hindus. "That a cycle of this nature," writes Dr. Thibaut in his tract on the *Súrya-prajñapti*, a Jaina work, "based, as it is, on an utterly wrong assumption, could maintain itself for a considerable time, as it manifestly has done, is a matter for legitimate wonder, and does not find a parallel in the history of chronological systems among any other civilised nation." Hindu indifference to observation and its methods is perhaps nowhere more painfully obvious than in this the earlier period of astronomical literature.

It was Greek influence that gave to Hindu astronomy a scientific character. In regard to this point, Dr. Thibaut's summing up (in the monograph under notice) will be of interest to the general reader, and we are, therefore, the readier to quote it *in extenso*. "The fundamental similarity of the methods employed by the Greeks on the one and the Hindus on the other side, the fact of terms of unquestionably Greek origin being met with in Indian astronomical works, and lastly the testimony which the Hindu writers themselves bear to the proficiency of the Yavanas in the *Jyotishasāstra* more than suffice to convince impartial judges that the enormous progress which a book of the class of the *Súrya-siddhānta* marks, on works of the nature of the *Jyotisha-Vedāṅga*, was not effected without help coming from the West." As an instance of such testimony the following translation of a verse, which was brought to the notice of European scholars by Professor Kern, will serve :—"The Yavanas (Greeks) are truly *Mlecchas* (outcasts): amongst them this science (astronomy) is well grounded. Even they are honoured as if they were *Rishis*: how much the more then an astronomer who is a twice-born (Hindu)!"

But, the fact of Western influence proved, there still remained the further and harder problems of showing in detail how scientific Hindu astronomy arose from its Greek prototype, and why the divergence of the two was as great in some points as it is. To these problems Dr. Thibaut has addressed his wide scholarship and critical research with results no other than those that were to be expected

from a study of his previous contributions to Sanskrit astronomy. And we now turn to the two works which are the subject of the present monograph. Astronomical treatises are classed either as Siddhāntas or as Karanas. The definition of these terms, as first given by Professor Kern, was that a Karana differs from a Siddhānta in the respect that, while in the Siddhānta all calculations refer to the beginning of the Kali Yuga (or Iron Age, which by a scientific fiction began in 3102 B.C.) they refer in the Karana to the Saka era (which began A.D. 78). The definition, which by a curious inadvertence is misstated in Professor Max Müller's appendix to his "India; what can it teach us," p. 319, is inadequate. Dr. Thibaut supplies the deficiency. A Siddhānta is a theoretical treatise explanatory of the general principles of the system. A Karana is a practical hand-book enabling the calculator to execute ordinary calculations with the greatest possible ease and despatch by providing him with rules ready made. The practical Karana is therefore unintelligible away from the theoretical Siddhānta upon which it depends. That the Saka era should have been chosen by the Karana works was, of course, due to the wish to shorten, as far as possible, all calculations. The Panchasiddhāntikā belongs to the Karana class, and (as its name implies) is based on five Siddhāntas or theoretical treatises. Of the latter only one, *viz.*, the Suryasiddhānta is known at present, and even with regard to it Dr. Thibaut remarks at the end of his paper that the existing Sūryasiddhāntā is not to be referred to as an historical authority without great caution, since it is doubtful whether this is the original Siddhānta. An amateur reader can now indulge his imagination, if he likes, by trying to appreciate the difficulties in the way of a translator of a work like the Panchasiddhāntika. However, Dr. Thibaut promises an edition and translation of the entire Panchasiddhāntikā as far as the deficiencies of the MSS. will allow.

The author of this work was Varāha Mihira of Ujjain (who died in 587 A.D.); but the date of its composition is uncertain. Dr. Thibaut is unwilling to assign it to a later date than 530—540. In a verse in the third chapter Varāha Mihira gives a very clear and interesting indication of the relation between Hindu and Greek astronomy. We quote Dr. Thibaut's translation of the verse and comments thereon. "The nádis (or sixtieth part of twenty-four hours) arising from the difference in longitude from Yavanapura are seven and a third in Avanti (Ujjain), nine in Benares; the method of ascertaining them I will state elsewhere.' The verse contains a statement of the difference in longitude between Ujjain and Benares

on the one and Yavanapura on the other side. That by the latter name we have to understand Alexandria has been remarked by Professor Kern already: the passage we are considering at present furnishes the proof. The real eastern longitude (from Greenwich) of Ujjain is $75^{\circ} 51' 45''$, that of Benares $83^{\circ} 3' 4''$, that of Alexandria $29^{\circ} 52'$; therefore, the seconds being neglected, Ujjain is in 46° east longitude, Benares in $53^{\circ} 11'$ east longitude, from Alexandria. If we now, on the other hand, calculate the difference in longitude of the three places mentioned from the difference in time stated by Varāha Mihira we obtain 44° as the longitude of Ujjain from Alexandria and 54° as the longitude of Benares from the same place. The error involved in Varāha Mihira's determination is not inconsiderable, but not greater than might have been expected, certainly not too great for our assuming with confidence that Yavanapura is to be identified with Alexandria."

Professor Kern suggested the possibility of Yavanapura being Constantinople, but the probabilities in favour of its being Alexandria are much greater, if the general importance of Alexandria, its geographical position as regards India, and the fact that it was the place where Greek astronomy took its final elaborate form, are borne in mind.

The Romaka Siddhānta, which (as already remarked) has not come down to us as far as is known, was written by Śrīshena. Dr. Thibaut fixes 505 A.D. as the most probable date of its composition. Here, again, we are met by undoubted proofs of Greek influence. The cycle of years employed by the Romaka Siddhānta is an adaptation of the Metonic cycle of 19 solar years; and the year, consisting of 365 days, 5 hours, 1 minute, 12 seconds, is not the sidereal solar year uniformly employed by the later Indian astronomers, but the tropical solar year invariably used by the Greeks. "Nor is there any room for doubt concerning the origin of this determination of the solar year. It is the tropical year of Hipparchus or, if we like, of Ptolemy, who adopted his great predecessor's estimation of the time occupied by one tropical revolution of the sun without attempting to correct it, although it is considerably too long."

But it must not be supposed that the Hindus were ready to accept Greek notions and abandon their own. On the contrary, the Romaka Siddhānta shows clearly that Greek thoughts, and methods had to undergo a filtering process in the Hindu mind before they could form an integral portion of

Indian science. Thus the Hindus retained their lunisolar calendar with its lunar days and intercalary lunar months, in spite of its being complicated and inconvenient. The reasons for the adoption of such an extraordinary calendar are not discussed in Dr. Thibaut's paper. His monograph, quite apart from its special subject-matter and learned accuracy, is a valuable contribution to comparative Aryan history. It marks once more the difference in the mental tendencies of the Greek and the Hindu. "Both nations," he concisely notes, "in an early age conceived plausible theories, in reality devoid of foundation, by which they tried to account for puzzling phenomena; but while the Greeks controlled their theories, by means of continued observation of the phenomena themselves, and replaced them by new ones as soon as they perceived that the two were not in harmony, the Hindus religiously preserved the generalisations hastily formed at an early period, and instead of attempting to rectify them, proceeded to deduce from them all kinds of imaginary consequences." This indeed is the conclusion that in some form or another is forced upon the student of Hindu literature and philosophy, strive as he may to drink in Indian wisdom, to learn the lessons that India can teach.

OBITER DICTA. *2nd Edition, London : Elliot Stock. 1884.*—This little volume, which has met with a favourable reception at the hands of the English public, may be recommended to Indian readers. Its designation is explained on the title-page, where we are told that "an *obiter dictum*, in the language of the law, is a gratuitous opinion, an individual impertinence, which, whether it be wise or foolish, right or wrong, bindeth none—not even the lips that utter it." The writer, accordingly, proceeds to deliver himself of his "remarks by the way" on Carlyle, on Browning, on Truth-hunting, on Actors, on A Rogue's Memoirs, on The Via Media, and, finally, on Falstaff. In his first essay the writer combats the notion—one which, he tells us, is often found suitably lodged in heads otherwise empty—that Carlyle "was a passionate old man, dominated by two or three extravagant ideas, to which he was for ever giving utterance in language of equal extravagance." He then proceeds to note what he regards as that writer's three literary characteristics:—first, mysticism in thought—Heaven and earth are for him but the time-vesture of the Eternal; secondly, realism in description, a Carlylian attribute which has been often remarked upon already; and thirdly, his humour. It seems doubtful whether these characteristics would not rather detract from than add to the value of Carlyle's critical opinions, though the writer of the essay does not regard

them in this light ; but that they would aid their possessor in his functions of historian, biographer, and narrator may well be admitted. As a story-teller, Carlyle is, doubtless, unmatched. "Where," as our essayist justly asks, "is the equal of the man who has told us the story of 'The Diamond Necklace'?" The writer has some acute remarks upon Carlyle as a politician ; and closes his essay with a sort of *apologia* for the *post mortem* manifestation of Carlyle that has been made to a half-pitying, half-contemptuous public through the media of recently published volumes.

These dark clouds (the writer concludes) are ephemeral. They will roll away, and we shall once more gladly recognise the lineaments of an essentially lofty character, of one who, though a man of genius and of letters, neither outraged society nor stooped to it ; was neither a rebel nor a slave ; who in poverty scorned wealth ; who never mistook popularity for fame ; but from the first assumed, and throughout maintained, the proud attitude of one whose duty it was to teach and not to tickle mankind.

The Essay on Truth-hunting is a counter-blast to the modern delight in theory and speculation and opinion to the neglect of good works and noble actions. "The real wants of the age are not analyses of religious belief, nor discussions as to whether 'Person' or 'Stream of Tendency' are the better words to describe God by ; but a supply of honest, plain-sailing men who can be safely trusted with small sums, and to do what in them lies to maintain the honour of the various professions, and to restore the credit of English workmanship."

The hero of "A Rogue's Memoirs" is Benvenuto Cellini, and the essayist derives the hint of his treatment of the subject from Charles Lamb's essay on the artificial comedy of the last century. In reading Cellini's Memoirs, just as when we go back into the world of the old comedy of manners, we seem to lay aside our moral sense ; we enter "that neutral ground of character, which stood between vice and virtue," that "happy breathing place from the burthen of a perpetual moral questioning—

Secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove."

Benvenuto is a liar and a murderer, but, as he recounts his crimes, he succeeds in creating for himself, as it were, an atmosphere of his own, and far from feeling it possible to hate him, we find ourselves half admiring and wholly interested in the career of such a symmetrical villain.

The essay entitled "Falstaff" appears to us to fall below the rest in interest and value. It consists of an attempt to construct a biography of that worthy from the materials that can be gathered

from the Shaksperian drama. The idea is hardly a happy one ; for its results are necessarily but vague, and to expend so much pains in piecing together such fragments of information about an imaginary personage seems little better than a waste of ingenuity. Besides, we prefer to take our Falstaff as we find him in our Shakspeare ; and to have "fat Jack" dressed up for us in this elaborate mockery of a critical biography is a kind of impertinence.

The weakness of the final essay, however, detracts but little from the pleasure to be derived from the reading of this sparkling little volume.

POEMS. By Hamilton Adrian Balfour Piffard. *Calcutta: W. Newman and Co., Ltd.* 1885.—Mr. Piffard somewhat disarms criticism by the modesty of his Preface, in which he tells us that he has descended for the first time into the arena of letters armed only with a small volume of verse. We fear, however, that this young literary gladiator, in spite of his deprecatory address to his reader—" *Moriturus te saluto,*" will hardly escape the down-turned thumbs of his audience.

The fact is that the verse contained in this little volume is, in the main, too crude and slight to have been worth publishing in book form. "A metrical record of youthful impressions" (we quote the author's own description of his work) is generally better kept in the writer's table-drawer for the term of years that Horace recommends, after which its destination is not likely to be the printing-office. The very facility of expression and easy flow of conventional ideas and rhythms often displayed by the young versifier (and these Mr. Piffard doubtless possesses) are dangerous gifts, which, far from claiming indulgence, require the chastening effects of age and experience.

But, while such will be the general verdict, the not too critical reader will find here, no doubt, some pretty verses and a few vigorous lines. The "Soliloquy on a Sword" shows some power, and the song in "Cephalus and Procris" is graceful and melodious, if it smacks rather too much of the Laureate. We do not care for the songs generally, however, and the sonnets are not sonnets at all in their structure. We quote one specimen of Mr. Piffard's Muse from a piece entitled "Estelle," staying only to note that the good old cockney rime of *born* and *dawn* affords but another proof of the pertinence of our previous remarks :—

And yet, Estelle, life's beauties seem
More beautiful since love was born,
For tenderer has become the gleam
Of dying eve and waking dawn.

And sweeter is the linnet's song
When in the open fields we lie,
Watching before some reaper throng
Soft clouds of birds that rise and fly.

My sweet, how pleasant was the time
When love together joined our hands,
No more dead leaves were wet with rime,
Nor winter white upon the lands.

The wood-dove then told her complaint,
The mavis trilled his sweetest lay,
And with perfume the woods were faint,
Breathed by the violet-cinctured May.

THE CREAM

Of the Monthly Reviews.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

JANUARY, 1885.

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WILL RUSSIA CONQUER INDIA?—I. Professor Vambéry begins by describing the course of the Russian conquests in Central Asia, which may be said to have begun when Russian soldiers succeeded in breaking through the sand-belt of Central Asia on the north, and capturing by a clever *coup de main* Tashkend.

This happened in 1864, and very soon afterwards General Tchernayeff, who had been at the head of that venture, wrote to a friend of his the following remarkable words: "The mysterious veil which has hitherto covered the conquest of India, a conquest looked upon until now as fabulous, is beginning to lift itself before my eyes." It may be therefore asserted that it was then only that the Indian light began to burst upon the eyes of Russia.

The consolidation of newly acquired territories is a matter of great difficulty, and its law is the law of progress. Hence followed in 1868 the overthrow of Bokhara, which, but for the question of expense, might have been incorporated into the Russian Empire. But,

though Emir Mozafareddin was permitted to remain on his throne on the banks of the Zerefshan, a mere shadow of a Prince, Russia is the virtual owner of his principality.

The present Emir is a sickly man ; he is sixty-two years old, and will probably continue wriggling at the thin thread of his independence to the end of his days. His son, the heir to the throne, who is a Russian both in thought and speech, may succeed him ; for Russia proceeds warily and cautiously, and is not in the habit of consummating the complete annexation of a country until the minds and the soil have been well prepared for it, and the Czar is asked on bended knees to bestow his paternal care on it, as was abundantly shown in many instances in the beginning of this century, and still earlier in the case of other countries.

Khiva was overtaken by the fate of Bokhara in 1873, and the same policy was adopted as in its case. The conquered Prince was deemed less dangerous even than the Emir of Bokhara.

His State treasury, which was never in a flourishing condition, was additionally saddled with the war indemnity, amounting to nearly three millions of roubles, thus crippling the small country on the Lower Oxus, and rendering it a pliant tool in the hands of the Russian authorities, although Medrehim Khan himself would be the last man to think of making any independent move at all. The poor man esteems himself fortunate if, after having with great trouble collected the taxes and paid off the annual instalment due on the war indemnity, there is enough left him from the revenues of the country to cover the expenses of his household. He is very little concerned about what will happen after he is gone. He will probably be the last on the throne of Kharezm, as there are reasons of a commercial, political, as well as economical character, which would justify its incorporation rather than that of Bokhara.

Khokand's turn came in 1876. Here too the Russians at first proceeded in a conciliatory manner, for Khudayar Khan was left in possession of the Khanate. But matters in Khokand had always been in a most unsettled condition ; and upon the Russians securing a foothold in the central basin of the Yaxarter, everything became so disorganised that the upholding of the throne of Khudayar Khan became an utter impossibility, and the ancient Khanate was incorporated into the Russian Empire.

It was an acquisition without any special moral or material value. It was of no moral value, because, after the overthrow of Bokhara and Khiva, this eastern member of the Turkestan family was *ipso facto* rendered helpless, and could in no wise interfere with Russia's future schemes. It was of no material value either, for the possession of Khokand could become important only with regard to Russian plans directed against Chinese Turkestan ; and these plans, as has been shown by the surrender of Kuldja, have not ripened as yet. On the other hand, concerning the Russian positions in the north of the plateau of Pamir no definite opinion can be formed at the present time as to the availability of the road across the Alay mountains to Tchitral and Cashmere. This road, of which nothing is known as yet, may possibly offer opportunities for the establishment of a secret understanding between the Russian authorities and Cashmere,

but a military surprise from this point is at present, according to our geographical notions, quite out of the question.

Russia having thus obtained possession of three Turkestan Khanates in the course of rather less than ten years, the question naturally suggests itself what may be the result of this costly enterprise?

The early hopes that Tashkend would prove a sort of Peru were soon dissolved by experience, and Tashkenetz—*i. e.*, a Tashkend man—became in the Russian language a synonym for a swindler and a braggart. Meanwhile it had cost the State several millions of roubles annually, and towards 1876 a general sobering down had already taken place.

It is true that in my sketches of Central Asia, published in 1868, I spoke of the three Khanates, referring to their capability for cultivation, as gems set in sand; nor can their wealth, considering the climate and local circumstances, be denied even now. The country contains large tracts of land with a soil capable of cultivation, and produces, with proper irrigation and the benefit of a southern sun, silk, cotton, and fruit in considerable quantities. Yet the quantity produced can never be large enough to satisfy the boundless expectations of the Russian politicians. The capacity for production may increase, but never to the degree anticipated in Russia in the beginning. As an instance, let us mention the production of cotton, of which from about 8,000 to 9,000 tons in weight have been exported to Russia yearly to this day, whilst Russian factories, according to the last census, are consuming annually 112,000 tons of the raw material, being thus compelled to still look to America for their chief supply of that article.

Some new field, then, had to be discovered by which the recent conquests should be turned to account. This new field was the field of political and strategic scheming, and henceforth all energies were bent upon reaching the frontiers of India.

In furtherance of this object the movement towards the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea, especially against the Turkomans, has taken place. Russia, having made repeated attempts in the course of this century to draw nearer, did not succeed in gaining a firm foothold there until after the fall of Khiva. Here were quietly issued, with a cunning and crafty hand, threads reaching far and wide; for although General Khruleff had already said in 1856, "It would be easy for us to march 30,000 men to Kandahar, and by inciting Afghan hostilities against the English to break down the power of the latter," and General Krishanovski had spoken of the land of the Turkomans, in 1866, as the second Caucasus, yet Russian plans against the Hyrkanian steppe date only from the subjection of the Yomut Turkomans on the right bank of the Etrek, and the consolidation of the Russian power in the Bay of Krasnovodsk.

From this time forward, from 1874 to 1882, the Russians succeeded in advancing by slow steps as far as the spurs of the Kubbet mountains. One circumstance largely facilitated their arduous task. They most carefully avoided any encounter with the larger masses of the Yomut Turkomans.

It would have been anything but an easy task to engage in a struggle against these forty thousand tents, numbering about 200,000 souls, nomads inured to the hardships of war and practised in pillage ; but Russia acted the magnanimous, and abandoned this restless element to the crown of Persia by acknowledging the Etrek as the boundary-line of Iran, thus, as we often have occasion to experience, conferring a very doubtful favour on the Court of Teheran with this Trojan horse, and saving herself a great deal of useless trouble. Lesser engagements have taken place from time to time between the Russians and the Yomuts, but the vicinity of the double-headed eagle did not fail to produce its disheartening effects upon the latter ; for whilst to this day these Yomuts are always ready without the least fear to organise a pillaging raid into Persian territory, carrying away herds of cattle and prisoners, they never dare to show themselves on the other side of the Etrek, still less to attempt doing the least harm to a Russian.

Relations of amity grew up in course of time, and when the Russians were about to engage in the difficult undertaking of subduing the Tekke Turkomans, these very Yomuts, animated by an ancient grudge against them, entered the Russian service as volunteers.

But the assistance thus gained was of comparatively little help to the Russians. The country extending from Tchekishlar to the Akhal territory, where for two centuries since the wars of the Khans of Khiva no foreign enemy has set his foot, is one of the most desolate and impassable parts of the Hyrkanian steppe to the south. The camels of the Yomuts, which had been either bought of them or impressed by force, perished in the deep sands by thousands along roads where there was no drop of water. The poor Russian soldier, as he marched on, caught a glimpse of the infernal regions here below ; whole regiments were swept away by death, General Lazarew, one of the leading generals of the expedition, falling also a victim to this dreadful march. Surely in the annals of Russian warfare the tract of land, hardly 240 miles long, between Tchekishlar and Bami, will be marked with black letters.

In order to avoid the tremendous hardships of the communication between the Akhal territory and the eastern coast, the Russians conceived the undoubtedly bold idea of building a railway there, the first on the bottomless sand steppes of Central Asia. It was first planned as a tramway, and afterwards changed into a narrow-gauge railway 217 wersts in length, and was constructed at a cost of 648,000*l.* sterling. On a territory where formerly even the wing-footed Turkoman steed would hardly have dared to tread, there now rushes on the snorting and puffing steam-horse. It is almost incredible what tremendous exertions had to be made, not to mention the enormous cost, in order to build the substructure of the road, to lay down the sleepers in the drift sand, to bring the rolling stock piecemeal to the shore, and finally to open the road for the traffic ; but Muscovite tenacity overcame all obstacles. It was a question of bringing into the field a well-equipped army with a corresponding park of artillery against the brave and warlike Akhal Tekkes, and neither General Skobeleff who was at the head of the expedition, nor General Annenkow who had planned and constructed the short railway, were the men to shrink back from any sacrifices.

The result is still too fresh in our memory to dwell upon here. The fort of Gok-Tepe, thronging with human beings, was blown up and thousands were cut down in their flight. About 30,000 Turkomans paid the penalty of death for having ventured to cope with the might of the White Czar.

The power of the tameless and confessedly indomitable sons of the desert was destroyed, the dauntless spirit which set death at defiance was broken, and it was reserved for the military art and science of the nineteenth century to achieve, not without some trouble to be sure, an object which Rome in her time had fruitlessly striven to attain against the Parthians, which the daring and wonderful expedition of the Arabs under Kuteibe had but partially accomplished, and which had baffled the efforts of the Seldjukides, Ghaznevdes, Timurides, Sofides, and Kadjarides. The protecting barrier to the south of Central Asia was broken down, and the foolhardy adventurers who had deemed themselves invincible, and had never been humbled by anybody until then, cowered in the dust, bruised and crushed before the northern conqueror.

The triumphant spirit of occidental civilisation made its entry into the northern edge of Iran, which had been locked up for a thousand years, and although only in the sorry garb of Muscovite culture, yet withal powerful enough to effect the most astonishing changes. There, where the panting camel used to painfully toil on, the railway train glides smooth and swift. Russian postilions, carolling gay songs, pass along the Kizil-Arvat route, about 136 miles in length, without being molested; and solitary merchants traverse with their wares regions where formerly even the shadow of a Western man would not dare to show itself. At the very time I am writing this, plans are maturing in Russian circles, not only to continue the railway line between Kizil-Arvat and Ashkabad, but to extend it from the former place to Sarakhs, and in due time to lay down the rails between Sarakhs and Herat.

This road would be about 520 miles long and would cost about two million pounds sterling. With the exception of a difficult portion between Michailovsk and Kizil-Arvat, the remaining part of the line passes through a region well adapted for railway building; and now the only interference with the Russian design of extending the line of Michailovsk-Kizil-Arvat as far as Herat might come in the shape of a protest from Great Britain. The Russian flank movement towards Merv and its subsequent seizure is an event the importance of which has been much exaggerated, since the attention of the Russians is now chiefly engrossed by the communication to the south.

II. We may now address ourselves to the question whether the policy of Russia has already reached the final end, or whether, drawn on by circumstances, it will not pause till it shall have extended the gigantic possessions of the Russian Empire from the shores of the Arctic Ocean to Cape Komorin.

History teaches that the device of "Thus far and no farther" has never been voluntarily adopted by conquering States, and that moderation and self-restraint with nations are virtues which had to be invariably inculcated by force. The

question, therefore we have propounded at the outset, whether Russia wants or is able to conquer India, is quite a legitimate one. To will and to be able are quite different notions—notions the proper distinction of which falls heavily into the scales of historical events, and which I am all the more free to examine into, as, being neither Russian nor English, I am not amenable to the charge of either partiality or prejudice, and at most feel interested, as the spectator of great and remarkable event from the standpoint of humanity and the spreading of European culture in Asia.

Nobody will entertain any doubt to-day that Russia intends to advance to the south and conquer India in spite of the fact that Russian statesmen deprecate such a design, and that European politicians, pointing out the enormous extent of the Russian territory in Asia, speak of such a diversion to the far south as an incredible and impossible matter. The conditions upon which the existence and life of States depend are almost always closely connected with the fundamental elements from which these States have sprung, and only by the continued pursuit and development of the processes of their primal formation can they secure their future.

There has been, in fact, no standstill in the Russian State from its infancy to this day. The influence of Russia in revolutionising the ethnical relations of Europe is far more rapid in its movement and intense in its effects than even that of ancient Rome. Look at the progress of population in Russia, which has risen from 30 millions in the beginning of this century to 80 millions within recent times; after which it will not be difficult to guess where the Voguls, Ostyaks, Tchermisses and other nations have got to. The process remains for ever the old one.

First appear on the stage the merchant and the Cossack; they are followed by the Popa with his superstition and worship of images, and the rear is brought up by the Vodki and the Tchinovnik (officials) with their train of Russian peculiarities, and they all manage very soon, with due regard to local circumstances, to insinuate themselves into the good graces of the natives, an achievement which but seldom meets with any resistance, owing to the prevailing Asiatic characteristics of Russian society. In due course of time the natives, continually imposed upon in their dealings with the crafty Russian merchant, fall victims to pauperism, the holy-water sprinkle and the brandy-flask inaugurate the process of denationalisation, a process which is hastened by the cleverly inserted wedges of Cossack colonies, and half a century of Russian reign has proved sufficient to turn Ural-Altaians of the purest Asiatic stock into Aryan Russians. The physical characteristics alone survive for a while, like ruins of the former ethnical structure; but even these last mementos become obliterated by the crossing of races which results from intermarriage, and we meet to-day genuine Russians in countries where in the last century no traces of them could have been found.

It is not our intention to shed tears over the Russianising of Asiatic barbarians. All we wish to put on record is the fact that the Russian State has absorbed, and is still going on absorbing, the most

diverse ethnic elements in its vicinity. The complete subjection of the Kirghis steppe, the changes that have taken place in the Khanates of Central Asia, in Khiva and the Turkoman desert, are eloquent proofs of this capacity of the Russians for assimilation.

The steadiest and most sanguinely disposed thinker would be embarrassed to mark out, in a State possessing such eminent powers of absorption and such an insatiable greed for new lands, the exact boundary-line where the activity of the absorbing power is to cease. If the State of Russia, whilst raising itself from the modest position of the Grand Duchy of Moscow to the exalted one of the autocratic empire over more than half of Asia, was able to swallow and safely digest the most varied and heterogeneous ethnic elements, who will dare make the assertion that Russia will in future cease her activity in this direction, and will not add anew the Djemshidis, Hezares, Parsivans, Afghans, Behludjes, and Hindostanis to the already existing ethnic kaleidoscope? I rather think that an assertion to the contrary, based upon the assumption of Russia's moderation and abstemiousness and the already too large extent of her possessions, would, in the present case, be all the more unjustifiable, as, without referring to the law of nature and the elementary conditions of the Russian policy of State, of which I have spoken above, it is under the present circumstances a question of certain political schemes in which Russia is now too far embarked to be able either to stand still or to recede without having accomplished her object.

In scattering many millions of money over the sand steppes of Central Asia, the gentlemen in St. Petersburg had most assuredly larger views in their minds than the mere wish to bestow the blessings of culture upon the almond-eyed inhabitants of Turkestan, and proposed to themselves higher aims than the advancement of the problematical interests of commerce in the interior of Asia. The expedition to the large and rich peninsula on the other side of the Suleiman range may not have been premeditated centuries since, nor was it emblazoned as the ultimate object on the Russian standards; but the fact of Russia's having pushed forward to the south, and of her efforts to meet face to face with her only dangerous rival in the region over Asia, stands out in clear and bold outlines before our eyes in the light of the events of the last two decades. If eighteen years ago we asserted that the Gordian knot of the Oriental question would be cut on the rocky back of the Suleiman range, our suppositions of them have since been confirmed by similar enunciations coming from the hot-blooded Skobelev. Russia is bent upon first reaching India, and then, as a necessary consequence, setting about the task of conquering her.

III. We may now take up the question of Russia's power to conquer India, and the respective chances of the two rivals opposed to each other. What are the qualities of the Russian State and Russian society which have a special bearing upon the question before us?

First, there is this capacity for assimilation already spoken of, a quality in which Russia is far superior to her opponent, and a powerful weapon in her hands in Asian politics. England only colonises and civilises, she does not denationalise and absorb.

Secondly, Russia has the advantage of her autocratico-despotic form of government, which gives her absolute power over the State treasury and the lives of her subjects, and in the carrying out of plans without fear of popular or parliamentary interference.

In England the national will can, and generally does, support the ambitious ideas of the State, but in the fierce struggle of parties one administration will often pull down that which another administration has laboriously built up ; every penny which is to be expended in wars of conquest is chaffered and higgled about ; costs and profits are carefully weighed ; and whilst these tedious transactions are going on, more than one favourable opportunity is slipping by, and the work of conquest is progressing more slowly than where at the words of command of the prince, " I will it so, I command it," the masses are bowing down in the dust and supporting with their last pennies the ambition of their despotic master.

Thirdly, Russia possesses the advantage of her large army, considerably over a million, which enables her, on any occasion, to throw a contingent into India, against which England could in no case array an army corresponding in numbers. Moreover, the Asiatic auxiliary troops, incited by hopes of plunder and revenge, would join the expedition ; while England would be menaced by her Hindustan allies and Native army.

In the minds of Central Asiatics an expedition to India is identified with historical fame, and inseparable from the power and might of a great conqueror ; and just as they are unable to picture to themselves a Djenghiz, a Timur, and a Nadir, except as the happy conqueror of wealthy India, they expect also from Russia, which is following in the footsteps of the mighty conquerors of Asia, the same postulate of heroic feats of war ; and the number of nomad adventurers who, greedy of booty, would join the Russian expedition would be a very considerable one. The nomadic element has always furnished the largest contingent to the armies invading India from the north ; and if these nomads up to the time of Nadir appeared in the field, drilled still in the spirit of the military organisation of ancient Asia, Russia will take good care that those marching with her shall answer in all respects the modern expectations as to a militia of this kind.

Russia has already in her service some squadrons of Turkoman cavalry, which will in a short time grow into regiments composed of the best riders and the best horses in the world ; men and horses that defy all fatigues and privations. We must not, besides, under-rate the feelings of bitter revenge which the Afghans entertain towards England, and the delight with which they, who, like the Turkomans, are free-booters by trade, would respond to an invitation to join in an expedition against India.

I therefore repeat that Russia, considering the Asiatic militia at her disposal, can, with a comparatively small army, boldly risk the venture ; and General Skobeleff was perfectly right in saying at one time in his famous plan of an Indian invasion : " It will be in the end our duty to organise masses of Asiatic cavalry, and to hurl them into India under the banner of blood and pillage, as a vanguard

as it were, thus reviving the times of a Tamerlane." Yes, the man has spoken no empty words ; it would not have been the first time that Russia would have acted *more Asiatico* in Asia, and, without wishing to discuss here the merits of the Russian soldier on the battle-field, we may risk the assertion that Russia, as far as the military question is concerned, is fully prepared for an invasion of India.

Fourthly, Russia has gained a great advantage within the last two years, in the greatly increased rapidity of communication between the mother-country and her furthest Asiatic frontier. Distance has now ceased to be an obstacle to the Russian policy.

In spite of the building of the railway line of Samara-Orenburg, the conviction has gained ground in Russian circles that the main artery of communication between the interior of Russia and the interior of Central Asia should not run in a line from the north to the south, but in a south-eastern direction from the shores of the Black Sea and Caspian Sea, if the object aimed at is to be safely and successfully attained. The Caucasus, the status of whose army amounts in time of peace to 150,000 men, has been acknowledged long ago to be the principal military depôt for operations in the interior of Asia. The centre of future military movements in that direction has been in consequence removed principally to the south of Russia on the Lower Volga, and the railway termini at Vladikavkas and Odessa will form the future rallying-points of army movements. Nothing definite has as yet been concluded in regard to the short line between Vladikavkas and Tiflis which now runs across the Dariel pass, a pass impracticable in winter, whether it is to be established by means of a tunnel which would be smaller than that of Mount Cenis, or, by flanking the mountain range, it is to pass over Petrovsk.

One thing is certain, that future operations against Afghanistan and India must have the Caucasus for their base. Batum can be very easily reached from Odessa in two days, it takes twenty-four hours to go by rail from Batum to Baku, as many hours again to cross over to Michailovsk by the Caspian Sea, from which last-named point it takes twelve hours by the primitive railway, so that after the entire completion of the line of Michailovsk-Herat, the length of which is about 520 miles, the entire distance between the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea and Herat, the so-called key to India, can be made in forty-eight hours at the most. In summing up the entire distance it results in this, *that taking the westernmost starting-point, namely Odessa, an army can be thrown in six days from the south of Russia into the interior of Asia* without any great exertion and without any interruption.

Meanwhile Russia's available transport on the Caspian amounts, or soon will, to 12 large steamers engaged in the shipment of petroleum from Batum, in addition to two good Russian men-of-war, by means of which an army contingent could be easily landed at any moment on the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea, and sent thence to Herat by railway.

Apart from the difficulties connected with the landing on the shallow coast of the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea, the Russians need not apprehend the slightest danger during the whole expedition either from the elements or from political casualties. Depôts for provisions can be established in abundance along the entire Turkoman line, excepting one short break in it. Water can be found

everywhere in the whole of the northern edge of Iran, from the Akhal territory to Sarakhs and Herat, and the only possible bulwark which might be erected by a hostilely disposed Persia need not be considered for the season that Iran has long since forfeited her free will, and is at the present day nothing but a vassal State of Russia in spite of all the bombastic titles of her ruler.

Fifthly, and lastly, as not the least advantage of the Russians in their design on India, we may add the respect and prestige which Russia enjoys in the eyes of the Asiatics, which has continued unimpaired for the centuries since it preceded the army of Ivan the Terrible at the conquest of Khazan.

This legend of the immense power of Russia has continued to be current to this day, not only amongst the nations of Central Asia, but amongst those of China, India, Persia, and Turkey; and well may the Asiatics have faith in it, for Russia has known how to make herself respected, and never allowed herself to be guided by sentimental regards of humanity, but in all her dealings has started from the principle which is quite correct as to Asia: "He who fears me will respect me, and he who respects me must love me." In our days this prestige has gone on increasing, owing to the overthrow of the Turkoman power and the subjection of the Khanates of Bokhara; it has entered the bazaars of the remotest towns of India, and is everywhere emblazoned as the symbol of invincible might and grandeur. Such a fame is in itself worth several armies, and will work wonders in the future as it has done in the past.

RELIGION AND THE STAGE.—Upon any question of dramatic craftsmanship, literary skill, or originality of plot, a playwright will do well to abide by the wholesome rule which forbids an artist to speak of his own work or to question any verdict that may be passed upon it.

But when a playwright is challenged by a part of a first night audience as to his right to truthfully depict any section of the community; when he is counselled as to the expediency of altering what he conceives to be faithful and lifelike in his portraiture—in such a case he may perhaps be permitted a word of apology and explanation, on the ground that the entire question of the future development of the English drama and its right to press on and possess itself of the whole of human life, is more or less raised when any veto is placed, or sought to be placed, upon the dramatist's perfect freedom of choice of subject, persons, place, and mode of treatment.

Obviously, as a matter of expediency, a dramatist will do wisely to avoid giving offence to the susceptibilities of his audiences. Indeed, so perfectly has this rule been understood, that by a process of continual deference to everybody's prejudices we have banished from the stage all treatment of grave subjects but what is commonplace and cursory and conventional.

The course of the drama has been diverted and hopelessly cut off from the main current of modern intellectual life. While the companion arts—painting, poetry, and music—are allowed to present every aspect of human life, on the stage only the narrow, ordinary, convenient, respectable, superficial contemplation and presentation of human affairs is allowed. Though off the stage the gravest matters have been in heated hourly prominence, on the stage nothing of much greater importance has been bruited than how a tradesman's family may prepare itself for alliance with the aristocracy. And such tradesmen! And such aristocrats!

Nothing could show better how far we are from faithful insight in character-drawing, how fond the public is of what is superficial and conventional, than the type of business-man that has been most popular on the stage in recent years. Truly—Heaven and John Bright and Free Trade be praised!—there has been no dearth of business-men in England this generation, yet upon turning to the stage what do we find?

Ordinarily the man of business is simply a peg to hang jokes upon. He invariably drops his h's and puts in superfluous aspirates. He is everlastingly making blunders upon his introduction into what passes upon the stage for *polite* society. And these blunders are so dwelt upon and exaggerated that any pit or gallery spectator can instantly detect them and pride himself upon his superior breeding to the person who makes them, who is yet assumed to be moving in a better position, and to have better opportunities for learning good manners, than the pit or gallery spectator. And when the good-hearted tradesman makes these blunders, the aristocratic people on the stage at once call attention to them, and correct them with an utter absence not merely of the forms but of the spirit of good breeding. And this type of business-man has made the fortune of many modern comedies. Now it is not to be denied that many retired tradesmen do drop their h's and commit social blunders; and these apparently are the special traits of character that are most acceptable to an English audience and most easily make it laugh. But the want of all sincerity and searchingness in the portrait must be apparent to any intelligent person who will take the trouble to read a modern comedy where an English tradesman is depicted, and then compare it with the average English tradesman who can be met with behind any counter in town or country. And a playwright sitting down to write the part of an English man of business does not first consider how he can faithfully portray such and such individual, and through him the heart and meaning of English commercial life, but how he can most readily make an average audience laugh at outrageous verbal distortions or pronounced social blunders. The same want of truthfulness will be found upon comparing that curiously unreal nondescript, the rustic of the London stage, with any living English peasant.

Now, while the stage remains so swaddled in pettiness and superficiality, the successful playwright will continue to manufacture for the public their pet conventional stage-types. He will continue to frame his play to please not the one student of character and love of literature, but the ninety-and-nine pleasure-seekers and sight-seers.

And these pleasure-seekers have also a few tough British prejudices which the judicious playwright must beware of offending.

The present attitude of religious persons towards the stage is a somewhat curious one. For some two hundred years religious opinion in England has been more or less antagonistic to the theatre. But gradually the far-seeing and more liberal-minded teachers in the different sects have become alive to the fact that the theatre is immensely popular, and must be tolerated and reckoned with. It threatens to become a powerful influence in the moral life of the nation. And religious persons are also fast discovering that, in the huge sempiternal dulness and mechanical routine of English life, theatre-going is a not unpleasant way of spending the evening. Like Dame Pure-craft in the matter of eating pig, they would like to have it made as lawful as possible. So they come timorously, with the old notion still clinging to them, that they are in "the tents of the wicked." How welcome to weak consciences have been the various entertainments that, under some convenient name or cloak, have afforded to religious persons a satisfaction of the ineradicable dramatic instinct, and saved them the sin of going to a theatre! How ludicrous is the spectacle of religion, shivering on the brink of Shakespeare at the Lyceum or Princess's, and turning away to regale itself at the Christy Minstrels or the Chamber of Horrors!

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There is, then, in every audience at all our leading theatres, except perhaps those that are devoted to broad farcical comedy and burlesque, a certain proportion of religious persons, who come timidly to the theatre with a vague sense of wrong-doing, and are shocked if there is any mention of religious subjects. Their views of life are such, that there is no general reconciliation possible between the two ideas of religion and the theatre, and so they wish to keep them utterly apart, in the same way that many worthy people find it convenient to keep their science in a separate mental compartment from their religion, from an uncomfortable feeling that if once they get face to face one of them will destroy the other.

In every audience there is a much larger proportion of simply indifferent persons, who would be the first to disclaim any particular reverence for any doctrine or precept of religion whatsoever, yet who pay the ordinary Englishman's ear and lip reverence to the current creed. And these also feel uneasy if religion is broached on the stage, because, having conveniently dispensed with it to a great extent in regulating their everyday lives, they think it may be very well allowed to remain in its present condition of honoured and respectable superannuation, as an affair of Sundays, and parsons, and churches, and chapels.

Speaking generally, we may say that from old-accustomed prejudice, ordinary play-goers have a haunting feeling of the impropriety of the theatre as a place for even hinting that there is in the English nation to-day any such thing as religion at all.

Then, too, the dramatic faculty is so little developed in a general audience, there is so little knowledge and appreciation of character, that they cannot discriminate between an author speaking *in propria persona* and his allowing his personages to speak whatever is natural and becoming to them. How little essential reverence of heart is at the bottom of the average playgoer's dislike of the mention of religion upon the stage may be gathered from the fact that

plays that are implicitly choke-full of the deathfullest sort of Atheism, the denial of all divinity to man, are allowed to pass without protest, and run their hundreds of nights.

It is quite certain, however, that the existence of such a restriction (based on grounds of expediency) upon the dramatist condemns the English drama to remain as it is, the plaything of the populace, a thing of convention and pettiness and compromise.

The drama claims for its province the whole heart and nature and soul and passions of man ; and so far as religion has to do with these, so far is the dramatist within his right in noting the scope and influence of religion upon the character he has to portray. The whole teaching of modern psychology, the conception of human character as a natural production arising from the action of the various surrounding agencies upon the individual man and his ancestors through countless ages and the reactions resulting therefrom : this doctrine forbids the dramatist to accept any reservation of a certain plot or parcel of a man's nature which must be screened off and veiled and assumed to be non-existent before the analysis of the character can be made. Every character is woven all of a piece ; if some threads are taken out, the garment is mutilated and falls to bits. The whole of the nature of man is sacred to the dramatist, as the whole of the body of man is sacred to the physician. One part is not more sacred than another. The folly, the hate, and meanness, and envy, and greed, and lust of human kind are just as sacred in this sense as the higher and nobler qualities, and are treasured with the same care. One might as well dictate to a surgeon that in his survey of the human body he must omit to take note of the presence of such and such an organ and its influence upon the rest of the body—say the heart—because of some sacred mystery attaching to it, as to dictate to a dramatist, that he shall not be allowed in his study of a certain character to mark, if necessary, the shaping and leavening of the whole of that character by the religious *milieu* in which it has been produced.

Thus the matter is not a mere question of the expediency of arousing bitter passions or shocking sincere, if unreasonable, feelings, but the question of whether our drama shall ever rise to the dignity of its mission and exercise its right to portray and faithfully interpret the main features of our national life ; and upon this point the humblest writer for the stage has a right to be jealous and alert. And inasmuch as religion is not merely a matter of controversy and doctrine (with which the dramatist has nothing to do), but also a matter of conduct and practice and character, the drama has every right to take it for part of its subject matter.

Let us take the three greatest and most representative dramatists of the greatest period of our drama—Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson, and ask how they dealt with religious matters. The essential reverence of these three writers will scarcely be questioned, if reverence is to be reckoned by the wholesomeness of the feelings rather than by the squeamishness of the ears.

To begin with Christopher Marlowe, "Son first-born of the morning, sovereign star!" In Marlowe there is none of the familiar playful quotation of Scripture so frequent in Shakespeare, or the broadly comic portraiture of religious hypocrisy unctuously mouthing Holy Writ to its own ends that Ben Jonson delights in. Marlowe's fiery genius sets directly about its main ends, and in *Doctor Faustus* seizes the heart and core of the Christian doctrine, and appropriates as much as is necessary for the scheme of his play. There is no hesitation, no question in Marlowe's mind as to the perfect right of his art to enter this region and take full possession of it. Fragments of Christian dogma are tossed hither and thither in the burning whirlpool with waifs and strays of heathen history and mythology, while the living heat of the poet's imagination binds and mats all the strange ingredients into one liquid flame of terror, and the spectator watches, with harrowing suspense and breathless inescapable impression of reality, the damnation of a soul. Omitting the wretched buffoonery of the comic scenes as possible interpolations or concessions to the groundlings, there is no room left for any thought of reverence or irreverence. The question of the comparative truth of the Greek mythology and the creed of Christendom sinks into a matter of "words, words, words," as we contemplate the awful picture of the death agony of Faustus. Marlowe compels our acquiescence that *that* at least is real, is true. It would be impertinent to defend the *Faustus* against any possible charge of irreverence which the rancid, bilious temperament of superficial godliness might bring against it. No poet ever reaches such inaccessible heights of inspiration without remaining quite impervious and out of the reach of harm by any assault from that quarter. It could only be in an outburst of bewildered indignation or riotous satire that one could put the question, whether in the matter of reverence of man's spiritual nature the age that produced Marlowe's *Faustus* has any need to feel ashamed of itself when brought to the bar of the age that demanded a version of the same legend brought down to the average intelligence of a modern burlesque audience.

Turning to Shakespeare we find a difference. His themes are not so vast and tremendous as that which Marlowe had to work upon in *Faustus*. They are more human and domestic.

In no respect is the varied universal play of Shakespeare's genius, and his royal dominion over all things human and divine, more fully shown than in the use he makes of the Bible. He treats the Scriptures as if they belonged to him. Bishop Wordsworth, in his *Shakespeare and the Bible*, finds in the poet more than 550 Biblical quotations, allusions, references, and sentiments. *Hamlet* alone contains about eighty, *Richard the Third* nearly fifty, *Henry the Fifth* and *Richard the Second* about forty each. Shakespeare quotes from fifty-four of the Biblical books, and not one of his thirty-seven plays is without a Scriptural reference. Genesis furnishes the poet with thirty-one quotations or allusions, the Psalms with fifty-nine, Proverbs with thirty-five, Isaiah with twenty-one, Matthew with sixty, Luke with thirty-three, and Romans with twenty-three. Shakespeare does not take religious dogma for the foundation of any play, as Marlowe did in *Faustus*, nor does he search into the private life of religious persons as Ben Jonson and Molière did. All the bishops, friars, and legates who figure in his plays do so in their official capacity. How significant is the wide difference of Shakespeare's portraiture of hypocrisy in the Angelo

from Ben Jonson's and Molière's portraiture of the same vice in the Banbury Puritan and in the *Tartuffe* !

What strikes us most is the thorough saturation of Shakespeare's plays in the spirit and sentiment and phraseology of the moral rather than the doctrinal portion of Scripture. In a word, so little sectarian bias peeps out in Shakespeare, that Catholics and Anglicans and Independents have alike claimed him as belonging to their communion.

Shakespeare may or may not have been a believer in baptismal grace. It is, however, refreshing in the present dearth upon our stage of original English comedy to find so lively a compensation for its absence at our theatres, and so illustrious a proof of its present and perennial vitality in English life, as is afforded by the spectacle of a bishop laying the flattering unction to his soul that Shakespeare was a devout believer in this same doctrine of baptismal grace, because of two rather meagre and casual allusions to it which Shakespeare has placed in the mouths of two such widely diverse and problematic subjects for the operation of the sacrament as Henry the Fifth and Iago. Our sense of obligation to the good bishop is further deepened by his skilful complication of the situation in the introduction upon the scene of Mr. Bowdler. Mr Bowdler, it appears, in his *Family Shakespeare*, has, with an excess of cautious reverence which the bishop feels must cause the judicious reader surprise and regret—Mr. Bowdler has seen reason to put half-asunder such an evidently unsuitable pair of yokefellows as Iago and baptismal grace, which Shakespeare had joined together. Mr. Bowdler has omitted the latter of Iago's lines :—

To win the Moor—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin.

Could ingenuity of mortal man have devised a more exquisitely humorous situation than is here, without any connivance of our own, forced upon us? What aspect of the imbroglio to glance at first or last, what logical way out of the manifold perplexity, whom to sympathise with first or most, Bishop Wordsworth or Mr. Bowdler, or Shakespeare handcuffed between them, one knows not, so thickly the higgledy-piggledy crowd of incongruities come tumbling upon us ! Poor timid Bowdler, very anxious to preserve Shakespeare for our families if one could do it without offence to decency and religion, still more anxious to preserve our families pious and respectable from contamination by Shakespeare's irreverence and loose talk, must at least stop Iago's mouth from blabbing of matters that Iago has no business to know anything about. Good bishop must have our Shakespeare for a devout Anglican, and lo ! here is baptismal grace in our Shakespeare's soul, apparently tottering upon the rickety foundation of two incidental quotations in the lips of two such dubious connoisseurs of spiritual matters as Harry of England and the Spartan dog, while our poet's confirmed, desperate, ineradicable, irreclaimable, irrefragable paganism stands sure and "foursquare to all the winds that blow," based upon no less than one hundred and twenty-nine adjurations and appeals to heathen Jove and Jupiter, to say nothing of the rest of the Pantheon. Good bishop will, however, at all costs have our Shakespeare for a sound Churchman ; will, in the present predicament, hazard the matter and baptise him will-he nill-he, were it but for the sake of so illustrious an example to his country-

men in a schismatic nineteenth century. And now up comes the wretched Bowdler with his whitewashing apparatus, and, applying the proverbial zealous ignorance of indiscriminate "Church restoration" to Shakespeare, is actually shaking down one of our slender props of grace in the poet's soul ; has actually taken away from us the welcome evidence of the irreproachable Iago—we must hasten and bolster up the frail tenement with our own episcopal shoulders and administer a gentle episcopal chastisement to Bowdler, the well-meaning, mischief-doing little man !

It is just this small concern Shakespeare had for creeds and dogmas that fits him to be the representative poet of England.

With more care for dogma he might have sunk into the mere poetical figurehead of a sect or a creed ; with less care for morality his work would have lacked the deep and permanent foundation, that all great art instinctively chooses, of resting upon wide-reaching principles of justice and truth that all human hearts as instinctively recognise and accept. The hateful, foolish, convenient maxim so often dinned into our ears of late, that the English modern drama should teach nothing and believe in nothing, receives no countenance from the greatest dramatists of the past, least of all from Shakespeare. The greatest art is as instinctively, as relentlessly, though as unobtrusively moral as Nature herself.

Apart from the didactic side and purpose of Shakespeare's constant employment of Scriptural phrases and precepts, what distinguishes him is the perfectly free and playful and every-day use he makes of Scripture by putting it into the mouths of all sorts and conditions of people on all sorts of occasions. Surely these play-goers who strain at the gnat of a solitary Scriptural allusion in a modern play can have no notion what herds of camels they swallow every time they witness a play of Shakespeare's in its integrity.

Iago, besides being an authority on the efficacy of baptismal grace, is "full of most blessed condition" in his reference to Holy Writ, and his constant display of wise and moral maxims. Poor Bowdler cannot understand it, and smells irreverence.

Richard the Second so far allows his sense of human injury to get the better of his sense of religious propriety that he institutes a comparison in the matter of treachery between himself and Christ, and earlier in the play he cries out upon Bagot, Bushy, and Green as "three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !" Poor Bowdler can do nothing but hold up his hands in horror and will certainly excise the passage, and Bishop Wordsworth shall smilingly pat his approval. No possible testimony to the efficacy of baptismal grace to be squeezed out of such a line ! Away with it !

Shylock has several allusions to Old Testament personages and facts, whose use is not very apparent to the dim, bewildered, tender-conscienced, narrow-visioned Bowdler. While what can family respectability and piety make of such a speech as, "Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into"—a speech in which the heights of dramatic propriety and religious impropriety are simultaneously reached at one bound.

Bowdlerism can only sorrowfully shake its poor bewildered head at the dramatist's readiness to sacrifice every rag of deference to its pet prejudices, and, at all costs, to give the full and exact truth of Shylock's manner of speech.

Pass we on now to notice what is more shocking and irreverent still, the extensive acquaintance with sacred terms and topics shown by Shakespeare's clowns and comic personages.

Hamlet and *Richard the Third* may justly have some concern with the affairs of conscience, but what moral necessity, except perhaps the sufficiently obvious and imperative one of shocking all the tribe of Bowdlers, can there be to give Lancelot Gobbo a long soliloquy about conscience and the devil? What is there to be said for Cassio's broaching the awful tenets of Calvinism in a state of drivelling drunkenness? How are we to view the utter disregard of all poor Bowdler's sense of moral fitness, the reckless, callous, ingrained want of all consideration and fellow-feeling for jaundiced, green-sick, sour-milk, retchy, maudlin, sniffing, nibbling, dyspeptic, venomous, blear-eyed, addle-headed, spasm-bitten, puffy, flatulent, east-wind-swollen, nineteenth-century religiosity, which Shakespeare discovers in his unscrupulous relish for putting, on comic occasions, Scriptural allusions and terms and scraps into the mouths of such personages as Sir Toby Belch, Feste, Moth, Armado, Jaques, Celia, Touchstone, Mrs. Quickly, Justice Shallow, Prince Henry, Pinch the schoolmaster, Dromio of Syracuse, Mrs. Page, the gravedigger, the clown in *All's Well*, and the porter in *Macbeth*? "Most unkindest kind cut of all," and double superlative topsy-turvy perversion of all reverence, morality, and religion as Bowdler understands them, the arch-quoter and arch-purloiner of odds and ends from Holy Writ in all Shakespeare is none other than, whom could one guess?—Sir John Falstaff. Sir John—Heaven forbid one should fail of all due honour and respect to him when he comes so pat to support one's theory!—Sir John never loses an opportunity of patching up his old body for heaven by seasoning his conversation with godly saws and ancient instances. He is a perfect mine of Scriptural illustration, and seems to have had every qualification for editing a Reference Bible. "I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not as patient," "In the state of innocence Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? "Oh, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?" "A whoreson Achitophel." "I never see thy face but I think on hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple, for there he is in his robes, burning, burning, burning." "Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth where the glutton's dogs licked his sores." "In the shape of man, Master Brooke, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle,"—two quotations and dubious pun in one sentence. "If to be fat is to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved." "If then the tree may be known by the fruit." "And for thy walls a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal." "His face is Lucifer's kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms." "I think the devil will not have me damned lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire." No abuse, good Mr. Bowdler, no abuse in the world! he does but dispraise reverence before the wicked, that the wicked may not fall in love with it. "God be thanked for these Scriptural quotations; they offend none but the virtuous."

Bowdlerism stands aghast, shuddering, wofully "tickled in its catastrophe;" cannot for its life understand how this reckless want of reverence for all its consecrated baggage and pedlar's pack of shibboleths and symbols and phrases is yet twined with the deepest heart-reverence for virtue, and truth and justice, and faith, and honesty, and beauty, and righteousness.

But, O Bowdlerism, think it over, what if Shakespeare's main idea about religion was even briefly this, the very same as another Teacher's idea about the Sabbath which also poor British Bowdlerism can never bring itself to accept—namely, that religion was made for man and not man for religion.

Turning to Ben Jonson, we are again met with a characteristic change in the poet's attitude towards Scriptural things.

"Broad-based, broad-fronted, bounteous, multiform," Ben is more akin to Molière than to Shakespeare in his treatment of religious affairs and persons. Though Ben has no religious figure of such grave and terrible importance and tragic significance as Tartuffe, he has drawn the hypocrites of his time with a fierce and unsparing hand. There is a riotous glee and overflowing merriment of satire in his delineations of Puritan hypocrisy in *Bartholomew Fair* and the *Alchemist*. The full-length portrait of Zeal-of-the-land Busy is without parallel and beyond all chance of competition in its immitigable force of broad truthful humour and merciless exposure of that constant type in English life, the religious professor who has but one object in life, the promotion of the self-same and identical interests of the glory of God and his own stomach. The scene in the fair, in which, after having gorged himself with Bartholomew pig as a protest against Judaism, he upsets Joan Trash's basket of ginger-bread images as a protest against Popery, is one of the finest and richest pieces of comedy in our literature. A noticeable feature of Ben Jonson's religious professors is their inveterate habit of quoting Bible phrases. His deacons quote Scripture by the yard. Tribulation Wholesome, Ananias, the Banbury man, and Dame Purecraft are incurably afflicted with this loquacity of Scriptural quotation. One meets with as many as sixteen Scriptural allusions and phrases in about as many speeches. Ben Jonson seems to have been troubled with no qualms about the propriety of making his religious persons speak their natural every-day language.

The writer will perhaps be reminded that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. But there is no maxim that forbids even fools to tread where angels have rushed in, and it is for you, good folks, to prove how and why a modern playwright does wrong in treading after those whose shoe-latchets he is unworthy to loose.

The success or failure of any individual play is of the merest momentary consequence, but the matter of a free atmosphere for dramatists to work in is of the greatest importance to the future of the drama.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1885.

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THE COLONIAL MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.—This paper forms a kind of apology for or defence of the new departure on the part of the German Government in relation to colonisation.

The writer begins by remarking that, though till a few weeks ago Germany had not a single square inch of colonial possessions, her share in colonisation has yet been long a very important one. Crowds of Germans have joined as private persons in the colonising movements conducted by other countries on State means. The United States alone contain to-day more than 11,000,000 Germans. But no attempt has been made by them in the last 100 years to found an independent colony of their own.

This fact is due to no hindrance by main force on the part of England, somewhat sensitive though she seems to be on the subject. But England can have no thought of monopolising trans-oceanic colonisation.

The explanation of the pause in colonisation by the Continental Powers is to be discovered in two other facts. First, in the great absorbing power of the United States, which had no difficulty in receiving almost all the Continental emigration, and, besides, offered better prospects to the emigrant than a new and still unopened territory elsewhere could possibly do. Secondly, in the **unsettled and fermenting condition** of the chief Continental States at home, which gave themselves up mainly to agitations on theoretical or practical

questions of home politics, of constitutions, and the like, and were therefore not favourably disposed either to an expenditure of State resources in trans-oceanic enterprises, or to a great increase of the industry of the country. Now, both these conditions are prerequisites of colonisation: you must have a surplus of men in order to found agricultural colonies, and you must have a surplus of industrial products in order to found commercial colonies. And besides, an assured and firmly established political condition at home is necessary for a people who would permanently and independently employ such a surplus of men and products in trans-oceanic colonies.

Meanwhile, however, there has been all the time in process of development in Germany the most powerful incentive that has ever produced a colonising movement. With the great increase in railways and lines of steam-ships, there has been a rapid extension of the market for produce and consequently a great increase of production.

Italy and Germany were the only great Powers of the Continent to which other parts of the world remained hitherto shut for purposes of political colonisation. All other great Powers, and even smaller Powers like Holland, Portugal, and Denmark, had their colonies beyond the sea; others, like Austria and Russia, had fields for colonisation on the Continent itself. Germany and Italy alone were confined to boundaries centuries old. And yet the natural need for expansion was far greater with Germany than with most of the other European nations. While the increase of population in France was continually declining, it was regularly rising in Germany. Emigration reached the figure of 200,000 souls a year, and for some years now was exceeded by the emigration of Great Britain alone. Railway extension, carefully promoted by the Imperial Government, had since 1870 given an incentive to production in all departments. In those fifteen years the industrial development of Germany has gone forward with rapid strides, and has been able to meet the requirements imposed on a civilized people by a commerce transformed by mechanical inventions. But Germany has been overtaken by the same difficulties which threaten the other civilized nations of Europe: over-production has for years made itself much felt there in the most various departments; and over-production not merely in industrial products, but also in men of superior education, who are therefore unable to find vent for their faculties at home. To the previous redundancy of hands, of simple power of labour, there is now added a redundancy of heads and of wares. Consequently, the need of colonies, both for agriculture and for trade and industry, has become ever stronger.

While this need was growing, one of the old outlets for German produce and labour—*viz.*, Russia—has been more and more firmly shut against Germany.

There used for centuries to flow to the Eastern Slavonic countries a great number of manufacturers, professional men, artisans, merchants, day labourers, and a great quantity of German commodities. But Russia began twenty years ago to put in force a so-called national doctrine, which proposed to exclude foreign—*i.e.*, in this particular case, especially German—commodities and men as much as possible from the Russian markets. A high protective duty has

more and more effectually excluded German commodities, and national jealousy has as effectually debarred German citizens from the natural outlets of Central Europe. It would need a new war to break down this barrier, and that is not the policy of the German Empire. While, therefore, the need of a new outlet grew rapidly stronger, the old outlet was as rapidly narrowed by the protectionism of Russia. If Germany was not to resort to force, she was compelled to give her whole strength to seeking by peaceful means openings elsewhere which might offer a compensation for those she had lost in Eastern Europe.

Then, to aggravate the situation, came the Socialist agitation, leading to various phases of social reform, and an attempt on the part of the Government by an energetic reconstruction of the inner conditions of production and industry to find correctives for growing distress and low wages.

But the conviction has already for a long time pressed itself on individuals, that no enduring protection from the dangerous pressure of over-production is to be looked for in this way. They see that the extent and character of the German soil would not be sufficient, even with the most scientific cultivation, to furnish the annual increase of population with such an income as is required in a civilized nation in our era. For some years the annual increase of population has been something like half a million, and now it is 600,000. Voices have accordingly been raised from time to time, demanding for Germany colonies of her own, and at the same time a regulation of emigration. They point out that, with all the liberality of many foreign colonial Governments and all the favour shown by the United States, the German emigrant and the German merchant can yet never count on the security and the advantages which the Englishman, the Dutchman, or the Portuguese enjoys. Consular protection can never be equal to the protection of one's own Government; the customs and all other conditions of trade will be regulated according to the practice and profit of England, America, and Portugal, but never according to that of a foreign State like Germany. Both as agriculturist and as trader the German is continually compelled to associate with, and subordinate himself to, peoples foreign to him in language, law, and custom, which is in the first place a loss to himself materially, and in the next is hardly consistent with the dignity of a State like Germany. People began to see, what everybody in England long knew, that the trade of a mother-country with her own colonies was far more advantageous than trade with the colonies of other nations.

These considerations led, two years ago, to the formation of a Union for the purpose of preparing the way for the acquisition by Germany of colonies of her own, which, under the lead of Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, has extended itself over all Germany. The Government long held itself aloof, nay, averse, from the new movement.

It entertained a strong traditional prejudice against emigration, and also against all policy of colonisation, a prejudice caused by the extensive emigration that was taking place, and strengthened by the Conservative character of the Prussian bureaucracy and the bureaucratic distrust of all popular agitations. In these circles, too, a belief still prevailed in the omnipotence of the State,

which was supposed to be quite competent to provide sufficient work for a population of any extent. This bureaucratic self-satisfaction borrowed support from the Liberal teaching which had not yet emancipated itself from a belief in the infallibility of the doctrine of Free Trade and *Laissez faire*. Free Trade Liberalism had, indeed, only two years before, under the lead of the Deputy Bamberger, energetically opposed the attempt of the Imperial Chancellor to engage the Empire in the acquisition of the Samoa Islands, and it contended still that German subjects were able to pursue their callings with quite sufficient success in the colonies of foreign Powers, and that for Germany to acquire colonies of her own would only be to impose a useless, nay, an injurious burden upon the State. Liberalism accordingly took up an attitude of antagonism to the efforts of the Colonial Union. But, on the other hand, its efforts found powerful friends in a band of commercial houses which had been established, for longer or shorter periods, in countries beyond the sea, and which knew by their own experience the importance of this colonial question for Germany. Among these, one in particular was the firm of Luderitz, who had settled in West Africa. The proprietor of Angra Pequena entered last year into an alliance with the Imperial Chancellor for the national recognition of his acquisitions, and thereby gave occasion for the practical intervention of the Chancellor in this field.

Prince Bismarck, since the failure of his proposals to support a German firm in the Samoa Islands, five years before, had maintained an attitude of cautious reserve on this subject. But when the transactions about Angra Pequena were carried out and concluded, they naturally opened the way for a series of analogous cases.

Other commercial houses asked for the same protection in the Cameroons and other parts of Africa. This forced the Chancellor to send a man-of-war, and, soon afterwards, a special squadron, for the purpose of accurately investigating the legal claims of these commercial houses on the spot, before the Empire would assume the responsibilities involved in the grant of its protection. The officers and ships entrusted with this duty are now again under way, having hoisted the German flag at several parts of West Africa, after examination of the legal rights of the case.

Again, the need of cherishing German trans-oceanic commerce led to the plan of subsidising one or more steam-ship lines, and the Chancellor proposed to the Reichstag to devote 4,000,000 marks to this purpose. This proposal was opposed by the Liberal parties and the matter referred to a committee, when the Chancellor took occasion to explain his position towards the colonial question.

He said it was far from the thoughts of the Government to acquire colonies by means of the power of the State, but it was the duty of the Empire to protect her subjects in their possessions, and whenever and wherever a German subject acquired in a regular way a landed freehold that stood under the dominion of no other civilized State, and invoked the protection of the Empire, he might be assured that such protection would not be withheld. Here was the intention of the Government openly declared, and declared in favour of the aims approved by the popular movement so far as they were advanced by the acquisition of commercial colonies or commercial stations. In the meantime the

proposal for the steamship subsidy will again come up before the newly-elected Reichstag.

In all this there is no idea of trans-oceanic conquests, but simply of peaceful competition with other European nations for the extensions of European civilisation—affording, at the same time, a new outlet for German production and population. This must surely be recognised by the other Powers as a very warrantable demand. Compared with the great achievements of England and France in the field of colonisation, the desires of Germany are very modest.

We know very well that there is no new America or India to be discovered, and that no territory stands any longer open to us that can be compared with the plains of North America. We know also that no trans-oceanic country will for a long time be able to offer to the German emigrant the advantages he finds in the United States. No German colony will ever have the attractive power of North America. But there is a remnant of emigration fields where European races have not yet established a preponderance, and commercial fields which promise rich work for European civilisation for generations yet. If we Germans, owing to our Continental situation, have but little prospect of becoming a predominantly seafaring nation, yet that very Continental situation compels us to assert in season, and with all our might, our national right to trans-oceanic possession and acquisition.

The opening up of Africa has been largely the fruit of long and laborious toil on the part of German pioneers and men of science. Hence there too Germany, while respecting the rights of other nations, has her own equal right to the same advantages. It is therefore a just cause for surprise that a part of the English Press should have countenanced the idea that this colonial movement in Germany implies an antagonism against England. When has any civilised European country set up a doctrine of monopoly in colonisation? This surely is no field for antagonism or rivalry, the colonisation question being in principle not of a national but of an international character.

The principle on which that Conference has been based is that of complete equality of right among the leading nations of Europe and America with respect to those countries and peoples that have not yet come under European civilization. The Conference has shown itself disposed to recognize the task proposed by the King of the Belgians' Association, which consists in this—to organize the basin of the Congo politically, and to open it to European civilization. Every people in Europe will share in the advantages of the new African State in the measure in which its special capacities and culture fit it to do so. Germans, French, English, Portuguese will acquire in the new Congo State the importance which they can win by their trade, their labour and capital, their colonisation and cultivation of the land itself. The river Congo throughout its whole basin will, as a matter of international law, bear no specifically national character, but will be English, German, or French, just as far as private labour will make it so. We expect to see this principle applied to the remaining tasks

of the Conference also. What has been done for the Congo cannot be refused to the Niger ; and the same principle of the common interest of European civilisation must serve to furnish the basis for settling the other questions which concern the political relations of European Governments with uncivilized countries.

Relationship in language, character, force, and endurance renders a union of Englishmen and Germans easier than a union of either with Latin or with Slavonic races. The noble and useful task of civilising savage countries and peoples cannot possibly be the occasion of jealousy, but only of competition. Besides, we in Germany have as yet neither the means nor the intention of undertaking a great colonial crusade. All we desire is justice and protection in foreign lands for whatever we may acquire by our own labour, capital, or intelligence. This desire is too just to awaken anxiety in any country of Europe.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1885.

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BEHIND THE SCENES.—The Editor of *Punch* is well known as a clever amateur actor. He here asks and discusses a question regarding his professional brethren of the stage. Is the actor's calling, notwithstanding the recent movement theatrewards favourable to the social prospects of the profession, one whit nearer being recognised as on a social equality with the regular professions than it was fifty years ago? Formerly, a "rogue and vagabond" by Act of Parliament, has the professional actor gained any more elevated status in society than the professional beggar with whom he was unjustly classed.

Mr. Burnand commences by putting test cases.

Let us suppose the case of the son of an impoverished peer. He cannot afford to be idle. He has a liking for the bar: he passes his examination and becomes a barrister; or he has an inclination for the Church, and there being a family living vacant, and plenty of interest to get him on, he takes orders. In either case does he forfeit his social position? Certainly not: if anything, he improves it by becoming a member of an honourable and dignified profession. Supposing he has money, and prefers soldiering or sailing to doing absolutely nothing, does he forfeit his social position by becoming an officer? Certainly not: on the contrary he improves his already good social status. I maintain that, *primâ facie*, for a man to be an officer, a barrister, or a clergyman, is in itself a passport to any English society. Wherever he is personally unknown,

it is assumed that he is a gentleman, until the contrary is proved ; and this assumption is on the strength of his profession only. Let the rank of our hypothetical peer's son be subsequently discovered, and for that representative portion of society which has "entertained an angel unawares," he has the recommendation of his nobility *plus* the social position implied by his profession.

But how if the son of our "poor nobleman" have a taste for theatricals, and after being at Eton and Oxford, determine on "adopting the stage as a profession," or, as it might be more correctly put, "in lieu of a profession." What will his noble father and his relatives say to this step? Will they be as pleased as if he were going into the army, or to the bar, or into the Church? Not exactly. If he became an officer, a barrister, or a clergyman, the event would be officially notified in due form ; but if he went on the stage there would be startling paragraphs in the papers announcing "The Son of an Earl on the Stage," "The Honourable Mr. So-and-So has adopted the profession of the stage, &c., &c." "Well, and why not?" some will exclaim : and others will commend his pluck, and say, "quite right too." I entirely agree with them. But the point is, has the young gentleman taken a step up the social ladder, or has he gone more than two or three down? Has he improved his position, or injured it? Certainly, as matters stand, there can be but one answer,—the step he has taken has seriously affected the position to which his birth and education entitle him.

As a barrister on circuit I have supposed him received *quid* barrister with his legal brethren ; as an officer, quartered in a garrison town, we know he will be received, *quid* officer, with his brother officers, and no questions asked ; and I have alluded to the satisfaction that will be felt (snobbery of course is taken for granted everywhere) when his rank is discovered. But as a player with other players in a country town, will he be received by society, it being understood that *because* he is a player, *therefore* he is a gentleman by birth and education? On becoming a soldier, or a barrister, does anyone change his name. No : but on going "on the stage" it is the rule for anyone to conceal his identity under some name widely different from his own, just as he conceals his individuality behind the footlights with cosmetics, burnt cork, and an eccentric wig. When it is ascertained who he is, will this same society, which would have received him as a barrister, be satisfied and delighted? No, probably scandalised. It will be with these simple, old-fashioned persons a foregone conclusion, that this scion of a noble house must be a loose sort of fellow, and they will decide that the less they see of him the better.

Before getting at the essence of the difficulty it must be asked in what light do our upper-middle class and upper-lower middle class (to follow the public-school divisions) and the remainder of that form regard the stage as a means of earning a livelihood?

We must put out of the case entirely all instances of genius. An histrionic genius *will* be an actor, and his success will justify his choice. The force of his genius will take him everywhere. Genius excuses a multitude of faults and solecisms. We must, too, leave out of the question cases of exceptional talent, where there is more than an occasional spark of the *feu sacré*. Whether histrionic genius could be better utilised than on the stage, may occur to some serious minds with a decided anti-theatrical bias. But the histrion for the stage,

and the stage for the histrion, and we must take the stage as it is for what it is and not for what it is not. Such a reform of the stage as shall give its members something like the status they very properly covet, is a matter for future consideration. Let it be understood then—and I cannot impress this too often on those who do me the honour of reading my contribution towards the discussion—that I am only speaking of very ordinary men and women taking to the stage as a means of earning their livelihood. The men first; it is not yet awhile *place aux dames*, when professions are concerned.

Whatever theatrical biography I have taken up, I can call to mind but very few instances of a man going on the stage with the full approbation of his relatives. Let his parents be small or large tradesmen, civil servants, clerks in the City, no matter what, they rarely took kindly to their son “going on the stage.” It was so: is it not so now? The bourgeois is as dead against his son becoming an actor as ever he was. Scratch the British bourgeois and you’ll come upon the puritan.

Supposing a tradesman, free from narrow prejudices, and theatrically inclined, a regular theatre-goer in fact,—will he be one whit more favourable to his son’s becoming an actor? No: rather the contrary. He will not indeed regard him as going straight to a place unmentionable, as probably he will not consider the religious bearings of the “vocation” at all, but he will not give the youth his blessing, and he may contemplate omitting his name from his will. Supposing this same son had told his father that he wanted to be a barrister, and in order to do so he should like, as a first step, to serve as a clerk in a solicitor’s office, wouldn’t the old-tradesman be pleased? Certainly. He might, indeed, prove to the lad that if he would stick to the business he would be better off for a certainty, but, all the same, the youth’s aspirations would give his parent considerable pleasure. And, to be brief, here is a case which will bring the question directly home to everyone; given equality in every other respect, and which would be preferred as a son-in-law, the ordinary actor or the briefless barrister.

The question of the social status of the stage is still more important as affecting ladies who have to earn their own livelihood.

At the present day there are more chances of suitable employment for educated, respectably-connected girls than there were fifty years ago. As yet, however, the demand exceeds the supply. Few occupations insure to successful ladies such good pay as stage-playing; but, as in the previous instances, “on the spear side,” so now we must consider the case of girls of ordinary intelligence, well brought up, not by any means geniuses, with no particular talent, and who have to earn their living.

If they cannot paint plates and doileys, or copy pictures, in oils, if they object to any clerkly drudgery that has something menial in it, and if, as has been affirmed, they “turn with a sigh of relief towards the vista of the stage,” let us see what this “vista” has to offer, and on what terms. And to do this we had better take a glance at “professional,” *i.e.*, “theatrical” life.

The best chance for a girl who seeks an engagement in a London theatre is to travel with a company “on tour,” and so learn experience by constant and frequently varying practice.

"The stage" is an art, and not a profession, and an art which, as a means of obtaining a bare livelihood, is open to everybody possessing ordinary natural faculties, offering employment without requiring from the applicants any special qualification or any certificate from schoolmaster, pastor, or master, and therefore it must be the resort of all who, unable or unwilling to do anything else, are content to earn their few shillings a week, and to be in the same category with Garrick, Macready, Phelps, and Kean ; for the "super" who earns his money by strict attention to business, and who has night after night for a lifetime, no more than a few lines to say, is briefly described in the census as "Actor," as would be the leading tragedian or comedian of the day. He is a supernumerary, *i.e.*, a supernumerary actor, and a supernumerary abbreviated to "super," attached to the theatre, he lives and dies. In civil and Government offices there are supernumeraries. They are supernumerary clerks, and none the less clerks on that account. If taken on the regular staff they cease to be called supernumeraries, and if a super on the stage should exhibit decided histrionic talent, he too, would cease to be a super and become an actor, that is, he would drop the qualification of "supernumerary." So for the "extra ladies," as they are politely termed, who are the female supers. As a rule, the extras are as good, hard-working people as you will find anywhere. They have "come down" to this, and in most cases consider their position as a descent in the social scale, no matter what they may have been before. A few may take the place for the sake of obtaining "an appearance," with a view to something better ; some as a means of honest livelihood, and to help the family in its "little house in Stangate ;" and others, to whom a small salary is not so much an object as to obtain relief from the monotony of evenings at home, take to the stage in this, or any other capacity, as "extras" in burlesque, in pantomime, or as strengthening a chorus ; and to these the theatre is a source of profitable amusement.

These being some of the essential component parts of most theatrical companies, would any of us wish our daughters to "go on the stage ?" Mr. Burnand gives a decided negative in answer to this question.

But some objector will say, "Surely my daughter need not associate with such persons as you describe." I answer No ; she need not off the stage, but how is she to avoid it in the theatre ? Your daughter, my dear sir, is not all at once a Mrs. Siddons ; she is a beginner. Perhaps she never will be a Mrs. Siddons ; perhaps she will never get beyond playing a soubrette, or, if she cannot deliver her lines well, and has not the fatal gift of beauty, she may, being there only to earn her livelihood, be compelled to remain among the extras. At all events, she cannot expect to consort in the theatre with the stars and with the leading ladies. The manageress may "know her at home," and do everything she can for her ; but she cannot be unjust to others, and your daughter must dress in the same room with the "extras," just as Lord Tomnoddy, should he choose to take the Queen's shilling, must put up with the other privates in barracks. The officers may have "known him at home," but that can't be helped now. Your daughter, my dear lady, goes on to the stage in preference to being a governess, to earn money to relieve her parents of a burden, and to replenish the family purse. Excellent motive ! But can you,

her mother, always be with her? Can you accompany her to rehearsals, and be with her every evening in the dressing-room of the theatre, where there are generally about a dozen others, more or less according to the accommodation provided by the theatre? If you make your companionship a *sine quâ non*, will it not prevent any manager from engaging your daughter? They cannot have the dressing-rooms full of mothers; they cannot spare the space, and mothers cannot be permitted to encumber green-rooms and the "wings." You may have implicit confidence in your child and in her manager and manageress, but the latter have something else to do besides looking after your daughter. "Some theatres," you will say, "are more respectable than others." True; but your daughter, having to earn her daily bread by her profession, cannot select her theatre. It is a hard saying, that beggars must not be choosers. Lucky for your daughter if she obtains employment in a small theatre where only comedy is played.* But the chances are against her, and she will be compelled to take the first engagement that offers itself, which will probably be at some large theatre where there is employment for any number of extra ladies, and where the salaries are really very good, if your daughter is only showy enough to make herself an attraction. You ask "what sort of attraction?" Well, have you any objection to her appearing as a page in an extravaganza? Consider that anyone who plays Shakespeare's heroines, Viola or Rosalind, must wear much the same costume; but the other ladies who play pages, and some of whom will be her companions in the dressing-room, are they just the sort of girls you would like your daughter to be with every evening of her life? If your well-brought-up daughter does go there one of two things will happen,—she will be either so thoroughly disgusted at all she hears and sees that she will never go near the place after the first week, or she will unconsciously deteriorate in tone, until the fixed lines of the moral boundary have become blurred and faint. If among these surroundings a girl remain pure in heart, it is simply nothing short of a miracle of grace. Would you like to expose your daughter to this atmosphere? Of course not. How can I put the question? but I *do* put the question, after giving you the information of the facts of the case. Even in a first-class theatre, for a Shakespearian revival, there must be large number of all sorts engaged, and with them your daughter, as a beginner, will have to consort, and she cannot have her mother always at her elbow. Besides, her mother cannot neglect her other daughters, or her household duties, to attend to the youthful actress.

But supposing a young lady at once obtains an engagement at a reputable theatre, and is cast for a good part. What then? Then the atmosphere of the theatre at its best is not a pleasant one.

Your daughter will be astonished at the extraordinary variations of manner, from the abjectly servile to the free-and-easy, described in Mr. Namby's case as "Botany Bay gentility." She will hear everybody "my dearing" one another. At

* The process of obtaining an engagement is the same for a lady as a gentleman, *i.e.*, a visit to an agent's office, &c., &c. Here is an advertisement which evidently offers a rare chance:—

"Wanted, ladies of attractive appearance, with good singing voices. Can be received for long pantomime season. Dresses found, Salaried engagement (an unexceptionable opportunity for clever amateurs desirous of adopting the profession)."

first she will not understand half that is said, and very little that is meant. When they all warm to their work, the veneer of politeness is soon rubbed off, and actor and actress are seen as the real artistes they are. The stage manager comes out strongly too ; strange words are used, and whether it be high art or not that is being illustrated, there is pretty sure to be a considerable amount of forcible language employed in the excitement of the moment. Your daughter's ideas of propriety will be rudely shocked at every turn. When she ceases to be even astonished, she will be unconsciously deteriorating.

There is one sort of girl to whom all this does no harm, and that is the girl who comes of a hardworking professional theatrical family, who has been decently brought up in the middle of it all from a child, whose father and mother are in the theatre, thoroughly respectable people, and as careful of their daughter's morals as if she were a bishop's niece.

Such a girl as this, if she remain on the stage, will be a tolerable actress, always sure of an engagement. She will marry a decent, respectable actor, or some one connected with theatricals, will bring up a family excellently, will be really religious without ostentation, will never lose her self-respect, and in her own way be perfectly domesticated, happy, and contented. Or she may marry some one in a good social position : if so, she will quit the stage without regret, because she is not of the stuff of which great actresses are made ; but she will look back on her theatrical experience with affection for her parents to whom she owed so much. She is neither Esther, nor Polly Eccles, nor is she in the position of the well-brought-up young lady we have been considering. But she is an admirable woman, in whatever station of life her lot may be cast, and not a bit of a snob.

For a young lady, unless accompanied by her mother, to travel with a company would be out of the question.

Another point, and a most important one, to be considered is the special dangers that attack the artistic temperament. If a young lady of attractive personal appearance possesses histrionic talent, then in proportion to her talent will be her temperament ; she will be impulsive, passionate, impressionable and unable to exist without excitement. It only requires her to be a genius to be duped by the first schemer that throws himself in her way.

So, when the theatrical profession is brought before you, my dear madam, as a calling for your daughter to follow, you see that on the one hand there is mediocrity and deterioration of character, and on the other success, at, probably, a ruinous price. This does not apply, and again I impress it on my readers, to those who are to the manner born. They will lead jog-trot-lives, study their parts, make puddings, act mechanically every night, knit socks in the green-room, and be virtuous and happy to the end of their days. Their artistic temperament will not lead them very far astray, unless they have the *feu sacré*, and then, it is likely, they will make a hasty marriage, repent at leisure, and try to forget they ever bore a husband's name by making one for themselves. In some recent French romance an ex-actress is warning her daughter, who has married a prince, against the fascinations of a young painter. The princess turns on her mother

with, "Est-ce ma faute à moi si j'ai dans les veines du sang d'arriste?" And, the ex-comédienne feels the full force of her daughter's retort, which has in it a certain amount of truth. Public life has great dangers for young women of the artistic temperament: mothers cannot be always with them, and sheep-dogs are expensive and untrustworthy. Chance or ill-luck may bring your daughter, madam, to the stage, but you would not choose it for her, that is, the stage being as it is, and as it is likely to be, under the present conditions. When those conditions are altered for the better, it will be time enough for society to change its opinion on the subject.

But, it is urged, the present state of the stage is a vast improvement on the past; the actor is a person of more consideration than formerly and not necessarily tabooed from all society; on the contrary, he is to be met with in the very best drawing rooms. But of how many actors can this be said? Of a few only, whom you may count on the fingers of both hands, and these are such as by their genius, or talent, and their unblemished reputation have been exalted above their fellows. And was it not always so? Have there not always been a privileged few among actors, as among other citizens of the great Republic of Art and Letters, who have been admitted to the assemblies of the great and whose hospitality the great have condescended to accept in return?

Go back thirty years and at least a dozen names of prominent actors and actresses will occur to us as having been received in the best society. Now, in their time, the number of West-end theatres was about one-third of what it is at the present day. Therefore, if five actors were received by society then, there should be fifteen received now. If there are not, the stage of to-day is socially on the same level with the stage of thirty years ago, and has not advanced a step; if the number of presentable actors is, now-a-days, less, then the stage has retrograded. I cannot make out that there are more received than formerly. There are a few University men on the stage, men of birth and education, entitled to be received in good society. But now we are speaking of only a section of society, and are begging the original question.

From the nature of the case the stage can never rank with the recognised professions. The reason is not far to seek. It is because as a means of earning a livelihood, as a mere employment, that is, the stage is open to all the world. Unlike painting, literature, and music, it requires no special knowledge of any sort at the outset; it can be practised as well by the unlearned as by the learned.

It is a self-educating profession. Physical gifts, up to a certain point, will make up for deficiency in talent: but given talent, and with perseverance and application even for the most illiterate, success is certain. Given genius, then "reading and writing" seem to "come by nature," and though there may always be a little difficulty with the spelling, yet triumph is sure and swift. The stage requires no matriculation; but for an actor of talent, who loves his art, there is no limit to his studies,—one helps another, one leads to another. As

far as society is concerned, there should be no one more thoroughly qualified to play a leading part in the very highest, the most intellectual, and most cultivated society, than the actor, or actress, who is rising in or who has reached the summit of "the profession." Scarcely a subject can be named that is not in its degree, almost essential—a strong word, but on consideration used correctly—to the perfection of the actor's art. A first-rate actor should be an admirable Crichton. The best preparation for the stage is, as I have elsewhere insisted, a thorough education. True, that it is so for every calling, but especially for the stage. To belong to the bar of England is an honour in itself, even though the barrister never gets a brief and could do nothing with it if he did. To belong to the stage of England is *not* an honour in itself. To the genius, the talents, and the private worth of our eminent actors in the past and in the present, our stage owes its lustre. They owed nothing to the stage; the stage everything to them.

The desire to raise the social status of the actor so that the term actor shall be "synonymous with gentleman," is worthy of all praise. Mr. Burnand suggests that, to begin with, society might cease to regard and treat a youth, well brought up, who takes to the stage, as a pariah.

On the contrary, if ever there be a time in a young man's career when, more than ever, he stands in need of good home traditions, the companionship of his equals, and the encouragement of his superiors, it is when he has honestly chosen, as a means of earning his living, the stage as a profession. That, for evident reasons, it has been usually selected by the dissolute, the idle, and those to whom any restraint is distasteful, accounts to a great extent for the disrepute in which the stage has been held. Of course the statute book and the puritanism of the seventeenth century have much to answer for in the popular estimate of the players. There is a strong leaven of Puritanism amongst us, and, in some respects, so much the better; but also among very excellent people of various religious opinions, there has been, and it exists now, a sort of vague idea that the stage has always been under the positive ban of the Church. In the temporary laws and regulations of different countries enforced by narrow-minded men, civil or ecclesiastical, may be found the origin of this mistaken notion. The Church have never pronounced the stage the anathema. On the contrary, she has patronised the stage, and the first mimes who entered France from Italy rather resembled members of a religious order in their pious fervour, than actors of a later date in their laxity. If players were refused Christian burial, it was when they had neither lived nor died as even nominal Christians, and in such cases even "maimed rites" would savour of hypocrisy. In France the actors themselves were under this hallucination. M. Regnier tells us how in 1848 a deputation of comedians went to Monseigneur Affre to ask him to get the sentence of excommunication removed from the theatrical profession. "*L'illustre prélat leur répondit qu'il n'y avait pas à la lever, parcequ'elle n'avait jamais été formulée, et que les comédiens français, comme les comédiens de tous les autres pays catholiques, pouvaient participer aux sacrements.*"

In conclusion, while sympathising with the endeavours of the leading actors and actresses of the day to do their best for the posi-

tion of the stage, Mr. Burnand regards the claim by the professional actor of a social status equal to that of the other recognised professions, and the fussy indignation sometimes expressed at society for its refusal to acknowledge this claim is "degrading to an art which should be as independent, and as exalted, as virtue, and content with virtue's reward."

CAROLINE BAUER.—A perusal of the incidents narrated in this paper will not tend to raise the estimation in which the late king of the Belgians and his Secretary Baron Stockmar, the honoured mentor of the late Prince Consort, have hitherto been held by Englishmen. "The fierce light which beats upon a throne" will not, however, allow such disreputable transactions to lie hidden or to be forgotten, and the part of "go-between" enacted by the cousin of the lady might very fitly be called by a harsher name. A strong argument for the necessity of revising Her Majesty's Treasury Pension list may be found in the fact that Christian Stockmar and Caroline Bauer both drew pensions from the public purse of England for "faithful services" rendered to Leopold while in England; the nature of these faithful services will be seen from the following narrative:—

Among the troops of the Rhenish Confederation whom Napoleon compelled to bear arms under his banners against other German-speaking nationalities, there fought and fell in 1809, at the battle of the Marchfeld before Vienna, one Heinrich Bauer, a captain of Würtemberg horse, leaving a young widow and infant family very sparsely provided with worldly goods.

Madame Bauer belonged to a respectable bürger family named Stockmar, who had long been settled in Coburg Anhalt, in the capital of which dreary little principality she had passed her early life, and of which, as it existed towards the end of last century, she has left a graphic if not a very edifying picture. Coburg appears to have been just such a *Residenz* as may have suggested to Schiller the scene and the incidents of his *Kabale und Liebe*, with its despotic prince, its shabby and profligate court, arrogant and besotted nobles, and servile people; a dull and rather indecent burlesque of royalty. A generation earlier these petty sovereigns had driven a prosperous trade with George the Third of England, to whom, when the patriot king was in want of soldiers to put down the rebellious colonists in America, they had been in the habit of selling their subjects, like cattle for exportation, at the rate of fifty guldens a head. These merry days were now over, and Duke Ernest of Coburg could only supplement the deficiencies of his Civil List, which, owing to the extravagance of his predecessor, was fixed at the modest sum of £1,800 a year, by the vulgar process of borrowing upon pledges from such of his lieges as were known to have accumulated money. Madame Bauer had a vivid recollection of the terror which used to seize upon her grandfather, a worthy tradesman in the town, when he saw one of the Court officials approaching his shop with a bundle of valuables under his arm whereon to raise funds for the supply of the ducal wants. A business-like man, with no sentimental

scruples, might have made a fortune by such dealings with impecunious royalty ; but the old Stockmar was a firm believer in the divine right of reigning dukes, and would not only have thought it an act of treasonable temerity to refuse the loans demanded, but considered it inconsistent with his loyalty to accept the proffered security. The result was that he died impoverished and broken-hearted.

If the Princes of Coburg did not pay their debts, however, they remained "gracious protectors" to the families of the tradesmen they condescended to ruin. Several of the Stockmars thus obtained small offices about the Court, and Madame Bauer's nephew, Christian, was promoted from the position of apothecary's assistant to become the medical adviser, and, ultimately, the ennobled and confidential secretary of a scion of the ducal house, the Prince Leopold, well known subsequently as the husband of the Princess Charlotte of England and the first King of the Belgians. The youngest daughter of the *Rittmeister's* widow had been trained for the position of a governess, but showed so strong a determination to go on the stage that, in spite of family opposition, she, when only in her 16th year, made her *debut* at the Carlsruhe Theatre.

The German stage was in those days, even more than it is at present, a State institution. The sovereign was its chief and the fountain of all its rewards and honours ; the manager was a functionary of rank ; the very boxkeepers were public officials. The corps dramatique was drilled and disciplined like a regiment, gradations of rank being strictly defined, and promotion regulated under a system of selection by merit tempered by seniority. The public, however, was permitted to exercise a material influence over the destinies of actors and actresses, and the right of judgment thus conceded to the audience served to foster a cultivated taste and an enlightened spirit of criticism in theatrical matters.

Caroline Bauer had from the first recognised the fact that hard work and drudgery were indispensable conditions to success, and by means of much conscientious study, a handsome face, and a melodious voice, together with graceful and winning manners, she became popular. Of genius, however, she had not a spark, and the versatility which made her a useful member of the theatre was not calculated to advance her to the highest rank in any one branch of her profession. She could sing in an opera and dance in a burlesque, and appeared alternately as a page and as Juliet, as a pert chambermaid and Mary Stuart. She thus came to be a favourite actress of the second class, above which level she never rose. It was, however, something to have achieved this average at a time when the German stage was singularly rich in talent and cultivation. As she herself says, "I was never the most considerable or eminent artist of my day ; but I had the good fortune to work among the greatest actors of our century, in the very springtime of dramatic art."

Even in frugal Germany eminent members of the opera and ballet could earn large sums ; but actors were poorly paid, and Caroline Bauer's professional income appears never to have exceeded

£300 a year. She was, however, permitted to supplement her official salary by occasional foreign tours, and thus succeeded in obtaining some profitable engagements at it—Petersburgh and Vienna. It was while on her way to the former capital that we meet with a striking instance of her habitual good nature and kindness.

A broken-down old German actor at Riga induced her to appear at a performance announced for his benefit. On the appointed day, however, she had completely lost her voice from the effects of a severe cold, and the poor man was in despair, since his tickets had been sold entirely on the strength of the promised appearance of the Berlin actress, and if she failed him, he would be required to refund the money, the greater part of which was already expended. He had a wife and many children, would she not, in pity for them, try his remedy for hoarseness? it was a very severe one, "too terribly Russian for a delicate lady, but——" "And this remedy?" "Well, you must let a whole quart of scalding hot beer pass slowly and uninterruptedly down your throat." "Is that all?" "No; there is something more, honoured Fräulein," said Dölle timidly; "before drinking it you must hold a tallow candle—a good thick one, four to the pound—in the boiling beer, and stir it about till nothing but the wick is left!" The kind-hearted actress shuddered, but consented to swallow the nauseous draught, and by evening had completely recovered her voice.

Although living under her mother's roof and deriving a certain social consideration from her paternal connections, Caroline Bauer was not exempted from those questionable attentions to which pretty and popular actresses are exposed on the part of unscrupulous admirers.

On her first public appearance at Carlsruhe a distinguished general, Count Friederich Wilhelm von Bismarck, became enamoured of the young *debutante*, and enlisted her brother in his service for the prosecution of his suit. Caroline, be it here said, had two brothers—Louis, who had grieved his mother by adopting a mercantile career instead of seeking service at the Court of Coburg; and Karl, a high spirited youth, who had entered the army, and in order to maintain his position as an officer and gentleman, incurred debts and drew largely upon the slender means of his mother and the earnings of his sister. It was he who now informed Caroline that Count Bismarck had actually joined him in his ride; had alluded in flattering terms to his dead father, and placed his purse at his disposal. "And then he spoke of you, Lina,—of your beauty and sweetness and accomplishments,—growing quite enthusiastic over you. He declared that he loved you, and that if he had not his old wife on his hands he would make you his countess, and that if you would only wait until she was gone he would marry you, and make over his whole fortune and provide for all of us, and double my lieutenant's pay. Oh, Lina, what a prospect!" "I cannot deny," says the little actress naïvely, "that all this greatly flattered my vanity, but my guardian angel saved me from becoming the mistress of a married man?"

Shortly after, Louis, the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, a man between sixty and seventy years of age, sent a Court official to her with the most

brilliant proposals ; but here again her guardian angel stepped in, this time in the form of a theatrical agent, with the offer of an engagement at the Berlin Court Theatre at an increased salary of £150 a year. She had no sooner appeared upon the boards in the northern capital than Prince Augustus of Prussia made love to her after the vigorous fashion of his uncle, Frederick the Great, declining to take any denial. So importunate did he at length become in urging his suit, that the fair Caroline could only escape his rough wooing by leaping out of a window into the street—a gymnastic feat which, she tells us her theatrical training “in the part of mischievous pages and other trowser characters” enabled her to perform without injury to life or limb. Her next love adventure was of a more sentimental character—a beautiful youth with diamond eyes and pulmonary tendencies having taught her what it was “to love and to be loved.” This was, as far as we are informed, the one romance in Caroline’s life. It was short-lived however, for the beautiful prima donna, Amalie Neuman, who brooked no rival near her throne, threw her spell over the diamond-eyed one who then and there transferred his homage to her. This Amalie was the siren of whom Heine wrote :—

“See what a lovely face can do ! It is fortunate that I am shortsighted, otherwise this Circe would have changed me, as she did one of my friends, into a little grey animal with long ears. . . . She has already turned several youths into lunatics. . . . One suffers from hydrophobia and writes no more verses . . . a boy at a grammar-school has fallen frantically in love, and keeps sending her his copy-books as specimens of his handwriting.

Having narrowly escaped being entrapped into a marriage with a magnificent Russian nobleman, who turned out to be a discharged valet who had appropriated his master’s wardrobe and loose cash, the little actress at last got a chance of which, it must be allowed, no scruples prevented her availing herself.

While on a visit to the Court of Berlin in 1826, the Duke of Wellington had remarked upon the striking resemblance which Caroline Bauer bore to the late Princess Charlotte of Wales ;—a resemblance which so painfully impressed the widowed Prince Leopold when, two years later, he saw her dancing at the Court Theatre at Potsdam, that he called upon Madame Bauer on the following morning and requested a private interview with her daughter. The situation was comical enough, though the fair Caroline, who was always sadly deficient in the sense of humour, does not appear to have been conscious of its ludicrous side. Middle-aged Serene Highness, unbecomingly dressed, sentimental and prosy, but diplomatically cautious ; *Mademoiselle* playing the *Ingenue* in her prettiest and most audacious manner ; and *Madame Mere* listening at the door of the adjoining room prepared for eventualities. Cross-questioned by the Prince as to her antecedents and the state of her affections, Caroline unhesitatingly exercised her imagination at the expense of her memory. No, she was a complete stranger to love (had she forgotten the diamond-eyed one ?) ; and, although she had had numerous brilliant offers of marriage (these events are not recorded in the Memoirs), she had refused them all because she did not love, for “Lina does not sell herself even to a husband.”

Leopold did not commit himself to any distinct declaration as to the nature of his intentions : Christian Stockmar, he said, would make all necessary arrange-

ments; and under any circumstances their union would be "a pleasant one founded upon a moral basis." With this satisfactory assurance he departed, after enjoining strict secrecy, leaving mother and daughter overcome by joyous emotions. "'And do you believe that you love the Prince, Lina?'"—'I don't know, mother,' I cried weeping and laughing in a breath; 'he is much older than I am, and there is nothing of the ardent lover about him. Were he to appear on the stage in such a character he would certainly be hissed. And then did you notice his wig?'"

Prince Leopold had no reason to complain of want of zeal on the part of his Secretary, Stockmar, who having invited his aunt and cousin to Coburg explained to them the nature of the proposed alliance, "stripping it of its romance and reducing it to a dry matter of business." His master, he said, was weary of his foolish *liaisons*, which were, moreover, injurious to his health, and he longed for a life of calm domesticity. His intentions were perfectly honourable, otherwise he would have chosen another negotiation, "for the Prince knows that I am not to be trifled with where the point of honour is concerned, and that Lina's mother was born a Stockmar!" Baron Stockmar's ideas of the point of honour seem to have been somewhat elastic where a Prince was concerned.

He proceeded to inform his cousin that "a sort of private morganatic marriage" would take place, under which she would receive an annuity and the titles of countess; but no one would be allowed to know of this, for if the fact transpired it might endanger the Prince's English pension of £50,000 a year. "Thus, pray bear in mind, that only before God and nearest relations will you be the Prince's wife; in the eyes of the world, if it should come upon your track, it would not appear quite so pure or lawful." In the event of there being children, which was not to be desired, they would be decently provided for, and if the union should sooner or later be dissolved, she would have a retiring pension. She must not, however, expect to reap a golden harvest, for the Prince was very economical; nor must she be unprepared for infidelities on his part, for "the hearts of these highborn gentlemen are cut out of very peculiar wood. And if the little flame were to be extinguished even after the bridal night"! Caroline Bauer describes her cousin Stockmar as being throughout these negotiations every inch the *chargé d'affaires*. This is severe upon the diplomatic service.

The scene next changes to a villa in Regent's Park, which Stockmar had hired for the reception of his aunt and cousin, and where the Prince occasionally visited his beloved. It must be allowed that he was not an "ardent lover."

For during these visits Caroline was required to read or play to him for hours together, till her voice failed her and her fingers became numbed, while he employed himself in "drizzling"—an inane occupation which had been the fashion at the Court of Paris in the days preceding the Revolution, and which the French emigrés had introduced into England. They called it *Persiflage*, which consisted in unravelling, and rewinding upon reels, the threads of gold and silver lace or tassels by means of a small pocket instrument. Weary months past in this dismal

form of courtship. The promised "alliance" was no longer mentioned, and it was not until, thoroughly weary of her solitary life, and driven to distraction by "the eternal whirl of the drizzling machine," the little actress threatened to return to the stage, that the Prince agreed to make her "his morganatic wife in legal and moral form *as far as circumstances would permit*." Accordingly, in the summer of 1829, a kind of marriage ceremony took place in our little house in the Regent's Park. But oh, so dismally desolate! *No clergyman* placed his hand on my head to invoke a blessing, no bridal wreath adorned my hair. . . . What wretched notions the Prince and Stockmar had of matrimony and domesticity!

Wretched notions indeed! A "marriage" without the sanction of either the law or the Church, complete isolation, and a drizzling machine! There was, to be sure, a settlement drawn up by Cousin Christian and witnessed by high-spirited brother Charles, which secured her an annual allowance for life; and she was called Countess Montgomery. No one knew better than she did herself, however, that Prince Leopold of Coburg had as much power to create her Empress of China as Countess of Montgomery. Indeed, it must be allowed that no deception was practised upon the lady. She was aware that there was no pretence of marriage even in a morganatic sense, and the "settlement," to which her brother and her cousin were parties, was only the instrument under which she obtained an allowance whenever she ceased to be the mistress of Prince Leopold.

Madame Bauer, too, was a strangely complacent witness to her daughter's "union," which soon proved an unhappy and short-lived one. The sprightly actress whom a congenial marriage and a cheerful home might have reconciled to the abandonment of her public career, suffered and pined under a solitary existence, only occasionally broken by the dull companionship of him whom by this time she had discovered to be an "ossified egotist," and "the wreck of a man." English life—she did not know a word of the language and was not allowed to form acquaintances—was opposed to all her tastes and habits; and the appearance of her brother Karl, who threatened to commit suicide unless provided with 16,000 guldens brought matters to a crisis. The Prince indignantly refused to supply the funds required to avert the catastrophe, or to allow any part of the settlement to be applied to Karl Bauer's relief; and Stockmar, the loyal, denounced his aunt and two cousins as conspirators engaged in a plot to rob his beloved master.

Then the long pent-up indignation burst forth. "I hurled into their pale faces my whole crushed and degraded heart, till my voice was choked by hysterical sobs." . . . "You are the accomplice of the Prince," Caroline told her cousin, "since you thought only of him and his pleasure, and believed you had done all for your poor deluded relative when you enacted a sham marriage ceremony for her reputation's sake, and arranged a certain provision for her future maintenance. I charge you, Christian Stockmar, with having made me the plaything of a princely whim." Here, again, the comical element mars the heroic effect of the scene, for nothing can be funnier than to find Stockmar attempting to stem the torrent of invective pouring from his cousin's lips, by the

assurance that if he was not unfortunately already provided with a wife he would gladly have compensated her for the injury he had done through his extreme good nature by marrying her himself! "And so I parted from Prince Leopold of Coburg, to whom I had given myself up, body and soul, with the confidence of a loving heart only a year before; and from my cousin Christian Stockmar, whom I had loved and honoured as an elder brother. . . . I have never seen either of them since." The "union" was dissolved with as little formality as it had been contracted. Prince Leopold ascended the throne of Belgium, Secretary Stockmar became the honoured mentor of the future Prince Consort of England, and Caroline Bauer returned to the stage, which she only abandoned in 1842 to retire into a happy married life.

When on his acceptance of the Belgian crown Leopold of Coburg resigned the allowance of £50,000 a year which had been granted to him by Parliament on his marriage with the Princess Charlotte, the announcement by the Government of the surrender of this allowance was greeted by vociferous cheers, and eulogistic speeches in both Houses, and the public out of doors echoed these expressions of grateful appreciation of a magnanimous act. There were two circumstances, however, which considerably detracted from the merit of the sacrifice and the value of the gift.

The surrender of his English pension had been made an indispensable condition of Prince Leopold's elevation to the throne of the new kingdom; and under the terms of this surrender the Prince had stipulated for the allowance remaining liable for a number of very considerable charges, including "the payment of suitable rewards to those persons who have claims upon me for their faithful services during my sojourn in this country." Among the "faithful services" thus requited at the cost of the English taxpayer were those rendered by Christian Stockmar and his cousin Caroline Bauer, both of whom (shade of Joseph Hume!) for their remaining days drew from Her Majesty's Treasury the pensions settled upon them by the widowed consort of the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

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JANUARY, 1885.

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CHIVALRY, MARRIAGE AND RELIGION: A WOMAN'S PROTEST.—

This is a spirited protest against the prevailing laxity of ideas regarding the necessity of a high tone of morals in men and against the pointed partiality of the law and the proffered indulgence of society to the male profligate and the wife-beater. The writer commences by drawing attention to the higher ideal of manliness which ruled in the Age of Chivalry when "life was an unassuming homage to honour, and practical faith, as a rule, placed husbands in sympathy with their wives," when incompatibility of morals was rare, and when it was not the custom to insult inspired nature by profanely contending that the degradation of many men, and of a few women was a necessary condition of human existence,—an age of which profligacy with its concomitants, wife-beating, divorce, free-union, forsworn fatherhood and child-killing, was not a characteristic crime.

The prevalence of libertinism in the every-day life around us argues the decay of the spirit of chivalry. But it is necessary to be on one's guard against ascribing this decay to the inevitable growth of civilization.

The passing away of much beauty of sight and sound from our now steam-driven life, the substitution of machinery for the works of hand, mind, and heart, have nothing in the world to do with the disappearance of chivalry. Divinely practical Christianity and the manliest chivalry have always gone hand in hand, and if together they are now dying out in this country, their end is attributable to the most systematic neglect, and not, as is generally asserted, to a natural decay.

The causes of the moral laxity that is so wide-spread in England are of our own making. The silence of the Church on the subject of manly virtue, the one-sidedness of the written law, and of the unwritten code of Society, have all had a hand in producing the modern libertine.

The Protestant priesthood too rarely expound the doctrine that morals and manners are among the sacred duties of men, or that the outward expression of belief—a working faith—is obligatory on Christians. Even when in the pulpit, where it is their sacred privilege to dwell on all subjects, they reconcile it to their consciences, when preaching on the Decalogue, to leave out the principal clause of the tenth Commandment, and to omit all mention of the seventh, so that it might even be supposed that they consider both moral laws uninspired.

Within the past twelve months, an influential meeting of the clergy protested against the organization of a proposed Social Purity or White Cross Alliance—surely a good institution for those untrained spirits who find that they cannot stand alone—on the plea that the existence of such a society would shock the sensibilities of all those who live in irrational, though blissful ignorance of the truth. Another objection made to the movement was, that the Church of England is, in itself, a Social Purity Alliance. But the immorality which is killing the life and soul of the nation, indicates that this self-righteous opinion is dangerously chimerical. A less apathetic discharge of the clerical mission in the past would have made alliances with jarring names unnecessary in the present day.

If the Church spares men's feelings, the law spares their fortunes.

The laws are made by strong for the strong, and bear heavily upon the weak. Considerations of honour and humanity, equity and civilization, demand that a man shall pay the penalty of his errors, educate and feed his illegitimate children according to his means, and marry the mother of such ill-starred offspring, if he happen to be free so to do. But the legal mind, notwithstanding its fine grasp, has never contemplated the possibility of such a state of things, and the Bastardy Bill is a disgrace to the jurisprudence of our country. The principles of immorality are fully vindicated by the absence of effective check upon it. Almost all its varieties are permitted; the majesty of the law rarely making itself felt, excepting when depravity takes the form of bigamy, which is apt to complicate business matters. And if one other variety of immorality is contrary to the Penal Code, it is so chiefly because, by its indulgence, the rights of property, whether great or small, may be injuriously trespassed upon and legal heirship wronged.

And society not one whit less impartial.

The world's code of honour is full of inconsistent compromises with sin, ruling, as in effect it does, that self-restraint is only necessary where self-interest

compels the effort, or where indulgence in ill-doing would shock both genuine and mock respectability ; allowing men to talk scandal which, if written, would be actionable ; insisting that in the Divorce Court untruth is honourable ; contending even that under picturesquely interesting circumstances vice becomes virtue ; deciding that though a man who is so ignoble as to cheat when engaged in a serious game of cards, shall be justly and for ever "cut," yet, that far more widely ruinous baseness shall be soon forgiven, and before long counted as a feather in the cap.

It comes to pass, then, that by all the powers that be, by august bodies, by the aggregation of individual views which constitute public opinion, men are told substantially the same thing—that they are not quite free agents, that they are more or less irresponsible beings.

All serious attempt at self-control, accordingly, seems to be trouble thrown away ; and a life of abasement renders some of those, who are not blessed with a high order of moral courage, boorish, depraved, discontented, or cruel. Men being encouraged on all sides to neglect the acquirement of self-command, that chief frontier-life between human beings and the lower type of living things, frequently deteriorate, and become unfit companions for women. And in this sorrowful sentence there is no assumption on the side of women of glad superiority. We do not blame, we only wish that wrong should cease.

Estrangement in married life is the logical conclusion of the widely-differing lessons as to right and wrong which are imparted to men and to women in their youth. Discordant morality, and not, as is so often asserted, dissimilarity of pursuits, is the origin of the wife-beating, divorce, and separation which are daily events in modern English life. That a vast amount of latitude is quite indispensable to the happiness and well-being of men, is a shamelessly reiterated opinion.

How many an apparently honourable and good man airily confesses to his dearest friends that he has been wavering as to the wisdom of marriage, and is only restrained therefrom by the conviction which forces itself upon him, that one passion would not suffice ; that the true-lover's knot would infallibly irk him ; that not being hardened up to the point of turning into the bane of a wife's life, and moreover, not having a shadow of hope that the incantation of the solemn love-song of our marriage ceremony would ever be found to have worked a miracle in his favour, by turning him into an agreeable husband, he has quite given up the idea of trying himself so high as to enter the holy state. He is not good enough to live with an angelic nature. He does not pretend to be of the same calibre of soul as are true women—good women ; he is not such a humbug. He can quote novels, by clever men of the world, who, being of a philosophical, analytic turn of mind, acknowledge that as regards morality almost every marriage is an unequal match. After all, considering the tremendous hurry many men and their wives are in to separate, *Punch's* advice, "*Don't,*" to those about to marry, is a notable instance of a wise thing being said in jest, and though amazed at the habitual self-indulgence such frankness suggests, we must at least admire the vacillating bachelor's scrupulous decision, as far

as his wished-for wife is concerned, and his splendid candour as to his habitual life.

In a more solemn manner, on a recent Christmas Day, the recollection of the low standard of ethics which men have set up for themselves was forced upon the mind of the vast crowd of people who thronged the pews, aisles, and altar-steps of the grandest sacred building in London.

There, the seats were strewn with printed notices that the alms, craved of the congregation, would be devoted to the continued support of houses of refuge for the unfortunates of the parish. And a list was appended of such who had lately been succoured, fed, and in some cases also reclaimed from the lowest depths of ignominy to which human nature, while on earth, can be dragged down. There was no prayer that the world might become less vicious; no hope expressed that men might ask for courage to rise, on so vital a question, superior to the conventionality, custom, habits, and fashion of modern life, and make an effort to ensure the purity of their country. There was absolutely no appeal whatsoever to fathers to be original in well-doing to institute a new order of things, in endeavouring to save their sons from a life of nineteenth-century barbarism.

The preacher, in dwelling on the beautiful epic of Christ's life, studiously avoided making any application of the statement of the sinfulness of living generations to the members which compose their ranks. He refrained from all censure of the betrayers of the forlorn and ruined for whom he besought alms, but contented himself with trying to turn far-fetched sunshine on the dark subject, by dwelling at great length on the self-evident fact that the founders of such refuges, for both faulty and faultless outcasts, must have been nobly imbued with the spirit of Christianity. But, that a civilized and Protestant congregation should be called upon to make arrangements for the perpetuation of the most deadly vice, without one word of exhortation to those men present, some of whom had probably by their lives belied the moral law; that men should complacently give their crowns and half-crowns for the relief of those whom their kind had ruined without any thought of expiating their sins, by making an effort to guard the innocent and the weak from infamy, made bitter mockery of the joyful Christmas hymns, and seemed to turn the triumphant praise and prayer, which were appointed for that divine birthday, into the death-knell of manly virtue. And those present who had resolved to forget sin and sorrow, for that one day, were compelled to think of both in their most abhorrent phase.

An instinctive warning of love's sadly brief day and most painful death urges many a woman to decline marriage and to seek absorbing interests behind convent gratings, or in hospital wards.

In giving their hearts into God's sole keeping they avert sorrow's cruellest blows. It is a world-wide axiom that the marriage of persons of different religion, or, indeed, of different Christian sects, nations, or classes, is likely to end in disaster; and the risk is indeed great. Yet what is the bitterness of variance between those of uncongenial creeds, unequal grades, or different lands, in comparison to that which must arise between lovers whose education has imparted

antagonistic views of the vital questions of truth, honour, dignity, and morality? That the sudden blasting of all chance of future happiness should stun a woman, alter her nature, and impair her judgment; that this shock of disgust should be soon merged in despondency, which painful days and painful years either excite to desperation or numb into quiescent heartbreak, those who are gentlemen by nature, whom virtue and chivalrous qualities place in perfect sympathy with womankind, will readily understand.

How often it dawns upon a woman that she has married a man who is incapable of any higher feeling than a fitfully admiring passion for her—or, indeed, for any of his loves, yet she is expected to live on unmurmuringly in a state of domestic inequality amounting to oppression.

Constancy to her task-master is as humiliating as revolt. She is beset with difficulties, for at the same time that she may shrink from having the drop-scene raised from before her wretched life, in the Divorce Court, she can hardly be expected either to act so contrary to her education as to countenance the flagrant disregard of a divine commandment, or to be so untrue to herself as to step down and take a place among her husband's plural wives—that most wretched caste of womanhood. She knows that she has a perfect right to expect the unforfeited fulfilment of her sometime lover's vows, which, after all, being nothing more than an earnest, poetically-worded promise to observe the marriage-law of the land, are not so impossibly high-flown as they are generally rated as being. But she finds her whole life wrecked. Her husband's youthful vices have coarsened his nature, and he is incapable of love. With a true woman he has no single feeling in common. Even the discussion of passing events may strain relations between two people whose ideas of virtue, honour, and truth are as unlike as black and white. Deserted, cast off, humiliated to the dust, the wife's courage flags. Possibly she is surprised in tears, and is hectoringly reproached with being dishearteningly ill-tempered, unbearably jealous, and revoltingly cold. That he is no worse than others; that a man ought not to be, cannot be or rather *shall not* be, judged from a woman's standpoint, is such a husband's only attempt at defence. If her protector is by nature or education inclined to be cruel, her sufferings increase; by a wife-beater she is cursed, beaten, and abandoned.

The writer will allow that there exist husbands who, even while causing great misery to their wives, wish with all their hearts that education, example, and habit had not rendered it impossible to them to fulfil with honour and generosity the most important part of their lives;—

who long that there were more points of resemblance between men's and women's laws both enforced and self-imposed, and who bitterly regret their inability to find happiness in the continued companionship of the woman they have hardly ceased to admire. And remorseful sinners are most pitiable. Louis and Hortense Buonaparte, King and Queen of Holland, together sighed over their incongruities of feeling. I do not mean to say that the majority of husbands are not gladly loyal to their wives, or are separated from them by discordance of habit or second nature. I do not say there are not men—would that

there were more—who, being witty, wise, and clever, hold the conviction that the same moral laws are of equal obligation on men and women alike, both before and after marriage.

The daily life of the people of Ireland, where earnestly instilled virtue has long since become instinctive purity, where happiness and domestic duty mean one and the same thing, and where wife-beating is an undreamed of crime, may be held up as a worthy example and inducement to Ireland's neighbours to throw off the yoke of libertinism.

Public opinion in Ireland exacts self-control at the hands of all. And English historians, together with essayists and statisticians, all bear testimony to undeniable facts—the virtue and true manliness of the men, and refinement and purity of the women of Ireland, in which country divorce is impossible among Roman Catholics, and unusual among Protestants.

Goethe's novels which treat chiefly of the theory of the law-scorning force of the Elective Affinities, are thought to be among the most improper books ever written. But what is the English divorce law but a recognition, a legalization of the principles of immoral elective affinities, an indulgence in a succession of which that law makes possible. *Wilhelm Meister* no doubt excited the most scathing criticism. Yet however much the realistic mannerism of Goethe's written pictures may be deplored, however mischievous they may have proved to the unstable, their ascertainable likeness to life did not incite his gifted, scandalized, and optimist reviewers to the attempt to improve the moral condition of their fellowmen. And with a like obstinacy did the critics and reviewers shut their eyes to the warnings of existing evil given in Thackeray's horrible sketch of the men's morals in more recent times in England.

But it is easier to ignore than to acknowledge disagreeable truth; and too few able censors touch upon the unpopular subject of wide-spread, every-day profligacy, any allusion to which distresses the high-flown visionaries who live in a Fool's Paradise. Latterly, indeed, some half dozen public spirited, self-constituted missionary philanthropists have published their horror at the infamy which lurks among the untaught and poverty-stricken, who overcrowd the squalid alleys of our cities and hamlets. And those among this criminal population who are not lost beyond recall, have a fitful wish for a purer life. They do not even resent the publication of the statistics of shame, which bring down upon them the obloquy or scornful pity of the world at large. But they are of opinion that the *moral* census to which they, the ostracised by fortune, are subjected, should also in fairness include in its scrutiny all grades of society.

Until the truth of a revolting condition of things is acknowledged, until a less erratic line is drawn between right and wrong, vice will stalk about undaunted. Meanwhile, in this church-going, school-going country, the absence of a moral check to depravity fully explains its prevalence.

Although for the present state of morality the laws of society,

written and unwritten, are blameworthy, parents and guardians are still more so.

Dickens, in his autobiography, bitterly reflects that when a child his parents imparted to him no religion, no advice, no counsel, indignantly adding, "Had it not been for God's mercy I might have grown up a thief or a vagabond." Yet of all those who mourn over Dickens's anguish of soul, darkening as it did the most triumphant days of his gifted manhood, how few impress upon their own boys the vital importance of observing the moral law, or of practising a working faith! Sunday religion and superficial respectability are substituted for active fulfilment of the law of God. Bewildering as are these blendings of Satanism and Christianity, it is not marvellous that young men, recoiling from such flimsy virtue and hollow religion, should daily swell the ranks of candidly unshackled atheism. Had generations of fathers and masters but fulfilled their duty towards the youth placed under their charge, the philanthropist's suggestion of a Wife-beaters' Bill and a Disowned Children's Act would now be needless, the files of the Divorce Court would be less full, and men blessed with fine generous qualities, would less frequently prove themselves to be bad husbands and unsafe guides to youth. Few men allow themselves to reflect that the responsibility of the nation for hideously monotonous vice rests on the heads of successive generations of careless fathers and guardians.

A specious argument against lessons in morals is that they suggest ideas of wickedness. But surely a parent is the fittest person to talk of vice of which sooner or later—perhaps from evil minds—boys are sure to hear.

Let those who forget how cruelly early their ears were poisoned, their childish minds astounded by gross ribaldry, read the account of the first day, at his first school, given by a brilliant and famous man, in the most interesting autobiography of the present day. At the same time, the same writer was by no means an advocate for boys being kept in ignorance of the temptations of life after their childhood was past, for, in his preface to *Paul Clifford*, he says, "Impart high principle to youth, but do not withhold novels," or something to that effect, and the advice is good. At least there can be no danger imparting to first youth—manhood's youth—a horror of vice.

Yet another reason against the teaching of morals is that the effort would be time thrown away; that men's immorality is a foregone conclusion in consequence of their being so heavily handicapped by the sins of their forefathers.

Possibly. But if so handicapped, not beaten. Happily, however, the falseness of this reasoning is proved in a hundred-and-one ways, but notably by the fact that murder does not run in families, or at least that the passion for that crime can be successfully resisted.

Only half convinced that they have the same chances of purity as women, men proceed to declare that they cannot be so hypocritical as to prescribe for their boys a course which they themselves would have found difficult to follow. They would rather not give even a confessional hint of their youthful errors.

Yet as a great number of living fathers are in a position to adduce absence of good advice as the extenuating circumstance of any faults they may have committed, few men having the high order of mental courage which would enable them to admit that, unwarned, they themselves had done amiss, would lose caste in their sons' eyes. Lack of guidance entitles them to the plenary forgiveness of God and man. They lived according to their light. But fathers, guardians, and masters shrink from impressing upon their boys that the libertinism of the past is no reason for that of the present. Few suggest prayer as the miraculous safeguard against temptation, although even from the atheist's point of view religious devotion is homage to honour and a charm against ignobility. How few make it clear that life is not wicked, that it may be intensely happy, seeing that vice alone is forbidden. Who goes to the trouble of pointing to the fact that intellectual resources and active sports are antidotes to unworthy proclivities? Even a rough plan of life might be a guide to boys in the mazes of the nineteenth-century world. But as the falsest, theories—so fundamentally false as to render their acceptance a superstition—are promulgated on the subject of morals by one-fourth of living men, which theories the remaining three-fourths supplement by the most expressive silence, on mothers devolves the awful duty of speaking to their sons as soul to soul, of urging their boys to cultivate purity, truth, and honour, of counselling them to work well, pray well, and play well. It is now the lot of mothers to explain that the training and education of men during past ages excuses such vitiated opinions as may be current on the subject of their morals. They must insist that the fine blending of body and soul which God made in His own image should not be allowed to degenerate into the libertine, the bully, and the wife-beater. They must tell them that there is a private, unenrolled order of knighthood, unknown to fame or Debrett, to which men of every walk of life may belong.

It is customary to say that in talking of evil, mothers would lose ground.

But allowing, for a moment, that in this life such were certain to be the case, will not they obtain full acquittal of the charge of error from the only unbiassed Judge of the world? Most mothers are pure in mind, speech, and act, yet feel that as there is the sanctity of virtue, so there is also the awful solemnity of sin, which may be most fluently discussed without the utterance of one single coarse word. And were the subject so treated, ninety-nine boys in every hundred would infallibly raise those mothers, who for their children's sake did violence to their own feelings, in warning them against their grosser selves, to that holy pinnacle on which devout Roman Catholic men—however mistaken as to her exceptional powers of mediation—place the Virgin Mary, the Holy Mother, when pouring out to her their anxious or remorseful souls.

Once let mothers of all grades recognise this inspiring probability, and, gently, but undauntedly, discharge their uncongenial though sacred mission, and their sons will be won to the acknowledgment that the moral law is binding on them.

Retaining and strengthening the generous manliness of boyhood, they will be induced to develop the crowning quality of human nature—self-command. The rising generation will be persuaded to accept the unassuming though

important part in the world which awaits them. For whether the unaccountable profligacy of a highly enlightened nation does or does not speedily become a thing of the past, depends upon the choice made between right and wrong, between virtue and infamy, between nobility and ignobility, by the youthful manhood of our day, to whose keeping is now assigned the morality of England. And the right-minded and brave will hardly remain long overwhelmed by the thought of the greatness of their trust.

If libertinism were abjured, life would be freed from its most degrading sufferings, and from its darkest death. The realization of the philanthropist's present dream, a Disowned Children's Act, and a Wife Beaters' Bill, would become unnecessary. Women of every walk in life would then less often than now close their lips in quiet pride and die of grief ; nor would they, as is now so common, bewildered and despairing, call in the law where love alone should reign,—for the standard of chivalry would be restored.

TEMPLE BAR.

JANUARY, 1885.

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PRINCE BISMARCK'S CHARACTER.—Bismarck was born in 1814, and at the age of 17 went to the University of Göttingen. Here he joined a *Verbindung*—one of those student associations that hold interminable *kneipen* or beer-carousals, and fight rapier duels with the members of other clubs.

Bismarck's *Verbindung* was select, containing none but the sons of noblemen, and it called itself by Kotzebue's name, out of antagonism to a Liberal club which was named after Karl Sand, Kotzebue's murderer. There hangs in one of the rooms at Varzin, a pencil sketch of young Otto Bismarck fighting with a "Sandist" who was the great swashbuckler of his party. Both combatants are dressed, as is still the custom for such meetings, in padded leather jackets, tall hats, iron spectacles with wire netting over the glasses, and they wear thick stocks, covering all the neck and throat. Only parts of the face are exposed, the object of the fighters being not to inflict deadly injuries, but to slit each other's cheeks, or to snip off the tip of a nose. Bismarck's adversary, named Konrad Koch, was a towering fellow with such a long arm that he had all the advantage; and after a few passes he snicked Bismarck along the left cheek down to the chin, making a wound of which the scar can be seen to this day. But before the duel he had bragged that he would make the "Kotzebuan" wear the "Sandist" colour red—and laughing triumphantly at the fulfilment of his threat, as he saw Bismarck drenched in blood, he so infuriated the latter that the Kotzebuan insisted on having another bout. This was contrary to the regulations of student duels, which always end with first blood, so Bismarck had to take patience until his cut was healed, and until he could prove his fitness to meet Koch again, by worsting a number of minor Sandists. The rapier duels were, and are now, regular Saturday-afternoon pastimes, taking place in a gymnastic room, and the combatants on either side being drawn by lot; but it is a rule that, when a student has beaten an opponent, he may decline duelling with him again until this antagonist works his way up to

him, so to say, by prevailing over all other swordsmen who may care to challenge him. Bismarck had to fight nearly half-a-dozen duels before he could cross swords with Koch again, but on this second occasion he dealt the Sandist a master-slash on the face and remained victorious.

A satirical paper, published at Hanover, inserted an article against student fights, and pretty clearly designated young Bismarck as a truculent fellow. Bismarck went to Hanover, called on the editor of the paper, and holding up to his nose the offensive article, requested him to swallow it. The affair reached the ears of the Rector of Göttingen University, who rebuked Bismarck for his pugnacity.

Bismarck did not accept the reproof. To the Rector's astonishment he made an indignant speech, expressing his detestation of Frenchmen, French principles, and revolutionary Germans, whom he called Frenchmen in disguise. He prayed that the sword of Joshua might be given him to exterminate all these. "Well, my young friend, you are preparing great trouble for yourself," remarked the Rector with a shake of the head; "your opinions are those of another age." "Good opinions reflower like the trees after winter," was Bismarck's answer.

At this time however Bismarck's principles were not yet well set. The son of a Pomeranian squire, he had the *Junker's* abhorrence of Radicals, but he was often sadly at a loss for arguments to refute the reasoning of his political opponents.

This tormented him, for he did not wish to be a man like that Colonel in Hacklander's "Tale of the Regiment," who said of a philosopher: "I felt the fellow was going to convince me, so I kicked him downstairs." From Göttingen he went to the University of Berlin, and there vexed his soul in many disputations without acquiring the consciousness that he was growing really strong in logic. At last he heard in a Lutheran church a sermon which left a lasting impression on his mind. He has often spoken of it since as "my Pentecost."

The preacher was treating of infidelity in connection with Socialist aspirations, and he observed that men could not live without faith in some ideal. Those men who reject the doctrine of immortality and of a world after this, delude themselves with visions of an Earthly Paradise. The Socialist's dream is nothing else; and his shibboleths of equality, fraternity and co-operation, are but a paraphrase of the Christan's "love one another." Love is not less necessary to the fulfilment of the Socialist's schemes than it is to the realisation of one's image of Heaven. A world in which there shall be no poor—in which each man shall receive according to his needs and work to the full measure of his capacities, having no individual advancement to expect from his industry, but content to see other men, less capable, fed out of the surplus of his earnings—what would this be but a paradise purged of all human passions—envy, jealousy, covetousness, and sloth? Unless there were universal love, how could all the members of a Socialist community be expected to work to their utmost? And if every man did not work his best, so that the weak and the clumsy might live at the expense of the strong and the clever, how could the community exist?

This was the substance of the sermon, and those words "the Socialist's Earthly Paradise" have remained fixed in Bismarck's memory since as a terse demonstration of the inanity of Socialism.

State Socialism is of course another matter, and very early in life Bismarck came to the conclusion that the wise ruler must try to make himself popular by humouring the fancies of the people, whatever they may be, and however they may vary. If he can divert the people's fancies towards the objects of his own preference, so much the better, and it must be part of his business to endeavour to do this. But if he cannot lead, he must seem to lead while letting himself be pushed onward. "The people must be led without knowing it," said Napoleon in a letter which he wrote to Fouché to decline Barrère's offer of pamphlets extolling the Emperor's policy. Bismarck has described universal suffrage as "the government of a house by its nursery;" but he added: "You can do anything with children if you play with them."

One of the secrets of Bismarck's strength has been that he has never let himself be imposed upon by inflated talk about the "Majesty of the People." The Democracy has been in his eyes a mere multitude of mediocrities. Bismarck has always taken a peculiar pleasure in stories showing how one man by presence of mind has mastered or outwitted an angry mob.

During the siege of Paris, whilst he was at Versailles, a pass was applied for by a relation of M. Cuvillier Fleury, the eminent critic and member of the French Academy. The Chancellor at once gave the pass, saying: "M. Fleury is an admirable man. I know a capital story about him." The story was this: M. Fleury, who had been tutor to the Duc d'Aumale, was in 1848 Private Secretary to the Duchess of Orleans. When the revolution of February broke out, a rabble invaded the Palais Royal, where the Princess resided, and began smashing works of art, pictures, statuettes, and nicknacks. All the household was seized with panic except M. Fleury, who, throwing off his coat, smeared his face and hands with coal, caught up a poker, and rushed among the mob, shouting: "Here, I'll show you where the best pictures are." So saying, he plied his poker upon furniture of no value, and thus winning the confidence of the roughs, was able to lead them out of the royal apartments into the kitchen regions, where they spent their patriotic fury upon the contents of larder and cellar. The sequel of this story is very droll, and Bismarck relates it with great relish. A few days after he had saved the Palais Royal, M. Fleury was recognised in the streets as the Duchess of Orleans's Secretary, and mobbed. He was being somewhat roughly hustled when a hulking water-carrier elbowed his way through the throng and roared: "Let that man be! He is one of the right sort. He led us to the pillage of the Palais Royal the other day!"

Similarly Bismarck's admiration for Charles Mathews was based on his coolness during a theatrical riot which Bismarck witnessed during a visit to London.

Mathews was manager of a theatre, and for want of pay, part of his company had struck work. It was impossible to perform the piece advertised, so pit and gallery grew clamorous. In the midst of the hubbub, Mathews came before the curtain and jovially announced that, although he must disappoint the audience of the comedy which they had expected, he was ready to perform anything they pleased, provided only that he could satisfy the majority. A voice from the gallery sang out: "Box and Cox." "Well, that is an excellent play," said Mathews

gravely, "but before my honourable friend puts a motion for its performance, I think he should explain to the audience why he prefers it to all others." This turned a general laugh against the "mover," who of course became bashful and could explain nothing. Mathews then made a chaffing little speech on the comparative merits of various plays, and at length withdrew, saying that as he could discern nothing like unanimity among the audience, he thought it best that they should all agree to meet him another day, but that meanwhile those who liked to apply for their money at the doors should have it.

Bismarck has another favourite story about mobs.

When the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia went as Viceroy to Poland in 1862, he was received in the streets of Warsaw with cries of "Long live the Constitution!" A Prussian, Count Perponcher, who was present, asked a vociferating Pole who "Constitutiona" was? "I suppose it's his wife," answered the Pole. "Well, but he has children," said Perponcher, "so you should cry: Hurrah for Constitutiona and the little Constitutions," which the Pole at once did.

Bismarck is not eloquent. He has had to contend with the disadvantage of cumbersome speech moved by slow thoughts, and of a temper inflammable as touchwood. For many years he was considered by those who knew him best to be more of a trooper than a politician. Action speaks for itself. It fascinates the masses as much as speech, for it demands courage, which is of all virtues the rarest.

Bismarck's own courage is that of a mastiff, and in early life it often got him into scrapes. We have remarked how some of these might have been detrimental to his whole career. Whilst he was doing his One Year Voluntariate in the Prussian Light Infantry, he paid a visit to Schleswig, which was then under Danish rule. One day, wearing his uniform, he was seated in a *Brauerei* when he overheard two gentlemen holding a political conversation and expressing extreme Liberal sentiments. With amazing impudence he walked up to their table and requested that: "If they must talk nonsense, they would use an undertone." The two Schleswigers told the *Junker* to mind his own business, whereupon Bismarck caught up a beer-jug and dashed its contents in their faces. This affair caused very serious trouble. Bismarck was taken into custody and ordered out of the country. On joining his regiment he was placed under arrest again, and there was an interchange of diplomatic notes about him. He only escaped severe punishment through powerful intercession being employed at Court on his behalf.

Some years later, when on the Legation at Frankfort, Bismarck was present at a public ball, where a member of the French Corps Legislatif, M. Jouvois de Clancy, was pointed out to him as a noted fire-eater.

This gentleman had been a Republican, but had turned his coat after the *coup d'état*. He was a big man with dandified airs, but evidently not much accustomed to society, for he had brought his hat—not a compressible one—into the ball-room; and in waltzing he held it in his left hand. The sight of the big Frenchman careering round the room with this hat extended at arm's length was too much for Bismarck's sense of fun; so, as M. Jouvois revolved past him, he dropped a copper coin into the hat. One may imagine the scene. The French-

man, turning purple, stopped short in his dancing, led back his partner to her place, and then came with flashing eyes to demand satisfaction. There would have been assault and battery on the spot if friends had not interposed ; but on the following day the Frenchman and the Prussian met with pistols and the former was wounded. Unfortunately for Bismarck, M. Jouvois knew Louis Schneider, the ex-comedian, who had become Court Councillor to Frederick William IV., and was that eccentric monarch's favourite companion. Schneider had but a moderate fondness for Bismarck, and he represented his act of *gaminerie* in so unfavourable a light to the King that his Majesty instructed the Foreign Office to read the newly appointed diplomatist a severe lecture.

Bismarck has never liked Frenchmen, and much of this hatred has its source in religious fervour. Bismarck is a believer, and the sceptical levity and want of reverence of most Frenchmen shocks the statesman, who still reads his Bible with a simple faith.

During the Franco-German War, Countess Bismarck, hearing that her husband had lost the travelling-bag in which he carried his Bible, sent him another with this naïve letter : "As I am afraid you may not be able to buy a Bible in France, I send you two copies of the Scriptures, and have marked the passages in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel *which relate to France*—also the verse in the Psalms which says that 'The unbeliever shall be rooted out.'"

Bismarck has never canted. He has evinced strong religious scruples, and spent many sleepless hours from thinking over the deposition of George V. of Hanover, which he reconciled with the dictates of his reason, but not with his faith, in the inviolability of kings. In managing the Plebs, he has never stooped to such immoral means as the French officials of the second Empire employed.

De Morny was fond of quoting the anecdote about Alcibiades having cut off the tail of his dog to give the Athenians something to talk about, and during Bismarck's short stay in Paris as Ambassador in 1862, he and the Prussian statesman had more than one conversation about the art of ruling. Bismarck had the frankness to say that he looked upon the comedies of Dumas the younger, and indeed on most French plays of the lighter sort, as grossly corrupting to the public morals. "*Panem et circenses*," smiled De Morny. "*Panem et saturnalia*," muttered Bismarck.

Bismarck, again, differed from De Morny as to the qualities requisite in a public servant. De Morny cared nothing for character, so long as those he recommended were brilliant and witty. Bismarck's ideal of a state functionary is the blameless man without debts or entanglements, laborious, well educated, and obedient. Men like M. Benedetti and the Duc de Gramont he called "dancing dogs without collars."

Bismarck's want of human charity is the most unamiable and disconcerting trait in his character—his exaggerated contempt for almost all men as individuals.

The men who were at different times Bismarck's most zealous helpmates—Count Harry Arnim, Herr Delbrück, Count Stolberg, and Count Eulenburg—

were all discarded as soon as they gave the smallest sign, not of mutiny, but of independence. Bismarck would not accept advice or remonstrance from them; he required on all occasions that blind obedience which is not loyal service, but servility. For the same cause he would never employ Herr Edward Lasker whose great talents as a financier and parliamentary debater would have been of immense value to the monarchy. He has rejected the advances of Herr Bennigsen, the Hanoverian founder of the *Nationalverein*, who is now leader of the National Liberals; and those of Dr. Rudolph Gneist, who is one of the ablest politicians in Germany, but who had the misfortune to take the wrong side during the *Conflikt-Zeit*. Opposition, as Bismarck has often taken care to impress upon his hearers, shall never be *regierungsfähig* so long as he holds office. He abominates the Parliamentary system which brings to power men who have begun life as demagogues agitating for the abolition of this and that, and who, afterwards, are obliged to make shameless recantations, or to quibble away their words. The contrary system of selecting for his assistants only men who have never sown political wild oats is, however, compelling Bismarck to rely now on such henchmen as Herr Von Puttkamer and Herr Hofmann. The former is the Chancellor's brother-in-law, an excellent subordinate, supple as a glove, but with no originality of mind or firmness that could enable him to remain Home Minister if he were not propped up in this post. Herr Hofmann is also a mere painstaking bureaucrat, who, if he did not hear the voice of command, would be quite inapt to think for himself.

The popular idea of a genial, soldierly, blunt-spoken Bismarck is a wrong one.

Bismarck can be jovial among friends and good-humouredly affable with strangers; but genial he is not. There is a sarcastic tone in his voice which grates on the ears of all who are brought into contact with him for the first time, and his unconcealed mistrust for the rectitude of all public men, of no matter what country, who do not happen to be in his good graces at the time, is too often offensive. It must be remembered that when Bismarck has quarrelled with public men, it has generally been because, having changed an opinion himself, he has been unable to persuade men to do the same at a moment's notice. Turn by turn, Free-trader and Protectionist, inclining one day to the Russian, another to the Austrian alliance, coquetting at one time with England, then with Italy and even with France, he has ever been actuated by the sole desire to use every passing wind which might push the interest of his Government. He has declined to formulate any policy in details, because against such a policy parties might coalesce, whereas by veering and tacking often, he throws disunion among his opponents. He appropriates what is best in the new designs of this or that party, takes for his Sovereign and himself the credit of carrying them into execution, and then leaves the original promoters with a sense that power has gone out of them—that they have been played with, but that they have nothing to complain of.

This policy of variations has exposed Bismarck to some cutting rebukes from loyal Prussians whose consciences were not acrobatic.

The trouble with Count Harry Arnim began when this diplomatist—"Der Affe," as he was nicknamed by his familiars—said to Countess Von Redern, at one of the Empress Augusta's private parties, that he had hitherto been trying

to walk on his feet in Paris, but that from "his latest instructions he gathered that he was expected until further notice to walk on his hands." The saying was reported to Bismarck and made "his three hairs bristle." "The 'Ape' has only been employed, because we thought him quadrumanous," he exclaimed, and from that moment there was war between the two men.

Bismarck has had to contend with many a boudoir cabal.

The Empress Augusta's long antipathy to him is no secret, and the Chancellor has never had to congratulate himself much on the friendliness of the Crown Prince's and Princess's circle. The ill-will of royal ladies enlists that of many other persons influential in society; but it stands to Bismarck's honour that he has never used newspapers to combat these drawing-room foes. The revelations made to the public some years since by an ex-member of the "Reptile's Bureau" were no doubt in the main true, and they showed that the Chancellor had raised the art of "nobbling" the Press to a high pitch of perfection. Not only had he, all over Germany, newspapers supported in part out of the Secret Service Fund and inspired wholly by the Press Bureau, but he has been accused of employing hirelings on the staffs of newspapers reputed as independent, and through these he was in a position to procure the insertion of articles in foreign journals, these effusions being afterwards reprinted in German papers as genuine expressions of foreign opinion.

People have been asking lately what is the meaning of the strange fancy of Pope Leo XIII. in giving a commission to the painter Lenbach to paint for him a portrait of Prince Bismarck. It is not unlikely that the incident indicates a *rapprochement* between Germany and Vatican. Having failed to crush the Catholics, Bismarck may be intending, as he has often done before, to shake hands with yesterday's enemy. It is significant that in one of his few autumn speeches, Bismarck was heard quoting Joseph De Maistre's dictum about the soldier and the priest being the sentries of civilization.

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JANUARY, 1885.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF FOOTE AND THE GUN-BOATS.—Captain James B. Eads, the writer of this paper, was famous, in the American war-time, as the Engineer who, within a 100 days, constructed a powerful squadron of eight iron-clad steamers, aggregating 5,000 tons, for the Northern States operations on the Mississippi. In taking the *Benton*, one of these vessels, from Carondelet to Cairo, the following incident occurred :—

The wish of Admiral Foote to have me see this boat safely to Cairo was prompted by his knowledge that I had had experience in the management of steam-boats upon the river, and his fear that she would be detained by grounding. Ice had just begun to float in the Mississippi when the *Benton* put out from my ship-yard at Carondelet for the south. Some thirty or forty miles below St. Louis she grounded. Under the direction of Captain Winslow, who commanded the vessel, Lieutenant Bishop, executive officer of the ship, an intelligent and energetic young man, set the crew at work. An anchor was put out for

the purpose of hauling her off. My advice was not asked with reference to this first proceeding, and although I had been requested by Admiral Foote to accompany the vessel, he had not instructed the captain, so far as I knew, to be guided by my advice in case of difficulty. After they had been working all night to get the boat afloat, she was harder on than ever; moreover, the water had fallen about six inches. I then volunteered the opinion to Captain Winslow that if he would run hawsers ashore in a certain direction, directly opposite to that in which he had been trying to move the boat, she could be got off. He replied very promptly, "Mr. Eads, if you will undertake to get her off, I shall be very willing to place the entire crew under your direction." I at once accepted the offer; and Lieutenant Bishop was called up and instructed to obey my directions. Several very large hawsers had been put on board of the boat for the fleet at Cairo. One of the largest was got out and secured to a large tree on the shore, and as heavy a strain was put upon it as the cable would be likely to bear. As the water was still falling, I ordered out a second one, and a third, and a fourth, until five or six eleven-inch hawsers were heavily strained in the effort to drag the broad-bottomed vessel off the bar. There were three steam capstans on the bow of the vessel, and these were used in tightening the strain by luffs upon the hawsers. One of the hawsers was led through a snatch-block fastened by a large chain to a ring-bolt in the side of the vessel. I was on the upper deck of the vessel near Captain Winslow when the chain which held this block broke. It was made of iron one and one-eighth inches in diameter, and the link separated into three pieces. The largest, being one-half of the link, was found on the shore at a distance of at least five hundred feet. Half of the remainder struck the iron plating on the bow of the boat, making an indentation half the thickness of one's finger in depth. The third piece struck Captain Winslow on the fleshy part of the arm, cutting through his coat and the muscles of his arm. The wound was a very painful one, but he bore it as might be expected. The iron had probably cut an inch and a half into the arm between the shoulder and the elbow. In the course of the day the *Benton* was floated, and proceeded on her voyage down the river without further delay. Captain Winslow soon after departed for his home on leave of absence. On his recovery he was placed in command of the *Kearsarge*, and to that accident he owed, perhaps, the fame of being the captor of the *Alabama*.

While Captain Eads was preparing designs for four larger war-vessels, he was desired to confer with Admiral Foote regarding their construction. He therefore hastened from Washington to Island Number Ten, a hundred miles below Cairo, on the Mississippi River where Foote's flotilla was then engaged.

In the railway train a gentleman who sat in front of me, learning that I had constructed Foote's vessels, introduced himself as Judge Foote, of Cleveland, a brother of the Admiral. Among other interesting matters, he related an anecdote of one of his little daughters who was just learning to read. After the capture of Fort Henry the squadron was brought back to Cairo for repairs, and on the Sunday following, the crews, with their gallant flag-officer, attended one of the churches in Cairo. Admiral Foote was a thorough Christian gentleman and excellent impromptu speaker. Upon this occasion, after the congregation had assembled, some one whispered to him that the minister was ill and would be unable to officiate; whereupon the Admiral went up into the pulpit him-

self, and after the usual prayer and hymn, he selected as the text John xiv. 1, "Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me." Upon this text he delivered what was declared to be an excellent sermon, or exhortation, after which he dismissed the congregation. An account of the sermon was widely published in the papers at the time, and came into the hands of the little niece just referred to. After she had read it, she exclaimed to her father :

"Uncle Foote did not say that right."

"Say what right ?" asked the father.

"Why, when he preached."

"What did he say ?"

"He said, 'Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me.'"

"Well, what should he have said ?" inquired the father.

"Why, he ought to have said, 'Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in the gun-boats.'"

On arriving, he and Admiral Foote withdrew to the latter's cabin to consider the plans of the four new gun-boats, and after discussing these for fifteen or twenty minutes they returned on deck.

At the time we landed, the *Benton* and the other boats of the fleet were anchored between two or three miles above the Confederate forts, and were then throwing their shells into the enemy's works. When we boarded the *Benton* Admiral Foote had his lorgnette in his hand, and through it was watching the flight of each shell discharged from the guns of his ship. He resumed this occupation when we came up on deck, until, after a shot or two had been fired, one of his officers approached and handed him a dozen or more letters which had been brought down in the mail. While still conversing with me, his eye glanced over them as he held them in his hand, and he selected one which he proceeded to open. Before reading probably four lines, he turned to me with great calmness and composure, and said, "Mr. Eads, I must ask you to excuse me for a few minutes while I go down to my cabin. This letter brings me the news of the death of my son, about thirteen years old, who I had hoped would live to be the stay and support of his mother."

Without further remark, and without giving the slightest evidence of his feelings to any one, he left me and went to his cabin. I was, of course, deeply grieved ; and when he returned, after an absence of not more than fifteen minutes, still perfectly composed, I endeavoured to divert his mind from his affliction by referring to the plans and to my interview with his brother. I told him also the anecdote of his little niece which his brother had related, and this served to clothe his face with a temporary smile. I then asked him if he would be kind enough to assign me some place where I could sleep on the *Benton* that night. It was then probably three o'clock in the day. He replied that I must not stay on board. I said that I had come down for that very purpose, since I wanted to see how the *Benton* and the other boats worked under fire. I was not particular where I slept ; any place would do for me ; I did not want to turn any of the officers out of their rooms.

With a look of great gravity and decision, he replied :

"Mr. Eads, I cannot permit you to stay here a moment after the tug is ready to return. There is no money in the world which would justify me in risking your life here ; and you have no duty here to perform, as I have, which

requires you to risk yours. You *must not* stay," emphasizing the words very distinctly. "You must return, both you and Mr. Washburne, as soon as the tug is ready to go."

I felt somewhat disappointed at this, for I had fully expected to spend a day at least on board the *Benton*, and to visit the other vessels of the fleet, with many of the officers of which I was well acquainted. I did not believe there was much danger in remaining, for the shells of the enemy seemed to fall short; but within fifteen minutes after this, one of these interesting missiles struck the water fifty or a hundred feet from the side of the *Benton*. This satisfied me that Foote was right, and I did not insist on staying.

A great sufferer from sick headaches, the Admiral was most fascinating in company, being full of anecdote, and having a graceful, easy flow of language.

He was likewise, ordinarily, one of the most amiable-looking of men, but when angered, as I once saw him, his face impressed me as being most savage and demoniacal, and I can imagine that at the head of a column or in an attack he would have been invincible. Some idea of the moral influence that he possessed over men may be gained from the fact that, long before the war, when commanding the United States fleet of three vessels in Chinese waters, he converted every officer and man in the fleet to the principles of temperance, and had every one of them sign the pledge. I believe that this was the beginning of the reform movement in the navy which led to the disuse of the rations of grog which used to be served to the sailors on shipboard at stated hours every day.

Had not Foote's health given way early in the war, there is no doubt that he would have gained laurels like those so gallantly won by Admiral Farragut. And, aside from his martial character, no officer ever surpassed him in those evidences of genuine refinement and delicacy which mark the true gentleman.

JIM'S INVESTMENTS, AND KING SOLLERMUN.—In the course of their voyage on a raft down the Mississippi, the boy Huckleberry Finn and the Negro Jim got into talk about kings in general, and King Solomon in particular, after the following humorous Mark Twain-ian fashion:—

I read considerable to Jim about kings and dukes, and earls, and such, and how gaudy they dressed, and how much style they put on, and called each other your majesty, and your grace, and your lordship, and and so on, stead of mister; and Jim's eyes bugged out, and he was interested. He says:

"I didn't know dey was so many un um. I haint hearn 'bout none un um, skasely, but ole King Sollermun, onless you counts dem kings dat's in a pack er k'yards. How much do a king git?"

"Get?" I says; "why, they get a thousand dollars a month, if they want it; they can have just as much as they want; everything belongs to them."

"*Ain'* dat gay? En what dey got to do, Huck?"

"*They* don't do nothing! Why, how you talk! They just set around."

"No—is dat so?"

"Of course it is. They just set around, except may be when there's a war; then they go to the war. But other times they just lazy around; or go hawking—just hawking and sp—Sh!—d' you hear a noise?"

We skipped out and looked ; but it warn't nothing but the flutter of a steam-boat's wheel, away down coming around the point ; so we come back.

"Yes," says I, "and other times, when things is dull, they fuss with the parlyment ; and if everybody don't go just so, he whacks their heads off. But mostly they hang round the harem."

"Roun' de which ?"

"Harem."

"What's de harem ?"

"The place where he keep his wives. Don't you know about the harem ? Solomon had one ; he had about a million wives."

"Why, yes, dat's so ; I—I'd done forgot it. A harem's a bo'd'n-house, I reckon. Mos' likely dey has rackety times in de nussery. En I reckon de wives quarrels considable ; en dat 'crease de racket. Yit dey say Sollermun de wises' man dat ever live. I doan' take no stock in dat. Becase why ? Would a wise man want to live in de mids' er such a blimblammin' all de time ? No—'deed he would'nt. A wise man 'ud take en buil' a biler-factory ; en den he could shet *down* de biler-factory when he want to res."

"Well, but he *was* the wisest man, anyway ; because the widow she told me so, her own self."

"I doan k'yer what de widder say, he *warn't* no wise man, nuther. He had some er de dad-fetchedes' ways I ever see. Does you know 'bout dat chile dat he'uz gwine to chop in two ?"

"Yes, the widow told me all about it."

"*Well*, den ! Warn' dat de beatnes' notion in de worl' ? You jes' take en look at it a minute. Dah's de stump, dah—dat's one er de women ; heah's you—dat's de yuther one ; I's Sollermun ; en dish-yer dollar bill's de chile. Bofe un you claims it. What does I do ? Does I shin aroun' 'mong's de neighbors en fine out which un you de bill *do* b'long to, en han' it over to de right one, all safe en soun', de way dat anybody dat had any gumption would ? No—I take en whack de bill in *two*, en give haf un it to you, en de yuther half to de yuther woman. Dat's de way Sollermun was gwine to do wid de chile. Now, I want to ast you : what's de use er dat half a bill ?—can't buy nuth'n wid it. En what use is a half a chile ? I wouldn't give a dern for a million un um."

"But hang it, Jim, you've clean missed the point—blame it, you've missed it a thousand mile."

"Who ? Me ? Go 'long. Doan' talk to *me* 'bout yo' pints. I reckon I knows sense when I sees it ; en day ain' no sense in sich doin's as dat De spute warn't 'bout half a chile ; de 'spute was 'bout a whole chile ; en de man dat think he kin settle a 'spute 'bout a whole chile wid a half a chile, doan' know enough to come in out'n de rain. Doan' talk to me 'bout Sollermun, Huck, I knows him by de back."

"But I tell you, you don't get the point."

"Blame de pint ! I reckon I knows what I knows. En mine you, de *real* pint is down funder—it's down deeper. It lays in de way Sollermun was raised. You take a man dat's got on'y one er two chillen ; is dat man gwyne to be waseful o' chillen ? No, he aint ; he can't 'ford it. *He* knows how to value 'em. But you take a man dat's got 'bout five million chillen runnin' roun' de house, en it's diffunt. *He* as soon chop a chile in two as a cat. Dey's plenty mo' A chile er two, mo' er less, warn't no consckens to Sollermun, dad fetch him !"

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1885.

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The End of the Struggle	—

AN EXCURSION TO SOLOMON'S THRONE.—The following vivid account by the Deputy Commissioner of Dera Ismail Khan of the Survey Expedition to the Suliman Range in November 1883 will give our readers a true idea of the difficulties in the way of this enterprise, and of the patient diplomacy and persistence that overcame such obstacles. The article opens with a striking picture of the accomplished deed.

At noon on November 27th last, a small party of British officers reached the highest peak of the Suliman range, and after standing a few minutes on it, all but one descended to their bivouac. The one who remained was a surveyor, a major in the Royal Engineers,* well known throughout India for the truth, finish, and beauty of his water-colour paintings from nature. He opened a large white umbrella, and from beneath its shade "shot" with his theodolite various near and distant points, and then, when too benumbed for further work, rejoined his companions. To place that surveyor for two hours on the Takht-i-Suliman—the Solomon's Throne of our school geographies—1,700 troops, with the necessary complement of camp followers, mules, and camel-transport, had been marching for the previous twelve days ; had stormed a position which, better defended, might have been impregnable ; had killed some fifteen to twenty brave mountaineers ; and had, by the time the force returned to cantonments, cost the Government of India about half a lakh of rupees.

After a short description of the stay-at-home policy of the "close border" system of recent Governments, it is shown that, not-

* Major Holdich, R.E., now *en route* to Herat and Sarrakhs in charge of the Survey Section of the Russo-Afghan Delimitation Commission.

withstanding the obstructions caused by this timidity, great use has been made by the officers of the Frontier Survey Department of the opportunities presented by the various punitive expeditions into the hills. The blank spaces in our trans-border maps have thus been gradually reduced, until by the end of 1882, upon the immediate border of the Dera Ismail Khan District—a huge slice of country, about 30,000 square miles—the mountain—masses often collectively termed the Takht-i-Suliman, and the regions beyond, alone remained a *terra incognita*. That for thirty-five years no peak of that gigantic wall which dominates the border to an average height of 10,000 feet for a stretch of 20 miles, and which lies close to the border, should have been ascended by an Englishman is creditable to the discipline of the officers of Government, but hardly so to that Government itself. Had Government from the first encouraged a bold but cautious intercourse between its subjects and their hill neighbours, and held small but frequent camps of exercise upon or even beyond the frontier itself, perpetual contact with Englishmen, and the material benefits derived therefrom, would have done more in a few years to soften and civilize the mountaineers of the North-West Frontier than has been effected by the stiff procedure of nearly two generations.

It has been the practice of viceroys, instead of openly relaxing the severity of the rule which proscribes the country beyond the border to British officers and even subjects generally, rather to encourage trans-border exploration by inducing officers to break the rule at their own risk. The understanding was, that if successful they would receive praise and reward; if unsuccessful, censure. Shortly before the late Afghan war began, the accomplished but rash and unfortunate Colonel (afterwards Sir George) Colley visited all our frontier stations and outposts from Quetta to Peshawur, and excited the spirit of adventure amongst our officers by proclaiming that it was infinitely preferable that some of them should be killed in doing the State service in the quest of useful information beyond the border, than by breaking their necks in pig-sticking or at polo. Following his advice, my immediate predecessor in the charge of this district—a Scottish gentleman,* now the governor of a Scottish prison—made a bold attempt early in 1878 to penetrate to the Takht, but on being opposed, was obliged to return to British territory *re infecta*, as his little excursion had been undertaken without the formal sanction of Government. As he has since retired, the incident may be safely mentioned now.

At the conclusion of the expedition against the Mahsuds in May 1881, a good opportunity seemed to be presented for attacking with the theodolite the Suliman Range.

During the expedition the Mahsud hills were thoroughly explored and mapped. That work accomplished, the Surveyor-General, with his assistants and their field establishments, all now inured to hill-climbing from two years'

* Colonel Macaulay, Governor of Ayr Prison.

experience in Afghanistan, were keen to scale the Takht, explore the whole valley beyond, and connect and check their Afghan reconnaissances and surveys with what had already been done inside and just beyond our border. How to induce Government to sanction the undertaking was the difficulty. The Liberals were once again in power. To them the Afghan policy of their predecessors was *anathema*. Cabul, the Khyber, and Candahar were abandoned; work on the Quetta Railway was stopped, the coolies scattered, the plant sent elsewhere; "masterly inactivity," and therefore the "close border" system, were once again in the ascendant from the Khyber to the Bolan. Clearly no expedition to the Takht would be sanctioned for purely scientific purposes, except under guarantees which no highland Afghan tribe had ever yet voluntarily given; and as to the use of pressure, that was out of the question. The people of India are free, and the independent hillmen beyond are if possible freer. What, then, was to be done? The heads of departments were clamorous for the expedition. The Commander-in-Chief, the Quartermaster-General—both Scotchmen, by the way, who have achieved fame—and the Surveyor-General represented the urgency of the case to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab—another Scotchman who has deservedly won his spurs—and he even admitted the extreme desirability of the exploration and survey of the mountain; but, true to the policy of his Government, he declined to recommend action to the Government of India until a fitting opportunity should present itself.

At this juncture the able officer of the Survey Department mentioned at the beginning of this paper, considered it time to depute himself on a delicate mission to Dera Ismail Khan to further excite the enthusiasm of the local civil authorities there in the cause he had at heart.

Like a prudent diplomatist, he first enlisted the vote and interest of a certain lady in his cause, who with himself and myself forthwith laid our heads together to arrange a plan of action under which Government would be able to consent to place the theodolite on Solomon's Throne without departing from its declared policy. Like true conspirators, we met seldom, and when we met we spoke little. Our prospects were at first too gloomy. We looked often enough at the provoking mountain, whose snow-covered slopes glistened in the morning sun so invitingly, yet so defiantly, pure and inviolable as a chaste virgin. We looked and looked, and every time we did so a deeper chagrin fell upon us. One day we passed an important resolution: we resolved that, officially and unofficially, we should, for diplomatic reasons, substitute the word "excursion" for "expedition." After that we advanced rapidly. Hindu, Mohammedan, and Sikh had each in succession ruled over Derali's broad plains; but to all three the Takht had been as an untaken fortress. Was it to remain a monument of reproach for us also? Pilgrims from Dera Ismail Khan had sat on Solomon's Throne and had sometimes returned to their homes alive afterwards. Those who had done so described the distance from the border as a short two days' journey, and related wondrous tales of the sealed mysteries of the pine-clad basin which connects the northern and southern peaks. Westwards of the main range lies the Zhob Valley, described seventy-eight years ago as "the great caravan route to Candahar." The whole of this region was still a blank space in our maps. The inhabitants of the Takht—an Afghan tribe called Shiranis—and all their neighbours enjoyed

free intercourse with British territory, and bartered the raw produce of their hills—the seed of the edible pine, which grows in forests in the upper plateaux of the range, wool of their sheep and goats, skins, live stock, and timber—for cloth goods and food-grains in our frontier villages. The “close border” system was a bar to reciprocation. Did any of our villagers venture one step beyond the border he went at his own risk. Were he killed or maimed, there was no redress. His murderer might enter British territory the day after and swagger before his victim’s door, yet none dare touch him. Did an official cross the border, he ran the risk of dismissal—the certainty of displeasure. Such a system rather intensifies than mitigates the savagery and exclusiveness of our independent trans-border tribes. Cautiously relaxed, the Englishman might have been by this time as respected in the Shirani or Mahsud hills as was the Roman citizen wherever he went within the bounds of his many-peopled empire.

Since annexation only on two occasions had the Shirani hills been visited by British officers. Once, in 1853, troops had entered and burnt some of their villages as an act of reprisal; and again in 1878 Colonel Macaulay had made his attempt to reach the Takht. With such a retrospect the prospects of the expedition—or excursion—seemed well-nigh hopeless. But it luckily so happened that at the time the Shiranis were found to have richly merited punishment for past misdeeds.

One of their smaller clans, named Khyderzais, or Sons of Khyder, had from time immemorial made their living by plundering others, and occasionally, amongst the others, villagers in British territory nearest their hills. The practice of the district in such case had been to apply the *lex talionis*, but in an indirect way. Whenever the Khyderzais harried cattle, the district officer quietly retaliated by seizing and retaining the next Shirani caravan which came into British territory, no matter to what section of the tribe it belonged. After seizure, the tribe would be notified that if the account was not settled by a given date, their property in our hands would be sold and our villagers compensated. Sometimes another procedure would be followed. Instead of property, relations or more distant fellow-clansmen of the actual offenders would be seized and imprisoned. Both methods are unknown in Europe, and officially somewhat irregular in India. But both are effective, recognised by all hillmen as justifiable, practised by themselves, and generally bring about the settlement of frontier cases speedily, and above all without fuss, which in these latter days of our centralisation and interminable report-writing is an important consideration for desk-tied officials. The more serious troubles on the Mahsud border had distracted attention from the Shiranis for the previous year or two; and in 1882, when their account was examined, the outstandings against the tribe were found to be too heavy to be realised by the district, but, nevertheless, hardly authorised practices explained above. Opportunely, too, about this time, a band of Shirani marauders committed a murder for plunder inside our border, and burnt a water-mill. Under the circumstances, permission was obtained to blockade the whole tribe; and in furtherance of the object, neighbouring tribes were also induced to close their markets to them. At the end of nine months the Shiranis were collectively rather straitened for food and clothes, and consequently in a humble and penitent frame of mind. They sent in

their representatives, and gave security for the payment of compensation for all their past misdeed. The blockade was at once raised.

Now was the time to show silver, to jingle rupees before their eyes, and promise them a handsome reward should they engage to conduct a party of surveyors to the Takht and give hostages. They readily agreed in a general way to the proposal, provided that they should not be held responsible should some of their young bloods show opposition. Government then consented to let a survey-party ascend the Takht with a military escort.

A "military escort" is variously interpreted. To a charming girl it means one good-looking officer; to my civilian mind it meant a few hundred sepoys; but to the General it meant an army. On October 20th last, that formidable personage—another Scotchman of note, by the way^c—came quietly into the station. I was soon closeted with him.

"And what about carriage?" said he, after some talk. ?

"Why, you have 800 mules," I replied.

"Yes, for ordnance stores and regimental baggage, but not for commissariat purposes. We shall want in round numbers a thousand camels or their equivalent."

"Well, General," said I, rather astonished at such an unexpected requisition, "I'll do my best. How to manage it all in three weeks is the difficulty."

A few days afterwards a meeting took place between the writer and a deputation of Moolahs, sent by the Shirani headmen. The account of the way they were treated is typical of the kind of diplomacy found most useful on the border.

I treated this deputation with the greatest respect. I fed them with fat mutton. I honoured the oldest priest with a chair, and, addressing him as *Moolah Sahib*, asked why the Shirani tribe had become so suspicious; did the *Sarkar Angrez* (English Government) ever lie?

"Well, Sahib," he replied, "you said you would come with a guard only, and now we hear that an army is collecting, and that the General Sahib will command it."

I replied that it was true that three regiments of infantry, two guns, and some cavalry would form the escort; but that its largeness was a compliment to their bravery, and would save their honour. They did not appreciate this reasoning, but asserted that the tribe believed the intention was to establish a cantonment upon their holy mountain.

"*Moolah Sahib*," I said, "we only want to draw some lines on a piece of paper, and the largeness of the guard means more rupees for your tribe. We shall pay for every blade of grass we take and every stick we burn."

At this they smiled and looked incredulously at each other. Then one of them asked, "How are you to get up there" (pointing to the mountain above us)? "There are no roads, and you can't walk."

"Oh," interposed one of my native assistants, "the Sahibs walk very well. They are great *shikaris* (hunters)."

"Pooh!" explained the oldest *moolah* to his companions, "I am a *Haji* (Mecca pilgrim). I know the tribe of the *Sahib logue*. I have seen them in Bombay. They drive or ride always."

"Well, *Moolah Sahib*," I replied, rather testily, "give me some hostages. I'll feed and pay them well, and you will see whether we can walk up a hillside or not. I don't want the General Sahib to have to kill any of you, if I can help it"

They looked rather dismayed at this, and began to talk eagerly together. "Well, well," said I, "consult together outside. My men will persuade you that the *Sarkar* only wants your good."

They then rose to go. Observing that one of them was a cripple, his right foot having been clearly cut off above the ankle, I inquired, in a commiserating tone, how he had lost it. The man actually blushed, and stammered out, "It was—burnt;" and then hastily withdrew. The others followed. One, however, lingered behind, and whispered something to my head native assistant, who nodded comprehendingly, and between laughing and pushing got him out of the tent.

When they were all gone, the assistant explained that my question had been an unfortunate one, as the *moolah* had been in youth something of a Don Juan, and had been deprived of his foot by an enraged husband, who had at the same time cut off his wife's nose and slit her lips.

After it was dark, one of the *moolahs* sent word that he wanted to see me privately. He came in and told me mysteriously that he knew the ways of the *Sahib logue*: they might not establish a cantonment just then on the Takht, but would soon; and that, as he lived near it, he wanted me to give him a certificate, that if his relations did not fight against us, his family and possessions would be respected. To humour him I did so. This pleased him so much that he became talkative and confidential.

"What will it cost the *Sarkar* to get up there?" he asked, reflectively.

"Oh, not much—a quarter or half a lakh."

"What, Sahib! all that just to draw some lines on a bit of paper?"

"Yes, a Sahib never tells lies."

"And the cantonments," said he; "they won't be on the top, because there is no water there."

"Go, I tell you; the *Sarkar* wants to draw lines on paper, that is all."

"What, Sahib! half a lakh for that? However, *salam*, Sahib—I have got your certificate. I am safe!"

The whole deputation returned to the hills, but it was not without a considerable expenditure of cajoling and threats that the headmen were induced to come in, and subsequently, being bribed one by one, to agree to further the proposals of the *Sarkar*.

Individually, every man was greedy to sell himself, provided that the purchase could be effected without the knowledge of the others, and several of the most fractious were so bought. When everything was in train for a settlement I met the whole council in solemn assembly. The discussion which followed was as hollow and theatrical as a set debate in Parliament. The result had been pre-arranged; and although some of the late malcontents still harangued and raised objections, as patriots should, I knew that they were now my own

men. By exposing their selfishness I might have brought down upon them the virtuous indignation of their fellow clansmen, whose republicanism would have insisted on an equal division of the money already bestowed amongst all. Although in reality a poor little comedy was being performed, the uninitiated spectator would have thought the proceedings grave and serious enough for a tragedy.

A good story is told of the usefulness of *finesse* in dealing with the border tribes.

In the Umbeyla campaign of 1863, in which a combination of tribes defied a force of 6,000 of our troops for two months, and cost us a loss of 900 men, the coalition was not broken up until mutual distrust was sown amongst the leaders of the enemy by various devices, one of which, for its simplicity and success, deserves mention. Instead of receiving a deputation publicly, the political officer sent for the leading chief alone into his tent, and told him to sit down. The chief did so, whereupon the political officer, without saying another word, went on with his writing for twenty minutes or so, and then looking up remarked to the chief "I hope your parrot is well?" and dismissed him.

On his rejoining the other members of the deputation, they asked him to narrate what had happened. He told them the truth. Not a man believed him. He was discredited and distrusted from that hour, as all thought that he and his tribe had been bought over, and would betray them.

The number of hostages having been agreed upon and a route fixed, which was known to be the easiest though most circuitous, the question of carriage was discussed. On this point the Shiranis raised absurd difficulties and asked most exorbitant terms, one grey beard asserting that their oxen were so self-willed, that unless each animal's tail was twisted by its own particular owner, it would lie down. The general too objected that by employing Shirani carriage, the force would be at the mercy of the tribe at any time. It was accordingly determined to employ the Nasar Powindahs, a leading clan amongst a great tribe of warrior traders and graziers, who for centuries past have led the life they are leading to this day.

In the hot weather they sojourn in Afghan Khorasan, and every autumn fight their way down through the passes into India through Dera Ismail Khan bringing with them the products of their own hills—grapes, almonds, dried fruits, dye materials, drugs, &c. They leave their women, children, and she-camels in the different grazing tracts, both cis- and trans-Indus, and carry their merchandise all over India. As the spring advances, they return as they came, taking back with them Manchester and Indian made piece-goods, tea, &c. The Nasars were then daily streaming down through the Gomal Pass into the district. They are very independent men, will not tolerate bullying, and will only work for others, no matter what the pecuniary inducement, when so inclined. An attempt four and a half years before to coerce them into hiring and selling their camels to Government for service during the late Afghan war had caused a riot, in which a brother of their chief was killed, and had all but driven them into joining the Mahsuds and our own rebellious subjects in the disturbances then occurring.

It was, however, out of the question to hire any of the male camels on any terms, as all such, heavily loaded with the produce of Khorasan, were being hurried on to one or other of the Indian markets.

Thus it was I had to fall back on female hill-camels, provided the owners would readily come to terms with me. Horsemen had been sent round to the different Nasar camps in the district to summon the headman of each to Draband. Though, like all Afghans, stern republicans in principle, the dangers of their annual march to and from India, through the lands of hostile tribes, compel each section to adopt a rude discipline and obey the man whom the common voice affirms to be the bravest and ablest leader. It is thus easier to deal with Nasars than with most independent Afghans. Their chiefs responded promptly to the summons. Their greatest chief was named Abdullah Khan, the grandson of a leader who, thirty-six years before, after defying the Sikhs for years, fought the late Colonel Sir Herbert (then Lieutenant) Edwards close to that very place. This Abdullah Khan's brother had been killed there, as already mentioned, four and a half years before. Abdullah Khan himself had been since treated with a certain amount of suspicion. To gain him over was a necessity. I determined to treat him frankly,—told him the strait I was in, and that I expected he would do his best to help, so that bygones might be forgotten; and, "what is more," I said "let your clan do their work well, and I'll introduce you to the Lord Sahib (Lieutenant-Governor), and get you a dress of honour, and still greater honour—a chair."

The man's handsome Jewish features gleamed with pleasure at the anticipated reward, and yet he haggled for something more.

"Would I also let his camels graze nearer the border than heretofore?" he asked.

"No; I could not do that."

"Well, then, might their grazing-ground be changed to such and such a place?"

"Yes," I said at once. "I would agree to that."

Having come to terms with him, a business-like agreement was soon made with the other headmen, was reduced into writing, and solemnly marked or sealed by each man. Illiterate though they were, that last little ceremony literally sealed the compact, and bound them more strongly to their engagement than if half-a-dozen constables had been sent back with each of them. It had been the same with the Shirani *Jirga* (tribal council). Though none of them could read or write, a formal compact had been drawn up and subscribed.

On November 15th a message was received from Jamál, the chief of the Khyderzai section of the Shiranis—a nest of irreconcilables who inhabited the higher slopes of the mountain, and lived by plunder and grazing—to the effect that he and his men would come in on condition that help in men and arms was given him to take vengeance on certain enemies of his. His condition being refused, he went back to his lair, vaguely engaging to meet the expedition on the Takht itself. On the 19th the first march was made into the hills.

We entered with nearly 1,700 fighting men and 700 followers, including 400 Nasar camel-men. We carried 15 days' supplies and stores on 1,100 camels and 800 mules. Of the camels about 500 were loaded with *bhoosa*, or chopped straw, than which a more wasteful, bulky, and altogether inconvenient load for hill campaigning is inconceivable. The route by which the General had determined to ascend the Takht was a very circuitous one. We were to pierce the range by the Zao Pass, about thirty miles north of the Takht, and then work round its flank to a reported spring and goat-path called Pazai. After ten months of continuous drought, so bare and parched was the country that herbage was very scanty, and springs and streams were either dried up or sadly shrunk. The success of the expedition depended on the Pazai spring being found at the place at which I supposed it to be, and on its having a sufficiency of water for our wants. As all my information was that of a few untrustworthy spies and Shiranis, there was no certainty that I had correctly diagnosed the truth from their conflicting statements.

The second march brought the force up to the mouth of the Zao Pass. A small advanced guard pushed on, and after passing two formidable obstacles, the first a waterfall which compelled the riders to abandon their horses and proceed on foot, and the second, a low overhanging rock which promised to knock off the camel-loads, reached Dabarrah, *i.e.*, "the rock," and scrambled up and over it with difficulty. Obstacle the last seemed destined to bar further progress altogether.

A square mass of limestone, full 40 feet in diameter, had many years before fallen from above, and jammed between the walls of the defile, a foot or two from the ground. The action of water had gradually filled up its self-made bed above the fallen rock, over one of whose now rounded sides the little stream broke in a pretty cascade. On the other side the curve of the rock inwards, and a corresponding concavity in the face of the cliff, would give a camel a width of 5 feet clear, could a ramp be made of sufficient height for the purpose.

Natives called this the easiest pass through the range in Shirani country. Two military officers, who had pluckily reconnoitred through it some years before, had enthusiastically reported that but for the one obstacle of the Dabarrah rock, which would have to be shattered with gunpowder, guns could traverse it without difficulty. I have no doubt we were all very depressed as we sat on the top of that awful rock, and longed for the dynamite or blasting powder, and the tools and the sappers which should have been with us, but were not. I was the first to speak.

"Well, can it be done?" I asked.

"It's not an easy business; but it has to be done, and it must be done," was the soldier-like reply of the General's Chief of the Staff,* a Highlander and great *shikari*, and therefore a splendid hill-walker. We got back to camp about dark. That night a halt for the morrow was ordered, and arrangements were made for sending out all available men in working-parties by dawn next day. From General downwards there was gloom on every face; and but that the recorded opinions of two military experts coincided with that of my native informants as to the character of the defile, I should probably have been roundly

* Colonel Maclean, C.B.

blamed for the inaccuracy of my intelligence. On such occasions the political officer is always the scape-goat at the time, though justice is generally done him afterwards. The whole of the next day was spent in bridge-making, road-making, ramping, and endeavouring to blow off two awkward corners of the Dabarrah rock with saluting-powder, for we had no other explosives.

"A pocketful of dynamite cartridges would have wrought magic there," said the colonel of a pioneer regiment, whom a love of adventure had induced to join what he called the Takht "picnic."

"Yes; it would have let the *bhoosa* through without unloading to-morrow, and have left an everlasting monument of our power for all Central Asia," some one remarked.

As the Dabarrah rock is known to most Powindahs, and they travel annually backwards and forwards in tens of thousands between all parts of Khoṛasan and India, and even as far as Bokhara, the removal of the rock would have been noised abroad to the credit of the *Angres Sarkar* through Central Asia. However, that evening the road was reported to be practicable.

Although there was hardly any moon, the Nasar carriers volunteered to march through with their loads during the night. They did their best. About 300 camels were through by eight on the following morning, but those clumsy *bhoosa*-loads stuck. When I pushed on in the early morning, hoping against hope to be able to return with a line clear report to the General, I found a jam of camels and *bhoosa*-loads in several places, and the Nasars sitting helplessly by warming their numbed fingers round little fires they had made. There was no help for it. Another halt was ordered, and all that day sepoy and officers toiled like navvies at piece-work in negotiating camels and loads, step by step, up that grim cleft of a pass, until they jammed again below the ramp which led to the narrow opening between the Dabarrah rock and the cliff. Many of the camels were unloaded at the foot of this ramp, and one by one hustled through by a score of sepoy, pulling, pushing, and half lifting them; their loads were then carried up by the sepoy; the terrified animals were next caught and made to sit, and then reloaded. The camel is rightly considered the most mal-odorous, unintelligent, and unattachable brute yet subjugated to man's uses, and certainly the vast majority of them were provokingly stupid and cowardly before that Dabarrah rock. But a score or so quite belied their evil reputations. Those few seemed to take in the situation at a glance, calmly walked up the lower part of the ramp, which was an inclined plane, until they came to that portion which, owing to its steepness, had been made like a stair in steps. Here each intelligent animal knelt down, thus keeping her load fairly on the horizontal, and pushed herself up, step by step, by her extended hind-legs. The passage of that Dabarrah rock took twenty-six hours, the troops working by relays at it in splendid style up to 10 P.M., and recommencing next day at 4 A.M. When the last load was through, our satisfaction was intense.

The force was now on the wrong side of the Suliman Range, with only ten days' supplies in hand, and completely cut off from all communication with British territory by that awful defile which a few hours' rain or a dozen resolute men could have absolutely closed

against all comers for a couple of days at least. However, onwards was the word, and the next march, a long one, brought them to a deep basin in the hills immediately below the Northern peak of the Takht, which pierced the thin air some 6,000 feet above the camp. Next day the route lay up the bed of the Draband river. Many of the party were not now quite so festive as they had been a few days before. The hot sun by day, the freezing nights, but more especially the bad water they had been drinking, began to make head and stomach a little sick. The water "drew" the mouth and throat a little when drunk by itself, much as "very dry," and probably very much alumped sherry does ; but when put on the table with meat and trimmed vegetables it was as bitter as quinine. The expedition was now opposite the place of ascent.

The main mass, hitherto to east, north, and west apparently an unscalable natural fortress, with scarped precipitous sides, thousands of feet in depth, here threw out a little spur towards our camp, as it were a buttress for self-support. Though very steep, the ascent of the first two miles was clearly easy enough ; but beyond, our glasses could only distinguish a sort of knife-edge, with here and there pine-trees in groups, and singly contorted rocks and black-looking chasms. This was the Pazai, or "woman's nose" path. But where was the spring ? It had not yet been found. I had sent on some of my best scouts and spies to look for it. Presently we heard several shots fired, and soon after some of my men were seen running back, wild with excitement and full of wilder stories of attack and destruction. By degrees all came back but one—the only mounted police orderly I had taken with me. The General and some other officers, well escorted, now went forward to reconnoitre, and soon found the poor fellow hacked to pieces. The route lay up the tortuous bed of a strong nullah, or torrent. Here and there a little dampness in the ground indicated the presence of water ; narrower and narrower grew the nullah, and yet there was no water. The pent-up excitement of those minutes was intense—to me at least : on the finding of a living spring depended the success or failure of the expedition—credit or discredit to myself. On we went. Suddenly we saw a little small puddle, and heard the delicate and delicious music of water trickling over pebbles. On we pushed, and there, sure enough, was a tiny spring at the very head of the nullah, gushing out of the rock.

"With careful trouncing and guarding it will be enough for the whole force," was the dictum of the General. As if conscious of our success, the hidden enemy above us—for by this time we knew that the passage of that nasty-looking knife-edge was to be disputed—fired off some twenty or thirty shots, and precipitated some huge boulders, which reverberated grandly as they rolled and leapt down into a deep basin on our left. Next day the General moved camp to the Pazai spring, and we made ourselves as safe and comfortable as the confined and sloping nature of the ground would permit.

The mountain fanatics could now be plainly seen against the sky-line, lounging with their matchlocks in their hands. Sometimes a dozen or more would be seized with a dancing frenzy, would flash

their tulwars and whirl round like spinning dervishes. The felling of trees and the dull thud of falling rocks and stones could be distinctly heard, and proved they were still intrenching their position. As night closed in, the crest was lit up by a hundred log-fires.

Strong though the position was, the defence turned out weak enough.

The attack was well planned and carried out, and deserved a less feeble resistance. As usual in Asiatic warfare, success was due to a turning movement. So well was this managed, that within a few minutes of the front attack opening fire, the rattle of independent rifle-firing was heard from a ridge behind the enemy's highest breast-work, and all opposition soon melted away. Oddly enough the first body found was that of Jamál, the Khyderzai chief, who had, ten days before, vaguely announced that he would meet me on the Takht. He had kept his word. The seizure of their spring, and the flight of the *moolahs* before a shot had been fired, had taken all heart out of the enemy. The few wounded picked up, as soon as assured that they would not be killed, cursed their priests for inciting them to oppose the *Sarkar Angrez*, and showed in many ways their gratitude for the kind treatment they were receiving, and repented much of their folly in fighting. By 8-30 A.M. we had all clambered over the last breast-work, and were inside the Khyderzai position, in amongst the pine-trees and wild roses, rather dry and brown certainly ; but still there was music to the ear in the "going in the tree-tops," and sweet scents for the nostrils in the wild thyme and other fragrant herbs and plants about our feet ; and the still blazing log-fires—ringed round by the foot-prints of the enemy, who had spent part of the night in the performances of circular war-dances—were ready for our fry-pans. What a picnic breakfast that was ! Never were frizzling bacon, tinned butter, and unleavened cakes more appetising or more largely consumed. Water, however, was at a premium ; we were still nine miles from the northern peak, the route to which lay through a weird, waterless depression, impracticable for mules, because of the terrible fissures and chasms which cracked its surface in all directions. As to Solomon's Throne, there it was almost directly in front, quite three miles north of the position generally assigned to it ; and there too was the Survey Southern Station—fixed in anticipation from several stations in British territory—seemingly inaccessible, but even, if not so useless for survey purposes as the ridge we were on, interposed between it and the hitherto unknown regions westwards.

On the morning of the fight, before dawn, the writer had gone round amongst the different friendly Shirani chiefs with the expedition and tried to induce some of them to act as guides ; but every man had some excuse.

Some were in such a dead slumber that I could not wake them with my boot ; some were sulky,—we ought to wait another day, (to eat up more of our fast-failing supplies ?) and send a deputation up with the Koran, and persuade the mountaineers to come down peaceably. Some said there was no road ; some professed to be suffering from colic, and unable to move. In fact, all made excuses ; and with much difficulty two poor men were at last found, and promised fifty rupees each if they did well. The day before, too, I had noticed

that our Nasar camel-men were more independent than usual ; they were less obliging ; refused to lend or sell their water-skins, or pretended they had none ; showed no pleasure when addressed, or alacrity to do anything.

"Are we to halt to-morrow, Sahib?" said one of them to me the day before.

"Yes ; but some of us are going up there," I replied, pointing to the line of watch-fires on the crest of the mountain.

"Not to-morrow, Sahib, I am sure," was the confident answer.

Both Nasars and Shiranis evidently expected that we should negotiate, or that there would be delay in taking such an ugly place ; and, no doubt, the expectation was father to the thought. Though non-official India is on the whole well disposed to the British *rāj*, it nevertheless rejoices when we suffer checks or even disasters ; and this feeling is naturally much stronger amongst "friendly" frontier tribes than British subjects.

As I re-entered camp, the Nasars everywhere rose and *ṣaldmed*, and came forward and offered smiling congratulations, water-skins, wood, grass, anything they had or could get. The "friendly" Shiranis were positively enthusiastic, and thanked God that a score of those hill-robbers had been killed. "What fools," they kept on vociferating, "to fight against the *Sarkar Angrez* ! What a pity their *moolahs* had not all been killed !" &c., &c. The colic-smitten were all well now ; and that evening many of us had fresh fowls and fresh eggs to dinner, and fresh milk for our coffee.

It was not till 1 P.M. on the following day that a sufficient quantity of water had been conveyed in skins to the position taken from the Khyderzais to warrant a push being made for the summit of the Suliman Range. That peak was still nine miles distant ; and though the route looked level enough from the camp, reconnaissance proved that it was bisected by numerous ravines which mules could not cross.

The true Takht—Solomon's Throne—seemed in the clear atmosphere only a mile or two away.

We could distinguish a pathway and a stick with a rag attached to it, immediately below which was the wish-fulfilling seat—a mere ledge in a cleft of the rock. Here it was that King Solomon—so the legend ran—more than 2,000 years before, had listened to the prayer of his Indian bride, and, alighting from his air-borne chariot, had sat with the weeping girl on that ledge, as she cast one last fond look towards the plains of Hindustan. Since that time the spot has been sacred—first as a purely Hindu shrine, and then, after the collapse of Hinduism in those regions, before the triumphant advance of Islam, as a holy place for both Hindus and Mohammedans alike. Gratifying though it would have been to some of us to have sat where the many-wived Israelitish monarch is fabled to have rested with his dark-skinned bride, the spot being impracticable as a survey-station, and there being no time to spare, no attempt was made to reach it. Surveyors, followers, and escort—250 sepoys armed and 520 unarmed, carrying water, cooked rations and bedding—halted for the night at the foot of the shoulder of rock, the summit of which forms the highest point in the range. It was a beautiful spot, smooth and grassy, amidst a forest

of magnificent pines. Being in a hollow, and having a vast catchment-area of encircling rock, there ought to have been water in plenty; but here, as elsewhere, the previous ten months of drought had dried up ponds of the hidden sources of springs. That night was spent miserably enough. Sleep visited few. Each man kept turning his body round and round, like a joint on a spit before the kitchen fire, according as the part affected felt frozen or roasted. A happy mean betwixt heat and cold was impossible, because one had to lie on the lee side of a log-fire or run the chance of being roasted to death or suffocated. Towards morning men dozed off, and the sun was well up before the thawing process was sufficiently advanced to let the most active prepare breakfast.

The northern peak was now scaled (11,300 feet), and found to be quite easy walking. Though the view disclosed was vast, commanding on area of 40,000 square miles, it was disappointing.

On all sides, except directly southwards along the dorsal ridge of the main range, which was black with pine-forests, the country looked like a crumpled sheet of brown paper, with here and there a glistening atom of mica on it, indicative of water. However, the surveyor was satisfied. He managed to "shoot" all his points, and that was the main thing. That night was spent much as the former one, and next evening, towards sunset, the Pazai Bivouac was reached once again. There, a mile below, shone the white tents of the standing camp with all the luxuries it contained—water to wash in, the steaming stewpan with its savoury contents, and the delicious certainty of a sound sleep at night. Some went down at once, but the majority had to stand fast. The indefatigable R. E. major, balked of placing his triumphant theodolite on Solomon's own particular seat, insisted upon the necessity of a good base-line, and therefore of a southern as well as a northern station. He had his way as usual; and next morning, strongly escorted, reshot all his points from a suitable peak to the south of our bivouac. Whilst he was so employed, the sepoys both warmed and amused themselves by lighting large bonfires. A herd of *markhor*—the chamois of the locality—seemed in no way disconcerted at our noisy intrusion upon their solitudes; but grazed on unconcernedly immediately below, until they came so near that one could have dropped a stone on to them. Their confidence was not misplaced, as, had a volley been fired at them, the picket at the Pazai Bivouac might have been disturbed; and had the signaller there flashed down to the General, "Heavy firing in survey direction," some one would have got a wiggling which the present of a haunch of venison might not have averted. About noon a cloud was observed to the south, an unusual sight for us. It seemed to be in a hurry to deliver some message with which it was charged. It sailed along towards us, skipping from peak to peak, and leaving the summit of each covered with its whitest notepaper. It reached us in time, and delivered its message in the same polite way, softly, silently. The message was easily read. All mountain-climbers know it and obey. It ran—"Time up; you must vacate my premises." We did so. The indefatigable major shut up his umbrella and grudgingly grumbled forth: "I have done. It's a pity, though, I missed two points over Quetta."

The survey reconnaissance of the Takht was now over, and the party turned their backs without reluctance on Solomon's Throne and all the wild glory of its surroundings—the long grim valley, with

its ghostly silence, its myriads of pines, its deep fissures, its fantastic ridges and its rocky pinnacles on either hand.

All hurried back to the standing camp, to wash, to eat, to sleep, to feel jolly over arduous work well done. The genial old General had a cheery word for all those whom he could recognise ; for four days and nights spent in high altitudes, sleeping in the smoke of log-fires in innocence of soap and water, had so begrimed some of his officers, that the fair-skinned Englishman's complexion was hardly distinguishable from that of his Asiatic brother, the hardy patient sepoy of Northern India. The rest is soon told. We were all impatient to get back to civilisation again. *Bhoosa*-laden camels no longer kept the rearguard out till near midnight. Both *bhoosa* and other supplies were finished now ; but we met some fresh supplies on the way, escorted by a motley contingent of 300 dirty, hungry-looking Shiranis. Our luck hitherto had been great. It could not fail us now. If rain fell before we were through that forbidding Zao defile, we might yet have all that weary work of roadmaking to go through again, and be detained on the wrong side of the pass until we had eaten out our fresh stores of flour and corn. Luck, however, stuck to us. No rain fell. On December 5th last, we re-entered British territory, and two days afterwards the troops marched back into cantonments all travel-stained, many shoeless, and most tattered as to their knicker-bickers. Neither shoe-leather nor human skin nor woven texture of the loom had been proof against the sharp incisiveness of the jagged limestone rocks of the Takht.

Towards the end of January last, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab marched to Dera Ismail Khan and held a durbar there. Among those introduced were the sectional heads of the Shirani tribe and Abdullah Khan, the Nasar leader. The former were feasted and recommended for services faithfully rendered, and the latter was honoured both with a handsome robe of honour and the promised chair.

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THE OIL AND GAS WELLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Our reader will find in this article an account of the subterranean treasures of Western Pennsylvania, more detailed and statistical but hardly less interesting than that in the "Romance of Oil" presented in the pages of Messrs. Besant and Rice's delightful novel, *The Golden Butterfly*.

Mr. Carnegie opens with a brief mention of the coking and gas coal deposits near the smoky city of Pittsburg. To the south-east of the city lies a vein of from seven to nine feet in depth of coking coal, with an area of some two hundred square miles. It is so favourably situated for mining that thousands of tons of coke have been sold for three shillings and six pence per gross ton, loaded upon cars. It is but twenty years since the coke was first used in the blast furnace, and in the year 1882 there were made 138,001,840 bushels.

Directly east of Pittsburg lies the gas-coal field. This vein is from five to six feet deep, and so easily mined that coal can be loaded and sold for about three shillings per gross ton. The annual production exceeds 7,000,000 tons.

Turning now from the coal deposits towards the north, we reach, at a distance of about one hundred miles from Pittsburg, the oil region.

Rapid as has been the development of coke and gas coal, that of petroleum eclipses anything ever known. It is only twenty-two years since I visited, in company with some friends, the then famous oil well of the Story Farm, upon Oil Creek. The oil was then running from the well into the creek, where a few flat-bottomed scows lay filled with it, ready to be floated down to the Alleghany river upon an agreed-upon day each week, when the creek was flooded by means

of a temporary dam. This was the beginning of the natural oil business. We purchased the farm for £8,000 sterling, and so small was our faith in the ability of the earth to yield for any considerable time the hundred barrels per day which the well was then producing, that we decided to make a pond capable of holding 100,000 barrels of oil which we estimated would be worth 200,000*l.* when the supply ceased. Unfortunately for us the pond leaked fearfully ; evaporation also caused much loss, but we continued to run oil in to make the losses good day after day until several hundred thousands of barrels had gone in this fashion. Our experience with the farm may be worth reciting. Its value rose to 1,000,000*l.* ; that is, the shares of the company sold in the market upon this basis ; and one year it paid in cash dividends 200,000*l.* sterling—rather a good return upon an investment of 8,000*l.* But this is an exceptional result, many thousands of pounds having been lost by investors in oil properties. Only a few years before this, the same oil had been sold at eight shillings per bottle, as a certain cure for all the known or imagined disorders of man. It was then known as Seneca oil, “the great Indian remedy,” because the tribe of Indians of that name, which then inhabited the district, skimmed the oil from the surface of the creek. “The sovereign remedy” now sells for less than three shillings per barrel, but strange to say the people who eagerly bought it for eight shillings per bottle, and gave testimony to its healing properties, now find that all its virtues have fled since it can be purchased for a halfpenny. So much for the mysterious in *materia medica*.

Starting, then, at nothing, only about twenty years ago, we find the region now giving forth 70,000 barrels of oil per day. On the first day of November last there were stored in tanks no less than 38,034,337 barrels, an amount sufficient to meet the wants of the world for some years. Up to January 1st, 1884, this region has yielded 250,000,000 barrels of oil, and still it flows in increasing quantities day after day. To transport this enormous traffic 6,200 miles of iron pipe lines have been laid. The oil is pumped through these from the wells—which number 21,000—to the seaboard, a distance of about 300 miles.

The value of petroleum and its products exported in the year 1877 amounted to 61,789,438 dollars, or over 12,000,000*l.* sterling. In 1883 its exports were only 9,000,000*l.* sterling in value, although the number of gallons (656,363,869) was almost double that exported in the year 1877. The total amount exported up to January 1st, 1884, exceeds in value 125,000,000*l.* sterling. It may confidently be said that the oil wells of Western Pennsylvania bid fair to yield sufficient to pay off the entire national debt before they are exhausted.

The latest revelation of the subterranean treasures of this region is found in the natural gas wells, which are rapidly surrounding Pittsburg. Just as the natural oil was first seen upon the surface of Oil Creek, so throughout the district north-east of Pittsburg, and about fifteen miles distant, small jets of gas have been seen bubbling up through the waters of the creeks. The enormous extent and stored energy of the imprisoned gas was first revealed in a startling fashion to some speculators, who were boring for oil. About fifteen years ago an attempt was made to strike oil near Murraysville but nothing was found, though a boring was carried down 900 feet.

Seven years later another party concluded to try it again, and decided not to stop boring until a much greater depth had been reached. Their hope, of course, was that oil would be obtained, but when they had bored to a depth of 1,320 feet, a tremendous explosion occurred, which drove the drills from the well into the air and broke everything to pieces. The roar of the escaping gas was heard in Monroeville, five miles away. The imprisoned force had found an escape at last, and a new source of wealth was given to Western Pennsylvania, already far too highly favoured, I suppose my readers will be disposed to say. After four pipes, each two inches in diameter, had been laid from the mouth of the well, and the flow directed through them, the gas was ignited, and the whole district was lighted up for miles around. This valuable fuel was permitted to waste for five years, as capitalists could not be found who were willing to risk the 40,000*l.* for pipes to convey it to the factories and mills where it could be utilised.

I visited this region last week, and saw nine wells furnishing gas. The gas from the three largest was still passing into the air. These are wonderful sights indeed. The gas rushes up with such velocity through a six-inch pipe, which extends perhaps twenty feet above the surface, that it does not ignite within six feet of the mouth of the pipe. Looking up into the clear blue sky, you see before you a dancing golden fiend without visible connection with the earth, swayed by the wind into fantastic shapes, and whirling in every direction. As the gas from the well strikes the centre of the flame and passes partly through it, the lower part of the mass curls inward, giving rise to the most beautiful effects, gathered into graceful folds at the bottom, a veritable pillar of fire. There is not a particle of smoke from it.

Already four distinct pipe lines, two of them eight inches in diameter, convey the gas from this district to manufacturing establishments in Pittsburg, and a fifth line conveys it to our two Bessemer steel mills, nine and ten miles distant. Another line of ten-inch pipe is being laid.

The cost of piping, with the right of way, is now estimated at not more than £1,500 per mile, so that the cost of a line to Pittsburg may be said to be about £27,000. The cost of drilling is about £1,000; the mode of procedure is as follows:—

A derrick being first erected, a six-inch wrought iron pipe is driven down through the soft earth till rock is reached, from 75 to 100 feet. Large drills, weighing from three to four thousand pounds, are now brought into use; these rise and fall from three to five feet a stroke. The fuel necessary to run these drills is conveyed by small pipes from adjoining wells. An eight-inch hole having been bored to a depth of about 500 feet, a 5½-inch wrought-iron pipe is put down to shut off the water. The hole is then continued six-inches in diameter until gas is struck, when a four-inch pipe is then put down. From forty to sixty days are consumed in sinking the well and striking gas. The largest well known is estimated to yield about 30,000,000 cubic feet of gas in twenty-four hours, but half of this may be considered as the product of a good well. The pressure of the gas as it issues from the mouth of the well is nearly or quite 200lbs. per square inch. One of the gauges which I examined showed a pressure of 187lbs. Even at our works, where we use the gas, nine miles from the well, the pressure is 75lbs. per square inch. At one of the wells, where it was desirable to have a supply

of pure water, I found a small engine worked by the direct pressure of the gas as it came from the well : and an excellent supply of water was thus obtained from a spring in the valley.

There are, of course, various theories as to the extent and location of the gas belt.

Enough wells have already been bored in the Murrys ville district to indicate that it is about half a mile wide, and extends in a south-easterly direction from Murrys ville for five or six miles. The wells bored beyond this encountered a flow of salt water in such great quantities as to nearly drown out the gas ; for while some gas came to the surface it was not in sufficient quantities to render it valuable, and merely proved its existence. Experts have therefore concluded that, while the gas exists in such wells, it is under a basin of salt water. Several wells have been bored in the city of Pittsburg and the vicinity, but the same trouble from salt water has been encountered there. A geological friend informs me that the stratum dips about 600 feet near Pittsburg, and his theory is that this depression has been filled with salt water, and hence the attempts in that district have proved unsuccessful. Whether deeper boring or some plan of shutting out the water will overcome this difficulty is yet to be seen. North-west from Murrys ville but little has been done to prove the extent of the gas belt. So much for the Murrys ville district, which is to-day furnishing most of the gas consumed in Pittsburg.

A second gas district has for its centre the town of Tarentum, about twenty miles from Pittsburg, and a third lies about twenty-five miles south of that town.

I drove out to this region stopping overnight at a friend's house, twelve miles from the wells. These had been ignited, and the whole sky was brilliantly illuminated by them. It seemed to us, although such a distance away, as if a great conflagration was raging. The next morning we drove to the wells. A pipe line has already been laid, and takes the product of one of these wells to the iron mills along the bank of the Ohio at Pittsburg, and two more pipe lines are already under contract. What we saw here was very similar to that seen in the Murrys ville district, except that the gas was led from the mouths of the wells in pipes along the ground, instead of being shot upright into the air. Looking down from the road-side upon the first well we saw in the valley, there appeared to be an immense circus ring, the verdure having been burnt, and the earth baked by the flame. The ring was quite round, as the wind had driven the flame in one direction after another, and the effect of the great golden flame lying prone upon the earth, swaying and swirling with the wind in every direction, was most startling. The great beast Apollyon, minus the smoke, seemed to have come forth from his lair again.

* * * * *

Laying our hands upon the vibrating pipe at the well—and it takes strong nerves to approach so near to the screaming roar and the swirling flame, and stand there—we were surprised at its icy coldness. At one well, where a wooden covering had been placed over the valves, a beautiful coating of ice, not less than an eighth of an inch thick, caused by condensation, covered the pipe. New wells are being put down, and it is evident that Washington County is destined to supply its quota of the gas used in Pittsburg. Thus, upon three-fourths of a

complete circle surrounding the city of Pittsburg, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles, gas is already proved to exist in large quantities, only waiting for escape from its home beneath the sandrock.

As to the commercial aspect of natural gas: the first question naturally is, how long will it last?

Friends, who are best acquainted with the oil territory, with which natural gas has much in common, assure me that twenty years will not see the present known territory exhausted. That we have discovered all the gas territory is not to be believed; on the contrary, it is highly probable that the break in the belt near Pittsburg is merely a local fault, and that south-west of Pittsburg the belt will be found to extend for many miles. It will probably be the story of the oil region over again. Month after month the cry has gone forth that the earth cannot stand this depletion. Not only rivers but seas of oil will be exhausted when drained at the rate of 70,000 barrels per day. Speculators step in at intervals, and buy millions of barrels of oil, certain that the supply must diminish; and yet every successive speculation cripples or ruins its promoters. Petroleum at 2*l.* per barrel was considered cheap, then at 1*l.*, and at 4*s.* it was almost given away; yet to-day it can be bought for 2*s.* 10*d.*, and the supply is greater than ever. It promises to be much the same with natural gas.

In the manufacture of glass, of which there is an immense quantity made in Pittsburg, I am informed that gas is worth much more than the cost of coal and its handling, because it improves the quality of the product. One firm in Pittsburg is already making plate-glass of the largest sizes, equal to the best imported French glass, and is enabled to do so by this fuel. In the manufacture of iron, and especially in that of steel, the quality is also improved by the pure new fuel. In our steel rail mills we have not used a pound of coal for more than a year, nor in our iron mills for nearly the same period. The change is a startling one. Where we formerly had ninety firemen at work in one boiler-house, and were using 400 tons of coal per day, a visitor now walks along the long row of boilers and sees but one man in attendance. The house being white-washed, not a sign of the dirty fuel of former days is to be seen, nor do the stacks emit smoke. In the Union Iron Mills our puddlers have whitewashed the coal-bunkers belonging to their furnaces. Most of the principal iron and glass establishments in the city either are to-day using this gas as fuel, or are making preparations to do so. The cost of coal is not only saved, but the great cost of firing and handling it; while the repairs to boilers and grate-bars are much less.

An idea of the value of the new fuel may be gained from the following extract from the report of a committee, made to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers at a recent meeting:—

“Natural gas, next to hydrogen, is the most powerful of the gaseous fuels, and if properly applied, one of the most economical, as very nearly its theoretical heating power can be utilised in evaporating water. Being so free from all deleterious elements, notably sulphur, it makes better iron, steel, and glass than coal fuel. It makes steam more regularly, as there is no opening of doors, and no blank spaces are left on the grate-bars to let cold air in, and, when properly arranged, regulates the steam pressure, leaving the man in charge nothing to do but to look after the water, and even that could be accomplished if one cared to trust to such

a volatile water tender. Boilers will last longer, and there will be fewer explosions from unequal expansion and contraction due to cold drafts of air being let in on hot plates.

* * * *

"An experiment was made to ascertain the value of gas as a fuel in comparison with coal in generating steam, using a retort or boiler of forty-two inches diameter ten feet long with four-inch tubes. It was first fired with selected Youghiogheny coal, broken to about four-inch cubes, and the furnace was charged in a manner to obtain the best results possible with the stack that was attached to the boiler. Nine pounds of water evaporated to the pound of coal consumed was the best result obtained. The water was measured by two metres—one in the suction and the other in the discharge. The water was fed into a heater at a temperature of from 60° to 62°; the heater was placed in the flue leading from the boiler to the stack in both gas and coal experiments. In making the calculations the standard seventy-six pound bushel of the Pittsburg district was used; Six hundred and eighty-four pounds of water were evaporated per bushel, which was 60·9 per cent. of the theoretical value of the coal. Where gas was burned under the same boiler, but with a different furnace, and taking one pound of gas to be 23·5 cubic feet, the water evaporated was found to be 20·31 pounds or 83·4 per cent. of the theoretical heat units were utilized. The steam was under the atmospheric pressure, there being a large enough opening to prevent any back pressure; the combustion of both gas and coal was not hurried. It was found that the lower row of tubes could be plugged, and the same amount of water could be evaporated with the coal but with gas, by closing all the tubes (on the end next the stack), except enough to get rid of the products of combustion, when the pressure on the walls of the furnace was three ounces, and the fire forced to its best, it was found that very nearly the same results could be obtained. Hence it was concluded that the most of the work was done on the shell of the boiler."

The only analyses of the gas that have yet been made have been from samples taken from the pipe as it enters steel rail mills after having travelled nine miles from the wells. The analyst writes as follows :—

"Enclosed find four of my latest analyses which were made the same day the samples were procured. At present these investigations are but in embryo. I wish, whenever I can do so without interfering with the work at the laboratory of the steel works, to take samples from different gas wells, and make a collection of their salts. I think I have discovered some every interesting facts in regard to these salts, but it would be most unwise at the present time to give expression to my opinions upon this subject, since as yet I have had no time or opportunity to go to the different wells and make a collection of their salts, and by that means confirm my first impression.

"My discovery of the fact that natural gas varies in its chemical composition from time to time will be rather startling to some, and it will open a new field for thought. I wished before these results were made public to ascertain whether the gas from other wells changed as does this from the Murrys ville, and should the gas from some wells vary whilst that of others remains constant, the question naturally arises which class of well will prove the more lasting. This fact of the variation of the gas from the same well will certainly throw some new light upon the subject of the generation of this material, and if I may dare say it, possibly

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some additional light as well upon the subject of petroleum. Having had all the points in view, I have refrained from publishing my results until I should have my opinions confirmed and reconfirmed by numerous analyses. Hoping that these analyses will be of use to you.

I am, &c.,
"S. A. FORD."

ANALYSES OF NATURAL GAS.

	Gas of 9/8	Gas of 9/12	Gas of 9/18	Gas of 9/22	Gas of 9/1
	<i>Per cent.</i>	<i>Per cent.</i>	<i>Per cent.</i>	<i>Per cent.</i>	<i>Per cent.</i>
Carbolic Acid	Nil.	'61	'81	Nil.	'67
Oxygen	2'60	'40	'61	'61	2'90
Olefant Gas	'80	'61	'81	'61	2'45
Carbonic Oxide	'40	'61	'81	'40	3'12
Hydrogen	3'51	29'75	2'94	19'67	31'52
Marsh Gas	88'40	68'01	94'02	78'72	39'97
Nitrogen	4'29	Nil.	Nil.	Nil.	19'35

How, where, and upon what scale natural gas is generated in the regions below must be a matter for conjecture.

This much is clearly proved, that the gas is found in every direction around Pittsburg except the north west, that the gas belt is about half a mile wide near Murrysaville ; but this is not to be assumed as the true limits of the supply, for even as I write news comes of a large well having been struck at Canonsburg, which is about eight miles from the wells which I visited in Washington County; and besides this a new region west of Canonsburg has been recently proved, the gas from which is now used in the manufacturing establishments at Beaver Falls, Pa., twenty-five miles west of Pittsburg.

We may therefore reasonably conclude that Pittsburg is the centre of a gas supply covering many square miles, and capable of producing all the gas that can be used within her limits during the present generation, both for manufacturing and domestic uses. By the end of this year eight pipelines will be conveying it to the city, and still the supply of gas already obtained and now going to waste will exceed the capacity of these lines. Two of these have pipes 5½ inches in diameter, four are of 8-inch, one is of 10-inch, and another of 12 inches in diameter.

Mr. Carnegie is disposed to accept as the most reasonable theory to account for the existence of this fuel that advanced by Professor Dewar of Cambridge, who recently visited the wells, and was deeply impressed by what he saw of this new mine of wealth.

He holds that the gas is being constantly distilled from the oil, or from immense beds of matter which are slowly being changed to oil, and therefore that long after the oil region has ceased to give oil in paying quantities, we shall still have an abundant supply of gas ; for the shallower the deposit of oil the more favourable will be the conditions for rapid distillation. Instead of occupying the bad eminence therefore of being by far the dirtiest city in the world, which it undoubtedly is to-day, it is probable that the other extreme may be reached, and that we may be able to claim for smoky Pittsburg that it is the cleanest city. However this may be, I think that few will be disposed to dispute that, surrounded by such resources as I have attempted to describe, Pittsburg is to-day, as far as subterranean treasures are concerned, the metropolis of the richest district in the known world.

ART AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

WITH the closing of one year and the opening of another there is always a host of things to attract or distract the attention of the Londoner. The worlds of art, literature, and the drama are for ever being ruffled by innumerable little breezes of excitement which come and go with marvellous rapidity, and perhaps at no time more so than midway in the winter season.

Art has seen the old year pass away without its having taken with it more than one eminent painter. This was Bastien Lepage. Though only in his thirty-seventh year this accomplished artist had achieved a European fame, in England, mainly by his brilliant portrait of the Prince of Wales: one of the modern French realists, he was cordially hated by many as well as exaggeratedly overpraised by those who belonged to his own school. His death, early in December, was due to cancer. The great artistic event of the winter season is the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery with a magnificent collection of the works of Gainsborough, the largest and finest there has ever been brought together. At the private view, despite a pervading murkiness that was only once removed from fog, there was a great crush of people comprising most notabilities and a very large seasoning of fashionable nobodies. Robert Browning was there (at what private view is he not to be seen?) looking remarkably well and as genial as usual, probably feeling more optimistic than ever from the unprecedented fact of a volume of his poems having gone into a second edition within a few weeks of publication of the first, which has been the fortunate fate of "*Ferishtah's Fancies*." He and Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulloch) were the two oldest *litterateurs* present, though both seemed quite juvenile compared with the aged musician Sir Julius Benedict; and the youngest was Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, son of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., the fortunate author of a new play called *The Candidate*, just recently brought out anonymously, and which has met with great success. The President of the Royal Academy was absent, but Messrs. Millais,

Alma, Tadema, Brett, and others were among the crowd who had come to see each other and forget all about poor Gainsborough. Conspicuous also was Earl Spencer, with red beard brushed defiantly back and looking altogether unlike the ancestor whose portrait he has lent to the Exhibition. This ancestor was the Honourable John, grandson of the great Duke of Marlborough, the splendour of whose wedding festivities is even yet spoken of with wonder. He went from Althorp to London accompanied by three coaches, each drawn by six horses, and attended by a guard of honour of two hundred mounted men; appareled in great splendour, he bore a fortune on his person in the way of gems, the very buckles of his shoes having been valued at £30,000.

The same scene, though in a less exclusive way, has also just been enacted at Burlington House, the Royal Academy having opened its customary exhibition of the works by old masters and by deceased British artists.

Portrait-painting seems to be more and more occupying the talent of our leading artists, not to the advantage of art itself. There is little to record for the last month, save the undertaking by Sir Noel Paton of an altar-piece (a triptych) for the Queen, and the completion of Mr. Frederick Shield's great series illustrative of each sentence of the *Te Deum* designed for the Duke of Westminster's Chapel at Eaton Hall.

In literature the chief events have been the publication of "Ferishtah's Fancies," already referred to; Mr. Swinburne's "Midsummer Holiday," which has met with more recognition than was to be expected from the somewhat stale subjects and very mannered style of the book; and the "Letters of Ivan Turgenieff," which has been creating no small teapot-storm across the channel and even in Berlin and St. Petersburg. A number of noteworthy novels have been published, much the best among which is Miss Mathilde Blind's "Tarantella." Miss Blind is the daughter of the well known Karl Blind, and has made a name for herself among her contemporaries by her editorial and translatative labours, by her biography of George Eliot, and her volume of powerful verse entitled "St. Oran." "Tarantella" is a really remarkable book, a curious study of certain commonplace phases of life, and written with a grace and strength of style that lifts it altogether above the level of the ordinary novel. Mr. Fergus, better known as "Hugh Conway," has not achieved the same success with "Dark Days" as he did with "Called Back," though the book is having an immense sale. The general impression is that he is writing himself out. Mr. Marion Crawford began

brilliantly with "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius," degenerated in "To Leeward," came down with a run in "A Roman Singer," and has now failed conspicuously in "An American Politician." "Vernon Lee" and Mrs. Humphrey Ward have both produced stories which owe their interest to extrinsic attractions. Mrs. Ward's "Miss Bretherton" is much better written, and is in every way a better book than Vernon Lee's "Miss Brown," but (despite the former's recent denial in the *Athenæum*) the volume she has just produced is little more than what the last named journal called it, "A Chat about Miss Mary Anderson and her friends." Vernon Lee, a lady who has done much admirable work of a critical kind, and whose "Studies of Italy in the Eighteenth Century," "Belcaro" and "Euphorion," merit very high praise, demonstrates in her last production the total absence of the faintest imaginative faculty.

Her "Countess of Albany" was not a success, but both in style and matter it was far and away beyond the vulgarly coarse and insipid story of artistic London which this lady has now seen fit to compose. A more unpleasant book, as well as a more untruthful social sketch, has not appeared for a long time, and even the epithet applied to it by a leading weekly review—"putrescent"—is hardly too strong. Several of the characters in the book are easily recognisable by those who live in the artistic and literary society of London, and a good deal of justifiable offence has been given: still, if "Miss Brown" had been well written and interesting, this would not have prevented its achieving an evanescent success. Mr. Mark Twain has delighted his numerous admirers with "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," the companion, it will be remembered, of the immortal "Tom Sawyer," and the book is admitted on all hands to be greatly superior to the last two or three volumes which have come from Mr. Clement's prolific pen. Mrs. Augusta Webster, who shares with Miss Christina Rossetti the honour of being our chief living poetess, has attempted a story something in the style of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," but "Daffodil and the Croaxaxicans," it must be admitted, is a very long way "after" that charming and famous work. Mr. George Moore, who aspires to be the Zola of England, has made a certain mark with his painfully realistic "Mummer's Wife," but is at present attracting more attention by his quarrel with the great librarian Mudie than by his romance. Mr. Mudie has, says Mr. Moore for himself and for a number of his fellow-novelists, of late set himself up as a censor of literature, and "damns this or that book at his own will," and while there is a good deal to be said for Mr. Mudie, there is no doubt that he has, by his

officiousness, given great offence and annoyance to a large number of his clients.

In journalism a great change is impending. The American *Interview* is about to take firm root in English journalistic soil: the *Pall Mall Gazette* began the innovation, and the *Age* is making it a speciality, and even the *Daily News*, having made certain ventures, is now fairly committed to its adoption as a permanent feature. Afar off there is a vision of *The Times*—but no, this is not yet conceivable!

Expectation is on tiptoe among the "culture-sect" concerning the forthcoming work by Mr. Walter Pater, author of the well known and at one time much abused "Studies in the Art and Poetry of the Renaissance.:" the new book is to be published by Macmillan in two volumes, and is to be called "Marius the Epicurean: his Sensations and Ideas." It is understood to be a species of romance but mainly dealing with the ethics of poetry and art, and to be "cast" in the time of Marcus Aurelius.

The programme for those who delight in serial fiction presents for the coming year some substantial attractions. *Cornhill* commences with a new novel by Dr. Christie Murray called "Rainbow Gold.:" *Belgravia* starts well with one called "A Strange Voyage" by W. Clark Russell, our only sea-novelist; and another by Grant Allen under the pseudonym "Cecil Power," styled "Babylon." *Longman's* is sure to find many new readers on account of William Black's "White Heather.;" and *Good Words*, because of James Payn's "Luck of the Darrells.;" and in the *Gentleman's*, Miss O'Hanlon leads off with "The Unforeseen.;" while *Temple Bar* is well freighted with interesting Fiction.

On the stage Miss Mary Anderson still shines the leading light. Lord Lytton has written a much discussed review of her interpretative genius as regards Shakespeare, and a host of writers have expressed a multitude of varying opinions, and Mrs. Ward in "Miss Bretherton" has added another point of view from which to regard the popular actress: but the general public do not in the meantime care much what any one says, and throng in as great numbers as ever to see "Romeo and Juliet." "The Private Secretary" and "The Candidate" divide popular favour among the high-comedy pieces now on the boards.

The Pantomime is fast becoming a thing of bygone days; that is the pantomime as we have known it. It will survive yet as an incongruous mixture of drama, melodrama, comedy, farce, buffoonery, opera, ballet, and spectacular display. The chief

recent dramatic event of any importance was the performance at the new Prince's Hall in Piccadilly, before an immense and select audience, of Mr. Robert Browning's "In a Balcony." Contrary to most preconceived opinions this noble closet-play was rendered with great success, despite the weak acting of the gentleman who undertook the difficult part of Norbert. The play was followed by a concert of song, and choruses composed for various of Mr. Browning's shorter poems. So successful has this highly commendable enterprise been that the Browning Society (under whose auspices the tragedy was produced on the stage) intend early in 1885 to follow it up with a representation of "A Blot on the Scutcheon," an event which is already being looked forward to with extreme interest.

E. A. SHARP.

FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, *January* 1885.

ALTHOUGH the French appear always to defeat the Chinese whenever they can get well at them, public opinion is not at all pleased at being launched into a war with the Celestials. Thousands of the enemy may be killed, but "the cry is still they come." And these tactics may be continued till France be drained, both of men and *materiel*. Such a prospect is not cheering, and what adds to its gloom, no intervention appears on the horizon, of a nature to impose a reconciliation between two nations, presumed to be at peace, but slaughtering each other as if formally at war. Evidently China counts upon tiring out the patience of France—quite a possibility; or speculates on misunderstandings between her and Germany, a contingency more remote, but also on the cards, and deferred till the Sultan be involved with some first class Power. In any case, there is no immediate prospect of hostilities ceasing.

The out-look of Europe is generally deemed as bad. Bismarck has done his best to advance the rapidity of the collision between the Powers, in order to secure the pacification and prosperity of Germany. His selfishness is well seen through, and perhaps the unity of father-land may, in the coming struggle, be put to more than a severe test. As for the Prince securing the love of the French, he must by this feel convinced that day-dream is over. His feeling regarding a visit to Paris has produced such an anti-Teutonic explosion as must demonstrate to him he would be next to torn to pieces, unless he brought Alsace and Lorraine in his valise to appease the Parisians. In other words, if the Chancellor desires a *mariage de raison* with the Gauls, he must surrender the lopped off territories, now become the Venetia of Germany; this implies opening a route to Berlin, and the end of German supremacy.

The Egyptian question is rapidly coming to a head. The great consideration is now not the down-trodden bondholders, but how to compel England to quit the Nile on a day fixed. There is not much likelihood that John Bull will be dictated out of Egypt by France, for, in truth, that is the power which covets the land of

Goshen after selfishly backing out of her responsibilities. The onus will then rest on France to apply the torch to all the inflammable materials lying about Europe, and of which she herself has an unenviable share at home and abroad. It is asserted that the English Government will not take any virile resolution—may the result be realized, though even at the twelfth hour—till France, acting for the “European concert,” makes known her answer.

One thing is certain, the French will never go to war with England about Egypt. Then, again, nothing is known of the plans of England: it is not to be presumed she is unprepared with her counter-combinations, or that she intends to allow Bismarck to walk over her, or further humiliate her. She has done something with Italy; the promise to arrange Tripoli for her would be a knock-down blow to French expansion in North Africa: she is certainly occupied in making matters pleasant with Turkey. Mr. Gladstone's friendship ought to be appreciated by Russia. The French in sending Arab troops to Tonquin indicate to England that she should not overlook her enormous native reserves in India. The great point is, to prove to Bismarck his bug-a-booism has no terrors for England. This explains the reason of the report that sepoys are to be quartered in Cyprus.

The interior situation of France is not improved. Politically, there is a strong current of opinion against the Ferry Cabinet, on account of the Chinese war, the “unnatural” alliance with Germany, and the delicate relations with England. The annual visit to the house where Gambetta expired, and which is preserved as a memento of that great patriot, was simply a demonstration against Germany, by identifying the end and aim of Gambetta as the restoration of poor Alsace. General Compenon resigned rather than consent to create chaos in the home army, by sending out reinforcements to Tonquin: hence, Algeria is to be drawn upon. A close eye is thus kept on Bismarck: as the Irishman would say, he is ranked as very honest when well watched. Another view gaining ground is, that even had France her heart's wish in the way of tranquillity at Tonquin, England would find the means to commercially sap and tap the acquisition through Burmah. It is rumoured that Lord Dufferin is charged to make matters sure with the King of Siam and to study Upper Burmah. There is a growing wish to pull with rather than to oppose England.

The literary season has not yet awakened after the holidays. New editions, rather than new books, have been the order of the day during the last month. That trade has been bad may be judged

from the fact that the journals did not receive half their ordinary book advertisements this season. But then publishers had not effected half their ordinary sales. Were it not for foreign orders, the book-trade would be just now in a very disastrous condition.

M. Vacherat's volume, *Le Nouveau Spiritualisme*, will be welcomed by the friends of philosophy. The author is at home on such a subject, rather than on politics, where of late he was exhausting his fine powers of observation. We perceive in the preface of the volume a little of his political work during these latter days. M. Vacherat belongs strictly to no school; a college professorship cramps, he states, freedom of inquiry. He leaves all systems free, and aims at establishing a harmony between metaphysics and the positive sciences. His exposition is very clear and made in beautiful language. He stops where all have had to stop at the intimate union of mind and matter; of the soul and the body; of God and the world. Contemporary science cannot solve it; all it can do is to set it aside by a simple negation.

M. Henmann has undertaken to write a series of tiny manuals, bearing on the "instruction and the education of the soldier." He lays down not only theories of war, but maxims for good conduct. He has for joint author M. Commandant Poirat. Not only the private, but all ranks up to the General, can find wise advice, and technical details of a practical character at all times useful in these interesting manuals.

A very interesting work has appeared by M. Gréard, being extracts from the "Letters and Conversation" of Madame de Maintenon, on Education. France is not tender towards the memory of themorganatic wife of Louis XIV, who, after her secret marriage with the King, gave evidence of her influence by causing the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. As a compensation, she established the school of Saint Cyr, which is a monument not to be despised by posterity. Sainte-Beuve pays the highest tribute to Madame, as an educationist, and the evidence is here presented by M. Gréard to justify that estimate.

Richelieu et la Monarchie absolue, by Vicomte d'Avenel, the first two volumes is very instructive reading, but above all *apropos* to the present situation of Europe. It is a work full of curious notes on constitutions and governments.

The author hints that the principle of power remains a mystery, and "that the rights of peoples and that of kings never agree so well together as in silence."

C. DE LUTECE.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

THE GLOOM which, since the break up of the late Conference, has obscured the political horizon, has deepened during the month into a storm-cloud of portentous blackness.

While the reception accorded by the Powers to the fresh proposals of the British Government has invested the Egyptian difficulty with a new complexion, the aggressive attitude of Germany in other quarters adds sensibly to the gravity of the situation.

The endeavours of the Government to come to an understanding with the Powers regarding Egypt have been based throughout on the assumption of a common desire for a just and reasonable settlement. The course of recent events has plainly shown that this assumption was an erroneous one, and that, whatever they may differ about, the Powers are determined, if possible, to consent to no arrangement that does not include the early withdrawal of England from the country.

The British proposals have not, indeed, been rejected, but they have been received with a silence which may be regarded as tantamount to their rejection, and which falls short of an insult only on the supposition that it arises from the inability of the Powers to arrive at an agreement among themselves, with regard to the alternative scheme they are reported to be concocting. In the meantime rumour credits them with the intention of substituting a collective guarantee for that offered by England for the new loan, accompanied by an international financial control, and the early withdrawal of the British troops.

For some weeks past, an active interchange of diplomatic communications has been going on between France, Germany, and Russia, on the one hand, and France and England, on the other, and during the last few days, it has been confidently asserted by more than one Continental organ, that Germany has either actually proposed, or is about to propose, the assembling of a fresh Conference

in Paris for the purpose of settling the terms of an agreement, with or without the concurrence of England.

The conviction that Germany, while affecting an attitude of neutrality, is animated by bitter hostility to England, derives strong confirmation from her action in the matter of the *Caisse*, as well as from the aggressive spirit already referred to.

Hardly had the Court pronounced its judgment against the Government in the suit brought by that body, than, in company with Russia, she preferred a demand to be represented in it. This demand, which the Khedive's Government, acting, no doubt, under Sir Evelyn Baring's instructions, declined to consider pending a reply from the Powers to the British proposals, she has pursued with an insistance and brusqueness bordering on insolence.

At the same time Germany has been actively engaged in planting her flag on unoccupied territories in Western Africa and the Pacific, wherever she can find the semblance of an excuse for such a proceeding.

Among the territories thus appropriated by her are New Britain, New Ireland, the Admiralty Islands, and a portion of the north coast of New Guinea, adjacent to the recent British acquisitions in that quarter, and the latest report is that she has preferred a claim to the protectorate of St. Lucia Bay, on the Zulu Coast, where Herr Luderitz is said to have purchased certain lands from Dinizulu and where the British flag has already been hoisted.

It might at first sight seem that no connexion existed between these annexations and the Egyptian question. But there is good reason for believing that they are inspired by a similar motive to that which prompted the demand for representation in the *Caisse*. "The step taken by Germany and Russia to obtain seats at the *Caisse* of the Egyptian debt," remarks the Berlin correspondent of the *Standard*, "was the result of a previous understanding come to between those two Powers and the Cabinets of Paris and Vienna, concerning a question which was first raised by the communication of the English proposals to the Powers. The various Cabinets must have been led to inquire—first, if, before entering on the negotiations which the discussion of those proposals might lead to, it was not advisable to agree on the course to be followed in case the British Government should not consent to modify its new proposals in the spirit indicated by the European Concert, and should withdraw its proposals as it did those submitted to the London Conference. This question had been the subject of various communications between the Cabinets, which resulted in an understanding to the effect that, in

the above mentioned case, it would behove the European Powers to communicate directly to the Egyptian Government the resolutions on which the Powers should have agreed, and to require of the Khedive the application of the measures thus proposed. That point being settled, it was judged necessary to place Germany and Russia on a footing of equality with Austria, Italy, and France, in so far as the representation of the financial interests of Europe is concerned, by obtaining for them seats on the Commission of the *Caisse* of the Debt. Consequently, the Cabinets of Berlin and St. Petersburg made their demand, and pressed the Egyptian Government for a prompt and satisfactory reply.

Various interpretations have been put upon the desire suddenly evinced by Germany to become possessed of Colonies; but the most probable explanation is one that, as far as I am aware, has not yet been put forward.

As long as she remained a purely Continental Power, with an insignificant foreign trade, her interest in the question of the neutralisation of Egypt and the canal was of a subordinate, if not entirely sentimental character. In order that she might take a strong line on such a question without subjecting herself to the risk of a rebuff, it was necessary that she should acquire a more tangible *locus standi*; and the readiest, if not the only way to do this was by engaging in Colonial enterprises.

But for the churlishness of the British Government in the Angra Pequena business, the policy of Prince Bismarck in the Egyptian question would, in all probability, have been one of benevolent neutrality with a leaning towards England, and a *modus vivendi* with France would have been long since arranged. But, his hostility once provoked, he determined, with characteristic thoroughness, to make it severely felt.

While the Government has received no formal reply to its Egyptian proposals, it is not to be supposed that it has been left entirely in the dark as to the cause of the delay. Germany is, in fact, understood to have intimated, as she did before accepting the invitation to the late abortive Conference, that she postpones her decision till France shall have declared her views. Such negotiations as have taken place in the interval have, therefore, assumed the form of *pour parlers* with the latter Power. What course these negotiations have taken has not transpired, and is unlikely to transpire till the re-assembling of Parliament; but it is believed that they have made little or no progress.

In the meantime public opinion is showing signs of extreme uneasiness, and the dissatisfaction of all parties with the conduct of the Ministry is becoming daily more pronounced.

The Times, in a succession of outspoken articles, has intimated with unusual bluntness that, if the members of the Government are so hampered by private pledges as to be incapable of acting with dignity and decision, they must be prepared to make way for others who are not similarly incapacitated; and, inconvenient as a general election would be in the present posture of affairs at home, matters are evidently verging on a crisis which would render the resignation of the Cabinet unavoidable.

There are, indeed, abundant indications that the Liberals themselves are beginning to feel that the only hope of extricating the country from the political *impasse* in which the incompetence of the Ministry has landed it, lies in a change of Government. The ludicrous attempt of the *Daily News* to enlist public sympathy on behalf of Mr. Gladstone by creating a belief that the action of the Powers is merely a plot got up by Germany to discredit him, sufficiently indicates its sense of the desperate character of the situation.

The true causes of our embarrassment are so obvious and are so plainly set forth not merely by the opposition journals, but by every paper in the country with any pretensions to independence and by the whole Continental Press, that no such *ruse* as this has the slightest chance of success.

Unfortunately matters have gone so far that it is doubtful whether even the most consummate statesmanship could extricate the country from its present difficulties without serious loss of credit. The first error was in going to Egypt at all; the second was in accepting an *ex post facto* mandate from the Powers as the basis of our mission there. But these two errors having been committed it became absolutely necessary not only that we should act in Egypt with a decision, a vigour, and a steadfastness of purpose that should deprive the Powers of all occasion for interference, but that we should scrupulously avoid all cause of offence to Germany.

Instead of that, the irresolution, the timidity and the vacillation of our action in Egypt has led to a state of anarchy and confusion which makes it impossible for any self-respecting Power to defend us.

The ostensible object of our mission was the restoration of order in the present, and the establishment of such a *regime*, political and financial, as would be a guarantee for its continuance in

the future. Having succeeded in this mission, we bound ourselves to retire. Having utterly failed in it, the only ground we could reasonably urge against the withdrawal of the mandate would be that it would lead to a still worse state of things. But we could hardly urge this plea in the face of an undertaking by the Powers to do what we have failed to do. The collective guarantee they are prepared to offer being at least as good as ours, we cannot even look for the sympathy of the bondholders; we cannot appeal to the interests of Egypt, which we have failed to safeguard; while, as to our own interests, we started by disclaiming them.

As the *Times* of the 5th instant pretty plainly indicates, there would appear to be no middle course between abject surrender and repudiation of "international pledges which were unwisely and unnecessarily contracted."

Whether, apart from the spirit in which they have been made, the German annexations imply any serious menace to England may reasonably be doubted.

In the mere fact of Germany, or any other Power, appropriating a few hundred, or even a few thousand, square miles of unclaimed territory, there is obviously nothing of which England has any good reason to be jealous, still less which she need fear. The high-sounding talk of Continental journalists about the blow these events have dealt to England's maritime supremacy is mere idle vapouring. In the first place, maritime supremacy does not depend upon Colonial possessions, though they, no doubt, act as a stimulus to its pursuit. In the second place, England's maritime supremacy would be none the less decisive if it did; for all the Colonial possessions which Germany has acquired, or is likely to acquire, are insignificant in extent, and still more insignificant in capabilities, as compared with those which England already holds. If, indeed, the naval strength of nations were proportional to either the area or the economic value of their transmarine territories, the supremacy of England in this respect would be much more overwhelming and much less precarious than it actually is.

Were Germany to appropriate, to-morrow, all the remaining unoccupied territories on the globe, she would, by so doing, neither add one whit to the power of her navy, nor detract aught from that of the navy of England. Germany can increase the strength of her navy only by spending more money on it; and she can spend more money on her navy only by spending less on her army or by imposing fresh taxes on an already overburdened people. In the slow process of time her new Colonial possessions may possibly bring

her an accession of wealth, though it is extremely doubtful whether they are not more likely to impoverish her ; but the utmost wealth they can by any possibility bring her will go but a small way towards putting her on an equality as a naval Power with England.

Should England allow her naval supremacy to be snatched from her, she will have to blame, not the fact that other nations have made the most of the comparatively meagre opportunities available to them, but the shortsighted parsimony, the overweening self-confidence, or the decay of national spirit that has led her to neglect the far more abundant opportunities which she has inherited.

If the colonising craze that has seized Germany and France implies any menace to England, and I am far from saying that it does not, it is on account, not of the consequences it is likely to produce, but of the motives which have dictated it.

But what then? Granted the existence of a desire to injure or annoy England, and it is doubtful whether these notions could have hit on any mode of gratifying it more likely to defeat their own object. The only result of the possession of colonies to Germany, in case of a maritime war, would be that she would immediately lose them, and that her prestige would be injured far more by their loss than it had been enhanced by their acquisition. As for France, every fresh colony acquired by her, owing to the necessity created for defending it, means a corresponding deduction from the naval force she would be able to oppose to that of England in case of war.

While, therefore, England cannot afford to ignore the feeling of which the annexations in question are probably symptoms, but should prepare diligently for any eventualities, she can desire nothing better than that it may continue to expend itself in such harmless demonstrations.

Since I last wrote, the London expedition has made unexpected progress, and before the close of December a sufficient force had reached Korti to enable Sir Garnet Wolseley to make his final dispositions for the campaign.

The first advance into what may be considered the enemy's country was made on the 20th ultimo, when the South Staffordshire Regiment started in boats for Handah, as the advance portion of a force which, according to present arrangements, is to operate in the first instance against the Moonasir Arabs, who murdered Colonel Stewart, and, after disposing of them, to proceed *via* Abu Hamed to Berber and expel the enemy from that place.

Up to the date in question it appears to have been generally believed in camp that the entire force would continue its journey from Korti by river; but the next day orders were issued for the mounted infantry, the Guards Camel Corps, and a company of Engineers, with a portion of the 19th Hussars to march the following afternoon across the desert to Gakdul, rather more than half way, in a straight line, to Metemmah, opposite Shendy. The troops in question, numbering about a thousand men, with two thousand camels, accordingly set out at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th ultimo, and after marching ninety-seven miles in sixty-five hours, reached Gakdul on Friday morning. There the Guards and Engineers occupied what is described as an impregnable position, with an abundant water-supply close at hand, and proceeded to fortify it while the mounted infantry returned with the camels for further stores. During the march, which was unopposed, the force captured a number of natives, some of whom wore the Mehdi's uniform.

On the return of the camels to Korti, a second column, which will include four hundred selected men of the Sussex Regiment, will march by the same route.

The South Staffordshire Regiment have made rapid progress, and, after passing the rapids of Gerendid without much difficulty, encamped at Handah on the 4th instant.

The Black Watch and Essex Regiments and part of the Duke of Cornwall's Regiment have since reached Korti and will follow the South Staffordshire.

The Moonasir Arabs, it is reported, intend opposing the passage of the infantry brigade a short distance above Handah, and a considerable body of the Mehdi's troops is believed to be encamped at Metemmah.

On reaching the latter place, the light column will be within five or six days' march of Khartoum, and in direct communication with General Gordon by river.

After a long break in the communications with Khartoum, which, taken in connexion with repeated rumours that the place was closely invested, had created renewed anxiety, a messenger from General Gordon arrived at Korti, on the 31st ultimo, bearing a scrap of paper of the size of a postage stamp, on which were inscribed the words: "Khartoum. All right. C. G. Gordon, December 14."

The inference drawn from the brevity of the message and the size of the paper on which it is written, is that the investment of

the place, at the time it was despatched, was so close as to make it probable that the messenger would have to pass through the enemy's lines. At the same time the message itself is considered to imply that Gordon was confident of being able to hold out till the arrival of the expedition.

The Congo Conference, after passing the Act of Navigations for the Congo and Niger, with the reservations stipulated for by England as regards the latter river, was, on the 22nd ultimo, adjourned to the 5th instant.

On the latter date the deliberations of the Committee were resumed and the question of the slave trade was disposed of by the adoption of a draft declaration embodying the substance of the English and American proposals, by which the Powers bind themselves, not to suppress the institution of slavery itself, but to do everything in their power to prevent the traffic in slaves.

In spite of protracted discussions no decision has so far been arrived at on the question of territorial neutralisation, while that of the formalities and conditions to be observed in future cases of annexation on the African Continent, which is the most important item in the programme of the Conference, has not yet been touched.

On the subject of neutralisation the greatest diversity of opinion exists between France and America, the latter Power advocating a clause of the most sweeping character ; which is warmly opposed by the former, in conjunction with Portugal.

The German annexations in the Pacific have naturally awakened the liveliest indignation among the colonists of Australia and Tasmania, who had long foreseen them, and, but for the interference of the Home Government, would have effectually prevented them. A strong protest has been addressed to the Governor of Victoria by the Premier, who accuses the Home Government of having betrayed the Colonies in the matter, and it is stated that Tasmania and Queensland have agreed to join Victoria in a collective protest, while the Government of New South Wales is prepared to co-operate, should it appear, on the receipt of fuller information, that the interests of the Colonists have not been adequately protected.

The Bill for regulating the election of Senators, as passed by the French Senate, without M. Floquet's amendment in favour of universal suffrage, was ratified by the Chamber of Deputies on the 9th ultimo, and on the 18th idem the Bill to make the holding of any Government office incompatible with the Senatorial mandate was passed by the Senate with exceptions in favour of certain appoint-

ments. The rest of the time of the Chamber has been chiefly occupied with the consideration of the Budget for 1885, which was passed on the 20th ultimo, with comparatively slight modification.

The proposal of the Government to raise the duty on imported corn continues to create great dissatisfaction, and a league has been formed under the auspices of M. Leon Say to oppose it.

The French operations in Tonquin and Formosa have been almost entirely suspended, since I last wrote, pending the arrival of the reinforcements, which are expected to reach Tonquin by the middle of the current month. On the 3rd instant, however, the Chinese having returned to the neighbourhood of Chu, with a force set down at 12,000 men, for the purpose of assuming the offensive, were attacked and routed by General Negrier with heavy loss.

Owing to a difference with the Government regarding the extent to which the French army could prudently be depleted for the purpose of prosecuting the war, General Campenon has resigned, and has been succeeded by General Lewal, who is said to favour a more vigorous policy, and whose accession to office has been followed by an order for the despatch of a further force of six thousand men to the scene of action.

The new German Reichstag shows a disposition to carry its hostility to Prince Bismarck to lengths which are certain to defeat its ends.

On the 15th ultimo, it refused, by a considerable majority, to vote the salary of an additional Director of the Foreign Office. Recent events have necessarily added largely to the work of the Department, and this ground alone would have justified the demand for an increase to its staff. The Reichstag, however, turned an obdurate ear, not only to this argument, but to the further plea put forward by the Chancellor, that failing health had made it impossible for him to work as hard as hitherto. It is difficult, under the circumstances, to avoid the conclusion that the vote was dictated by party, if not personal motives, and it is not to be wondered at that it has been received with a chorus of disapprobation by the Press.

The close of the year has been rendered memorable by one of the most disastrous earthquakes of modern times.

At about nine o'clock in the evening of Christmas Day, a violent shock, unheralded by any warning signs, spread sudden death and desolation through a large portion of the smiling province of Granada and Malaga, in the south of Spain. Fresh shocks, some of them but little less severe than the first, have continued to follow at intervals, and at the time of writing

there is no assurance that the forces at work are exhausted. The centre of the disturbance appears to be in the Alpajurra range of mountains, between Malaga and Granada, the violence of the shocks being in inverse ratio to the distance from this focus. Many towns, including Alhama, where part of the damage was caused by a landslip, Albunuelas, Arenasdel Rey, Santa Cruz, and many other places have been almost totally destroyed, and in the province of Malaga few towns seem to have entirely escaped injury. Of one thousand seven hundred odd houses in Alhama, it is estimated that not two hundred can be repaired, while all the five churches, the Carino, and the Town Hall have been wrecked, and upwards of three hundred corpses have been exhumed from the ruins. Of the total loss of life no correct estimate can yet be formed, but it probably largely exceeds a thousand. After the first shock the surviving inhabitants abandoned their houses, and have since been encamped in the streets and fields. Though not only tents, where available, but carts and railway carriages are being utilised for the purposes of shelter, the bulk of the people have to pass their nights in the open air. To add to the hardship of the exposure, the season in the south of Spain is one of unusual severity, the fall of snow in some parts of the country being so heavy as to put a stop to ordinary traffic. No less than sixty thousand people are reported to be houseless, and most of them are dependent on charity for food.

At home, both politically and socially, the month has been one of remarkable quietude.

The passing of the Franchise Bill has been followed by a complete subsidence of the late agitation, and, in spite of the endeavours of Mr. Courtney and Sir John Lubbock to enlist the sympathy of the public in favour of proportional representation, there is a general disposition to accept, in principle, the redistribution scheme agreed on by the leaders of both parties. Unless the Ministry should break down under the weight of their foreign difficulties, there is little chance of a dissolution before the spring of 1886.

Even in Ireland things seem at last to be gradually settling down, the Nationalists having probably made up their minds to husband their forces till the new franchise comes into operation. Of the dynamite conspiracy so little has been heard of late, that, except for the attempt to destroy London Bridge on the evening of the 13th ultimo, and the comparatively insignificant explosion of last week on the Metropolitan Railway, one might have been tempted to hope that it had worn itself out.

The London Bridge outrage seems to have been unusually well-planned, as dynamite outrages go, and, had not the authorities for once in a way been beforehand with its perpetrators, would not improbably have been attended with very serious results. From an examination of the pier against which the dynamite was exploded, it appears to have been their intention to place the charge in a narrow drain which traverses the masonry a little above low water mark; but, with the view of guarding against such an attempt, the mouth of the drain had been closed, some time previously, with an iron grating, the result being that the authors of the outrage had to be content with suspending the dynamite against the pier, either from the grating in question, or by some other means. The main force of the explosion was consequently expended on the water, beneath the surface of which it appears to have taken place; and, though a baulk of timber which was attached to the pier was shattered and split, the injury to the solid granite was only superficial.

In the case of the explosion on the Metropolitan Railway, the charge employed, which is believed to have been contained in a bomb of glass, or clay, thrown from one of the carriages of a passing train, must have been a very small one, and the damage done was confined to the partial demolition of a signal box and the pulverising of a few windows and lamps. The train between which and the wall of the tunnel the explosion took place, and which must have borne the brunt of the shock, was not even derailed, and, though two or three passengers were cut with the broken glass, no one was seriously injured.

Among the social events of the month the most noteworthy is the betrothal of the Princess Beatrice to Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg, third son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, which took place at Osborne, where the Prince was on a visit to his brother, on the 29th ultimo. The Prince, who is a Lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Prussian Hussars of the Rhine, is twenty-six years of age, being thus somewhat younger than his bride elect. One of the conditions of the engagement is that the Princess, with her husband, is to continue to reside with the Queen.

On the 7th instant the coming of age of Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is to be celebrated at Sandringham by a grand ball and by the presentation of addresses of congratulation from various civic bodies, including, of course, the Corporation of London. There is some talk of an application to

Parliament for an allowance to the young Prince, but, looking at the extent to which the nation is already burdened for the support of members of the Royal family ; at the number of similar claims for which the grant would form a precedent, and at the handsome allowance already enjoyed by the Prince of Wales, it is open to doubt whether the Ministry will think it advisable to move in the matter.

The conviction of Mrs. Gibbons on a charge of murdering her husband by shooting him with a pistol, on the bare opinion of two medical men, that the wounds which caused death could not have been self-inflicted, has given rise to a certain amount of excitement. While the circumstances were such as to preclude the possibility of the deceased having been murdered by any one but the accused, there was only one of the wounds which he could not possibly have inflicted on himself, and the position of that one was not absolutely incompatible with the possibility of its having been caused by an accidental discharge of the pistol through his falling on it. The case is one in which the probabilities against the accused were, according to the doctrine of chances, enormous. But there was no clear proof of motive, and it was generally felt that, in its absence, mere probability, however great, was not a sufficient ground for a conviction. The case having been brought to the notice of the Home Secretary, he has commuted the capital sentence into one of penal servitude for life ; and, though this hardly meets the real objection to the conviction, no more will probably be heard of it.

The literary event of the month has been the publication of a new poetical drama, "Becket" by the Poet Laureate, which, if it will not distinctly increase, will not detract from his reputation.

By the death of the Bishop of London, which took place somewhat suddenly this morning, at Fulham, the Church of England has lost a Prelate who was deservedly respected, but whose rigid conservatism almost partook of the character of bigotry. A man of broader views and more plastic temperament would have better suited the spirit of the times ; but he was a conscientious and indefatigable worker and was widely respected.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, *January*, 1885.

INDIA.

THE position of the English half of the Afghan Boundary Commissions, planted as they are at Bala Murghab, while their Russian colleagues are comfortably spending their time at home, one rusti-

cating at his country seat at Tiflis, another lecturing at St. Petersburg on Central Asian explorations, though not without its ludicrous aspect, is one that may become seriously embarrassing to the British Government. There seems little doubt that Russia is endeavouring to shirk her share in this delimitation work ; at any rate the Russian section of the Commission has no intention of taking any part in the work, or even of putting in an appearance at the rendezvous agreed on until the main boundary points have been fixed by correspondence between the Foreign Offices of the two Governments. True, as a sop perhaps to stop the rising clamour of the English Press, General Zelenoy, hitherto "unavoidably detained," has received orders to start. It is thought that the authorities at St. Petersburg, disappointed in their hope that "something would turn up" to bring disaster or, at any rate, delay *en route* to one or other of the two converging divisions of the English section, are now awake to the danger of embarrassing by any further evasion that Gladstone Ministry which has so trustingly accepted hitherto all their expressions of good faith and good will. A distinct breach of that good faith has been committed by Russia in advancing, while negotiations are proceeding, into territory which it was understood would continue to be regarded as Afghan and, consequently, beyond Russia's scope. Meanwhile, though the best advantage is being taken of these months of waiting by the English party in winning the good will of the Heratees and the Turcoman tribes, there are not wanting signs that the surveys and explorations so actively being pursued are regarded with little favour by the Afghans. The foresight of those who insisted on the despatch of a large guard is perhaps on the way to be justified.

Considerable interest has been awakened in the affairs of another part of our frontier line by the demi-official journey of Mr. Secretary Macaulay to the borders of Thibet. Though the immediate object of the journey was but to hand a complimentary letter to the Tongpen, a kind of Deputy Commissioner of the border district, for transmission to the Minister of the late Grand Llama, it is significant that the letter was replied to in a very friendly spirit, and a despatch was handed to Mr. Macaulay to be forwarded to the Viceroy. Should these small beginnings lead eventually to the establishment of regular commercial relations with Thibet, and pave the way to the admission of native Indian merchants into that country, it is probable that our good roads to the frontier and the Darjeeling Railway would soon be taken advantage of to open out a large trade with regions hitherto closed against outsiders with such jealous care in

the joint interests of Chinese suzerainty and the religious supremacy of the Llamas.

The address recently delivered at the Convocation of the Bombay University by the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Peile, deserves special mention here, as containing advice and caution for the educated native, which is needed even more urgently, perhaps, in Bengal than in Bombay, and is marked throughout by sterling good sense and honest criticism. It has been of late the fashion in Convocation addresses to dwell at length on the powerful influence that is exerted by the graduates of the University on the mass of the population of the country, and to congratulate the commencing B. A.'s on the splendid opportunities that lie before them for guiding native public opinion on the affairs of the Indian Empire. Not unnaturally sentiments of this kind are received with applause by College students, and, thus encouraged, they have not been slow to form themselves into clubs and associations for the discussion of public questions. Had these associations, following the good old example of the Union Societies of Oxford and Cambridge, been content with discussion, little but good could have resulted, such as facility in the formation of opinions on subjects beyond the range of personal and private interest, and practice in putting those opinions into words. But mere discussion proved to be very unsatisfying to the student mind, and the practice soon rose of embodying the resolutions passed at the club meetings in memorials to the University or to Government, criticising the conduct of affairs and calling for various legal and administrative reforms. Generally, of course, the opinions of public men and measures formed by these young amateur politicians are crude and ill-informed, and the prominence given to them by the formal shape in which they are presented in the printed memorials, gives them a specious look of importance, gratifying no doubt to the memorialists, but apt to encourage most pretentious notions as to the value and influence of their criticisms and advice. Mr. Peile's closing sentences may here be given as typical of the frank and independent spirit that animates his whole speech. The Bombay Vice-Chancellor is not afraid of the storm that now-a-days is often provoked by a hint that the educated native has yet something to learn. "Keep your minds," said the Vice-Chancellor, "free from exaggerated ideas and pretensions. Do not mar and nullify the great power and privilege of a free press by petulant and inaccurate criticism of public affairs. Let honest work in some of the fields of action which I have briefly indicated, and the patriot's singleness of purpose for the public good,

abstract your minds from any craving for the personal notoriety which is so often mistaken for fame. Thus may you obey the charge which I have addressed to you, that ever in your life and conversation you shall show yourselves worthy of the degrees conferred upon you by this University—a University founded in a year of war and tumult by a Government which revolution was impotent to divest from completing the beneficent work of which you enjoy the inheritance."

It is honest advice of this kind that our graduates and students need : to show them how the advantages of education may be rightly employed in other matters than political and party strife is surely a truer mark of friendship than to encourage them in the idea of their growing importance, and the influence of their memorials on the counsels of those in authority over them.

It is a sign of the times that some "representative native gentlemen" of Bombay, assisted by Professor Wordsworth and Mr. A. O. Hume, have determined that the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times* shall no longer have a virtual monopoly of posting up the British Public in Indian Affairs. A committee is to be appointed with authority to send a weekly summary of news and opinions on "political and other burning questions" of the day to an English newspaper. The tone that these communications are likely to take may be anticipated by the fact that preference was expressed for the *Pall Mall Gazette* as the Journal to which the summary should be despatched. It may perhaps also be prognosticated that a different set of opinions and an opposite view of any "burning" question will find their way by telegraph to some London newspaper of Conservative tendencies.

The "Health Society" of Calcutta has been publicly inaugurated at a large meeting, convened to hear a lecture on the "Plague" by Dr. Harvey. Several speakers, including the Lieutenant-Governor, addressed the meeting, and all of them were anxious to disclaim for the society any idea of opposition to the municipal authorities that be. So long as it acts up to the motto, "Defence not Defiance," the Society will be able to do good work in forming and keeping alive public opinion on the needs of the metropolis and the latest improvements in the science of sanitation.

The interest of high official personages in the development of private railway enterprise in India has been prominently shown by their presence at various ceremonies connected with the opening of lines and the building of bridges. The Bengal and North-Western

Railway was appropriately inaugurated by the pair of Lieutenant-Governors whose provinces it will connect, while the little Tarkeswar line had the Viceroy for its sponsor. The Dacca-Naraingunge line has also been declared open. In Bengal proper several new lines are under construction, the Purneah-Dinagepore line, the line to connect Purneah with the Ganges, and the direct Calcutta-Bombay line, the last being the first fruits of the labours of the Select Committee of the House of Commons ; while many other lines are being surveyed, are waiting for official sanction, or are already in a fair way towards completion.

GENERAL NOTES.

Science and Progress.

HERODOTUS, who was so interested in the marvels that might be done by "an industrious river" like the Nile, would have been pleased by the following calculations. The Editor of *Knowledge*, however, distrusts the accuracy of such statistics.

Mr. T. Mellard Reade, C.E., who has devoted much attention to chemical denudation of the earth's surface, in his presidential address to the Liverpool Geological Society this session, dealt with "The Denudation of the two Americas." He showed that 150,000,000 tons of matter in solution are annually poured into the Gulf of Mexico by the river Mississippi; this, it was estimated, would reduce the time for the denudation of 1 ft. of land over the whole basin—which time has hitherto been calculated solely from the matter in suspension—from 1 ft. in 6,000 years to 1 ft. in 4,500 years. Similar calculations were applied to the La Plata, the Amazons, and the St. Lawrence. Mr. Reade arriving at the result that an average of 100 tons per square mile per annum are removed from the whole American continent. This agrees with results he previously arrived at for Europe, from which it was inferred that the whole of the land draining into the Atlantic Ocean from America, Africa, Europe and Asia contributes matter in solution, which, if reduced to rock at two tons to the cubic yard, would equal one cubic mile every six yards.—*Knowledge*.

PETRIFIED WOOD.—The petrified wood which is so abundant in the United States territories of Arizona, Wyoming, and Rocky Mountain Regions, is rapidly becoming utilised by the practical American. In San Francisco there is now a factory for cutting and polishing these petrifications into mantelpieces, tiles, tablets, and other architectural parts for which marble or slate is commonly used. Petrified wood is said to be susceptible of a finer polish than marble, or even onyx, the latter of which it is driving from the market. The raw material employed comes mostly from the forests of petrified wood along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway. Several other companies have also been formed to obtain concessions of different portions of these forests. Geologists will regret the destruction of such interesting primeval remains, and some steps ought to be taken to preserve certain tracts in their original state.—*Engineering*.

AT the Academy of Sciences, M. Herve Mangon gave a detailed narration of the voyage accomplished by Messrs. Keynard and

Krebs with their navigable balloon. It ascended at a quarter-past twelve, and sailed with the wind in a north-north-west direction to a point over Billancourt. There the balloon described a semicircle of one hundred and sixty metres diameter, and, going back against the current, returned to its starting point at a nominal speed over twenty-three kilometres an hour. The velocity of the contrary wind being, however, fifteen kilometres, the balloon actually made only fifteen kilometres an hour. The balloon was stopped, and its descent effected at the point desired with facility and precision. A thick fog then coming on another intended trip was abandoned, but a series of movements were executed over Meudon which further attested the perfect control of Messrs. Keynard and Krebs over their balloon. M. Mangon accompanied his account with the remark that the problem of balloon navigation was now practically solved, and affirmed that whenever France liked she could furnish herself with an aerial fleet.

DR. LENZ, in the *Bulletin* of the Académie des Sciences de Saint-Petersbourg, describes an ingenious application of the telephone to the measure of differences of temperature between stations at a distance from each other. Suppose the two stations to be united by two dissimilar wires—say of silver and iron—with a soldered joint at either end. If the temperatures of the two joints are dissimilar, a thermo-electric current will be developed and circulate in the wires. If now a telephone and interrupter be brought into the current, the former will sound until the temperature of the ends is equalised, when the current ceases and the telephone becomes silent. The experiment was made upon stations only one metre apart, when the results obtained showed a probable error of $\frac{1}{100}$ to $\frac{3}{100}$ of a degree centigrade. The observers consider that with iron and silver wires of two millimetres diameter indications could be obtained at distances of five kilometres ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles), but that wires of bismuth and antimony would be efficacious at distances of twenty-five kilometres ($16\frac{1}{2}$ miles).—*Harper's Magazine*.

A Great Historical Enterprise.

Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, the well-known historian of the Spanish-American States, was originally a book-seller and publisher. Being permanently established in San Francisco in 1856, he naturally began to collect books, pamphlets, and other printed matter containing information relating to the early Spanish occupation of the country.

His interest being quickened by the results of his investigations, he prosecuted his search as far back as documentary history and tradition would carry him, in the domain which he had at first only cursorily explored. Every collector knows how rapidly one's stores accumulate when once the habit of collecting has taken hold upon him. Mr Bancroft's business and his library grew apace, and finding his first store-room too strait for him, he built anew, this time his goods and accumulations being housed in a large structure, five stories high, in San Francisco.

Under the plastic hand of Mr. Bancroft has thus arisen a valuable structure of historical literature. The design of this industrious author comprises the issuing of thirty-three octavo volumes. The first five, "The Native Races," have been before the reading public for several years. History proper, so to speak, begins with the sixth volume of the series, which is devoted to Central America. As the first points touched by Europeans when they landed on the North American continent were on the Isthmus of Darien and northward, the propriety of beginning the history with that of the Central American States is apparent. Mexico occupies Volumes IX and X, as the discovery and conquest of that country followed the events described in the previous volume. Then the work is resumed in the second volume on Central America, which brings the reader down to A. D. 1800. The thread of Mexican history is taken up again in Volume XI, and the recital is brought down to 1800 also, and in the succeeding volumes is carried forward, as "History of the North Mexican States," to the same year. Having thus concluded the history of the lower Spanish-American States, Mr. Bancroft goes northward and gives us a history of California in five volumes, the first of which—Volume XVIII of the entire series—is just now published. This fascinating volume begins with the earliest mention of California by fabulists, chroniclers, and historians, and, drawing liberally from the rich accumulations of which mention has previously been made, ends with 1800, when the rule of the Spanish Viceroy, Don Diego de Borica, closed. Future volumes will contain the history of Nevada, Utah, the Northwest coast, Oregon, Washington, Territory Idaho and Montana, British Columbia and Alaska. These are to be followed by two more volumes of California, entitled "California Pastoral" and "California Inter Pocola," the first embracing a history of the country under Roman Catholic mission rule, and the second that during the gold-seeking-epoch. Two volumes of essays and miscellanies—the scattered and otherwise unmarshaled stragglers of this vast literary column—bring up the rear of this one of the most enormous undertakings in historical writing ever projected by one man.

POETRY.

Requiem.

For me no dirges musical,
No brass on the cathedral wall.
All things are your memorial.

The wind upthrobbing from the shore
Is like your footstep on the floor,
Is like your hand upon the door.

A silent presence ever near,
Round books your fingers touched last year,
A subtle, ghostly atmosphere.

Your organ studies, strange they look !
The lesson marked you never took,
Your writing in my birthday book.

All tokens dumb, importunate,
All lifeless things that seem to wait
For your returning. Ah, how late !

And now in Memory's Hades grey,
Where life and death join hands always,
I watch with you, by night, by day.

Even as I stand, I pledge my faith,
I trust you while I draw my breath,
I trust you in the gates of death.

Beyond? Where shall our meeting be?
Two breakers on a soundless sea,
God's pity, love, on you and me !

M. KENDALL.

—(Longman's)

The Fair Physiologist and the Bachelor of Medicine.

A LAY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Oh tell me, gentle maid," he cried,
"Whence flows that falling tear,
Why all-suffused those glistening eyes ?
The cause I fain would hear."

"The cause," she says, with downcast eye,
"Unless my memory fail, is
Intensified activity
In the *Glandula Lachrymalis*."

"But oh, methinks that from your breast
There heaves a gentle sigh,
Refusing, too, to be repressed ;
Sweet maiden, tell me why ?"

"I think," she says, "a sigh is due
To deepened *Inspiration*,
And this, again, is owing to
Some *Reflex Excitation*."

"But, mantling on your cheek, I see
The lovely damask rose.

Declare, oh, dearest one, to me
Whence this rich lustre flows ?"

"Blushing is caused," the maid replies,
"As Huxley well observes,
By much-dilated arteries
And *Vaso-motor Nerves*."

"But tell me farther, maiden dear,
Of all these signs the reason.
Do not a blush, a sigh, a tear
Point to some *central lesion* ?"

"Their cause" (she faintly makes reply)
"As yet escapes detection,
Unless—perchance—they signify
Some—*cardiac affection*."

"Ah, maid, your diagnosis true
To sure proof is subjected,
Since, by contagion caught from you,
My heart, too, is infected.
And now, to cure us both, I trow,
One medicine and no more is,
Oh, take the sweet prescription now :
Sume Aurantii Flores."

J. HARPER BENSON.

* Take orange flowers.

—(Century's)

The Indian Review

No. 18.—*MARCH*, 1885.

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN EUROPE.

IN EUROPE, of recent years, a great though gradual change has been taking place in all that concerns the educational, industrial, and legal condition of women. The words "woman question" may be said, indeed, to stand for a movement which, though stealthy, seems in its ultimate results scarcely less than a revolution. However we may be inclined to view this movement, it is certainly an important factor to-day in the life of Europe, and its development can scarcely fail to be a matter of interest to us. There is now a vast amount of literature connected with the subject, and fresh contributions to it are constantly appearing. It is only a year since Herr Bebel published his "*Die Frau in der Vergangenheit, Gegenwart, und Zukunft*," in which he claimed boldly for women the most complete equality with men. In this able, though rather extravagant and polemical book Bebel contends not merely against those who, in their anxiety to confine women strictly to the domestic sphere, disregard those women who cannot attain to that sphere, but also against those who do, to a limited extent, favour the extended education and employment of women; he will have no compromise. He demands the most complete educational, legal, and economical equality for women, and considers that this can only be attained by a great social re-organization. And now a substantial volume has

appeared—"The Woman Question in Europe"—edited by an American, Mr. Theodore Stanton, and consisting of a deeply interesting and instructive series of essays on the position of women to-day in the various countries of Europe. These essays, actuated by a spirit very different from that which moves Herr Rebel, are in every case moderate and reasonable in tone, and being written by natives of the countries with which they deal—generally women, sometimes women occupying a distinguished place in their respective lands—they are of peculiar value. For any one who desires to know what women are doing in Europe to-day, this book forms an indispensable storehouse of facts.

It seems worth while, with the assistance that "The Woman Question in Europe" gives, to try and put into a very brief space some of the steps which have lately been taken throughout Europe in so remarkable a movement—a movement of which it seems almost impossible to foresee the ultimate results. In attempting this the countries of Europe seem to fall into six groups. Turkey, and even Greece, may be omitted, although they are not neglected in this volume, because the woman question there can scarcely be said to exist.

I. *England*.—The American editor of this book, in explaining how it is that he has given the lion's share of space to England, says : "It is in Great Britain, of all Europe, that, on the whole, the most marked progress has been made, especially in the direction of political rights." And elsewhere : "I know of no centre in the world containing so many remarkable and progressive women as London." In England this movement may be divided into three sections—educational, industrial, and political. There can be no question that during recent years a rapid change has been going on in regard to all three points. After the Royal Commission appointed in 1864 to inquire into education reported on the slovenly, superficial, and unintelligent character of the education given to girls, a general movement of amelioration seems to have commenced. In 1872, chiefly through the exertions of Mrs. Maria Grey, the Girls' Public Day-School Company was started. Miss Emily Davies originated the idea of a University life for women, and in 1873 Girton was established ; Newnham followed a few years later ; while the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, with its thorough organisation and its 600 pupils, may now be fairly looked upon as the Eton or Harrow for girls. In 1878 London University opened all its degrees to women. It is scarcely possible to calculate at present the immense influence which these and similar steps will have on the culture and development of women. It was at one time thought that women are incurably

below men in intellectual capacity, and even now it is sufficiently common to find persons who have not acquainted themselves with the facts bearing upon the subject, ready to support that opinion. If the test of London University, where a far larger percentage of the women who go up pass than of the men, is not quite a fair one, since the women are more carefully selected than the men, the results of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations show, as Mrs. Grey observes, a "marked tendency towards equality of results between the sexes." The industrial position of women is constantly growing larger in extent and more assured. While, however, thousands of women are employed in the Civil Service, and women are constantly making their way into new occupations, this position is by no means altogether satisfactory. It is, for instance, the rule for women to be paid considerably less for performing the same work as men. As a printer, for instance, an employment in which a large number of women are now employed in England, a woman is paid 5*d.* for the same work for which a man receives 7½*d.* This applies to most of the occupations of women. But if women are underpaid as well as overworked, this is a misfortune that they share for the most part with men ; it is connected with that pressure and tension which we suffer under our competitive system, and it is difficult at present to see how any way may be found out of it, save by social changes of a very radical nature. In medicine women are slowly gaining a larger place. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first qualified medical woman, began practice in England (although an American by birth) in 1859. In 1882 there were 26 women on the medical register, and others have since been added. At London University several ladies from the Women's Medical School have lately distinguished themselves, and women are beginning to contribute to medical literature and scientific research. In England women have made far greater progress than anywhere else towards the attainment of political representation. In the rest of Europe very few of the women's societies ever advocate political suffrage. The state of English opinion on this subject is, as Mrs. Fawcett points out, in no small degree due to the advocacy of J. S. Mill and to his "Subjection of Women." Even in England, however, these demands are very moderate ; a few persons have indeed raised their voices in favour of universal suffrage for both men and women alike ; but these may be regarded at present as Utopian enthusiasts. Every women's society, without exception, seeks suffrage only for those women who fulfil the qualifications which the law demands of male electors. In 1869 women were enabled to take part in municipal elections ; in 1870, to vote for .

and sit on School Boards. The result of these two steps has probably been of unmingled good. In the Isle of Man, which has a constitution of its own, more ancient even than the English, with which it has never been incorporated, women have been admitted to the Parliamentary Franchise since 1881. It may be interesting here to allude to the experience of the Territory of Wyoming in the matter of women's suffrage. The Speaker of the House of Representatives of Wyoming says: "I now frankly acknowledge, after all my distrust, that it has worked well, and been productive of much good to the territory, and of no evil that I have been able to discover." He has found, he adds, that women look beyond mere party questions.

II. *France*, with which may be united Teutonic *Holland* and semi-Teutonic *Belgium*, in all of which the Code Napoleon still rules. The unfair and oppressive manner in which the Napoleonic Code treats women is well known. This code, which is marked by the influence of Rousseau as well as that of Napoleon, both unfavourable to women, while it allows some rights to the unmarried woman, treats her during the whole of her married life as a minor. As a single girl she is unprotected, as a wife treated with peculiar injustice, as a mother altogether ignored. Some advances have, however, been made recently in legislation. If the French sometimes delay in accomplishing a reform, they make up at last by bringing it about in a very logical and thorough manner. And the Divorce Bill, which became law not long back, is in many respects of a very complete character. At the first French Revolution women played an important part, and their influence has scarcely as yet been fully recognised. It was not, however, till the establishment of the third Republic that the great modern movement in favour of women came fully to the front in France. Till recently little progress has been made in the education of women. Madame de Maintenon wrote in one of her essays on education: "Bring up your girls of the middle class as such; do not trouble about the cultivation of their minds; they should be taught domestic duties, obedience to husband, and care of children. Reading does young girls more harm than good; books make wits and excite insatiable curiosity." But they ought, she thought, to know enough history to prevent them from mistaking a king of England for a king of Persia. This is the tendency that has long ruled in the education of French girls, and they have had to suffer from a stringent system of artificial repression to which their more fortunate English sisters have never been subjected. Even fifty years ago Balzac exclaimed: "The education of girls is such a great problem—for the future of a nation is in the mothers—that

for a long time past the University of France has not thought about it!" It is a remarkable fact that, with so much to fight against, French women have always occupied a position, and possessed an influence which has been possessed by the women of no other country. Nowhere else have women had so much social power; nowhere else have they had so considerable a part in commercial life. And how large a proportion of the great women of Europe are Frenchwomen! Scientific investigation has even revealed the fact that there is less difference between the male and female brain in France than in any other European country. For some years the French have been strenuously exerting themselves in the matter of women's education. Since the Sée Bill became law in 1880, a large number of intermediate schools have been organised in all parts of France, and their establishment is being carried on still in the most active manner. University education had been secured some years previously (1866), and the number of students has rapidly increased lately. The Paris Medical School has opened its doors, and men and women sit on the same benches; there is even a question just now of appointing women to the position of house surgeons in a large Paris Hospital. French men lately have made a great discovery. They are trying an immense political and religious experiment, and they have found that the re-actionary forces in politics and religion find their strongest allies in women. If France is to continue on that path of progress which she has marked out for herself, it is necessary to give to the great body of Frenchwomen a broad and liberal education.

The situation of women in Belgium is very much the same as in France, although, perhaps, it is a little more stationary. Women have, however, gained co-education with men at the Universities. In Holland the very modest efforts of some women reformers have been met by a great mass of ignorance and prejudice, although Holland can boast of many names of women in art and in literature.

III. *Germany, Austria, Switzerland.*—There is scarcely a country in Europe in which the education of women has been, even up to the present moment, so neglected as in Germany, and it is scarcely surprising if nowhere (as scientists have discovered) is there so marked a difference between the brain development of the sexes. Germany is a land of universities, but, except in Heidelberg and Leipsic, they have not made the slightest provision for the education of women, and in none have they been placed on the same footing as men, or even admitted to examination. There are, however, several associations of German women, conservative

in spirit and modest in aim, which have done much to raise the tone of girls' education, and to procure a slightly enlarged sphere of occupation for women.

In Austria women are in much the same condition as in the German Empire. Here also, however, much has been done by Women's Societies, and considerable advance has been made in education during the last ten years, though the Austrian Universities are entirely closed to women. In Switzerland also, all questions bearing on women are in rather a stationary condition. In some respects, however, women are better off in Switzerland than in the neighbouring countries, and the statute book, at all events at Geneva, the most liberal Canton, is marked by a spirit of considerable fairness towards women. A small band of women have been working for their fellows, although, as one of the foremost of them, Mrs. Marie Gregg, observes: "Not a man holding an official position, cantonal or federal, has come to our aid and publicly approved our efforts to secure equal civil rights." Women are, however, admitted to the Swiss Universities on precisely the same footing as men. Geneva University was opened to them in 1872, and it is worthy of remark that out of 67 women who studied there between 1876 and 1883, only one adopted literature; all the rest preferred either science or medicine. There are many women studying at Zurich also. It should be noted that the female students at the Swiss Universities are mostly Russians. Co-education, as witnessed by the celebrated professor of physiology, Pflüger, at Berne, where nearly forty women have taken medical degrees since 1876, has not seemed to him, though not himself strongly in favour of it, productive of any serious inconvenience.

IV. *Denmark, Sweden, Norway.*—The Scandinavian women are in a happier condition than their Southern Teutonic sisters; they have always possessed the respect of men in a much greater degree than German women, and they are, both socially and legally, more nearly on a footing of equality, although there is at present no question of women's political representation. The movement in favour of women's education dates in Sweden—which stands distinctly first in this group—from fifty years back, and women were admitted to the Universities in 1870. The chief writers of Scandinavia, Ibsen and Bjornson for instance, have distinguished themselves by advocating the equality and independence of women. Ibsen especially, one of the foremost among European writers, has most emphatically proclaimed the necessity for a recognition of women's place by the side and as the equal of men in rights and

responsibilities. In his later works—in “*The Pillars of Society*,” and, above all, “*Nora*,”—this great writer maintains that there cannot be a true relation between men and women until this is attained. It is scarcely surprising that if the development of women is proceeding slowly in Scandinavia, it is proceeding very surely and completely, and Mrs. Camilla Collett is justified in the confidence with which she speaks: “I venture to assert,” says this distinguished Norwegian writer, “that while the northern, the Teutonic, mode of treating this question is characteristic, and differs strongly from the course pursued in the south among the Latin races, it insures a solution which, if more tardy, will be more truthful, more in harmony with the fundamental principles of the subject. This question of women’s rights is inextricably intertwined with the moral history of mankind, and strikes down into the very soul of social life. In these depths we must fathom for its *raison d’être*, therein we find the source of a world-wide wrong, thereon we must base our claims, there seek the means for redress. This moral victory won, the mere material immunities will follow of themselves.”

Denmark has distinguished itself by producing several women of eminence in literature, who have also done much for the development of their sex. Copenhagen University—the only one in Denmark—admits women on the same footing as men, except in theology, and there is excellent primary education; but, as in so many other countries, the intermediate education provided for girls is defective. If the movement for ameliorating the condition of women is not so active in Denmark as in some other countries, the explanation may be found in the remark of a lady who visited Denmark: “I understand now why you Danish women are so passive—you are too well off.” And Miss Kirstine Frederiksen, the Danish contributor to this volume, observes: “A comparatively human spirit reigns among all classes in Denmark. Abuses have never been so great that they have cried out for correction. Peasant women are not field labourers, and scandalous lawsuits in the higher circles are infrequent. Hence it is that our women move so slowly, and at the same time act so earnestly when once their minds have been opened to the new doctrines.”

V. *Italy, Spain, Portugal.*—The liberal movement in Italy which has given birth to a new and powerful nation has been associated with a movement in favour of women. And so far back as 1866 the married woman secured to a limited extent the control of her own property. This is not, however, in Italy a movement of modern growth. Even in ancient Rome there seems to have been a move-

ment in favour of the equality of the sexes during the empire, and the Justinian Code mitigated the perpetual tutelage to which women were subjected. At the Renaissance women filled with distinction several of the most important chairs in the Universities of Italy, and also distinguished themselves in prose and in poetry. Oscar Greco gives a list of not less than 418 female Italian writers. The Universities are now opened to female students, who can, therefore, obtain a professional education. In Salvatore Morelli women had a powerful advocate in the Italian Parliament. He demanded the complete emancipation of women, and succeeded in securing for them the right to testify in civil actions. His book on "Woman and Science" was animated by a just and noble spirit, which is likely to meet with more and more response in Italy.

In Spain, the progressive movements which have worked so powerfully in the southern Latin countries have scarcely yet been felt. There is, however, some advance perceptible, and this has not left untouched the condition of women. Women have been, for instance, admitted to the Universities, and receive certificates, though their position has not yet been clearly defined. The position of women generally is low. Spanish women are imperfect workers; they do not make good milliners and dress-makers; they have no profession; there are few women artists or musicians in Spain. As to teaching, which is in so many countries the resource of women, Mrs. Concesscion Avenal says: "Speaking generally, the Spanish mistress ought to attend school herself." Public opinion is still, in spite of some advance, opposed to the education and independence of women. In Portugal the condition of women, notwithstanding a considerable amount of progress, is perhaps even more deplorable. The female population is 2,400,000; more than 2,000,000 can neither read nor write. There is not a single intermediate school for girls in all Portugal. Divorce has not yet been recognised either in Spain or Portugal.

VI. *Russia, Poland, Bohemia.*—The picture is very different when we turn to the Slavonic countries. In all of these there has been a great series of national oppressions and suffering; for all the wrongs of their country seem to have called out the best and highest activities of women. "Every new movement, however slight it may be," writes Miss Marie Zebrikoff, "has its roots deep down in the national life. The great and successful impulse of Russian women towards scientific education is due to causes which spring from the political and social state of the country. Russia, although she came later than the other nations of Europe to work

in the vineyards of modern civilisation, has reaped certain benefits from this very tardiness. Hers is the lot of youngest brother, who strives to emulate the best qualities of his seniors, but whose eyes are open to their defects, errors, and faults, and who grows wiser by their experience, seeking a lofty ideal which they have yet to attain." The woman question first became a factor in Russian progress when the serfs were liberated in 1861; it had, however, attracted attention among the intelligent classes twenty years before by means of George Sand's writings. At the present time it can boast of, at all events, three practical victories. Russian women are mistresses of their own fortunes; they participate in the choice of members of the municipal council and county assemblage, and they enjoy the means of securing a higher education. The first two privileges have come down from the centuries, while in liberal England they have only recently been secured, and in Republican France, and even to a great extent in the United States, they are unknown. If Russian women have no part in enacting the laws which they are bound to obey, they are no worse off than Russian men. Against this, however, may be set the complete control of parents over children in Russia. A Russian woman always owes obedience to her parents; unless this obedience is transferred to a husband, it only ceases with death; and according to both secular and ecclesiastical authority a child may be sentenced to hard labour, or sent to a house of correction at the simple request of the parents without judicial examination. Happily Russia has to some extent outgrown these barbarous laws, and extreme instances of their application are rare. Even the vastness of the Russian empire and the paucity of its population are favourable to the women movement. Russia is sadly lacking in intellectual workers, and women teachers and women doctors are eagerly encouraged and assisted. Even the Government during the last war with Turkey was glad to avail itself of the assistance of medical women for the army, and these women gave admirable proofs of courage, skill, and tenderness on many battlefields. The late Czar, who witnessed their conduct always entertained a high opinion of them. There are now nearly 300 female physicians practising in Russia, including about 50 at St. Petersburg alone, although it is not ten years since medicine was opened to women. But though they pursue all the studies and pass all the examinations, they are not legally recognised. Count Tolstoi, in order to introduce his classical system of education into Russia had to invite the assistance of women, and so great is the zeal of Russian women for higher education that, notwithstanding the large number who go abroad for University education, about 900 students follow

the courses at St. Petersburg. In literature women stand on the same footing as men, and have especially distinguished themselves in novel writing. The lady who has adopted the pseudonym of Kristovsky stands third among Russian novelists (after Tourgénéïeff and Tolstoi) and has been compared to George Eliot.

The chapter on Poland in this volume has been written by Mrs. Elise Orzeszko, who occupies the place of honour in Polish literature. "Her field is the novel which depicts custom," writes another distinguished Polish novelist, "but she does not neglect science for romance, nor fear to speak out plainly concerning the questions of the day." According to Mrs. Orzeszko there have been three factors in the amelioration of women's condition in Poland,—appeals to national feeling by leading female writers, the romantic movement, and the influence of French writers, especially George Sand. Another factor has been the difficulty of marriage. In the period immediately following the Revolution of 1863, the country lost one-half of its male population, and for ten years a marriageable man was a rarity in Poland. Since that time the numerical relation between the sexes has become more normal, but there are still great obstacles in the way of marriage. During the last ten years considerable progress has been made, both in the industrial employments of women and in education, but the higher education is still impossible for women, and there are many female Polish students at St. Petersburg, Zurich, and Paris.

In the other Slavonic country, Bohemia, which has suffered equal oppressions, women generally are under the same conditions as in Poland, and as, until recently, in Russia. University education is entirely closed to them, and they are not allowed to practise medicine. Women are employed, however, as teachers in the elementary schools, and receive the same salaries as men—a point in which Bohemian women are before even the women of the United States. They have, too, a voice in the municipal, provincial, and national elections.

One of the most striking points about the movement for ameliorating the condition of women, as shown in this remarkable and interesting volume of essays, is its moderation. There is nothing here of the "vile-wretch man" spirit, or of that element of bluster which was once supposed to be a necessary component of what used to be called "women's rights." The moderation of the demands sometimes made is almost pathetic. They only wish, one or two of the contributors to this book say to give women a little education and occupation, to make them worthy to be the helpmates of men. Nothing could show better the oppressive public

opinion, which in many European countries bears so heavily on women—a spirit which is strikingly at variance with the more liberal tone common in Anglo-Saxon countries.

In the face of so solid, gradual, and moderate a movement, the doubt which was formerly aroused concerning the possible character of its results will ultimately, it is probable, disappear altogether. It has been said that women are on the side of retrogression, and so long as they remain uneducated and ignorant of the world this is undoubtedly true. But every day it is ceasing to be true, and it is unlikely that even that voice in political affairs, which may soon be gained to a limited extent by Englishwomen, will prove altogether of the nature of a calamity. In some countries, however, the opposite fear has been entertained; women, it has been said, will be on the side of license. Miss Zebrikoff, speaking for Russia, has some reasonable words to say on this point: "Woman seeks knowledge and the professions, not for the purpose of destroying the family but that she may serve it the better. She does not ask emancipation from duty, but emancipation from chains. The freedom she yearns for is not the freedom of giving loose rein to all the whims of unprincipled fancy. She wishes to have the liberty of marrying whom she will, of breaking the bond which binds her to an immoral husband, of enjoying every facility for earning her own livelihood, and of removing all obstacles thrown in the way of acquiring knowledge which may open to her the highest positions in life. She desires to be no longer a zero in public affairs, but an active, working force."

It is not, however, for the sake of justice alone and for women's own good, that this is demanded. By confining women to the domestic sphere only, and allowing them no direct influence on anything outside that sphere, as a distinguished Frenchman has said, we diminish by one-half the soul of the country. Women must always be very heavily weighted in all the paths of life, and every assistance that they gain will not alone be a benefit for themselves; it will react on the race whose mothers they are. "Our hopes are fixed on the coming generation," writes Mrs. Elise van Calcar, the Dutch authoress. "We claim only free scope for the complete development of all our faculties. We wish to become cleverer, wiser, and better, in order to be able to respond more fully to our vocation and destiny, so that, coming into a nobler and purer relation with the other sex, man and woman may the more successfully strive together to attain the ideal of a perfect humanity."

S. OLIVER.

THE BURGLAR'S FATE.

At pulcrum est digito monstrari, et dicier "Hic est." PERS. I. 25.

I.

Dukh Haran Dutt was a tough old man,
 Though a Baniya born was he,
 Turning a pice by the sale of rice
 In a small community ;
 And all the profit he pocketed off it
 He carefully stowed away
 To hold, being old, in silver and gold
 Against a rainy day.

II.

Rings for the nose, rings for the toes,
 Finger rings in sets ;
 Collars to deck the swarthy neck,
 Chains to be placed around the waist,
 Mystical charms to be worn on the arms,
 And serve as amulets.
 Stored with these were the round rupees
 All in a mighty chest,
 With a couple of locks and a couple of keys
 Which he wore when he went to rest ;
 One is never at ease till one sees one's keys
 By one's nightly pillow pressed.

III.

Dukh Haran Dutt had a well-grown son,
 Gauri Prashad by name ;
 He thanked his stars he had reared this one
 To set him on fire when his course was run,

And travel to Gaya, the land of the Sun,
To offer the rich ceremonial bun
That a father's Manes claim ;—
A task to be done by each dutiful son
Who would save his soul from blame ;
For the orthodox view of a good Hindu
Is that of the early sages,
That a doom of gloom beyond the tomb
Or rather the pyre, or funeral fire,
Is the terrible fate of a sonless sire
In a Limbo dire for ages.

IV.

Father and son one stormy night
Had finished their meal by the flickering light
Of a rag in a little clay saucer of oil ;
The meal they had found so tasty and nice
Was about four pounds of well cooked rice—
A dainty our cooks, in spite of their books,
Will never learn how to boil.
Horace no doubt would have found some fault
With the garlic cut in slices,
But not with the nicely measured salt
Or the spinach and fern stewed to a turn
Or the handful of savoury spices ;
Forks had not reached that hamlet lonely,
And they ate from a leaf with the right hand only.

V.

This to digest they went to rest
On their mats so neatly spread ;
But they thought it right to put out the light
Before they went to bed ;
For they knew that *Kuber* had no luckier gift
Than a constant habit of careful thrift.
Which being done,
Father and son
Went, I repeat, to rest ;

And Gauri Prashad fell a-snoring hard,
 For the young, alas ! sleep best.
 But Dukh Haran Dutt, though his eyes were shut,
 His wits were wide awake ;
 And he heard a noise like "kut, kut, kut,"
 The noise that burglars make !

VI.

Now some would take fright at that sound in the night
 And raise a hue and cry ;
 But Dukh Haran Dutt did anything but,
 And I'll tell you the reason why ;
 'Twere a brief relief to frighten a thief
 Who knows one's little store ;
 But manage instead to cut off his head,
 And he may not come any more.
 So gently creeping where Gauri was sleeping
 He laid his hand on his arm,
 With never a shake to make him awake,
 For fear he should give an alarm.
 When he moved on his bed, the old man said
 In accents mild and low,
 "I hear a thief ! We'll bring him to grief ;
 "My troublesome cough would frighten him off,
 "So you are the man to go."

V I.

His hand he laid on an ancient blade
 That hung on a bamboo peg ;
 It was keen and trusty
 If somewhat rusty
 To cut off an arm or a leg ;
 He fancied he felt the thief in his clutches,
 And he quoted the words of a fair Grand Duchess :—

VIII.

"Here is the sabre—belabour our neighbour
 "Soon as he burgle his passage through the wall ;
 "Slice off his nut,"
 Added Dukh Haran Dutt,
 "So shall our enemy totter and fall ;

"Slay me this thief to encourage the rest ;
"Sabre his *trunk* who would rifle our *chest* !"

IX.

(Now be not unheeding, dear reader, in reading ;
Raise not your voice in heroic recital ;
I'm sure you'd be sorry to frighten our quarry
And indeed the importance of caution is vital ;
He is steadily boring away, the sinner,
And the septum of wall grows thinner and thinner ;—
Our Dukh Haran muttered
All that he uttered.)

X.

As for Gauri Prashad, his breath came hard
As he took his stand, sabre in hand ;
And soon he met with a token !
He noticed the fall of some clay from the wall ;
It dropped on the ground with a pattering sound ;
And as this was inside, he was satisfied
That the law—and the wall were broken ;
"Patience," he thought, till the hole be larger,
"And I'll lay his head like a head in a charger !"

XI.

Heavily weighed the lifted blade,
And he longed in vain for a scimitar ;
But now be it known the hole had grown
To full four feet in perimeter ;
It would seem to some that the crisis had come ;
But the thief outside
Was the pink and pride
Of his perilous profession ;
He had learned indeed to proceed at need
With an excellent discretion ;
So he piloted through a thin bamboo
To explore the landscape's features ;
With many a poke to see if he woke
Any slumbering fellow-creatures.

XII.

'Twas a kindly night, with a faint dim light,
 And the wind, you remember, blew hard ;
 So at last he cast his fears to the blast,
 Which caught them at once as it hurried past
 And carried them off to leeward ;
 And the deepening shade at length betrayed
 That the thief had essayed the hole he had made;
 Down with a sweep came the trusty blade
 And vengeance seemed assured !

XIII.

Is it a hit ? Never a bit !
 It was terribly hard on Gauri Prashad ;
 For want of a moon he had struck too soon
 And put the thief on his guard !
 " Son of a dolt," the old man cried,
 " Couldn't you wait till he came inside ? "
 (For Dukh Haran Dutt was horribly bored
 To find such a capital stratagem floored
 By the haste of his hopeful Gauri ;)
 " As you haven't cut off this thief with a sword
" I'll cut you off with a kauri !"

XIV.

Morning came and the neighbours all,
 And Dukh Haran Dutt recounted
 Deeds by his son gallantly done
 And dangers dire surmounted :
 Nothing he said of his foiled design ;
 " My son's discredit," he thought, " is mine."

* * * *

XV.

Dukh Haran Dutt had a little maid ;
 Plying the broom was her daily trade ;
 Her cheek had a winning dimple ;
 Her hair hung loose to the wanton wind,
 And she'd nothing before or beside or behind
 But a fig-leaf pure and simple.

(Don't be afraid, dear reader of mine,
Don't be afraid of this truthful line ;
 For her age was four
 Or a few months more,
And the dress that nature gave her
Was as modest perhaps in its plain design
As the low-cut dresses of fabric fine
That at modern Courts find favour.)

XVI.

This little maid had a wholesome zeal
Which older servants rarely feel ;
At her task she loved to linger ;
But this morning she ran to her master's side ——
“ What the dickens is this ?” the maiden cried ;
 “ Ram ! It's a human finger !”

XVII.

Dukh Haran Dutt was deeply moved
At the singular fact I mention ;
It was hard perhaps to say what it proved,
But the fact defied contention.
“ A finger !” he said, “ what a curious clue !
“ It belonged to somebody, Ram knows who !
 “ Now surgical intervention——
“ Our Doctor he is a Baniya too,
“ And he knows more physic than ever man knew ;
“ Now couldn't he fasten it on where it grew,
“ With a penn'orth of paste, or a ha'p'orth of glue
 “ Or perhaps by the first intention ;
“ For the last I know to human feeling
“ Is the most consoling kind of healing !”

XVII.

When the word went round that the finger was found,
Back came all the neighbours ;
And a proud old man was Dukh Haran Dutt
Of the prodigies done
By his only son,

For he felt that the mouth of cavil was shut
 By the very identical finger cut
 In the course of his nightly labours ;
 So Dukh Haran Dutt, though tired and weary,
 Felt at first uncommonly cheery.

XIX.

Now the purest pleasure on earth, my brother,
 Is winning a hand that belongs to another,
 The soft warm hand of one's dearie !
 But winning a finger that isn't our own
 Is a feeling perhaps we have few of us known ;
 And if that finger be cold as a stone
 It is trying indeed to one's nervous tone ;
 Dukh Haran found it eerie ;
 So hurrying off to the nearest Station
 He laid a criminal information,
 With the finger to warrant the whole narration ;
 But the name of the thief was—Query ?

* * * * *

XXI.

The blow had fallen, the robber arose
 And he slipped through the hole and out of the street ;
 He hurried away from his baffled foes,
 But his hand seemed terribly incomplete.

XXI.

Had he lain concealed till the finger was healed
 He had met no further question ;
 For his hut was distant many a mile ;
 But he parleyed a while with the Spirit of Guile,
 Who offered this suggestion :
 " Weave a pretence for a false defence ;
 " They'll spot you, I shouldn't wonder !"
 So away went he to Darogha-ji
 With the wound he laboured under ;
 And reported a fight with thieves at night,
 Who had cleft his hand asunder !

XXII.

The Darogha knew this couldn't be true,
 He had nothing to steal, poor knave ;
 He knew very well how the adage ran,
 For a poet has said that a penniless man
 May travel unarmed and sing if he can
 At the mouth of a robber's cave.
 (So Victor Hugo's nervous coves
 In the shade of the trembling ~~aspen~~ groves
 Found comfort in a stave.)
 Quoth he, " I am ready to wager a crore
 " We shall have a complaint ere the day be o'er,
 " He has been in a drunken brawl."
 But that officer wondered more and more
 For there came no charge at all ;
 So marvelling much what the man's deceit meant
 He sent him in for medical treatment.

• • • • •

XXII.

Down in the town sat Major Brown
 Hearing Police reports ;
 His daily fate between six and eight
 Ere the sitting of the Courts ;
 But never as yet had he happened to get
 As he toiled at his early desk ;
 Two informations from different Stations
 That read so like burlesque !
 A finger-less thief in Par Kalinga
 And at Dukhharanpur a thief-less finger !

XXIII

The burglar, it proved, was a man who had moved
 At the head of his profession ;
 He was sent (the *joint* decided the point)
 And tried by the Court of Session.
 He hadn't the face to frame a case,
 Confessed, and was convicted,
 And the sentence ?—Well, 'twas no end of a *cell*,
 And his liberty long restricted.

P. S.

My medical friends may wish to know

If the finger re-united ;

The surgeon was clever as surgeons go,

And I really think it would have been so,

But his hopes were oddly blighted ;

He was eagerly pacing to and fro

While the finger was warmed in a basin below,

When down swoopèd something, a kite or a crow,

And carried it off *en haut, en haut*,

And the de'il knows where it alighted !

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF IMAGINATION AND HUMOUR.

THERE MAY BE occasional exaggeration in the frequent boast of Englishmen that they are an eminently practical people, for John Bull can at times be as delightfully or provokingly unpractical as any of his neighbours. There is, however,¹ a fair amount of evidence that what are called practical considerations—those considerations which are based upon facts rather upon ideas or sentiments—have, on the whole, more effect upon us than upon other nations. By nothing is this peculiar turn of mind indicated more clearly, than by our standard of values. We love what Bacon called “fruit,” and it must be fruit gathered, not in some far-away garden of the Hesperides, but in a conveniently situated English orchard. In things and in men we prize the qualities which we are pleased to call useful; and our utilities are wont to be somewhat prosaic and materialistic. We are apt to think of a dictionary as more valuable than a poem, and we would rather pay handsomely for a well-constructed sewer than for an inspiring thought. Sincerity is dearer to us than amiability, because we think it better that emotion and speech should be in accord than that people should say pleasant things in order to make life run smoothly; and we admire plodding perseverance more than versatile brilliancy, not because we think it has a greater æsthetic charm—for this it certainly has not—but because it is more generally followed by those utilitarian consequences which we speak of vaguely as “results.”

Curiously enough, two of the qualities which on these grounds we habitually underrate are qualities for which—on the testimony of hostile as well as of friendly critics—we, as a nation, are especially distinguished. Mr. Matthew Arnold has said many hard and grievous things of the intellectual characteristics of his countrymen, and M. Taine has spoken of some of our great representative minds in a manner calculated to make our flesh creep; but both these severe censors admit that in imagination and humour Englishmen are supreme. It is possible that in this matter, as in others, familiarity

breeds contempt, and that we should think more highly of these qualities if we possessed less of them ; but howsoever this may be, it is certain that the prevalent estimate of them is not high. Many of us will go so far as to admit that we like to see them "appropriately employed," just as some people will graciously say that they are fond of children—"in their place"—and the amount of appreciation suspended in the one phrase is about equal to that of the affection expressed by the other. Imagination is supposed to be "appropriately employed" in an epic, and humour in a burlesque ; but how many people there are who would be hopelessly puzzled by a complaint that an historian was deficient in the former, or a social theorist in the latter. Still more complete would be their bewilderment if either were spoken of in their hearing as a desirable and even indispensable social quality. The domestic value of imagination may, indeed, be recognised by devoted but weary mothers who have told their children—ravenous for stories—all the traditional legends of the nursery, and wish they, like Mr. Smith or Miss Brown, could invent some new ones "out of their own head ;" while at a melancholy ceremonial, like a wedding breakfast, a frolicsome humourist is universally acknowledged to be an acquisition of unparalleled preciousness ; but on ordinary occasions, when there are no children to be soothed into quietness nor adults to be roused out of it, imagination and humour are decidedly held cheap.

The cause of this depreciatory estimate is to be found in the fact that the popular conception of the nature of these qualities is narrow and inadequate. Imagination is identified with the power of invention, and humour with the aptitude for manufacturing fun out of everything, and so people suppose that an imaginative man must be a romancer and a humorous man, a buffoon. Recommend some one to your hostess at a dinner-table as worth knowing on account of his fine imagination, and she will probably take your recommendation as a warning to accept every statement of fact made by your friend with the proverbial modicum of salt. This popular association of imagination and untruthfulness is one of the most absurd of vulgar errors. If a man be a liar by nature, imagination will undoubtedly enable him to lie more effectively ; but it is a gross libel upon imagination to say that it finds its gratification in falsehood rather than in truth. On the contrary, of two persons who are equally untruthful in intention, the more imaginative person of the two is the one whose statements will make the most truthful impression. "Any sensible man," says the ordinary British Philistine, "can tell things just as they happen ;" but this is exactly what "any sensible

man" cannot do, and his helpless incapacity—known only too well to those who have ever been engaged in the collection of evidence—justifies the epigram that nothing is more deceptive than facts, except figures. There are no more constant causes of disturbance in the machinery of social life than misconception of fact, misapprehension of words, and misrepresentation of both : not intentional, not the result either of want of heart or want of thought, but of lack of imagination—of the power to witness an event or listen to a conversation in such a manner as to catch its full significance. From the person of mere observation this significance is necessarily hidden, and though he may be able in some kind of way to tell what happened or what was said, his record will be like a Chinese landscape, where a tree on the horizon is as big as a tree in the foreground :—it will have no perspective of facts or words. Incidents and remarks often have no representative value in themselves but only in their relations, and if these are missed, everything is missed. That the man without imagination *will* miss them is certain, and the false impression that he stamps upon the minds of his hearers will be all the more dangerous, because of his deserved reputation for veracity. There is nothing so misleading as unimaginative accuracy : of all portraits a bad photograph is the worst, for the sun never tells a lie, and never imagines anything.

The social use of imagination is dramatic : its essence is embodied in Dr. Amboyne's great maxim, "Put yourself in his place," and as the unimaginative man cannot put himself in anybody's place, he neither understands anybody, nor is able to help another to understand : his melancholy fate is to misunderstand, and to perpetuate misunderstanding. As society exists not merely for mutual helpfulness but for common intercourse, our social value depends very largely upon our capacity for becoming true media of communication between our fellows. We are all galvanic batteries, in which the transient mood and the passing situation are, as it were, acids, which act upon the enduring but sensitive metal of individuality, and give off the electricity of thought and feeling. What we need are conductors who can carry these constant currents from ourselves, and convey to us similar currents from others, so that intercourse may be as full and free as the limitations of personality will permit. We generally call these social conductors people of tact ; and perhaps ordinary men and women would prize imagination more highly than they do, could they see that tact is one of its social manifestations. Imagination often takes the form of unconscious inference—of induction which cannot explain its own processes,

because some of the facts on which the induction is based are apprehended emotionally rather than intellectually, and do not come within the range of conscious perception. The unimaginative man, who can reason irreproachably, but who is not troubled by intuitions, will converse with us in the blandest manner on some subject which we are endeavouring, by a hundred indirect methods, to make him see is distasteful to us ; but he rather prides himself on not jumping to conclusions, and as we make no explicit avowal of annoyance, an imaginative jump is the only way by which this much desired conclusion can be reached. The imaginative man, on the contrary, comes prepared to talk of this very theme, and makes a few remarks, which are evidently leading up to it, when a momentary glance, a hardly noticeable gesture, or even what Sydney Smith would call a flash of silence, warns him that he is approaching dangerous ground ; and, without giving any indication that he has received a check, he wheels round to the right or the left along some road of converse upon which we can pleasurably accompany him. It may be said that in such instances it is observation, rather than imagination, which is there absent and here present, and occasionally this may be so. Very often, however, observation is wide awake, and the man who has been treading most heavily upon his neighbour's corns blandly tells us that the neighbour in question was as fidgetty and miserable as if he had been ill, but since he had, in answer to a direct question, declared himself quite well, it was impossible to say what was the cause of his discomfort.

In a time like ours, when creed-making or creed-breaking is the work of the few and the play of the many, discussion of some kind is one of the largest elements of our more serious talk ; and a discussion with an unimaginative person is to be avoided as one of the most trying experiences of life. The differences of opinion which divide men are generally the outcome of much deeper differences of taste and temperament ; and as deficiency of imagination hinders us from realising the existence of any taste or temperament other than our own, it also induces the belief that any one who does not feel the force of reasons which are conclusive to us must be either a hypocrite or an idiot. Men frequently take as granted some general proposition of an opponent, in order both to narrow the ground of controversy and to show him that even from his own premises his conclusions can be demonstrated to be unsound ; but how much greater the gain could they take as granted the transient mood or constant habit of thought which is as x —an unknown quantity giving the premises their special personal value.

Some years ago there appeared in a widely-read magazine an article by a writer who contended that the evidence for one of the central doctrines of Christianity is just sufficient to be reasonably conclusive to those who are from various causes predisposed to receive it, but not so overwhelming as to compel the unwilling assent of others. This is true, not only of the special evidence which the writer had in his mind, but of all evidence and all reasoning from it upon matters concerning which we can, at the best, attain to moral rather than to mathematical certitude. The force of an argument is not a thing which can be weighed and measured; it depends upon the general and special receptivity of the mind to which it is presented; and as this receptivity can only be gauged by an exercise of imagination, the unimaginative person is a polemical archer whose arrows, so far from penetrating the gold, do not even strike the target.

It is, however, in times of trouble—particularly of trouble which has been brought on by our own weakness, or folly, or wrong-doing—that the social value of imagination becomes most obviously apparent. The ordinary prosaic man sees what he is pleased to call “the facts of the case,” namely, that we have made a mistake, and that we are suffering for it. In the direction of sympathy he gets as far as half contemptuous pity. He feels that our present trouble “serves us right,” and he takes good care to let us know his feeling by painfully intelligible speech, or by equally painful and equally intelligible silence. Really, however, he only sees half the facts. A moral problem is not like an orange whose one-half is the counterpart of the other; it must be seen in the round, or it is not seen at all. In the supposed case our unimaginative friend sees simply what has been done and what is being suffered; he fails to discern the subtle action of circumstances upon temperament which has made our conduct explicable; he is unable to perceive the element in the wrong course which at the time made it seem wholly or at least partially right; and he is quite blind to the remorse which is eager to break out in passionate self-condemnation, but which is kept concealed, or even transformed into something like apology, by the perception that we are being tried and condemned on an altogether false indictment.

In such a situation as this we do not wish to be excused, for if we are right-minded we do not excuse ourselves; but we do wish to be understood with that full understanding only possessed by one whose imaginative sympathy enables him really to obey Dr. Amboyne's great rule of life. Whether a lie which is half a truth

be really the blackest of lies may—*pace* Lord Tennyson—be considered doubtful, but it is certainly the most exasperating. To be blamed wrongfully when we have done something that is really blameworthy is a much greater trouble than to be accused when we are entirely innocent, and when, therefore, we can repudiate the accusation with a whole heart. If, for example, we have been stupidly careless, and the effect of our carelessness has been to inflict sorrow and pain upon others, the unimaginative person is only too likely to accuse us of selfishness or heartlessness; and it is difficult to defend ourselves from a charge which we know to be unjust without seeming to deny the relevance of any charge at all, and thus putting ourselves in a false position. We cannot help feeling chafed by the action of a man or woman whose blindness thus compels us to appear callous to our faults, and even indifferent to their unfortunate consequences; and the chafing is due just as much to the impossibility of acknowledging our real offence (an acknowledgment we are not only willing but anxious to make) as it is to the knowledge that we are doubly misjudged, firstly, by being found guilty of a fault of which we are innocent, and secondly, by being set down as too self-sufficient to admit that we have *in any way* been in the wrong.

The virtue of tolerance—of mutual allowance for each other's shortcomings—is not the offspring of benevolence alone, but is begotten of the union of benevolence and imagination. There is a good deal of human nature in both the highest saint and the lowest sinner, and if the former have sufficient dramatic insight to comprehend the working of the springs of action in the latter, he will certainly recognise the common element, and judge the poor scamp far more kindly than he would be judged even by a man who has a lower standard, but who applies it all round in a haphazard manner, without perception of, or regard for, the delicacies of each individual case.

At this point there is an opening for the first remark needful to be made on the social value of humour. The combination in one mind of a strong sense of humour and a spirit of thorough-going intolerance would be so complete an anomaly that one is tempted to think of it as not merely anomalous but impossible. If, like Dick Swiveller's "Marchioness" in *The old Curiosity Shop*, we "make believe very hard," we can imagine a considerable number of very curious things; but we shall not find it easy to call up a vision of Shakspeare, Cervantes, or Rabelais sitting in the chair of the inquisitor, and sending people to have their ears cut off or their bodies burned, because they had got wrong upon some knotty point of high theological

metaphysics. He might begin to pronounce sentence, but before he had got a dozen words said, the absurdity of the affair would strike him so forcibly that he would be fain to waken the echoes of the court with a peal of inextinguishable laughter. And happily this is not all. Humour helps to soften our treatment of offences which, if less appalling and impressive than deadly heresy, are, at any rate, a great deal more frequent. Though many people perform what seem at the first blush very rascally actions, there is probably very much less of unadulterated rascality in the world than is supposed; but there is a frightful amount of cross-grained folly, and only a person of fine humour can acquire the tolerance born of a perception that the man who is to all outward appearances a great rogue is really only a fool disguised in a rogue's coat. This or that would undoubtedly strike us as being very wicked if it did not strike us still more strongly as being so ludicrously irrational, and the result of this sense of the absurdity of the thing is that we find ourselves amiably smiling at people we might otherwise have wished to imprison, or hang, or roast at a slow fire. It is quite impossible seriously to hate any human being whom we can manage to laugh at. If I heard that my worst enemy had been cutting jokes at my expense, I might possibly want to murder *him*, but I should be quite sure that, so long as his jocular mood lasted, he would never want to murder *me*, and whether he met me in a dark lane with a loaded revolver in his hand, or entered my house with a canister of dynamite in his pocket, I should regard him with that blessed tranquillity said to belong to the happy few, who combine a clear conscience with a good digestion.

That humour thus lubricates the wheels of the social machine by tending to make its possessors more genial and human in their judgments of each other, is a fact which only needs to be pointed out; but there is another advantage of humour which is so obvious that pointing it out is almost impertinent. There can be no doubt that humour acts as a kind of buffer, and breaks the shock we should otherwise receive from every mishap of life. Of course I am not thinking of the great calamities which crush some men to the earth, but of the thousand-and-one minor annoyances and vexations from which the most fortunate of us are not free. Perhaps everybody has not heard the very good story of the gentleman who one day effected a policy of insurance on his life for a large sum, and who, meeting on the morrow with an accident which he was told must prove fatal, received the news with a laugh of intense enjoyment at the thought of the disgust of the Direction of the Insurance

Company. I sadly fear that this merry gentleman was a fictitious character, but he serves as a fine ideal illustration of the utility of humour as an aid to cheerfulness, and to the good health which cheerfulness does so much to promote. Like Keats's nightingale, such a man was "not born for death." Escaping his unfortunate accident he would certainly have lived to a green old age, had he not been cut off untimely by apoplexy, or gout, or fatty degeneration of the heart, or some other genial complaint. Early grayness of the hair is hereditary, and the most cheerful people may have as white a head as the prisoner of Chillon; but a sense of humour may be depended upon to keep away wrinkles—that is, wrinkles of the baser sort—in cases where Madam Rachel and her clan of physicians would be in vain.

Mr. George MacDonald, in the graceful and suggestive fairy romance which he called *Phantastes*, has some lines which dwell in my memory:—

"Alas, how easily things go wrong;
A sigh too many, a kiss too long,
And there comes a mist and a blinding rain
And life is never the same again."

Now the way in which we are affected by special instances of this unfortunate tendency of things in general, these unpleasant disproportions between cause and effect—whether we shall simply rebel against them as personal grievances, or regard them as eccentricities of fate to be treated with the same good-humoured toleration with which we treat the eccentricities of our human neighbours—depends almost entirely upon the vitality of our sense of humour, which impresses so strongly upon us the incongruity and inconsequence of life as a whole that we cannot feel so keenly as we otherwise should the unpleasantness of their individual pressure. When any one can attain to the wide outlook of the profane but humorous gentleman who said "the general constitution of things," he is not in a mood to be seriously disturbed by any particular calamity which is not absolutely overwhelming.

Then, too, humour, like imagination, is of incalculable value as an emancipator from the tyranny of logic. None but painfully matter-of-fact people will need an explanation of this phrase. Of course logic could not be a tyranny if our premises were always accurate and our inferences just; but unfortunately, premises—especially those high-sounding majors—have a habit of saying just too much or just too little; and the man who depends entirely upon his reasoning machinery for weaving the web of his life is likely to find that the fabric turned out has threads of absurdity running

through all its length. From such a mistake as this humour will save us even more certainly than imagination*; for imagination though, on the whole, as I have said, a veracious faculty, may be commissioned to invest in its own regal purple an absurdity which humour would soon depose and array in the motley which is its proper vesture. In a world full of incongruities and accidents, where the unexpected always happens, it is clear that we cannot "see life steadily, and see it whole," by the aid of any faculty, which only takes note of its constant elements. The sphere of humour is the sphere of the inconstants, that is, of a full half of human existence; and it is not, therefore, surprising that the great humorists of the world—such, for example, as those mentioned on a previous page—have been pre-eminently distinguished for their knowledge of the nature of man and their insight into the mystery of life. Mr. Ruskin has said of Dickens that his view is generally the true one, broadly presented; and of the greater humorists—of such master-spirits as Shakespeare and George Eliot—the same may be said still more unreservedly. Hamlet may be a nobler conception than Falstaff; but the creation of the former would be possible only to the creator of the latter. If over the door of every department of literature were placed the familiar legend, "No admittance except on business," humour would still pass in unchecked, for it has business everywhere. Certainly, Wordsworth's lack of it did not prevent him from producing such splendid work as the great *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, and the sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge; but had he possessed it he would have been saved from perpetrating the grotesque follies which are still quoted against him, and it would have been simply impossible that he should have spoiled one of his most exquisite lyrics by speaking of his "perfect woman" as "a machine."

It is easy to see that what is true of literature, which is life's transcript, must be true of life itself; that a faculty which will save us from writing absurdities is likely to be efficient in saving us from acting them. It is not necessary that a schoolmaster or a statesman should be a *maker* of jokes, but one is safe in saying that no person who cannot *see* a joke will be permanently successful in training a crowd of boys or in ruling a nation of men and women. We know how the United States were steered through the storm-torn waters of a threatened revolution by a man whose statesmanship some felt inclined to doubt, because he had such a reputation as the teller of "a little story." It was, however, soon seen that the little story had its point, and that the very faculties which had gained for Abraham Lincoln his fame as a humorist, and made

him successful in getting verdicts from country juries, were just the faculties needed in the man to whom the destinies of the nation were entrusted in its hour of peril. Lincoln was a great statesman, not in spite of his humour, but largely because of it ; and it may fairly be taken for granted that, whatever a man's vocation may be, he can never answer to it effectually, unless he have a fair share of that sense which enables him to perceive the meaning and bearing of the incongruities and discordances which make life so perplexing to the pure reason.

But it is needless to multiply illustrations. Every man and every woman can verify by his and her own experiences the propositions laid down in this essay—that imagination and humour have a social as well as an intellectual value, a practical as well as a merely æsthetic use, and that their absence from life is really as disastrous as general consent would admit it to be from literature and art.

J. A. NOBLE.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

BULANDSHAHR ; OR, SKETCHES OF AN INDIAN DISTRICT ; SOCIAL, HISTORICAL AND ARCHITECTURAL. By F. S. Growse, C.I.E. I.C.S. With illustrations. *Medical Hall Press, Benares.* 1884.—In its present succinct and readily accessible form, this little volume will be none the less welcome for having already appeared in the pages of the *Calcutta Review* and of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*. Additions of a kind to give greater cohesion to the monograph as it now stands have been made ; and Mr. Growse's apology for its fragmentary character will scarcely be considered necessary by readers acquainted with, and able to appreciate the scholarship and research embodied in his former works. The first two chapters contain a general description of the district and a history of Bulandshahr, its chief town. The third and last chapter gathers up the special interest of the book into a circumstantial account of the extensive local improvements carried out under the direction of Mr. Growse as Magistrate and Collector during the last six years ; explains and defends the underlying principles of improvement ; and concludes by urging their wider recognition. Turning to this chapter we are met by the thesis Mr. Growse has emphatically made his own, *viz*, "that architecture in India is still a living art, with unlimited capabilities of healthy expansion." This thesis he defends against critics, who appeal to the patent ugliness of most modern buildings in India as a proof to the contrary, by showing that their antithesis is alike imperfect as to fact and induction based thereon. As to fact, it cannot be denied, he urges, that even now a beautiful building occasionally rises up in a small district where foreign influence is away. "Vitality," therefore, is not extinct, but is only temporarily and accidentally suspended, and can be re-awakened." As to induction : "it has not been sufficiently considered who are really responsible for these architectural enormities." Into the question of responsibility Mr. Growse enters at great length with evident zest. The Department of Public Works (and we now reveal an open secret of his) is bad, the very *fons et origo mali*. To it, therefore, we would commend the following excerpt as a study in combined humour

and logic, and would add for the satisfaction of the reader that the passage is not a solitary one. "Our engineers' buildings, as a rule, have the one merit of simplicity. They make no pretence of pleasing the eye, but neither do they often wilfully offend it by an obtrusive display of misplaced architectural embellishment. Considered as temporary makeshifts for the deposit of departmental returns, or the casual shelter of distressed officials, they might pass uncriticized. But, unfortunately, the people of the country will not regard them from this purely utilitarian point of view. The Government is omnipotent, and if it chooses to lodge its servants at equal cost in sheds and godowns, instead of in courts and palaces, it must not be from want of thought or skill; but because it deliberately prefers the shed-and-godown style of construction. The latter is, therefore, the style which loyal subjects are bound to adopt, if they would be in harmony with their rulers." Mr. Growse will not deny us (unless, indeed, he is terribly in earnest) our innocent merriment over his pretty quarrel with the engineers. His passion—shall we say it?—is something done to tatters. But it is far from our purpose to make light of what Mr. Growse thinks and writes about the material and moral progress of India. On almost every page the thoughtful reader will find matter for reflection, and will be thankful to the author for having risen superior to the manifold and easily-besetting temptations of (if we may use the term in reference to the little book under notice) autobiography. The illustrations, eight in number, accompanying the volume have been carefully reproduced and are a valuable addition.

"Bulandshahr," though, perhaps, it cannot take its place beside "Mathura," as representing Mr. Growse at his best, stands out as a worthy record of six years' hard, honest, sympathetic, district work.

STUDIES IN ISLAM. *An examination of the claims of Ishmael as viewed by Muhammadans.* By J. D. Bate, M.R.A.S. Published by Lazarus & Co., Benares 1885.—These "Studies in Islam" are intended as a *vade-mecum*, armed with which the Christian preacher may the better hope to demolish his Muhammadan antagonist; and are devoted to a refutation of the fundamental dogma of Islam, *viz.*, that Ishmael and not Isaac was the "Child of Promise." To discuss the evangelical principle underlying a work of this kind would be to enter upon a critical inquiry into the history of Missionary enterprise in India. Mr. Bate has of course his own reading of the history of Indian Missions, and would differ from some of us as to the real value to be attached to the so-called rational refutations that have passed current among Christianising agencies. He claims for his book that its subject has never yet been specifically and separately

treated of by any advocate of Christianity. So far he is quite within his ground. But Mr. Bate apparently claims as an author the right of steadfastly ignoring the recognised principles of book-making, and as a consequence the reader—eye, brain and all of him—is tortured. Whether the young Missionary, for whom this work is intended, possesses an ostrich-like digestion, may be still an open question. At any rate, a first step to its solution is now offered by Mr. Bate in a way that may be of some importance to the success of his literary venture.

To come down to particulars :—Mr Bate has set apart the bottom of almost every page (as if by an inherent fitness of things) for a lavish display of the treasures of his well-stored library and note books. It would not be much amiss if the notes elucidated the text. How seldom they do this we will leave to the industrious student to discover. But in the name of all true learning we must protest against notes like that at page 222, which quotes thirteen different authorities on the state of learning among the Saracens ; or that on page 88, which contains forty-four references to the subject of circumcision. Does Mr. Bate imagine that references to Strabo, Diodorus, Farajius, Philostorgius, Meninski and the rest, solemnly ushered in, time after time, by—"the curious reader may find some interesting information in the following places"—are helpful to the young Indian missionary, or in the remotest degree indicative of the author's learning? We can assure the author that every "generous" reader will forgive the printer, for whose deficiencies, in the matter of Syriac type and a Hebrew font complete with Dagesh and accents, Mr. Bate offers a full though unnecessary apology. Will Mr. Bate take our word for it that he stands alone? Casaubon is no more. The days for a "Key to all the Mythologies" are past, or, if Mr. Bate prefer it, are yet to come. The text of Mr. Bate's volume is a single unbroken chapter of 352 pages, prefaced, fortunately, by a careful and neat analysis of the arguments, and supplied with two full indexes. While the present volume can scarcely be regarded as a proof of Mr. Bate's powers of original research, it points to him as a useful compiler of the promised series, if only he will moderate his passion for learned lumber. These "Studies" as the work of ten years claim our respect, and it can be conscientiously said of them that, an encyclopædia apart, they contain the fullest bibliographical presentation of the subject-matter.

LOKER'S INDIAN PRESS GUIDE AND EASTERN ADVERTISER HANDBOOK. *Madras* : *Vest & Co.* 1885.—This is the first issue of what is likely to be a useful publication for English manufacturers and traders generally, who may require for advertising purposes an

exhaustive list of newspapers and other periodicals published in India. The publications are arranged in two separate lists ; the first list gives the places of publication, in alphabetical order, with the population of each, the name of the paper or periodical, the language, the price and publisher's name, and how often it is issued. The second list is in the form of an alphabetical index of the names of the publications. A third list gives particulars regarding English newspapers and periodicals having special interest for Indian journalists. The information is useful and is conveyed in a simple and easily intelligible form.

A PRIMER CATECHISM OF SANITATION FOR INDIAN SCHOOLS. By L. A. Stapley. *Calcutta : Thacker, Spink & Co.* 1884.—Mr. Stapley is already well-known to Indian schoolmasters by his useful little books of Exercises in translation from English into the various vernaculars and *vice versa*. His Sanitary Catechism is founded on Dr. Cunningham's Sanitary Primer, which has been officially adopted for all schools by the Education Departments, and it has been prepared under the supervision of the author of the Primer. The publication of the useful information which the Primer contains in a form likely to render it more readily available for class-room purposes by teachers of all grades, is a step towards popularising " sound learning " on a most important but much neglected subject.

THE MAID OF CASHMERE. A Drama in two Acts. By Mrs. E. R. McGrath. *Calcutta : W. Newman & Co.* 1885.—This " Drama " may be described as a tragi-comedy ; for while it is tragic in intention, it is comic in execution. Its characters brake out frequently into song to the appropriate airs of *Tax bé Tax* and *Hillee Milles Punnia*, and after commencing to utter their sentiments in plain (if somewhat dull) prose, they presently, with no apparent reason, launch out into verse—and such verse ! One Hafiz Ali, for instance, fitly described as " an adventurer," appears, like poor Charles Lamb, to have been the victim of that " fly-in-your-ointment," poor relations ; and after complaining of them in prose, he soars (or sinks) into rhythmical objurgation after this fashion :—

Rapacious hordes of poor connections,
Of all degrees, of all descriptions ;
Relations furthest of the name,
Contending for the nearest claim.

But if the tragic aim of this drama is converted in the alembic of the authoress's style into comedy, the comedy of it is after all so dull, that we thankfully bid the " Maid of Cashmere " a long farewell.

THE CREAM

Of the Quarterly Review.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1885.

Dean Mansel	—
The London Livery Companies	—
Mr. Froude's Life of Carlyle	—
The Highlanders and their Landlords	—
Samuel Johnson and his Age	—
The Congo and the Berlin Conference	—
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THE ISOLATION OF ENGLAND.—In spite of the efforts of the Ministry to divert the attention of the country from foreign and colonial affairs, a feeling of disquietude, and even of alarm, is rapidly extending among the people.

It would be scarcely fair to saddle Lord Kimberley and Lord Derby with the entire blame of the perils that surround us. The Liberals are reaping as they have sown. In announcing to Europe that there was to be no more "Imperialism"—no more nursing our colonies, no more attempts to secure India, no more squandering of money on fleets and armies—we practically issued an invitation to every power to pursue a policy of aggression. Rumours of war are all over Europe, and every power in turn is making ready to elbow England out of some part of her possessions.

Germany is establishing herself in South Africa, and has long had her eyes upon the Samoan Islands, with a view to the acquisition of an important station in the Southern Pacific. But here she is likely to meet with opposition from the Government of New Zealand, which evidently is not yet prepared to accept

meekly the "sublime" but ruinous tenets of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Derby. The Australian and New Zealand colonists have not been converted to the doctrine, that England and her offshoots occupy too large an area, and that any future movement must be in the direction of curtailment. These colonists have taken alarm at the annexations of Germany in Australasian waters, and before any one in England decides that this alarm is unreasonable, he will do well to look a little into the facts. It has been announced that the German flag is to be hoisted over New Britain, New Ireland, and the Admiralty Islands, including the north coast of New Guinea—rich and fertile regions, most of them discovered by Englishmen, all of them valuable to our not too-prosperous trade. In 1883 the Queensland Government proclaimed its sovereignty over these islands. Lord Derby refused to ratify the act of the Queensland Government, and Germany as promptly stepped in and claimed the territory. "I protest," writes an Australian to the *Times*, "against the policy of the British Government in taking from us rich islands in our waters, and literally giving them to Germany." This protest has apparently fallen unheeded on English ears, and the Australians are left to draw the conclusion that if they wish to protect themselves they cannot too soon abandon even a nominal connection with England. Hence there are proposals now being discussed for the formation of a Federated nation in the South Pacific, involving the severance of all ties with England; and New Zealand seems to be prepared to adopt a still more active course by boldly annexing the Samoan group.

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Then it is further announced that the French intend to take the New Hebrides, although Lord Derby has mustered up spirit enough to avow that this would be regarded by England as "an unfriendly act." Meeker protest was never made by British statesman, but apparently the French are not disposed to look upon it as an adequate cause for changing their intention. The New Hebrides will probably go with the rest, and the history of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration will be associated with enormous gains all over the world to every country save his own.

In South Africa, in Australia, in the West Indies, there is a rising feeling of anger and discontent towards England. At the Colonial Office there is but one answer for the representatives of the colonies—"Do not come here disturbing us. Let us alone, pray go home, and muddle through your affairs in your own way."

Look at India. We are allowing Russia to move on steadily, year after year, towards our northwest frontiers, and if any one even ventures to call attention to her advances, it is thought an excellent method of putting him down to describe him as another half-demented victim of the "great Russian bugbear," or to say that we ought to welcome Russia because she is "a civilizing power." Meanwhile, the Persian Empire is falling to pieces, and Russia is drawing near to seize it. There is nothing to prevent her from taking Herat whenever she is disposed to stretch forth her hand. "Pledges" that she will never do so we have, no doubt, in profusion, but Russia and her pledges are now tolerably well understood, even in Radical circles. She vowed never to touch Merv, or to move towards Sarakhs, and we all know what has happened. The Persians now see plainly what is coming. They dread the approach of the foe who has been proved to be irresist-

tible, and in the general dissolution of old Empires which is going on, they see that Herat must go the Czar, unless England bestirs herself from her lethargy, and exerts the power for which she was once famous in every corner of the East. Who supposes for a moment that England will do anything of the sort, while her foreign and colonial policy is in the hands of the present Ministers? They are not thinking of India or of the colonies, but of the measures which will probably keep them or their party in power, and of which Mr. Chamberlain gave a convenient outline at Ipswich on the 14th of January.

Now there are rumours of a German settlement in Zululand, a settlement which will give Germany control over the outlet from the Transvaal to the sea. If we try to ascertain the opinions of the Ministry on these questions, we soon discover that all is blank. On the Suffrage Bill there are endless fine speeches; but as to Angra Pequena, or even Egypt, there is dead silence. Mr. Chamberlain did, it is true, in his Birmingham speech of 5th January, speak of Egypt, but he treated it as a question interesting chiefly to "bondholders and financial speculators". "We will not yield," he said, "to the interested clamour of financial greed at home." At the same time, Mr. Chamberlain thought that it might be as well to inform all whom it might concern that we are not to be insulted with impunity.

Prince Bismarck has not acted very magnanimously, although Germany, after all that has been said and done, merely "snapped up some unconsidered trifle of territory which we have hitherto not thought it worth while to acquire"—a few sour grapes, to put it in fewer words. For the rest, Mr. Chamberlain wished it to be known that he likes Prince Bismarck rather than not; he pats him encouragingly on the back, tells him that he is a "large-minded man," a veteran statesman, and pays him other pinchbeck compliments. The spectacle of Mr. Chamberlain patronizing Prince Bismarck has certainly not been equalled this year in any of the Christmas pantomimes, and it is easy to imagine the grim chuckle with which the German Chancellor revelled over it. We now know what Mr. Chamberlain thinks of Prince Bismarck; it would be worth something to hear in Prince Bismarck's own words what he thinks of Mr. Chamberlain.

Perhaps we had here better tell the story of Angra Pequena, the unconsidered trifle which our great statesman had in view at Birmingham.

Towards the close of 1882, Herr Luderitz announced to the Foreign Office at Berlin his intention to "found a factory somewhere on the West African coast, between the 22nd and 28th degrees of south latitude." He asked whether, in carrying out this undertaking, he would receive the protection of the Empire? In February 1883, Lord Granville was consulted by the German *Chargé d'Affaires* as to whether England asserted any special rights of sovereignty over this part of the coast; but the matter dragged on until November, when Count Herbert Bismarck was again instructed to make "oral or official enquiry of the British Government, whether England had any claims to the territory of Angra Pequena, and upon what these claims were based." To this Lord Granville replied, in effect, that although the sovereignty of the Queen had not been proclaimed along the whole coast, yet that it would regard a claim

on the part of any other Power as an "encroachment on the legitimate rights" of the British Government. On the 31st of December, the German Government asked, as before, for some evidence of England's title to the territory; there was a great delay in returning an answer, and Prince Bismarck filled up the time by telegraphing to the German Consul at Cape Town—on the 24th April, 1884—that Herr Luderitz and his settlement must be looked upon as under the protection of the Empire. Count Münster was directed to present an official notification of this act to Lord Granville, but a month later Germany was still without any reply from the British Government, and after some further communications, Prince Bismarck directed Count Münster to state that England had no right to the coast, that he had been well aware of this all along, and that Germany "had not been treated by England on a footing of equality." On the 22nd of June, Lord Granville told Count Herbert Bismarck, that the "Cabinet had yesterday resolved to recognize the German protectorate" already referred to. While all this was going on the Cape Government appears to have resolved to take possession of the coast from the Orange River northwards; a peremptory despatch from Prince Bismarck was placed before our Government, complaining of the four months' delay in replying to his Note of December 31st, 1883, and soon afterwards the German ironclad, the "*Wolf*," mounted guard over the disputed coast—Walfisch Bay excepted—and Lord Granville was left to eat his own words about the "encroachment on our legitimate rights."

But this is only the first act in the drama. Prince Bismarck, in his speech to the Reichstag on the 10th January, can afford to be good-humoured, though his good-humour is tinged, as usual, with sarcasm.

"That England," he said, "in her consciousness that 'Britannia rules the waves,' looks on in some surprise when her landlubberly cousin, as we seem to her, suddenly goes to sea too, is not to be wondered at." It is a little hard upon us just now, after nearly five years of Mr. Gladstone's rule, to throw "Britannia rules the waves" in our teeth. Heaven knows that we are all of us far enough from being in the mood to revive that musty ballad of the past, and no one has yet had the courage to arrange it as a trio for Lord Kimberley, Lord Derby, and Lord Granville.

The speech was, strangely enough, received at first by the English press with a chorus of gratitude.

But there was more behind. We were virtually told that any interference with Germany's colonial schemes would compel her "to support, without wishing it, those who are adversaries to England."

It does not require much reading between the lines to see the allusion to Egypt in these words, and this our newspapers tardily perceived, and ventured to speak once more of the interests of England.

Angra Pequena would be much more valuable to Germany with St. Lucia Bay added to it. An enterprising German, Dr. Einwald, has recently acquired a large tract of country on each side of the bay—100,000 acres—for a musical box "with bells." On the 8th January, Herr Einwald was "interviewed" by an evening paper.

He declared that the Zulus are perishing "because of the consequences—the direct consequences—of the English Government"; that the Boers have thrown the whole country into anarchy; that Cetewayo's son—King Dinizulu—had appealed to him for German protection. "Ask your old Emperor," said this enlightened monarch, "to save Zululand," and then, unconscious of the danger of dealing with the gift-bearing Germans, he stretched forth his hand for the fatal musical box, and Herr Einwald "took him into his wagon," and "made him comfortable." Who can doubt that, if the present Ministry remains in power, St. Lucia will, after a decorous interval, go to Germany, although it was actually ceded to England in 1843, and still belongs to us? It appears from Herr Einwald's statement that Lord Derby has recently said or done something to disclaim all responsibility for the territory, probably as involving "too much trouble" to look after it. The only consolation we shall have in the affair is, that when Germany is on the borders of the Transvaal the Boers will infallibly get—what we have never been able to give them—their deserts; and they will then be taught that Europeans do not always run away after a defeat.

Then, again, with regard to Egypt, it is notorious that France is deeply chagrined at our course there, and is watching all our movements with extreme jealousy and dislike. Both she and all the powers, be it borne in mind, are practically united in holding us responsible for the costly work of restoring order in Egypt.

Mr. Gladstone, from the moment he entered into office, thought proper to treat the Porte as an extinct power, and yet there can be no doubt that the Sultan could, and would, have brought Arabi to his senses, and we need never have sent out our troops to do that work, nor would Alexandria have been burnt, nor would a British army be now on its way to liberate a gallant officer who was sent out into the desert to work a miracle. Mr. Gladstone could not, in common decency, look to the Sultan for any support after the Midlothian speeches; his attacks upon Austria might be wiped out by an apology, but no apology could soothe the indignation which had been stirred up at Constantinople. Therefore Mr. Gladstone decided to settle Egypt without the Sultan, and even without the Khedive; and to that determination all our subsequent troubles must be ascribed.

The complete success of Lord Wolseley will be the beginning of the most serious part of our difficulties. The financial proposals of England have not been accepted by any of the powers. An alternative scheme from France will soon be before us, and with it a few words from Germany and Austria indicating their dissent from the English proposals.

The Government has been urged to prepare for this by announcing that a "new situation has been created, to which previous engagements and understandings do not apply"—a method familiar enough to Mr. Gladstone in connection with domestic politics, but not, perhaps, to be so lightly applied to transactions which are carried on with the great Powers of Europe. Tactics which a popular Minister may safely employ in his own country may prove to be excessively hazardous when brought to bear upon France or Germany. Speakers and writers continue to assert loudly that we must not and cannot sacrifice English interests in Egypt; but what proof is there that the Govern-

ment entertains any such views? As we have shown, the only Minister who has recently spoken treated the matter as if it concerned merely "bloated bond-owners" and riggers of the markets. The immense responsibilities we have incurred by practically deposing the Khedive and his Ministry, and by commanding the abandonment of the Soudan, including Khartoum, seem to be absolutely unfelt by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. So long as there is no popular outcry in England, they appear to care nothing whatever for what may happen in Egypt. They can forget or explain away everything—the destruction of Alexandria; the slaughter of Baker Pasha's wretched forces; the sacrifice of the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokat; the massacre at Berber; the useless loss of so many gallant officers and men of the British army. Very little is said in England about the long and shameful history, and the Ministry feel secure. But it cannot be that the English people will always remain blind to the wrong and the injustice that have been wrought, and if nothing else can cause the scales to drop from their eyes, the storm which is rising in all parts of Europe will, without doubt, perform that operation for them.

Prince Bismarck boasted the other day that Germany was "surrounded by friends." The opposite statement would be more true of England. Every power has been estranged from us. We have stood alone before this, but never before have we laid ourselves so open to attack.

What we have done in Egypt is past all excuse, unless we intend to admit the responsibility of the government of the Egyptians for some time to come. Nothing can give us a right to go into a country and destroy its chief port, and depose its rulers, and plunge it into disorder and bloodshed, and then walk off, leaving it to anarchy. We are powerful, but not powerful enough to do that with impunity. But, whatever may be our opinion upon the point, we shall evidently not be permitted to hold it unmolested. Turkey, as we have said, is advancing from the background. The new Envoy is reported to have instructions in his portfolio to call for the "prompt withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt proper." We know not what truth there may be in the report, but it is not intrinsically improbable. And if it be well founded, is it likely that the Sultan would have taken this step without making tolerably sure that he would not be left without backers? He cannot have doubted what his answer would be in England, for even the present Ministry, laden with humiliation as it is, could not survive twelve hours if the English people believed that they were about to permit the Turk to drive them out of Egypt. The Sultan, we may be sure, is acting with premeditation, and under advice; and concurrent with his move, there are the warnings, deep and full of meaning, of Prince Bismarck.

The new year opened darkly for England; in the lifetime of the present generation the omens of evil were never so visible or alarming. The cloud of war is distinctly gathering over our heads, and the Government of the country goes on, blind to everything except to the poor little intrigues for keeping their party in power. It is only from some emphatic manifestation of public opinion that any safety can come now.

THE CREAM

Of the Monthly "Reviews."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

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THE UPPER ENGADINE IN WINTER.—Where the Anglo-Indian who has left India on furlough or at the end of his service, shall spend his winters is a question that must always have an interest, whether near or remote, for a large majority of the readers of the *Indian Review*. Professor Main's pleasant description of the beauties of scenery and the advantages of climate to be found in the Upper Engadine may assist in the choice of winter quarters some who are at a loss which of the many refuges to choose against the east winds and fogs that render an English winter such an unpleasant ordeal to a home-returning Quihye.

In the east of Switzerland, amongst the highlands of the Grisons, lies a long, broad valley, which, although out of the track of the majority of tourists, is visited in summer by some thousands of English people in search of health or pleasure. This upper valley of the Inn, or Engadine, can also boast of a winter season, during which St. Moritz is the home alike of persons suffering from pulmonary complaints, nervous diseases, and other disorders, and of those who come for the skating and tobogganning. So long ago as the winter of 1867-68 an entry occurs in the visitors' book at the Kulm Hotel, recording the advantage which the writer, suffering from disease of the lungs, had experienced from a five months' sojourn there. Similar testimony was furnished by persons staying at St. Moritz during the next two seasons. After this, notwithstanding such favourable witness to its curative capabilities, and the increasing reputation of Davos as a resort for consumptive patients, no one remained at St. Moritz during the winter months until 1876. This was owing partly to the want of local enterprise in advertising it as a health resort, partly to want of preparation in the shape of stoves and double windows, to enable invalids to continue there during the cold season. Since 1876, however, the number of winter guests has increased. This winter upwards of one hundred and ninety people are spending several months there, and Davos, whose climate is similar to that of Engadine, bids fair in a few years to be overcrowded. It is, consequently, very desirable that the number of such health resorts should be multiplied, and that those which are adapted for invalids should become well known, in order that they may be put in a state of preparation for the class of persons likely to come to them.

Places in the Alps to be entirely suitable in winter for invalids, or for those whom residence in the East has unfitted to face bitter winds and damp cold, should possess, if possible, a sheltered position not too high up on a hillside, should be exposed to the sun, sufficiently remote from running water to prevent mists reaching the hotel, and accessible to the outside world by carriage roads. The Upper Engadine, which at present offers four winter health resorts—St. Moritz, Samaden, Pontresina, and Maloja—can be reached by six great Alpine routes: the Julier and Maloja from Chur, the Bermina and Maloja from Italy, the Fluela from Davos, and the road from the Austrian Tyrol. Of these the passes most likely to be used by travellers from England are the Julier and Maloja, since the others are either higher or more exposed to avalanches. The nature of the passage varies with the weather.

In winter the summer diligence is replaced by a series of small sledges, each drawn by one horse and holding two passengers. As a rule, only the first and last sledges have drivers. Along the narrow track formed in the snow the procession walks or trots, according to the degree of the slope. The horses are accustomed to their work, and follow their leader without the use of the reins. But if they should chance to be fresh to their duties and leave the track, they will flounder more than knee-deep in the powdery snow, on which the occupants of the sledge will then usually find themselves deposited without violence or hurt. If the road is in good condition, the

weather fine, as it generally is in the Alps in winter, and the traveller well clad in warm wraps or furs, a day's drive over the snow is one of the pleasantest experiences imaginable. Starting in the early morning, the keen, cold air makes the flesh tingle. Then is the time, before the sun has gained full power, to put on warm overcoats, and to cover up the ears and the hands. As we go on, the sun, shining through the thin air, begins to burn fiercely, and we are glad to discard one by one many coverings which were necessary earlier in the day. This peeling process may continue until we feel surprised at the lightness of the covering required, but these rejected wraps will have to be donned again as evening advances. The combination of warm, bright sun with the cold, crisp air of which one is scarcely conscious, constitutes the great charm of the Alpine winter climate. The nerves and muscles are braced, so that exercise is not merely pleasant, but almost indispensable, and the only life tolerable is one spent in the open air, either basking in the sunshine or carrying on the various amusements of the season. If the weather in crossing a pass should happen to be unfavourable—in which case common sense would recommend that the journey should be deferred—the traveller may gain an experience to be remembered with anguish for the rest of his life. When lowering clouds discharge their burden of snow which, flung about in huge wreaths by a furious wind, blinds traveller, driver, and horses, and so covers up the track that the animals can scarcely make headway against the raging storm, then, despite the skill of the driver and the sagacity of his beasts, who, if well used to their work, will keep to the track even when deeply covered with snow, the situation will become most perilous. The worst that can happen is, that the accumulation of drifts and the force of the storm may render it impossible to proceed, and sledge and horses will be rapidly snowed up. The sledges are accompanied on stormy days by two or three of the roadmen, whose duty is to keep the track in order by shovelling fresh snow upon it in the places that are worn. They follow the sledges and, when necessary, dig them out or cut through drifts. Thus, by slow and painful stages, the travellers may reach their haven of safety, to suffer for days in eyes and skin, if not more severely, from the terrible exposure.

But there is no need to wait till the passes are covered with snow before making the journey to this upland valley. There are many reasons why travellers should arrive in autumn.

The weather is then not so cold, and new comers can get accustomed to the air of the Engadine before the severe weather sets in. The autumn, too, possesses recommendations of its own. September is usually a glorious month, and boasts a larger proportion of cloudless or only partially clouded days than any other month in the year. The woods, which in summer are masses of sombre green, become resplendent with gorgeous tints of crimson and gold, reminding one in many ways of the beauties of the American "Indian summer." The mountains are ablaze with colour, and the eye wanders up their sides to rest on their snow-clad summits, which stand out in clear-cut relief against the deep-blue sky. All these manifold beauties, mirrored in the unruffled surface of the mountain lakes, form a rare combination of rich and harmonious colouring. The snow which falls at this season instead of rain, usually remains on the highest parts of the mountains, but does not long continue in the valley, and the sublimity of the view is thus improved by the dignity, which

this white mantle lends to the surrounding hills. The autumn, however, like the spring, is, in the Engadine, a transition period of very brief duration. Soon the snowfalls become more heavy, and the "snowing-in" begins. In two or three days several feet may fall, and one morning finds the ground thickly covered with a garment which will remain for about five months. The time at which this, which marks the beginning of winter, takes place, varies considerably in different years; but it is pretty safe to average its duration from November 14 to May 1.

The "snowing-in" period, so often supposed to be an extremely objectionable and almost intolerable time, is not so bad as it is painted. There are some days of unsettled weather and thaw which are unpleasant enough, but they are quickly followed by the heavy downfall, and then a spell of calm, cloudless days will usually follow. Wheel vehicles are replaced by sledges, snow gaiters are put on, and visitors, as well as natives, give themselves up to the pleasures of tobogganing.

The toboggan is a small sledge, about 42 inches long by 14 inches wide, on iron runners. The rider drags it to the top of a steep snow slope, on which the snow has been beaten down so as to become hard, sits astride it with feet slightly projecting in front, and allows himself to slide. Soon he is rushing through the air at a tremendous pace; all his attention is bent on turning the corners neatly and with the least possible interference with the motion of the machine. Faster and faster he goes down the steep incline, with a cry of "Achtung!" to warn anyone off the course; at the same time he keeps a sharp look-out for dangers ahead, until he reaches the long piece on the level which ends his journey. Strange to say, there are very few accidents, although the speed is considerable, often amounting to more than twenty-five miles an hour. The mode of guiding a toboggan is either by pressing lightly with the heels on the snow on the side towards which one wishes to go, or by using one of two sticks held in the hands. By pressing both feet the brake is applied and the machine readily stopped, except when the upper surface of the track is glazed with ice; in this case a halt is made by running off the course into the soft snow on either hand. Toboggan runs can be made on any sloping ground. The snow requires to be first more or less consolidated on the surface to prevent the runners from sinking in. At St. Moritz, which is the only place in the Engadine where many visitors have stayed in the winter, there are three runs. One goes through the village, then along a road leading to the St. Moritz Baths, and finishes under the English Church. On this course there is always much uncertainty in turning the corners of the village street as to what may be encountered further on, and it is frequently necessary to exercise special care, and sometimes even to slacken speed, in passing sledges, as the horses drawing them are not always accustomed to toboggans provided not only with shouting riders, but often with jingling cow-bells. Another run at St. Moritz leads from the front of the Kulm Hotel, along the footpath, through a gate padded with sacks to diminish the discomfort of a collision; it then goes down a flight of steps, which, covered over and banked up with snow, give a very steep slope, turns sharp to the left, and so by one or two curves runs on to the frozen surface of the lake. No one who has not tried it can realise how much variety a course like this can supply in a short three minutes. Many were the

occasions, during some races held there, on which the toboggan and its rider parted company, the first to perform a journey alone, the latter to be shot forward and buried in the snow. But the favourite run is by a steep footpath on the way to Samaden. Here, late in the season, when the track has become glazed with ice, the speed is enormous, and there is one corner round which one always looks eagerly for the first peep of the highway to see if there are any sledges coming along the road, which might bring before one, in a very unpleasant manner, the dangers of a level crossing. When the track is in condition for fastest going this road is altogether cleared by the toboggan, a slight rise on one side of it giving a sufficient elevation to enable the machine to shoot over it, and come to ground some distance on the other side, thence, to dash on at express speed towards its final leap. There is a feeling of boundless exhilaration in thus flying through the air which cannot be imagined unless it has been experienced. The only thing at all resembling it is riding on a locomotive engine, but the jolting and bumping in the latter case are absent on a good, though by no means on a bad, toboggan course, and the rider is much more master of his machine, which, though going at nearly equal speed, can be almost immediately brought to rest. The delight of this exciting sport may be much intensified if it be carried on by moonlight. Then the extreme cold of the night freezes the upper surface of the snow and makes the travelling faster than by day. There is a feeling of weirdness and doubt as one dashes into the masses of shadow projected from wall and gable. The attention is strained to the utmost to avoid any lurking perils that have to be detected by eyes dazed with passing from brilliant moonlight for an instant only into the darkness, thence to emerge with headlong speed into the brightness beyond.

The skating on the rinks and on the five lakes, when it happens that no snow falls while they are freezing, is so much appreciated that many enthusiasts go from England to the Engadine for a month or six weeks about Christmas in order to enjoy it.

Many of the winter visitors, hale and invalid alike, spend the whole day, from sunrise to sunset, on the rinks, and this for the greater part of the four months during which the water continues frozen. Lunch is partaken of on benches on the ice; and although surrounded by snow, people are warmed, and even scorched, by the fierce heat of the sun, which is not only poured down directly on them, but also reflected from the surface of the snow and ice around. It is thus that so many invalids are here enabled to regain their strength. The power of the sun's action is shown by the bronzed appearance of those who leave the Engadine in the spring, whose countenances excite much attention and surprise from the palefaced inhabitants of the plains. Very often persons skating find it necessary to hold up umbrellas and parasols to shelter them from the heat of the sun—a curious and unwonted sight.

Of all the places in the Engadine which are available for a winter stay, St. Moritz is the most likely to be selected.

This village stands about three hundred feet above the lake of the same name. The mountains rising three to five thousand feet above the valley on either side, afford complete protection from winds blowing in north-west and south-east directions, but those blowing up and down the valley meet with few obstacles to check them. In summer the warm air which rises from the plains of

Lombardy comes over the low pass of the Maloja, and having been cooled by expansion in the upper regions of lower air-pressure, forms the refreshing valley-wind which is so familiar to all visitors to St. Moritz in the summer. It rises regularly about eleven o'clock in the morning, and dies away in the afternoon about three. This breeze, which is so pleasant in the hot months, would be intolerable in the winter, but at this season, owing to the universal covering of snow there are not the same great differences of temperature in adjacent places to cause local winds, and consequently the only atmospheric disturbances that are perceived are those which reach the district from the outside.

At St. Moritz the largest hotel is the Kulm, and this is filled by a colony composed almost entirely of English people, of whom the minority are persons in search of health. The remainder is made up of caretakers, and of casuals who come for pleasure. So successful have the last two seasons proved at St. Moritz, that several hotels which have hitherto been closed are open this year. The great length of the corridors and the exceptionally large public rooms at the Kulm Hotel make it especially suited for a prolonged residence, and obviate that overcrowding which is injurious to health and trying to temper. The situation, not too high on the slope of a hill facing south, is one of the best that could be selected, since the cold air and mist sink down and collect at the bottom of the valley, so that there is a much higher temperature in the village than at the baths, which are three hundred feet below. This difference of temperature is especially noticeable in the early morning. In going from the village down to the lake, we pass from a perfectly clear, dry atmosphere into a region where, owing to the frozen vapour present, the air is filled by millions of small ice-crystals. These reflect from innumerable facets the rays of the sun, making the atmosphere seem filled with floating jewels, and at the same time produce a feeling of damp cold. Here, also, the surface of the snow and of any object which is exposed to the air is covered with those wonderful fabrics, large-sized lace-like hexagonal crystals of snow of all forms, radiant with gorgeous colour which vary with every movement of the observer, and are even more beautiful, because of their exquisite shapes, than the dew-diamonds on an English grass-field.

Sunshine lasts from 10-45 A.M. till 3 P.M. on the shortest day, and these hours mark the limit within which most invalids find it desirable to remain out of doors. There is often a difference of more than 50° F. between the temperature in sun and in shade. The sudden chill which accompanies sundown is remarkable. Sitting or walking one moment in full bright sunshine, one suddenly becomes conscious of a coldness stealing over the earth as the sun passes down behind the mountains. But indoors all kinds of creature comforts are well attended to, and smoking and billiards, cards and conversation, pass away the winter evenings, with occasional diversions on a larger scale in the form of private theatricals, penny readings, concerts, and dancing.

The last-named amusement absorbs much energy, and the crowning event of the season is a fancy-dress ball, in which a curious and miscellaneous collection of ancient and modern English dresses is usually associated with a series of interesting costumes of old Engadine beaux. Thus, despite the severe tempera-

ture outside, and contrary to the opinion of sympathising friends in England, it is possible for gaiety and good humour to hold high festival in the midst of this exiled band of English people spending the winter in one of the highest villages in the Alps.

Professor Main thinks that there are some drawbacks to a residence at each of the other Engadine resorts. The Bernina Hotel at Samaden is well conducted, but the town is not as high above the river as might be wished, and in consequence there are slight fogs in the morning, and the general temperature of the place is lower than that of the better placed St. Moritz—a defect which it shares with Pontresina. This village is crowded in summer, and is now making an effort to attract winter visitors also. The large new hotel at Maloja is unfortunate in its position as it stands unsheltered in the midst of the marshy land at the head of the Sils Lake and at the beginning of the long Engadine valley. The mountains here form a kind of funnel, through which blow not only the Maloja wind of the summer months, but also during the winter those strong winds which accompany bad weather from the Italian side. In all the villages the best medical attendance can be obtained, and probably more English doctors will go to the Engadine as the number of English guests increases. The splendid climate and air, the exhilaration, the vigour and the strength produced by them, the beauty of the mountains, as well as the comforts which are to be found in the hotels in a district half as high again as the top of the loftiest mountain in Great Britain, all conspire to furnish most powerful inducements to the strong as well as the weak. For the latter, it is difficult to imagine any circumstances under which an invalid could be placed to make life as agreeable as possible, and to fill him with that hope of improvement which goes so far to render enforced inaction endurable. Nor does the winter appear so long as might be supposed.

The variety of amusements and the delights of the climate make it pass quickly away. As the days get longer and the sun's rays acquire more power, the melting of the snow becomes much more rapid. The brooks which for months have been frost-bound wake up into motion. The southern slopes first lose their white covering, and patches of brownish green appear—a delightful sight after the long monotony of endless snow. The meadows soon become bogs and the roads watercourses. Through the steep streets there are running streams, and, in the shade, miniature glaciers, which necessitate much care in walking. Then, as the snow disappears almost entirely from the roads, the inhabitants of the villages meet together to break through the large drifts. Little by little sledges are relegated to the upper parts of the passes, and finally the heavy, lumbering diligence once more travels along the whole road. With the general awakening of life and motion on the surface of the earth, the unbroken stillness of the winter gives place to winds of icy coldness blowing over the

snow, surpassing English east winds in their fierce bitterness, and making existence barely tolerable in March and April. Then all who are able to leave, hasten their flight to other and more genial parts, carrying with them many pleasant recollections of a winter spent in a new way, amid the snow and ice of the Alps, and enabled by contrast the more keenly to appreciate the rich and varied beauty of foliage and colour that greet them on their arrival in lower-lying districts.

THE AMERICAN AUDIENCE.—Mr. Henry Irving indicates in this short article such traits of the bearing of the American playgoer as have impressed him with a sense of unfamiliarity and served to distinguish for him the American from the English audience.

Every American town, great or small, has—I believe, without exception—its theatre and its church, and when a new town is about to be built, the sites for a place of amusement and a place of worship are invariably those first selected. As an instance, take Pullman, which lies some sixteen miles from Chicago, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Calumet Lake. The original design of this little city, which is almost ideal in its organization, and has the enviable reputation of being absolutely perfect in its sanitation, was conceived on the lines just mentioned. Denver City, which is a growth almost abnormal even in an age and country of abnormal progress, has a theatre, which is said to be one of the finest in America. Boston, with its old civilisation, boasts seventeen theatres, or buildings in which plays are given; New York possesses no less than twenty-eight regular theatres, besides a host of smaller ones; and Chicago, whose very foundations are younger than the beards of some men of thirty, has, according to a printed list, over twenty theatres, all of which seem to flourish. The number of theatres in America and the influence they exercise constitute important elements in the national life. This great multiplication of dramatic possibilities renders it necessary to take a very wide and general view, if one wishes to get a distinct impression as to how audiences here differ from those at home. So at least it must seem to a player, who can only find comparison possible when points of difference suggest themselves. For a proper understanding of such difference in audiences, we must ascertain wherein consist the differences of the theatres which they frequent, both in architectural construction, social arrangement, and that habit of management which is a natural growth.

The enactments of the various States regulating the structure and conduct of places of amusement seem to make better provision for the comfort and safety of the audience than is to be found in most English theatres.

It is directed that the back of the auditorium should open by adequate doors directly upon the main passage or vestibule, and that through the centre of the floor should run an aisle right down to the orchestra rail. Thus the floor of the house is easy of access and exit, is generally of large expanse, and capable of containing half, or more than half, of the entire audience. It is usually divided into two parts—the orchestra or parquet, and the orchestra or parquet circle—the latter being a zone running around the former and covered by the projection

of the first gallery. The floor of an American theatre is, as a rule, on a more inclined plane than is customary in English theatres, and there is a good view of the stage from every part. Outside the parquet circle, and within the inner wall of the building, is usually a wide passage where many persons can stand. Thus in most houses there is a great elasticity in the holding power, which at times adds not a little to the managerial success. I cannot but think that in several respects we have much to learn from our American cousins in the construction and arrangement of the auditorium of the theatre; on the other hand, they might study with advantage our equipment behind the proscenium.

Mr. Irving speaks in a very guarded way about the discomforts and inconvenience to the audience that, arise from the peculiarly American institution of middlemen speculators on tickets who intervene between the managers of the theatre and the audience, buying up the tickets for any performance in bulk, and retailing them often at exorbitant prices. Probably Mr. Irving has not had much personal experience of the hustling which he allows must be gone through by a playgoer before he can reach his seat, and which would spoil an Englishman's temper for the rest of the evening. Having gained his seat after this hustling, the American playgoer is, as a rule, loth to leave it, even for a few moments, till the end of the performance.

The percentage of persons who move about during the *entr'acte* is, when compared with that in England, exceedingly small, and sinks into complete insignificance when contrasted with the exodus to the *foyer* customary in continental theatres. In the equipment of the American theatre there is one omission which will surprise us at home—that of the bar, or refreshment room. In not a single theatre that I can call to mind in America have I found provision made for drinking. It is not by any means that the average playgoer is a teetotaller, but that, if he wishes or needs to drink during the evening, he does it as he does during the hours of his working life, and not as a necessary concomitant to the enjoyment of his leisure hours. Two other things are noticeable: first, that the audiences are sometimes very unpunctual, and to suit the audiences the managers sometimes delay beginning. The audience depend on this delay, and the consequence frequently is, that a first act is entirely disturbed by their entry; secondly, that, after the play, it is a custom, in a degree unknown in any European capital, to adjourn to various restaurants for supper.

American audiences are particular as to the length of the performance; two hours and a half is the regulation maximum length to which a performance should run. Managers have to consider the difficulty of reaching their homes experienced by audiences in cities whose liberal arrangements of space and absence of cheap cabs render a due regard to the time necessary; and the audience is not to be trifled with or imposed on by short measure.

I have heard of a case in a city of Colorado where the manager of a travelling company, on the last night of an engagement, in order to catch a through train, hurried the ordinary performance of his play into an hour and a

half. When next the company were coming to the city they were met *en route*, some fifty miles out, by the sheriff, who warned them to pass on by some other way, as their coming was awaited by a large section of the able-bodied male population armed with shot guns. The company did not, I am informed, on that occasion visit the city. I may here mention that in America the dramatic season lasts about eight months—from the beginning of the “fall” in September till the hot weather commences in April. During this period the theatres are kept busy, as there are performances on the evenings of every week day, and in the South and West on Sunday evening also, whilst matinées are given every Saturday, and in a larger number of cases every Wednesday. In certain places even the afternoon of Sunday sees a performance. It is a fact, somewhat amusing at first, that in nearly all towns of comparatively minor importance the theatre is known as the Opera House.

Mr. Irving's observations are made of course from the point of view of the stage, and little facility of wider observation is afforded to a man who plays seven performances each week, and fills up most of the blank mornings with rehearsal or travel. But Americans will have nothing to blush for when reading the following account of the impression they made on the great actor.

The dominant characteristic of the American audience seems to be impartiality. They do not sit in judgment, resenting as positive offences lack of power to convey meanings or divergence of interpretation of particular character or scene. I understand that when they do not like a performance they simply go away, so that at the close of the evening the silence of a deserted house gives to the management a verdict more potent than audible condemnation. This does not apply to questions of morals, which can be, and are, as quickly judged here as elsewhere. On this subject I give entirely the evidence of others, for it has been my good fortune to see our audiences seated till the final falling of the curtain. Again, there is a kindly feeling on the part of the audience towards the actor as an individual, especially if he be not a complete stranger, which is, I presume, a part of that recognition of individuality which is so striking a characteristic in American life and customs. Many an actor draws habitually a portion of his audience, not in consequence of artistic merit, not from capacity to arouse or excite emotion, but simply because there is something in his personality which they like. This spirit forcibly reminds me of the story told of the manager of one of the old “Circuits,” who gave as a reason for the continued engagement of an impossibly bad actor, that “he was kind to his mother.” The thorough enjoyment of the audience is another point to be noticed. Not only are they quick to understand and appreciate, but there seems to be a genuine pleasure in the expression of approval. American audiences are not surpassed in quickness and completeness of comprehension by any that I have yet seen, and no actor need fear to make his strongest or his most subtle effort, for such is sure to receive instant and full acknowledgment at their hands.

There is little more than this to be said of the American audience. But short though the record is, the impression upon the player himself is profound and abiding. To describe what one sees and hears over the footlights is infinitely easier than to convey an idea of the mental disposition and feeling of the spectators. The house is ample and comfortable, and the audience is well-

disposed to be pleased. Ladies and gentlemen alike are mostly in morning dress, distinguished in appearance, and guided in every respect by a refined decorum. The sight is generally picturesque. Even in winter flowers abound, and the majority of ladies have bouquets either carried in the hand or fastened on the shoulder or corsage. At *matinée* performances especially, where the larger proportion of the audience is composed of ladies, the effect is not less pleasing to the olfactory senses than to the eye. Courteous, patient, enthusiastic, the American audience is worthy of any effort which the actor can make on its behalf, and he who has had experience of them would be an untrustworthy chronicler if he failed, or even hesitated, to bear witness to their intelligence their taste, and their generosity.

SCIENTIFIC *vs.* BUCOLIC VIVISECTION.—The opponents of vivisection are, to judge from the recent controversy carried on in the *Times*, girding up their loins for a fresh attack on this mode of experiment. This brief article clearly shows that, unless we are willing to alter the whole of our attitude to the lower animals and revolutionise our daily life to an inconceivable degree, we cannot with reason object to the practice of vivisection for the purposes of scientific investigation. It is evident that, as a preliminary to any rational discussion, the point to be decided is, "What is the just and moral attitude of man towards the lower animals?" Or, to put the question in another form: "What are the rights of animals as against man?"

Till these questions are answered with some approach to definiteness, we clearly shall float about in vague generalities. Formerly, animals had no rights; they have very few now in some parts of the East. Man exercised his power and cruelty upon them with little or no blame from the mass of his fellows. The improved sentiment in this respect is one of the best proofs of progress that we have to show. Cruelty to animals is not only punished by law, but reprobated, we may believe—in spite of occasional brutalities—by general public opinion. The point on which precision is required is, how far this reformed sentiment is to extend? Does it allow us to use animals (even to the extent of eating them) for our own purposes, on the condition of treating them well on the whole, of not inflicting upon them unnecessary pain; or should it logically lead to complete abstention from meddling with them at all, from interfering with their liberty, from making them work for us, and supplying by their bodies a chief article of our food? Only the extreme sect of vegetarians maintains this latter view, and with vegetarians we are not for the moment concerned; and I am not aware that even vegetarians oppose the labour of animals for the uses of man. Now, what I would wish to point out is, that if we do allow the use of animals by man, it is a practical impossibility to prevent the occasional, or even the frequent, infliction of great pain and suffering upon them, at times amounting to cruelty; that if the infliction of cruelty is a valid argument against the practice of vivisection, it is a valid argument against a number of other practices, which nevertheless go unchallenged. The general public has a right to ask the opponents of vivisection why they are so peremptory in denouncing one, and relatively a small form of cruelty, while they are silent and passive in reference to other and

much more common forms. We want to know the reason of what appears a very great and palpable inconsistency. We could understand people who said, "You have no more right to enslave, kill, and eat animals than men; *à fortiori*, you may not vivisect them." But it is not easy to see how those who do not object, apparently, to the numberless cruel usages to which the domesticated animals are inevitably subjected by our enslavement of them, yet pass these all by and fix their eyes exclusively on one minute form of cruelty, singling *that* out for exclusive obloquy and reprobation. Miss Cobbe (*Times*, Jan. 6) says: "The whole practice (of vivisection) starts from a wrong view of the use of the lower animals, and of their relations to us." That may be very true, but I question if Miss Cobbe has sufficiently considered the number of "practices" which her principles should lead her to pronounce as equally starting from a wrong view of the use of the lower animals, and of their relation to us.

Again, the anti-vivisectionists are inconsistent and irrational in refusing the challenge repeatedly made to them, either to denounce the cruelties of sport, or to hold their peace about the cruelties of vivisection.

Sport is a time-honoured institution, the amusement of the "fine old English gentleman," most respectable, conservative, and connected with the landed interest; hostility to it shows that you are a low radical fellow, quite remote from the feeling of good society. Sport is therefore let alone. The lingering agony and death of the wounded birds, the anguish of the coursed hare, the misery of the hunted fox, even when not aggravated by the veritable *auto da fe* of smoking or burning him out if he has taken to earth, the abominable cruelty of rabbit traps; these forms of cruelty and "torture," inasmuch as their sole object is the amusement of our idle classes, do not move the indignant compassion of the anti-vivisectionist. The sportsman may steal a horse when the biologist may not look over a hedge. The constant cruelty to horses by ill-fitting harness, over-loading, and over-driving must distress every human mind. A tight collar which presses on the wind-pipe and makes breathing a repeated pain must in its daily and hourly accumulation produce an amount of suffering which few vivisectionists could equal if they tried. Look at the forelegs of cab horses, especially of the four-wheelers on night service, and mark their knees "over," as it is called, which means seriously diseased joint, probably never moved without pain. The efforts of horses to keep their feet in "greasy" weather on the wood pavement are horrible to witness. To such a nervous animal as the horse the fear of falling is a very painful emotion; yet hundreds of omnibuses tear along at express speed every morning and evening, with loads which only the pluck of the animals enables them to draw, and not a step of the journey between the City and the West End is probably made without the presence of this painful emotion. Every day, in some part of the route, a horse falls. Then occurs one of the most repulsive incidents of the London streets, the gaping crowd of idlers, through which is heard the unfailing prescription to "sit on his head," promptly carried out by some officious rough, who has no scruples as to the "relations of the lower animals to us."

In war, again, the sufferings and consumption of animals is simply frightful.

Field-officers—some of whom, it appears, are opposed to vivisection—are

generally rather proud, or they used to be, of having horses "shot under them." But this cannot occur without considerable torture to the horses. The number of camels which slipped and "split up" in the Afghan war has been variously stated between ten and fifteen thousand. In either case animal suffering must have been on a colossal scale. Now the point one would like to see cleared up is, why this almost boundless field of animal suffering is ignored and the relatively minute amount of it produced in the dissecting-rooms of biologists so loudly denounced.

But it is not to the inconsistency of the attitude of anti-vivisectionists towards the cruelties of sport or of war that attention is directed so much as to their silence regarding the enormous amount of preventible suffering caused by the practice of vivisection as exercised by graziers and breeders on tens of thousands of animals yearly by an operation always involving great pain and occasionally death.

It is performed on horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and fowls. With regard to the horses the object is to make them docile and manageable. The eminent Veterinary-Surgeon Youatt, in his book on the Horse (chap. XV.), speaks of it as often performed "with haste, carelessness, and brutality;" but even he is of opinion "that the old method of preventing hæmorrhage by temporary pressure of the vessels while they are seared with a hot iron *must not perhaps be abandoned.*" He objects strongly to a "practice of some farmers," who, by means of a ligature, obtain their end, "not until the animal has suffered sadly," and adds that inflammation and death frequently ensue.

With regard to cattle, sheep, and pigs, the object of the operation is to hasten growth, to increase size, and to improve the flavour of the meat. The mutton, beef, and pork on which we feed are, with rare exceptions, the flesh of animals who have been submitted to the painful operation in question. In the case of the female pig the corresponding operation is particularly severe; while as to fowls, the pain inflicted was so excruciating in the opinion of an illustrious young physiologist, whom science still mourns, that he on principle abstained from eating the flesh of the capon.

There is no doubt that we here have vivisection in its harshest and most extensive form, and more animals are subjected to it in one year than have been vivisected in the interests of science in half-a-century.

It need not be said that anæsthetics are not used, and if they were or could be they would not assuage the suffering which follows the operation. It will surely be only prudent for the opponents of scientific vivisection to inform us why they are passive and silent with regard to bucolic vivisection. They declare that knowledge obtained by the torture of animals is impure, unholy, and vitiated at its source, and they reject it with many expressions of scorn. What do they say to their daily food which is obtained by the same means? They live by the results of vivisection on the largest scale—the food they eat—and they spend a good portion of their lives thus sustained in denouncing vivisection on the smallest scale because it only produces knowledge. It is true that they are not particular to conceal their suspicion that the knowledge claimed to be derived

from vivisection is an imposture and a sham. Do they not, by the inconsistencies here briefly alluded to, their hostility to alleged knowledge, and their devotion to very substantial beef and mutton, the one and the other the products of vivisection, expose themselves to a suspicion better founded than that which they allow themselves to express? They question the value of vivisection, may not the single-mindedness of their hostility to it be questioned with better ground? Biology is now the frontier science exposed for obvious reasons to the *odium theologicum* in a marked degree. The havoc it has made among cherished religious opinions amply accounts for the dislike which it excites. But it is difficult to attack. On the other hand, an outcry that its methods are cruel, immoral, and revolting may serve as a useful diversion, and even give it a welcome check. The Puritans, it was remarked, objected to bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear, but because it pleased the men. May we not say that vivisection is opposed, not because it is painful to animals, but because it tends to the advancement of science?

The question then recurs, "What is our proper relation to the lower animals?" May we use them? If so, cruelty and abuse will inevitably occur. Are we bound not to use them if we cause them suffering? Then our civilization and daily life must be reconstituted on a basis very different from the existing one.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

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A Word More about America. By MATTHEW ARNOLD
Reform of the House of Lords. By the Right Hon. the EARL OF PEMBROKE
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WILL RUSSIA CONQUER INDIA? (*Concluded*).—IV. The superior advantages possessed by Russia on the battlefield of future rivalry in Asia having been enumerated, let us now contrast the chances of Great Britain with them.

In the *first* place, the Englishman cannot claim the Russian power of assimilation.

India represents the prototype of the Asiatic cosmology with all its tremendous faults and shortcomings, whilst England, on the contrary, represents the embodiment of the modern view of the world, with its never-ceasing activity and its insatiable appetite for greatness, knowledge, and power. The representatives of the two cultures are opposed to each other not only in complexion, features, habits of life, customs and manners, but also in the slightest matters. The contrast begins at the cradle and ends at the grave, and theoretical views entertained concerning the community of the Aryan races will be of no effect whatever in smoothing over these distinctions. Those therefore who draw a most gloomy picture of the so-called social danger in India, who tell us that the Englishman looks down upon the native of India with contempt and disdain, that he will not travel with him in the same railway carriage and anxiously avoids every closer contact with him, undoubtedly administer to their countrymen a well-merited lesson from a utilitarian point of view; but they forget at the same time how hard it is to ask a Briton, reared in Western culture in an English

school, to become socially intimate with a Moslem or a Vishnu worshipper brought up in the superstitions of bygone ages.

One of the bad effects of these barriers is the exceedingly small number of Englishmen permanently settled in India, compared with the number of Russians settled amongst the Tartars, Caucasians, Mongolians, &c.

To the *second* advantage of Russia, *viz.*, her autocratico-despotic form of Government, must be opposed the strictly parliamentary and liberal Government of the British—a form of Government which, particularly in questions of Imperial policy, causes much delay and often injury.

We have seen, in but recent times, how, for instance, the Conservatives in pursuit of certain aims had sacrificed millions of pounds and thousands of lives, aims that were afterwards entirely repudiated by the opposing Liberal party. Similar things happen also in the internal administration of the colonies. The Conservatives wish to proceed carefully and slowly in the work of progress, whilst the Liberals, from falsely understood motives of humanity, give preference to the run or even to double-quick time, as we had occasion to see in the case of the Ilbert Bill, the Act relating to the native press, &c. As yet Conservatives and Liberals are of one mind as to maintaining possession of the great Indian colony, but the divergency of the incessant experiments cannot fail to produce a bad effect on the natives, who positively feel the unsteady pressure of the arm over them; and such an uncertainty is certainly not calculated to strengthen and increase the fear and respect of the Asiatics, sentiments which are the first conditions for the prospering of the work of civilisation.

Thirdly, England has not at her disposal the means of defence which a military state like Russia can command in aid of her plans in Asia.

The transformation of a country into barracks, and the pleasure which other European nations take in wearing uniform and arms, are things which for a long time yet will rouse the aversion of the British people, educated in the spirit of liberty; but it is a painful and no less sad and incontrovertible fact that imperial power in Asia is, for some time yet to come, inseparable from the attributes belonging to the great States of the Middle Ages. Submission of vexed questions to arbitration may very well serve the purpose with states of equal culture and ethnic affinity like England and America, but as to England and Russia, especially in matters of rivalry in Asia, this method will for some time yet prove impracticable. A great imperial policy in the Orient requires a large army, and without it England will cut a most pitiful figure in her struggle with Russia.

Fourthly, Great Britain is unfavourably situated, as compared with Russia, as regards her means of communication. While Russia can advance through a continuous chain of Russian colonies as far as Herat, India is separated from England by long sea-roads.

Even if India were to offer facilities for as reliable a military dépôt as that of the Caucasus, the transport of an army from the Indus and the Ganges to the

north-east of Afghanistan would require more time than the sending of an army corps from Tiflis, Odessa, or the Lower Volga. Now it so happens that India—and upon this we will enlarge hereafter—is anything but a safe point of support for England in moments of danger; and whilst the Russian outposts in their present position are but 144 miles distant from Herat, the English have to traverse a distance of 512 miles between the northernmost frontier of India and Herat.

Fifthly, thanks to the great mistakes of English policy during the last decades, English prestige in Asia is almost an inappreciable quantity as compared with that of Russia. With the work of conquest the terror of the conqueror has disappeared.

A conqueror in Asia must know no rest, for rest or stopping on the road of high conquests will certainly be interpreted as weakness and a mark of decay. To this was added the unhappy issue of two Afghan campaigns, during which England committed the unheard-of mistake of voluntarily surrendering advantages dearly bought, and thereby appearing in the eyes of the Central Asiatics as a State that was not able to obtain a firm foothold amongst the Afghans, and did not dare to remain in the midst of a people against whom they had often made war, but whom they had never been able to vanquish. The voluntary surrender of Kabul and Kandahar was looked upon in Persia, in the Kirghis steppe, and far in Eastern Turkestan as a flight on the part of the English, and great was the exultation of the true believers when they heard of this victory of the Afghan lion over the unbelieving masters of India.

V. We now take up the question as to the means required to enable England to repel, and even put a final end to the formidable attacks of her northern rival. In considering this matter, we must ask ourselves the results of her policy so far in securing the sympathies of the 250 millions under her sway. Would they countenance a change of masters, or would they make common cause with her against any external attack? This is a pivot question.

Upon a closer examination of the gigantic work of the British civilisers we find that of the two chief elements in India, the Brahminic and the Moslem, the former offers less resistance and proves much more amenable to civilising influences than the Mohammedan. In spite of the merciless rigour of the system of castes and the ritualistic laws, according to which no Vishnu-worshipper is permitted to come in direct contact with a Christian, or even to allow the shadow of one to fall upon him, the number of Hindustanees of Brahminic faith educated in English schools and employed in the British service by far exceeds the number of Moslem Hindoos similarly educated and employed. It would be unjust to ascribe this ratio to the preponderating majority of the Brahminic population, for the same ratio is maintained in those districts even where the Vishnu worshippers happen to be in a minority. The non-Mohammedan Hindoo represents, no doubt, the primeval type of the Asiatic cast of mind, but the oppression he has been subjected to for over a thousand years has rendered him more manageable and docile; he submits with better grace to the dictates of the foreign ruler than his Mohammedan countryman; and if the latter has been lately complaining that he is excluded from his share in the State offices, and is less favoured by

the English than his Hindoo neighbour, he may attribute the cause of this to himself. For it was his Moslem fanaticism, coupled with his recollections of the part he had once played as one of the ruling class, which has always impeded, and, to some extent, still renders impossible, the work of assimilation.

Let us frankly own, then, the marked sullenness of the Moslem element, which is, and remains, the old and incorrigible representative of Asiatic fanaticism, which will yield to no modern ideas. It is true that Moslem scholarship in India may be favourably compared with that of other countries.

As the best illustration of the last statement it may be mentioned that when Renan attacked the exaggerated views which prevailed in erudite European circles on ancient Moslem scholarship, this attack was resented by no Moslem from the politically independent regions of Islam, but a Mollah from the Panjab who took it as an insult to the honour of his nation and religion gallantly came to the rescue, and ventilated his indignation in a sharp rejoinder sent to the French scholar on the Seine. This is the result of English schooling, English liberalism of thought, and the English institution of the press; for whilst in Turkey, Arabia, &c., there are altogether at the most from twenty to thirty newspapers, and about one in ten thousand Moslems is a newspaper reader, the number of newspapers circulating among the Mohammedans of India amounts to several hundred.

But the cornucopia of rich cultural blessings scattered by the foreign ruler remains unheeded. The disadvantages of the English *régime* are everywhere spoken of, and that, strange to say, even by Englishmen themselves, who by their cruel and unfounded criticisms inflict incalculable harm.

The improved situation in India, the blessings of modern culture, the re-assertion of human rights will meet with appreciation and thanks, here and there, among the lowest classes of the people; but unfortunately in Asia, even more than in Europe, the great masses are following their chosen leaders, either religious or social, and as it is to these leaders that England has done most harm, they will not be conciliated by concessions of any kind. It will take a long time before people in Asia will be convinced of the errors of the old order of things, and made to recognise the inhumanity and unnaturalness of the oligarchy; and as England has borne down most severely on this very oligarchy in the Moslem portion of India, and indeed given it the death-blow, one need not wonder if in certain circles, at this early day already, the advantage of Russian supremacy is being talked about. Whenever I have pressed these prominent and cultivated Hindustanees, who were longing for a change from English to Russian rule, for the motives of their northern sympathies, I invariably got the same answer: "The Russians are more pliant, they are less stiff in their intercourse; their character, their system of government, and their ideas in general are more Asiatic than those of the English; they are much nearer to us, and if fate has decreed a foreign rule over us we are likely to make better arrangements with them than with the English." We meet at times with similar voices in the native press, especially the Moslem; and although I am not disposed to immediately accept these utterances as the universal expression

of public opinion, yet I deem the very existence of such arguments to be of a critical nature, and am therefore far from sharing the confidence prevailing in certain circles of English politicians as regards the feelings of gratitude entertained by these adopted Asiatic children who have been reared with so much trouble and pains and at such an expense.

VI. The belief, however, that Russia will really conquer India would be fundamentally false. The Russians are far from being able to effect any permanent conquests there; they could as yet only *invade India, and organise a military raid into it.*

It is with these two possibilities that Great Britain stands face to face to-day. A Russian military campaign into India, though it could never demolish the structure of English power, might do it incalculable injury. But this possibility is quite a remote one. Russia has years of work before her in establishing and securing her conquests in Central Asia, to give the English time and leisure enough to consolidate their power in India, and 'prepare effectual safe-guards against the designs of their rival.

The present danger is the danger of a surprise, of a Timur expedition *à la Skobelev*, and it is against any possibility of this that England is bound to make every effort.

All parties conceding that the close vicinity of Russia to India is both unadvisable and dangerous, and the system of mountain ranges in the north and north-west being looked upon as the final boundary and rampart, all endeavours should be directed to supplying *this rampart with appropriate outworks*, and to providing the object of defence with the necessary outposts. The extent of the outworks must correspond with the dimensions and extent of the fortification itself, and therefore no reasoning can avail against the fact that Afghanistan, especially the western and northern portion of that country, is the fittest ground where these outworks can be most easily and effectively established. The regulation of the boundary-line between Russia and Afghanistan which is now being carried out is but an illusory enterprise, and will, at best, furnish the former Power with means for secret preparations. In order to insure full success in this direction, there is nothing left for England but to take the advice given by General Sir E. Hamley in his discourse on "Russia's Approaches to India" delivered by him last May, and erect a fortified triangle, at the same time abandoning all schemes for gaining Afghan sympathies. Dreamers, and such politicians only as do not know the character of the Asiatics, may persuade themselves that rude and fanatic Moslems and Afghans will, forgetful of their former hostility and bloodthirstiness for revenge, enter into an alliance with unbelievers whom they hate from the bottom of their hearts, and co-operate with them for the promotion of a common object.

That is sheer nonsense! The Afghans will never anticipate the future in their politics, and if ever the choice of a foreign ruler is left to them we are taught by the present—and I have directed attention to this before—that they will be sure to give preference to a Russian ruler.

It is possible, but not very probable, that Abdurrahman Khan will prove an

exception and pursue a sounder policy ; but Afghan princes are not by any means the Afghan people, and threefold or even fivefold subsidies will not suffice to insure respect to the supreme will of the Sirdars and Khans in this anarchical country, and in the midst of a society founded on robbery and pillage. It would take but one single move across the Oxus on the part of Russia, but one step nearer the present Afghan governor, to bring about an open rebellion against the ruler at Kabul. In order to avoid the expensive annexation of the whole of Afghanistan, England might leave her present *protégé* in the absolute possession of a suitable territory in the north and west ; but the districts bordering on the Oxus and the Russian territory would have to be transformed into vassal states to be used for the purpose of establishing the triangle of fortifications I have previously mentioned.

The triangle would have to be located in Balkh, Herat, and Kandahar : Balkh, which had been throughout all antiquity a considerable fort, and had always proved a protecting wall against Kabul and India ; Herat, known since ages as the Gate of India ; and, finally, Kandahar, lying on the main road to the south, which has always served as a starting-point for former invasions.

The writer is well aware of the difficulties and sacrifices involved in this measure, but they are justified by the imminent danger of a close approach by Russia. For, not until England shall have secured her frontiers in this way, will she be able to continue undisturbed her civilising work in India, till the peoples of India shall have become once for all thoroughly convinced of the superiority of free England over despotic Russia.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST ON THE COLOUR QUESTION.—The study of evolution has conferred a new significance upon an old question, whether the colour sense among men has undergone a sensible degree of development in historic times. For evolution, showing us, as it does, that differentiation of function is a more or less continuous process of adaptation to circumstances—creates an *a priori* probability in favour of the conclusion that the development of this sense has never been absolutely stationary.

A noteworthy contribution to the literature of the question was an article on the colour sense in Homeric times from the pen of Mr. Gladstone. The main object of the writer was to show, from a comparative examination of the light and colour epithets employed by Homer in his poems, that the poet's system of colour was based, in the main, upon light and its negative darkness, rather than on colour proper, and that the organ of colour of the Greeks of his day was but partially developed, as compared with our own, they having, in fact, got no further than the stage at which red and yellow, and possibly deep purple, are definitely distinguished, but not green or blue.

But on comparing the colour vocabulary of Homer with our own and finding it more meagre, the question arises how are we to

make sure that the defect is not one of *language* rather than of *perception* ? Let us, then, examine the bearing of Indian usage on the question raised.

That the Greek word *phoinix* (and its derivatives) is used by Homer for *red* generally, being applied alike to blood, the coat of a horse, the fur of the jackal, the skin of the lion, and the prows of ships, would, at first sight, seem to suggest the conclusion founded on it by Mr. Gladstone.

Persons familiar with Indian usage will, however, attach a different significance to the evidence. Wherever the Hindustani language is spoken, not only is the common word for red—*lal*—applied to quite as wide a range of colours as that covered by the Homeric examples cited above, but current usage furnishes precise parallels for the most striking of these examples.

The brown horse, of any shade from bay to chestnut, is for the native of India a red horse. Dogs, cats, and cattle in which brown is the predominant colour, he calls habitually red dogs, red cats, and red cattle; and he applies the same epithet to the fox and the jackal, the tiger and the lion, the goat and the monkey; in short, wherever in animal nature any shade of reddish brown prevails.

One might be disposed, at first, to see in this usage an implicit assumption that these colours are the form taken by redness in mammalia; but such a theory becomes untenable when it is found that the usage obtains equally in respect of inanimate objects. The colour assumed by well-baked pastry, for instance, by roasted coffee, by toasted bread, the native of India calls red, and he has no other term for it; while he describes the change of colour as reddening, not, as we call it, browning. He calls mahogany a red wood, and a book with a chocolate-coloured binding a red book. It is this same word red, be it remembered, that he employs to describe the colour of arterial blood, of vermillion, of claret. Yet he possesses undoubtedly quite as nice a sense of the differences between these colours as an average Englishman.

The fact is that, although for one or two special kinds of brown he has specific names, such as *badāmi*, almond-coloured, for a light yellowish, and *sandali*, of the colour of sandal wood, for a light pinkish brown, he has no general word for brown in common use; and, in the absence of any such general word, or of any appropriate special word, the tendency is to describe compound colours by the names of the prismatic colours of whose qualities they most largely partake.

Again, Homer used the word *phoinikoparēos*, red, and *mitloparēos*, vermillion, of the bows of a ship, but he has another epithet for the prows, namely *kuanoprōros*, with bronzed or dark prows, and consequently the strongest presumption arises that *phoinikoparēos* and *mitloparēos* mean for him the same thing as *kuanoprōros*.

But there can be little doubt that the words *mitloparēos* and *kuanoprōros* apply to different parts of the ship, the former to the sides of the bows, and the latter to the actual prow, or projecting beak. The same ship might very well, in fact, be at one and the same time both *mitloparēos* and *kuanoprōros*, i.e., it

might have vermilion cheeks and a bronzed prow. The probability that this is the true solution of the apparent contradiction is, again, supported by Indian practice. While it is a very usual thing for the large boats plying on Indian rivers to have their bows painted with vermilion, the extremity of the prow is not unfrequently sheathed with copper for the sake of strength. Boats, in short, which are at once *milto-parēoi* and *kuanophōroi* may be, any day, seen on the Ganges. At the same time, supposing only the bows to have been painted red, as is the case in India, there would be no inconsistency in Homer speaking of the same ships as "black."

Take, again, the adjective *chlōros*. Its derivation from *chloe*, herbage, would furnish a strong presumption in favour of attaching to it the sense of green. From Homer's use of the word, however, Mr. Gladstone concludes that it is an epithet of light, rather than of colour, and conveyed the idea of paleness only. Homer employs it frequently as an epithet of fear; twice as descriptive of the paleness caused by fear; twice of an olive-wood club; and once of fresh twigs. In the last five cases, Mr. Gladstone argues, freshness, and not colour, seems to be the idea; and the only reason he gives is that, while yellow would suit in some of the cases, and green in others, neither of these colours would suit in all.

Mr. Gladstone's argument, in fact, assumes that there is a hard and fast line between green and yellow, and that there is a contradiction between the two ideas, which is far from being absolutely the case even with us, and may very well not have been the case at all with the ancient Greeks.

His view of the case might, at first sight, appear to derive some support from the frequent use of the word *chlōros* as an epithet of fear and as descriptive of the paleness caused by fear, and it seems not improbable that the point of view from which he has regarded the instances just dealt with has been largely affected by the bias of this association.

Now the value of this association as an argument for refusing to the word *chlōros* the sense of colour depends upon the improbability of the Greeks regarding the paleness caused by fear as green or yellow. Have we any right to assume the existence of such an improbability? In spite of the circumstance that our own word green is not uncommonly used in the same connection, Englishman conversant only with Western modes of thought might unhesitatingly answer the question in the affirmative. The validity of such an assumption is, however, destroyed by the fact that the inhabitants of India, of whatever race, generally describe the paleness caused by fear or illness by the word *sard*, which means, unmistakably, yellow, or by some equivalent word. Indeed they often go still further and describe the face pale with fear as assuming the colour of turmeric, *haldi*.

Nor is this application of the word *sard* merely fanciful with them. For that withdrawal of the blood from the surface of the skin which causes paleness in a fair face, produces in the darker complexions of the East a distinctly yellow tinge. The conclusion suggested to me, indeed, by Homer's use of the word *chlōros* to describe the paleness of fear is, not that the word conveyed to his mind no definite idea of colour, but that the Greeks were a darker race

in his time than they are now, and that the paleness of fear presented to them much the same aspect as it still presents to the natives of Hindustan.

There remains the derivative *chlōrēis*, applied by Homer to the nightingale ; and here the writer thinks there are strong grounds for regarding it as an epithet of colour and not merely of light. For the breast is the most conspicuous part of the bird, and the breast is of a light, glossy, ash colour.

Here, again, a reference to Eastern usage tells against Mr. Gladstone's theory. For extraordinary as it may seem, the natives of India very commonly speak of ash colour, when it occurs in the animal kingdom, as green. Thus an iron-grey horse is invariably called by the Hindi or Urdu-speaking natives of Upper India a *sabz ghora*, or green horse. There is no sort of doubt that the general sense of this word *sabz* is green, while it is equally certain that the natives of India do not actually confound the colour of an iron-grey horse with that of grass. Had Homer applied the word *chlōrōs* to a horse, the fact would, *prima facie*, have furnished a much stronger argument against ascribing to it the sense of green than any of those adduced by Mr. Gladstone. Yet the curious circumstance I have just referred to shows that it would have been absolutely worthless for the purpose. I may add that the word *sabz*, in this case, is used in a literal and not a metaphorical sense. What is the origin of the seeming anomaly, and whether it is susceptible of any physiological explanation, I am unable to say.

Another point in which Indians may be compared with Homeric usage in colour-nomenclature is the employment of the Hindustani *kālā*, black, in the same way as the Greek *melas*, to denote not merely black, but the darker shades of brown and blue.

The use of the word as an epithet of the sea, which the natives of India call *kālā pānī* (black water), is, perhaps, not entirely conclusive, since it is doubtful whether in this case it is not employed metaphorically rather than literally. No such doubt, however, arises when, as is commonly the case, the word is used to denote the colour of dark-blue cloth. Yet it is absolutely certain that those who so use it are none the less capable of discriminating dark-blue from black. So far, then, as Mr. Gladstone's opinion that Homer failed to distinguish blue is based on this use of the word *melas*, it would appear to rest on insufficient evidence.

* * * * *

In connection with this question, it is not without significance that the natives of India, while they have a keen sense of the different shades and varieties of what we call blue, regard the colour of the sky as something quite distinct from all the rest, and, though they apply the epithet *āsmānī*, sky-coloured, not sky-blue, to what we call sky-blue, they would unhesitatingly deny that the sky was blue in the sense in which indigo is blue. They have, in fact, no generic term corresponding to the English blue, the word *nīl*, which is the most general of all the terms applied by them to colours of the blue class, covering a comparatively very limited area. Thus, while they speak specifically of *nīl*, indigo blue, *ferozī*, turquoise-coloured, *āsmānī*, sky-coloured, *Gangā-lālī*, Ganges-water-coloured, a very light, greyish blue, and so on, they have no generic term that

includes the whole of these—a condition of things which, though it may indicate defective linguistic development, co-exists with a highly-developed colour sense.

It can hardly be necessary to adduce detailed proofs of the existence of this highly-developed colour sense among the natives of India. Indian coloured textile fabrics and works of art are now so common among us and furnish such conclusive testimony on this head that to him who doubts I need only say "*Circumspice.*"

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

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AN APPEAL TO THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.—The admission into the pages of the *National Review* of a powerful appeal in favour of local self-government for Ireland from the pen of an enthusiastic home-ruler is significant of the rapid adoption of altered views of Irish affairs by the Conservative party. Our readers will remember that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was one of the original founders of the *Nation* newspaper in conjunction with John Dillon, and subsequently led the independent Irish Party in the House of Commons. On the defection of a large section of that Party in 1856, he emigrated to Australia where he has been Prime Minister of Victoria and speaker of the Legislative Assembly.

The article opens with a rapid sketch of the steady progress, and the striking results of revolution in the various countries of Europe during the last fifty years. Half a century ago, whenever democracy raised its head, the twin giants that kept guard over the interest of things established, Austria and Russia, stretched out an armed hand to repress it. Austria was the mistress of Hungary, the despot of Italy, and the rival of Prussia in the leadership of the great Teutonic race. The Czar disposed of seventy millions of population and unbounded military resources at his sole will. To these rulers the future seemed to be hypothecated for generations to come. But

where in the world's history has revolution wrought transformations more prodigious than they have since endured ?

Austria driven out of Italy, kicked contemptuously out of Germany, tricked out of her latest conquest in Denmark by an insolent confederate, and reduced from being the mistress of Hungary to be her complaisant partner in the Austro-Hungarian empire. Russia, after successful intrigue and triumphant war had carried her arms to the borders of Afghanistan and the heart of Turkey, after breaking away contemptuously from the obligations imposed by the Crimean war, and after the more splendid achievement of raising forty millions of serfs to the condition of freemen in their native country, finds herself humiliated and rendered impotent by systematic revolt, and her sovereign leading the life of a sulking fugitive in his own capital.

And hardly less astonishing is the change that has come over the spirit and the position of other nations.

In the same era Italy was the hopeless and, as it seemed, submissive, thrall of foreigners. The race who inherited the primacy of the ancient world, and who constructed out of its ruins a new and more fascinating civilization, who taught the nations all the arts which make life splendid and prosperous, were now, as the worldly-wise affirmed, too weak and too tame to break away from bondage. But the wand of revolution is more wonder-working than the wand of harlequin. Italy is a free State, acknowledged as a comrade and colleague by Austria, Russia, and all the Great Powers which held her in contempt. The vicissitudes of Spain have surpassed those of Italy. When Bonaparte sent his feeble brother to sit on the throne of the Bourbons, and to rule over a people who had barred the conquering path of the Turk and added a new world to the possessions of mankind, the acme of revolutionary audacity seemed to have been reached ; but the other day a soldier of fortune, who had no Jena or Austerlitz to magnify his name, gave the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella to a poorer pretender than Joseph Bonaparte. Continental travellers still meet, in unexpected places, a young man of uncomely visage who was known for a time as King Amadeus I. To him succeeded a republic as red as the Commune of Paris, and to the republic a king of the old race, who, sitting on the throne of his ancestors, lives in perpetual conflict both with legitimists and levellers. Spain has been harrowed and cross-harrowed by revolution. In Prussia the transformation was more beneficent, but not less decisive. The insignificant electorate of Brandenburg, which a great soldier raised to be a kingdom, a great statesman has raised to be an empire and the arbiter of Europe. The proclamation as Emperor of the heir of Frederick the Great in the palace of Louis le Grand, matches the most prodigious success of the plebeian Emperor who dated his bulletins in succession from Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and Moscow. What need to specify Turkey stripped of her Christian States in Europe one after another, like leaves from an artichoke, and forbidden to exercise authority in her Mahomedan possessions in Africa ; or America scourged by civil war and *bouleversé* from Maryland to Georgia by a Negro franchise ; or France, which, within the epoch specified, has been a constitutional monarchy, a democratic republic, a domineering empire, an anarchial commune, and a conservative republic ; and, since she has lost her one strong man, the Mirabeau of the middle classes, is drifting no one knows to what new chaos ?

But England remains. And it would seem to the superficial observer that, as the outward vesture and official wardrobe of her institutions continue almost unchanged, revolution has hardly penetrated her sea-girdled shores. But the spiritual transformation, which is the essence of revolution, has nowhere made more manifest progress.

Note a few of the most significant facts. After the first Reform Bill became law the inevitable Ultra, who disparages whatever is done in favour of what remains to be done, immediately declared that it was nought. "You have granted members to great cities," he said, "but the whole population, whether distributed in city or province, is entitled to members in just proportion to its numbers. You have given the franchise to £10 householders, but the franchise is the right of the manhood of the country, whether it occupies £10 tenements or, being owner of no tenement at all, is lodged in a garret or cellar. The wealthy and privileged harass the working man if he votes contrary to their prejudices; he must be protected from persecution by secret voting. And what is the use of votes if we cannot have representatives of our own class, or at any rate of our own unfettered choice? The practice of requiring that a candidate should possess a qualification in land, or in any other property, renders the extended franchise a mockery, and must altogether cease." The history of the struggle on behalf of these new demands is a significant one. On one side were property, authority, and the cultured class for the most part; on the other, numbers and enthusiasm. If the masses had been led by a Cromwell or a Mirabeau, instead of a Feargus O'Connor, the result would have been a revolt, perhaps a revolution. They were everywhere the manifest majority. If they disliked a public movement they overwhelmed its partizans in the field of their own selection; they crowded churches, as a political demonstration, till the congregation could find no admittance; they threatened to bring the business of the nation to a standstill by striking work for a "sacred month"; and if labourers could live without wages the menace would not have been futile. Anger, contempt, remonstrance, persuasion, were all tried in vain. Persecution was tried, the prisons were crowded with their leaders; some died in gaol, some were transported to distant colonies, but the masses did not flinch, and at length, in April '48, London had to arm against them as against a foreign invader. The movement ended at that time, and ended apparently in complete discomfiture; multitudes emigrated in despair, the leaders gradually died or disappeared, and there is, perhaps, no public man to-day who would not hesitate to call himself a Chartist. But of the four points of the Charter specified three have become law, and the fourth is accepted by the leaders of Parliament on both sides of the Chair, and will speedily be inscribed in an Act of Parliament. Its advocates are no longer to be found in hulks and prisons, but sitting in the seat of authority and grasping the helm of the State. The class who forty years ago were considered hopelessly insubordinate, and treated as the enemies of society, are now the depository of supreme power. The authority and dignity of the empire in the last resort depends undeniably on them. If this be not revolution, in what does revolution consist? Under the Long Parliament the change was more abrupt and visible, but it may be doubted whether it was so decisive and irrevocable.

The future of Great Britain, somewhat obscure and uncertain at

present, will undoubtedly be the possession of those who best understand and accommodate themselves, to the new and portentous facts. We are in the age of revolutions, and it may be assumed that whatever Conservatives most venerate will be called in question and brought to a strict account in a Parliament elected by household suffrage. The election of that Parliament is surely an occasion for which they ought to prepare as a man would prepare for a trial by battle from which it may be his fortune, if he be ill-equipped or ill-disciplined, never to leave the field, or only to leave it fatally disabled. And even the lowest wordly sagacity would suggest the policy becoming them in such an emergency. Why should they not obtain the Irish vote? Is there anything in the hereditary policy of the Tory Party which forbids them to take the claims of Ireland into favourable consideration. Is there anything in the nature of these claims which justifies English gentlemen in rejecting them without further inquiry?

Mr. Disraeli discovered long ago that it was a mistake of the Tory Party to break with Ireland. They got their historic name (*Tories*=Irish, *Rapparee*) from their sympathy with oppressed Catholics whom the first Whigs were plundering or loading with penal laws; as Mr. Cowen or Mr. Story might be nicknamed Fenians, by a fanatic of our own day, for their sympathy with Irishmen at present.* On the fundamental principles of loyalty and obedience to authority, Irish Catholics and English Tories were then in accord; but the Irish wing of the Tory Party were Puritans for the most part (were, in effect, bitter Whigs of the original type), and they gave what, in modern times, would be called an Orange tinge to the policy of the entire connection. The original amity, however, justifies the presumption that there is no essential and immovable barrier between Conservatives and the Irish people. They were friends at the beginning—why should they not still be friends? It was on behalf of Tories of the last century that the first offer to repeal the penal laws was made. William Pitt, prompted by Edmund Burke, projected the complete emancipation of Catholics. This project was not merely a great stroke of statesmanship, but a judicious stroke of party strategy. Burke said, in so many words, "If you do not emancipate the Catholics, they will naturally and inevitably join the Republican conspiracy hatched in Belfast." But a cabal in Dublin, in the interest of Protestant Ascendancy, thwarted the design of the statesmen, and from that day forth the Whigs, who took up the measure which their opponents abandoned, have been able to count on Irish Catholics as allies against the Tories. When Emancipation came at last, more than a generation later, it was the Tories who carried it, and carried it against another

* Tory was equivalent to outlaw. The hero of the nursery rhyme,—

" . . . Johnny MacRory,

Who went to the wood and killed a Tory"—

was not an antecedaneous Birmingham rough, but the retainer of an Anglo-Norman settler in Munster, exercising his statutory right of shooting a native as a morning's pastime.

revolt of their allies in Ireland. The gates of the Constitution were thrown open by Wellington and Peel, but to appease the discontented wing in Ireland not one Catholic was invited to enter and be seated. Thus another opportunity for making friends of a whole nation was wantonly thrown away.

The Irish Land question has become the special property of the Liberal Party, because they were the first to legislate upon it. But the teaching which must precede legislation began with their adversaries. Michael Sadler, a Conservative gentleman, was the earliest Englishman to demand justice for Irish farmers. He preached their rights to Parliament, and to the English people with passionate conviction and genuine sympathy, but he preached to deaf ears. A generation later Sir Joseph Napier, Irish Attorney-General of the Government of 1852, made a serious and generous attempt to settle the question. His Bill passed the House of Commons, but the Irish peers, taking fright at the concessions which Mr. Disraeli made to the Tenant League party, induced Lord Derby to repudiate what had been done, or promised; and a week later his Government came to an end by the desertion of the Tenant League members, who considered themselves betrayed. The day of settlement was postponed for nearly a generation by the Irish wing, but those who won that skirmish have scarcely found it a profitable victory in the end. Again the Tory Party were first to take in hand the question of middle-class education in Ireland; and if the Queen's Colleges founded by Sir Robert Peel failed, it was once more the Tories, led by Mr. Disraeli and Lord Cairns, who proposed an acceptable solution of the problem.

With such a record why should it be impossible for English Conservatives to settle the Irish question? It was the Tory Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel which laid the basis of colonial freedom by establishing Parliamentary Government in Canada, with the result that Canada has become more and more an integral part of the empire. It was the first Government of Lord Derby, a dozen years later, which established similar institutions in Australia. These prosperous and aspiring states are now ruled, as England is ruled, and as Ireland desires to be ruled. The Imperial Government cannot control their local institutions any more than it can control the rising and setting of the morning star. And among the divers communities who recognise the supremacy of the Imperial Crown, who are more faithful to its interests than the colonists of Canada and Australia? Here are reasons for concluding that if the demands of Ireland for self-government be not exorbitant, there is no impediment forbidding the Conservative party to deal with them as generously as the Whigs.

How is it possible to make English gentlemen understand the actual circumstances of the case?

For generations there has existed an uninterrupted succession of writers whose avocation was to misrepresent Ireland to England, and they have had a prodigious success. Not only are the fundamental facts unknown to the majority of Englishmen, but they have been taught to apply different rules of

conduct and canons of criticism to the two countries. But if they do not understand the Irish question, it may be presumed that they understand the Egyptian question. They are ready to admit that an English protectorate has not brought security or prosperity, but only confusion and ruin, to the Delta of the Nile; that to send the leaders of the Egyptian people to prison, execution, or exile; to hold down by force a population fleeced by Pashas who evade their own share of the public burthen, and tortured by officials who traffic in public justice, and are themselves sometimes the worst of criminals, is not English liberty as that article is manufactured for home consumption. They understand very clearly that to retain the peasantry as the working cattle of a governing class, to fill the offices their industry endows with strangers who have no permanent interest in the country, to express a sentimental sympathy with their wrongs, and send expedition after expedition to destroy them, to make a spasmodic attempt to correct a glaring injustice here and there, and to abandon it whenever it becomes inconvenient, is not government, but an ignoble tyranny. Conservatives understand these things, but they do not understand, apparently, that, bating a few exceptional eras, these phenomena present a picture of Ireland since the Union. The peasantry crushed under impossible burthens, the offices of authority reserved for strangers, or natives who have become strangers, the administration of justice turned into a burlesque or a tragedy, and an Irish Arabi and native party, whenever they have attempted to redress these wrongs, shot, sabred, deported, or strangled, on the banks of the Liffey as expeditiously as on the banks of the Nile. There have been intervals of justice in latter times, but the traditional policy is only baffled, never effectually beaten down; since the passing of the Land Act of 1881, while England is still in an ecstasy of wonder at the concessions made to tenants-at-will, upwards of forty thousand Irish men and women have been driven out of their homes by a cruel law of eviction, and the agricultural population are still flying by every port from a country where alone among civilized nations a creditor is permitted to kill or exile his debtor by process of law.

What Ireland wants is what Egypt wants—to take the management of her own affairs out of the hands of strangers, and put them into the hands of natives of the country, of whatever class, creed or origin. And the management of her own affairs implies a readiness to unite cordially with England in affairs which are not exclusively Irish, but belong to the two islands in common.

I speak of an arrangement proffered in good faith, and accepted in good faith, under which we would continue to be united under the same Crown—an arrangement which Ireland would be bound, and would be able, to defend against all assailants, foreign or domestic, as England never can defend any Irish settlement. That such a concession to Ireland is inevitable few thoughtful men now deny. What remains in doubt is the time of its coming, and the men from whom it will come. The concession would be easier to Conservatives than to their opponents, for the same reason that Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Corn Laws were easier to them. But, with or without them, it will be made. Two years ago the most powerful public man in England was manifestly considering the precise shape the measure should assume. It is impossible to believe that a man of honour would use the language Mr. Gladstone then employed,

unless he regarded the question as one lying a long way within the range of practical politics. After describing the county government he desired to establish in Ireland he addressed himself to the main question raised by Mr. P. J. Smyth's motion for the revival of an Irish Parliament :—

"I will not undertake to say at what decision this House might arrive provided a plan were before it under which the local affairs of Ireland could be, by some clear and definite line, separated from the Imperial affairs of Ireland ; but I must remind these honourable gentlemen that when they say they object to having any laws made for Ireland except by Parliament sitting in that country, they also say that laws affecting Imperial interests are to be made here ; and that these laws affecting Imperial interests, would be laws for Ireland just as much as laws touching only their local affairs." •

He went on to say that neither Mr. O'Connell nor Mr. Butt had ever distinctly explained how Irish and Imperial questions were to be discriminated, and suggested that those who were leading the movement at present ought to do so.

"Until they lay before the House a plan in which they go to the very bottom of the subject, and give us to understand in what manner that division of jurisdiction is to be accomplished, a practical consideration of this subject cannot really be arrived at ; and, for my own part, I know not how any effective judgment upon it can be pronounced."

The difficulty suggested is not an embarrassing one. The Act reviving the Irish parliament might specify the questions reserved for a parliament of the Empire ; and precedents of reserved questions may be found in the constitutions of Canada, Australia, and the separate States of the American Union.

Mr. Gladstone's challenge was not accepted. It is not for the advocates of any great change to minimise their demand, with the certainty that a proposal so made would undergo further reduction. The responsibility of formulating the plan belongs to statesmen.

Or if they wish to share it, a Select Committee or a Royal Commission furnishes the obvious agency. In the two years and upwards which have since elapsed, Mr. Gladstone has taken no further step. But it is not difficult to surmise the prejudices he may have had to overcome among colleagues and supporters. The policy of a statesman is like a road on the high Alps which sometimes makes puzzling and unexpected detours. Why did the engineer lead us so far from our way ? the angry traveller demands. There is a precipice perhaps that would engulf a city, or a mass of granite higher and broader than St. Paul's. The road steals round the jagged ends of the precipice, or skirts the mountain of stone which it could not cross or pierce, and after an hour's delay you are barely at the point where your journey was interrupted. Mr. Gladstone is on his march with the applause and sympathy of many Englishmen ; the Hartington cliff, or the Derby morass may stop the way for a moment, but if years and authority remain to him we know where we may expect to find him. I honour him for his services to Ireland, and I would rejoice to see his career crowned by the greatest achievement which remains for a British statesman to perform. But if another be ready to do it sooner and better, the wreath and the palm, the applause and the benedictions, are for the victor. We hail as Hercules not him who has planned, but him who has accomplished one of the twelve labours.

A British statesman will naturally ask himself if it is not too late for peace? If the animus of the Irish Party in Parliament, the extravagance of the American Irish, and the fury of the Invincibles, do not furnish evidence that Ireland is irreconcilable by any concession which he can contemplate, the answer is that none of these phenomena constitute Ireland any more than the Salvation Army, or the political musters in Hyde Park constitute England.

There is a sober, silent Irish nation, of which Englishmen know next to nothing; an Ireland which will welcome and defend a fair international settlement. If the men who compose this serener Ireland make no sign, the reason is obvious; they recognize in the excesses which you resent, the inevitable reaction against intolerable wrong. I am not the confidant nor apologist of the Irish Party; I refrained from re-entering Parliament because I could not adopt their theory or practice of public duty, and because it was still more impossible to appear as their opponent before an English audience. But I am better able to understand them than Englishmen. They have undertaken a task which is intrinsically just, and which proved impossible to be compassed by ordinary Parliamentary methods. The case of Ireland was submitted to the House of Commons, from time to time, at long intervals indeed, by men of rare personal integrity and endowments. But the brain of a statesman, the soul of a tribune, or the charity and forbearance of a Christian gentleman could not induce the dominant nation so much as to listen to the complaints of the subject one. How often have I seen under Russell and Palmerston, an Irish debate where a quorum could be barely maintained till the division bell rang, and then the Ministerial retinue flocked in—manufacturers from the north, squires from the south, and the young bucks of the army and navy clubs, overflowing in foolish and insolent laughter, supplemented by a base contingent of Irish mercenaries, collected from their inscrutable abodes in the purlieus of Westminster, to negative some proposal to which none of them had taken the trouble to listen. It is contrary to my nature and to the discipline of a long life to take part in Parliamentary obstruction, but I cannot in honour and conscience ignore the bitter provocation from which it sprang. Nor can it be justly denied that it has victories to show which more legitimate methods were not able to attain. Victories won at a prodigious price, indeed; won by fatally lowering the honour and authority of Parliamentary institutions; but this is a consideration for the leaders of the House of Commons rather than for the delegates of an oppressed people. It was not an Irish demagogue but an English philosopher who formulated the axiom that the oppressed many never obtain a particle of relief by any other method than by making the ruling few uneasy.* To understand why a Nationalist must of necessity feel more sympathy with the Irish party than aversion from it, let Englishmen remember their own feelings when an expedition sails from the Thames for a hostile country. They do not inquire what minister despatched it, or how it is officered or recruited; they know that it carries the banner of St. George, and they instinctively pray for its success. The Irish Party have been commissioned by a great mass of Irishmen to carry the green flag of Irish nationality; and to

* Bentham.

whatever hands it may be entrusted, I can never wish the flag of my race to be beaten down, or to be furled except with "peace and honour."

Sir C. Gavan Duffy is no apologist for the outrages of Invincibles, dynamiters, and assassins; no Englishman, he thinks, can feel the bitter wrath, and scorn their degrading and doltish crimes produce in an Irish Nationalist who understands how political contests are won and lost. But he sees in these ruffians the spawn of past misgovernment, precisely as Nihilists are in Russia or Anarchists in France.

Half a million of peasants driven from the home of their race have carried with them to foreign countries a blind and reckless longing for revenge, at whatever ruin to themselves or others; a passion which it is easier to understand than to pardon. You cannot appease or convert this criminal class, but you can transfer the task to an Irish parliament, who would understand their countrymen as you never will do. Unless they differ from the rest of the human race, they may be confidently trusted to maintain order in their own house, when it is their own. It is folly to expect that officials from Westminster, who only know Ireland from Lever's novels or the twaddle of tourists in the Pall Mall clubs, can cope with the rancour from which these preternatural offences spring. Mr. Gladstone, to my thinking, understands the condition of Ireland better than any of his predecessors since Sir Robert Peel, but even Mr. Gladstone seems to regard Irishmen as a philanthropist might regard a community of niggers—interesting *protégés*, to be policed by their betters. If duties are to be performed in Dublin Castle requiring as the first condition of success an intimate acquaintance with the national character, he sends over some superior clerk who has handled the multiplication-table in the Treasury to his satisfaction; or if an attempt is to be made to conciliate the people by a generous concession, some Philistine *a latere* is despatched to take a passing glance at Ireland, and determine off-hand the essential conditions of the experiment. It is marvellous to see a man so gifted ignoring a fact written in the chronicles of twenty generations, that Ireland will never be content till she is ruled by Irishmen as uniformly as England is by Englishmen.

The quarrel between the two nations may be composed if adequate methods be employed; but not otherwise. It is scarcely greater than existed between England and Scotland for a hundred years after the Scotch Union. Hostile factions, long engaged in internecine war, may be taught to live tranquilly, to gather under the same flag and to obey cheerfully the same laws, as has been done in Switzerland. And the price of reconciliation is not high; it is simply fair play.

Let the two partners in the Empire be treated with equal justice, no sham equality, no impudent pretence of justice will answer the purpose; but when Ireland enjoys whatever rights England enjoys, and is called on to endure nothing which England would refuse to endure, we shall have reached that end. If England would consent to have her affairs managed in Dublin by a parliament crammed with Irishmen, we have no ground to object to the kindred operation in London; if she would *not* consent, the case is judged without more words. After centuries of enmity to her nearest neighbour on the south, England discovered that to cultivate peace with France was among her

highest interests ; but her transcendently highest interest is peace with her nearest neighbour on the west. If an American statesman as powerful and resolute as Mr. Gladstone sympathized with the Irish as passionately as Mr. Gladstone sympathized with the Bulgarians, if the ruler of France had as strong a motive to intervene in Irish affairs as Louis Napoleon had to intervene in the affairs of Italy, the question might be brought to a new and crucial test.

If a Conservative statesman should undertake the great work of pacification, he will, no doubt, have difficulties with the Irish wing of his party. They have not forgiven the loss of their traditional ascendancy, and are naturally exasperated by many recent transactions. But the Duke of Wellington had the same difficulty to encounter on the question of Catholic Emancipation, and Sir Robert Peel on the question of the Corn Laws, and Mr. Disraeli on the compromise which preceded Disestablishment in Ireland. Notwithstanding the bitter animosities of recent times there is an honourable and useful career open to Irish gentlemen ; in the Irish nobility and gentry should be found a permanent element of national strength.

I have never heard of any state not planted on the virgin soil of a new country, which could dispense with a class possessing more leisure and higher discipline for public duties than the mass of the community. They have been found essential in middle-class Belgium, democratic Switzerland, and in the French Republic. In their just wrath the people have sometimes confounded the good landlord and the bad ; but though the Celt is lightly moved to anger, and easily kindled to fury, I have read history to no purpose if the Celts of Ireland have not always shown themselves the most placable and forgiving of enemies.

The statesman who undertakes this work will remember with satisfaction that there is a section of Conservatives not unprepared to welcome it.

It is not a dozen years since the movement for Irish nationality was officered by Conservatives. He may read among the leading Home Rulers of that day such significant Anglo-Irish names as Boyle and Barrington, Lloyd and Massey, Hamilton and Gregg, Knox and Shaw, King Harman and Vesey Fitzgerald. Their leader was a Conservative who had fought for the old Orange corporations, and for the Corn Laws, and who forfeited his position rather than do violence to the feelings of Conservatives by parliamentary obstruction. Among his lieutenants was an ex-Cabinet minister who had served with Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, and his most able and enthusiastic supporters were Conservative fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. This is a story of yesterday, but it may be the prelude of a more impressive story to-morrow.

There are many just Englishmen shocked at the contrast the two islands present, and the time will probably come when the whole British nation will be as much ashamed of having wronged Ireland as they are ashamed of having supported negro slavery, or the plunder of colonies. But Ireland cannot wait for that distant millennium. If the Conservative party be called to power.

Irishmen desire to be informed what they are prepared to do for Ireland.

It is a cardinal question for us, and perhaps for them. Will they continue the process of vivisection, which is called government in that country ; though it is certain that if the grounds of our discontent were submitted to twelve Englishmen in a jury-box, in relation to any other people under the sky, they would pronounce them well founded ? Or will they, as the cynic recommends, leave the case to the operation of time ? What sort of a remedy the cynic anticipates we can comprehend. There are fewer men in Ireland to-day than when O'Connell was born a hundred years ago ; the people who ought to be twelve millions are only six, and, as Algernon Sydney taught of old, there is a way of killing worse than the sword, *prohibere nasci est occidere*—a wise and generous statesman would as soon propose to leave a military hospital to the unassisted operations of time. "First put down discontent," the official will whisper for the ten hundredth time. The young men have no prosperous or honourable career ; that they should be discontented is as natural as that men left without food should be hungry. They have become good and prosperous citizens everywhere but in Ireland—a fact which writes the cause of their misery in characters of light.

For all the calamities of Ireland there is only one remedy ; nobody professes to have found any other ; the question is, Will the Conservative Party apply it ?

To my thinking, Conservatism may have a great future in these islands ; but assuredly it must be a Conservatism founded on a theory of public duties worthy of statesmen and gentlemen. It must be a Conservatism which scorns to defend abuses, or to pamper sectarian rancour ; which, while it insists on the supremacy of law and order, will make sure that the law is just and the order based upon public rights. Such a Conservatism, I think, will admit that for one nation to hold another in habitual subjection is as indefensible in the court of conscience as for one man to make a slave of another ; nor will it deny that to keep Ireland perpetually poor and turbulent, in order that England may be prosperous and triumphant, is an accursed thing to do.

A REPLY TO A WOMAN'S PROTEST.—The severe attack made by "A Woman" upon the morals and manners of the young men of the present day—the gist of which our readers had before them in the last issue of the *Indian Review*—has called forth a reply by "A Man," who endeavours to show the other side of the shield.

It is acknowledged at the outset that "A Woman's" motives are, on the face of them, pure and sincere. But in her advocacy of mothers she has opened a very wide question, and "A Man," holding a brief for his own sex, claims to reply upon the whole case.

For some time past, he thinks, the nubile bachelor has been regarded by maternal eyes with suspicion ; suspicion has deepened into disappointment ; until disappointment, unable any longer to contain itself, has broken out in a bitter cry from Belgravias :—

"The wretch has had the audacity to dance at my balls, to drink my champagne, and then to sneak off to some odious club, or still lower haunt of dissipation, without proposing to my daughter! This can only be downright debauchery!" Like the French when they suffer a reverse, you (and I am not now addressing "A Woman," but her clients, the mothers), you immediately exclaim, *Nous sommes trahis!* We are deceived and abused by men who form low *liaisons*, and who actually prefer the solitude of snug chambers to the callous bustle of our crowded saloons! There are no gentlemen now-a-days; the age of chivalry is gone; vice is at a premium, virtue at a hopeless discount; how different were the men when I was a girl!" &c., &c.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, morality expires.

Probably, as "A Woman" contends, men were different in former days; and so were the women. Indeed, the mothers do not understand the times in which they live; they mistake the cause of matrimonial depression, and they fail to grasp the elementary law of social economy.

The competition of the unmentionable quarters of the town is only formidable because of the highly protective tariff with which they surround their daughters. If they exclude all competitors but those who can pay crushing duties in the shape of settlement or pin-money, they will experience, after a few seasons of artificial plethora, scarcity and distress. We do not marry, not because we are more immoral than our predecessors, but because young ladies are more expensive than their mothers. It is the high standard of living, not the low standard of morals, that is the cause of stagnation in the Babylonian marriage market. House-rent in the possible quarters of the town has more than doubled in the last forty years; the local rates and imperial taxes on an establishment are fifty per cent. of the rent, that is to say, if you have a house at £300 a year, your local charges (parish rates, gas and water rates, insurance and repairs) and your inhabited house and inland revenue duties, will come to another £150. A woman's dress, if she goes out or entertains at all, costs from £200 to £300 a year; and then there are servants' wages, tradesmen, travelling, doctor's bill, and all the expenses incident to the nursery. In short, the scale of expenditure and style of living which society exacts from its members are so high that £2,000 a year is recognised as the minimum on which a young couple can begin life in London. £2,000 a year means no brougham, a strict attention to petty economies, one more or less shabby man-servant, a band-box in Mayfair, or a fair-sized house in Pimlico, or some gloomy street near Cavendish Square, or some unfinished "Gardens" in South Kensington. Still, the thing can be done on that, without squalor or insolvency; for, alas! the art of living on nothing a year in Curzon Street has gone to her grave with Becky Sharp. *Ci-devant* butlers are no longer willing to shelter Rawdon Crawley without the consideration of rent; the confidence of carriage-builders is a tradition of the past, and the greengrocers's heart has turned to stone. But—and this is the whole question—how many young men (and by young men I mean men between twenty-five and thirty-five) are there who either earn or enjoy £2,000 a year? The number of unmarried peers, of eldest sons of rich young "commercial," is very small indeed, and they are certain to be

snapped up by the professional beauties. Very few barristers make £2,000 a year before they are forty, and no one, of course, does in the army, the church, a Government office, or literature.

It is extravagant habits and the absurdly high standard of living that make celibacy more and more the rule, and marriage more and more the exception in society; and if mothers wish their daughters to find nice husbands, of whom "A Man" assures them there are plenty *in posse*, they must bring up their girls on less luxurious ways.

As for sensuality, "A Man" maintains that women are much more sensual in their way, though that, of course, is not a gross way, than men.

I mean that easily-swinging carriages, boudoirs "capitonné" by Parisian art, diamonds, lace, and dresses, a dainty tea-table, a fashionable address, are far dearer and more important to a woman than to a man, who, as a rule, is quite satisfied by the grosser, if you will, but less expensive essentials of comfort, a well-cooked dinner, a comfortable chair, and a good cigar; while as for the neighbourhood, he—good, easy man—provided the house is neither damp nor draughty, nor too far from his centre, is apt to be quite as happy in Bayswater as in Mayfair. It is easy to charge men with impurity, and to complain that men and women are judged by a different standard in this matter; but "A Woman" ought to know that societies are obliged to classify acts for punishment according to their consequences. It is upon this purely utilitarian theory of morals that the unwritten law makes that venial in men which is deadly sin in women. All laws, written and customary, are based upon convenience—not the highest ground, but the only possible one, and wise people accept this basis of social ethics. Occasionally some rebellious metaphysician, male or female, with a taste for curious analysis, questions the accepted distinction, and, denouncing men as brutes, exhorts them to imitate the angels. If we are to go behind universal custom, which I think very unwise, and venture into the field of ethical analysis, we must be allowed the accurate, if impolite, language of that science, and it has to be said that virtue "upon compulsion" is not quite the same thing as self-command. If a man knows that eating muffins will cause death, there is no such merit in abstention.

But "A Woman" sadly sings the *Progeniem vitiosiore*; and it is the assertion that men are worse than their forefathers that gives an edge to her attack. But because men's manners are less ceremonious, it does not follow that their feelings are less chivalrous than those of earlier generations. Chivalry, or knightliness, means loyalty to a cause, or to an idea. It does not mean ceremony, which, as Lord Chesterfield observes, is "the superstition of good breeding as of religion." But are the young men of the present day more impure and less chivalrous than their predecessors?

Judged by the only tests which can be applied to such matters, the young men of to-day are infinitely superior in refinement of manners and loyalty of

conduct to the young men of the last century or the Regency. Can any modest woman read *Tom Jones* or *Pamela*? Fielding, like Moliere, drew types, and Tom Jones is his hero. Now Jones is not only a libertine of the grossest and most cold-blooded description, he is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, whose sole redeeming quality is, that, like the Devil, he is good-natured. Whether it is a gamekeeper's daughter or a London great lady, all are fish that come to his net, and all the time he keeps up a sentimental correspondence with Sophy Western. His *liaison* with Lady Bellaston is of a kind that even the French, who are tolerant enough in such matters, consider as the lowest depth of dishonour to which a man can sink. Yet Jones boasts of this connexion to his friend Nightingale, who calls him "a lucky fellow," and every incident of the disgusting transaction is made known to Miss Western by her maid. Yet this young lady, who is held up to us as a mirror of modesty and virtue, does not hesitate to accept this hero as soon as he becomes Mr. Allworthy's heir. Whether there be such women as Lady Bellaston in the modern world, I cannot say; but assuredly Tom Jones is a fellow that would be cut by the most abandoned *roué* that St. James's could produce. ~

Turning from novels to history, does not every one acknowledge that the undisguised immoralities of the last century would be impossibilities at the present hour?

A little over a hundred years ago, the Prime Minister appeared at the Opera with Nancy Parsons. Could the leader of the Opposition live to-day as Charles Fox lived? Decorum is not morality, to be sure; but it is a great deal, it is at least better than open immorality, just as hypocrisy, whatever the French may say is better than advertised impiety. It is idle to assert that one generation is more immoral in secret than another; a generation can only be judged by the standard of decorum to which it requires conformity; and in this regard the present compares favourably with any previous generation. I take it that society is dominated and arranged, in every age and in every country, by "the average sensual man," who may not be a hero, but who, judging by experience, makes a better husband than the hero or the saint. Palmerin of England, Amadis de Gaul, Bayard, were doubtless exceptions even in the romantic ages; there is nothing to show that they were good husbands; and Arthur of Lyonesse was found to want "warmth and colour." Men of exquisite sensibility and morbid refinement—your poets and romancers—are notoriously bad husbands; their scrupulous chivalry and high-flown manners are found to be too delicate for the wear and tear of every-day life. Byron could not bear to see a woman eat: Carlyle could not stand seeing a woman with her mouth open. Believe me, there is nothing like a little coarse insensibility and brutal common-sense, which are not acquired at one's mother's apron-strings, for rubbing through the ups and downs of married life. Marriages are few at present, because living is expensive, girls are mercenary, and parents are exacting. Men are much more romantic in affairs of the heart than women, though it is popularly supposed to be the other way. For one girl "in society" who would consent to retire into the wilds with "a brace of slaves" and live "the life removed" there are ten men who would gladly do so with a woman they loved. How can it be otherwise? Is it not the case that the one lesson which a mother impresses upon her daughter's opening mind is that she must not marry a poor man,—

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

What are the kind of marriages which now attract attention in the world? A linen-draper buys the daughter of an earl, or a man of birth sells himself to Sir Balaam's widow. Not that mercenary marriages are not often happy; each party bargains for something and gets it. And marriages that are not mercenary, or not wholly so, are often unhappy, because neither party have any idea what they want or what they are getting. Early marriages, the fruit of ball-room proposals, are the curse of English society.

It is not, as "A Woman," asserts, "the moral inequality" between the saint and the sinner that is the cause of so much misery and guilt, but the utter frivolity with which two young people, when they are not mercenary, enter into a solemn and lifelong covenant, without knowing what sort of a partner they want, and without taking the trouble to find out anything about one another's characters. The ball-room process has been so well described by a master hand, that I must quote again. "*La belle manière de se faire aimer que de venir se planter devant une femme avec un lorgnon, de la regarder des pieds à la tête, comme une poupée dans un étalage, et de lui dire bien agréablement; Madame, je vous trouve charmante! Joignez à cela quelques phrases bien fades, un tour de valse, et un bouquet, voilà pourtant ce qu'on appelle faire sa cour!*"

What can come of such love-making? Girls ought not to be allowed to marry till they are five-and-twenty, when they have seen something of the world, and know what sort of man they like, though this will not prevent mistakes, for even mature women are wretched judges of character.

A stern, but not unfriendly or unjust critic, the late Major Whyte-Melville, tells us that even in those manly qualities women most appreciate, "they prefer to accept the shadow for the substance, consistently mistaking assertion for argument, volubility for eloquence, obstinacy for resolution, bluster for courage, fuss for energy, and haste for speed" (*Bones and I*, p. 172); and he declares he heard a jury of maids and matrons pronounce this verdict upon one of our greatest generals, as remarkable for his gentle winning manner in the drawing-room as for his cool daring in the field: "Dear! he's such a quiet creature, I'm sure he wouldn't be *much use in a battle!*" Every man must have been struck at times with the extraordinarily crooked and perverted judgment which his woman-kind have passed on some one whom he knows to be a good fellow, but who is condemned for some little trick of manner or dress. What wonder, therefore, if, where they are allowed to choose, women choose wrongly, for the choice practically rests with the woman.

Our marriages as a rule are neither sordid or premature, and, consequently, unhappy. Girls are no more angels than men are apes, and there are other vices besides impurity, such as envy, uncharitableness, malice, untruthfulness, and ill temper. Are all the vices on the side of the men?

There is one lesson which we, all of us, have to learn, in whatever rank or society we may be ; and the sooner we learn it, the better the lesson of modesty, of humility, of economy.

We are no longer the lords of creation, we have no longer a monopoly of capital or production ; rents and interest will fall lower still, and unless we realize the situation, come down from our high horse, and moderate our views of style and expenditure, very serious trouble will overtake society. We had better give up sneering at those "dirty foreigners," and imitate a little their frugality. But the example must be set by those above ; so long as the leaders of the great world indulge in display those below will spend their last shilling in an insane attempt to be in the running. Diamonds, lace, costly fabrics, whether for dress or furniture, long and lavish dinner-parties, heavy suppers after balls, all these things might be made unfashionable by a wave of Zenobia's wand. Unless some change of this kind is made in our habits, or unless some happy revolution occurs in our economic history, there will be fewer marriages than ever in Vanity Fair. ~

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DUBLIN CASTLE.—Thirty years ago John Mitchel denounced Dublin Castle in somewhat vigorous language as a "stronghold of hell," while Mr. Davitt, in his *Leaves from a Prison Diary*, describes it as "the primary, if not the greatest, factor in the discontent of the Irish people." Let us see what ground these two truly representative Irishmen had for their detestation of what is called in Ireland the Castle system.

Language, like that quoted above, may probably be regarded by the ordinary English reader as outrageous or exaggerated, but he must remember that among the whole Nationalist party, which is pretty well the whole nation, there is not a man (the writer believes) who has a word to say in defence of the Castle and its system of administration. The Irish people, rightly or wrongly, detest the Castle ; and Mr. McCarthy tries to show that this dislike is natural and well founded.

What is the Castle ? It is the seat of a government which is centralized and is virtually despotic. It is the citadel of everything that is anti-national. It is the fountain and origin of every severe coercive measure which is imposed upon the Irish people. It distributes honours and hospitalities to those who are conspicuous for their anti-Irish sentiments and anti-national conduct. If the mass of the Irish people dislike a man, Dublin Castle offers him its welcome and its rewards. If a man is adored by the Irish people, Dublin Castle tries to put

him in prison. The castle makes feeble attempts to counteract the growth of national opinion by appealing to all that is snobbish, flunkeyish, and servile in human nature. "Keep away from the nationalists, and your wife and your daughters shall have invitations to the viceregal balls. Denounce the Nationalists and praise the Castle, and on the first opportunity the Lord-Lieutenant will bestow upon you the honours of a knighthood." This is the lesson taught by Castle practices every day. If you are a Member of Parliament and will only get up at some important moment and denounce the national party, or publicly separate yourself from them, the Castle will be sure to find you a comfortable place with a salary proportioned to the merits of the services you have rendered.

These, it will be urged, are only social or sentimental grievances. Still I would ask an English reader to consider for himself what must be the effect upon Irish national feeling of the working of an institution set up in Ireland for the purpose of discouraging and repressing national sentiment, encouraging and rewarding anti-national sentiment. How would he like Mr. Parnell governing England by and for the Irish, rewarding in one way or another every anti-English Englishman who played false to his nation's feelings, and thrusting the editor of the *St. James's Gazette* into prison to lie on a plank-bed there, because he had dared to remind his brother Englishmen that they had wrongs and ought not to pause until they had got them righted? I would ask an English reader whether it is not fair to infer that the Castle system must tend to foster the disaffection which it strives to repress with such wholesale severity?

However, let us come to practical detail with regard to the Castle system, and see if Mr. Davitt is wrong when he describes it as a centralised despotism.

Dublin Castle is a palace, a bureau, and a barrack. It is the seat of the administration of Ireland. The Lord-Lieutenant is, under the present condition of things, as absolute a master of the political rule of the country as the Austrian governor of a Venetian province in the old days. He is not expected to have any greater sympathy, any greater affinity of feeling with the Irish people, than the Austrian governor had with the population of Venetia. The Lord-Lieutenant at present is an Englishman; the office is almost invariably held by an Englishman or a Scotchman. At present the Chief Secretary is a Scotchman; his predecessors have, with only the rarest exceptions, been Englishmen or Scotchmen. Of course the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary are always Protestants, and four-fifths of the population of Ireland are Catholics. The permanent officials are, with very rare exceptions, English or Scotch Protestants. When an Irishman does hold office, he is invariably a man who has shown himself utterly out of sympathy with the sentiments of the vast majority of his countrymen. The Lord-Lieutenant has a Privy Council, which is a very different institution indeed from that phantom organization which we find existing in England. The Irish Privy Council issues the proclamations under which arrests for seditious conspiracy and orders for the suppression of public meetings are made, and the Irish judges usually constitute a majority of the ordinary Privy Council meeting. Thus the judges declare in the Privy Council that a certain meeting ought to be prevented, because of the turbulent character of certain persons who propose to take part in it; and if any proceedings should afterwards be taken against one of these persons, he may come up to be tried before one of the body of judges who had in advance directed the proclamation against

him. It has to be remembered, too, that the Irish Bench is almost entirely filled by men who were, until their elevation, conspicuous as political partisans. An Irishman who glances along the list of the names of English judges will be amazed to see how few of them ever sat in Parliament, or took any prominent part in politics. An Englishman would feel a very different kind of surprise if he were to study the list of the Irish judges. The Irish judge usually passes to his place on the Bench through the vestibule of the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, two of the three ordinary judges of the Queen's Bench Division, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas Division, the Chief Baron and one of the two other Barons of the Exchequer Division, were all political partisans, most of them having held party office in a Government and fought partisan battles in the House of Commons.

Now I am far from saying that all these judges carry their partisanship into their judicial duties; but the fact remains that they are promoted partisans, which cannot but affect the popular estimate of the administration of justice. Meanwhile the Magistracy of the county and the grand juries are practically under the control of the Castle, and of the Magistrates the great majority are everywhere Protestants. There are 4,500 Protestant justices to 880 Catholic. The Castle has also the control of the national education, and actually does not allow Irish history to be taught in the schools.

All this time the people are showing, by the best means in their power, that they are determined to make an Irish nation for themselves without regard to the Castle.

The only institutions in the country which make any pretence at being representative are the municipal corporations. They are not indeed representative in the sense that English municipalities are representative; the municipal franchise in Ireland is too high and is fenced round by too many conditions and restrictions. Still they are the best Ireland has; and what are they doing? They are becoming literally absorbed by the national party. Very excellent bodies they are, regarded merely as hard-working, sensible, and practical municipal corporations; in that way they will bear comparison with any English corporations. But the manner in which they are gradually converting Ireland into a distinct nation and preparing her for self-government would impress any observer on earth who was not a Castle official with the conviction that the days of Castle rule are nearly over. I would undertake it that any Englishman of ordinary intelligence and who had not locked and barred his mind against the admission of a new idea—I would undertake it that such an Englishman, if brought within sight and study of Dublin Castle on the one hand and the Irish corporations on the other, would come back to this country an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. The Castle now is only known in Ireland as an institution for repressing public meetings and putting Nationalists in prison. With the promotion of national prosperity, with the development of national energy in trade, commerce and manufactures, with the improvement of national education, it has no more to do than any ordinary police barrack.

The days even of its patronage are gone. When the people of Dublin were getting up their Industrial Exhibition, three years ago, they positively refused the patronage of Dublin Castle. The exhibition was a great success, and all Dublin attended on its opening day, except the Lord-Lieutenant and his officials, and nobody cared for their absence.

I called the attention of an English friend to these facts ; to the scene we were looking on ; to the absence, the almost enforced absence, of Castle patronage. I asked him what he, as an Englishman, thought of it. "The thing is done," he said. "The nation is made. All that now remains is for the Lord-Lieutenant and his staff to bundle and go, and let your people come in and take possession of the Castle and carry on the government of the country in a proper way." And he added, "If I were the Lord-Lieutenant, I would not remain in Dublin another day."

Since then, certain revelations have been made concerning the conduct of some of the Castle officials. I shall not (says the writer) ask any one to listen to a recital of that hideous story. But many intelligent Englishmen doubtless still think that these scandals consisted of trumped-up accusations against high-minded public servants, which met with the exposure and contempt they deserved.

This is the story told briefly : Certain very serious accusations were made by the editor of *United Ireland* against some leading officials of the Castle—one the person at the head of the Detective Department, another who was until lately Secretary to the Dublin Post-office. Mr. Trevelyan at first refused to believe that there was any truth in the charges, and accused the editor of *United Ireland*, Mr. William O'Brien, a Member of Parliament, of employing a detective for the purpose of trumping up accusations against public men. The late Mr. Fawcett earnestly repudiated all belief in the charges made against the Secretary of the Dublin Post-office, and paid that person a very high compliment. No one could blame Mr. Fawcett for this. As I pointed out in the House of Commons when the Postmaster-General had done speaking, Mr. Fawcett's responsibility for the conduct and character of the Dublin Secretary was of the most strictly technical or titular order. Mr. Fawcett knew nothing personally of the Dublin Secretary, and could only speak of him on the authority of others. However, such were the facts. What happened in the end ? I pass over all the intermediate actions for libel, and trials for felony and then for conspiracy, and I come to the close of the chapter at once. Mr. Justice Murphy, delivering judgment on a motion made by the Post-office Secretary, for a new trial of an action for libel, declared that, "having regard to the mass of evidence before him, he was convinced that the jury were right in concluding that a vile gang existed in the city of Dublin, leagued together for loathsome purposes," and that the official in question was "one of the gang." Openly and publicly, on clear and sufficient evidence, to the mind of the jury and to the mind of the judge, a jury has found him guilty of loathsome vices, that should cause him to be shunned by all persons having regard to decency." Chief Justice Morris on the same occasion said, "It was not contended on the part of the plaintiff," the Post-office Secretary, "it could not be contended, that

there was not ample evidence of the commission by him of loathsome and horrible deeds." So much for that official. The head of the Detective Department was put on trial and found guilty; he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. The judge who sentenced him is Mr. Justice O'Brien, one of the most aggressively loyal and fiercely anti-Nationalist judges on the Irish Bench. Mr. Justice O'Brien expressed his unqualified concurrence with the verdict of the jury.

Now, suppose all this had happened in England, would it have been hushed up as these scandals have been? Would not these statesmen have been told that they ought to have found out the truth long ago?

Will Mr. Trevelyan get up and say that he now acquits Mr. O'Brien of the accusation of trumping up charges against officials? Of course he will not. The London newspapers used to denounce Mr. O'Brien day after day, while the charges he made were yet unproved. The moment the charges were made good and the offenders denounced by the Irish judges, the whole thing was dropped. I do not know whether any London paper ever published the observations of Mr. Justice Murphy, of Chief Justice Morris, or of Mr. Justice O'Brien.

Is it, then, surprising that the Irish people should dislike the Castle system? According to their experience, Dublin Castle is the place that imprisons the men they love, and keeps in its pay persons of atrocious character, till at last the Criminal Courts and Judges have to interpose. Besides the case of Myles Joyce,—who was executed in spite of the opinion of Mr. Charles Russell, Mr. Edward Clark, and Mr. Gorst that no case was made out for his conviction—there is the case of Kilmartin, likewise found guilty, but happily not sentenced to death.

In his case there was a reinvestigation. The Prime Minister himself happened to be in the House during the debate on Kilmartin's case. Subordinate officials had bluntly refused to grant any manner of reinvestigation; but Mr. Gladstone luckily came into the House of Commons before the debate closed, and he was impressed by some of the arguments used not merely by Irish Members, but by such Englishmen as Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Robert Peel. He granted an enquiry, and what was the result? Kilmartin had to be set at liberty. There the intervention of the Prime Minister himself was necessary to rescue an unfortunate victim from the system of Dublin Castle.

Or, take the case of Miss Mary O'Connor, sister of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who was thrown into prison by the authorities of Dublin Castle, because she was a member of a Ladies' Land League.

There was no charge against her; there could be none; she had positively never even taken a conspicuous part in the Ladies' Land League agitation, and she is a girl who personally shrinks from any manner of public display. But she attended some meeting of a Ladies' Land League, or committed some other

crime of that sort, and the Castle put her in prison. I thought as I heard her speak casually of having been in prison I should like to sermonize a little on the subject to the English men and women who were present. I should like to point out to them the utter and absolute futility of any expectation that the laws could be respected in Ireland so long as the authorities of Dublin Castle turn them to such uses. This young lady was not even imprisoned under Mr. Forster's "Reasonable Suspicion" code, which is now out of date. An antiquated statute of Edward the Third was discovered which had to do with dangers to public peace or something of the kind, and permitted the incarceration at random of everybody and anybody. I wonder how many Englishmen or Englishwomen took the trouble to know that at one time the Castle authorities were putting educated and respectable girls to prison under a statute of Edward the Third.

All this, however, is the natural and necessary consequence of a system like that which prevails in Ireland. The Castle is an absolute anomaly in a civilisation like ours. Despotism and Constitutionalism cannot work together.

It is idle to discuss the character and the merits of this or that Viceroy or Chief Secretary. There cannot be a successful Viceroy or Chief Secretary in Ireland under present conditions. The thing is an impossibility. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, I see, is reported as having said the other day that Lord Spencer is winning back for English rule the affections of the Irish people. One's breath is taken away by such a statement. Can it be possible that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman really said anything of the kind? Can it be that he believes such a thing? Lord Spencer certainly does not. Lord Spencer knows better.

The writer tells us, in conclusion, that were he to presume to give advice to the authorities of the Castle, there is one suggestion he would make. It is not advisable, for the sake of the Castle influence over the county, to make it a point to find a remunerative situation for every Irish Member of Parliament who goes over from the Nationalist to the Ministerial party.

This is an objectionable practice in almost every way. It is not well to have the appearance of hiring loyalty. No doubt the gentlemen who were lately installed in office had become Ministerialists out of the sincerest and best intentions. Of one of them in especial who has just died I do not wish to say an unkindly word. He "walked his own road whither that led him," as Carlyle says; others of us walked our own road, too, which led them farther and farther away from the Castle. But it has a bad effect when the Castle says in substance to the great majority of the Irish people: "So then you don't like this or that person; you accuse him of having deserted you; of having broken his engagements with you? In your overwrought, impassioned Celtic style you say he has betrayed you and your country? Very good; then the Castle will show its appreciation of him by finding a situation and a salary for him." I humbly submit that this is not exactly a course of conduct likely to promote the cause of loyalty in Ireland.

AUTOMATIC WRITING ; OR, THE RATIONALE OF PLANCHETTE.—

The object of the present paper is to show, not only that our unconscious mental action may interact with our conscious in a more definite and tangible manner than is usually supposed, but also that this unconscious mental action may actually manifest the existence of a cardinal faculty of which the conscious mind of the same persons at the same time is wholly devoid.

Taking one of the many forms of unconscious action, *viz.*, *automatic writing*, we will try by a few examples to show the operation—

first, of unconscious cerebral action of the already recognized kind, but much more complex and definite than is commonly supposed to be discernible in waking persons ; and, *secondly*, of telepathic action,—of the transference, that is to say, of thoughts or ideas from the conscious or unconscious mind of one person to the conscious or unconscious mind of another person, from whence they emerge in the shape of automatically written words or sentences.

Automatic writing is merely a variety of the tricks of unconscious action to which, in excited moments, we are all prone. The surplus nervous energy escapes along some habitual channel ; movements of the hand, for instance, and among hand-movements, drumming of tunes and the like, *writing* naturally holds a prominent place. Instances of graphic automatism are frequent ; as, when a nervous student scribbles Greek words on the margin of his composition paper, without any notion of what he is writing, or as when a man attacked by a slight epileptic seizure while writing, will sometimes continue to write a few sentences unconsciously, which, though nonsensical, will often be correct in spelling and grammar.

Passing on to induced or experimental cases, we will give first a singular transitional instance, where there is no voluntary muscular action, but yet a previous exercise of expectant attention to secure the result.

My friend Mr. A., who is much interested in mental problems, has practised introspection with assiduity and care. He finds that if he fixes his attention on some given word, and then allows his hand to rest laxly in the writing attitude, his hand presently writes the word without any conscious volition of his own ; the sensation being as though the hand were moved by some power other than himself. This happens whether his eyes are open or shut, so that the gaze is not necessary to fix the attention. If he wills *not* to write, he can remove his hand and avert the action. But if he chooses a movement simpler than writing, for instance, if he holds out his open hand and strongly imagines that it will close, a kind of spasm ensues, and the hand closes, even though he exert all his voluntary force to keep it open.

It is manifest how analogous these actions are to much which in bygone times has been classed as *possession*. Mr. A. has the very sensation of being possessed,—moved from within by some agency which overrules his volition, and

yet we can hardly doubt that it is merely his *unconscious* influencing his *conscious* life. The act of attention, so to say, has stamped the idea of the projected movement so strongly on his brain that the movement works itself out automatically, in spite of subsequent efforts to prevent it. The best parallel will be the case of a promise made during the hypnotic trance, which the subject is irresistibly impelled to fulfil on waking.* From this curious transitional case we pass on to cases where no idea of the words written has passed through the writer's consciousness. It is not easy to make quite sure that this is the case, and the *modus operandi* needs some consideration.

First, we have to find an automatic writer. Perhaps one person in a hundred possesses this tendency; that is, if he sits for half an hour with his hand on a pencil, he will begin to write words which he has not consciously thought of.

Another plan is to use a *planchette*, which is no occult instrument, but simply a thin piece of board supported on two castors, and on a third leg consisting of a pencil which just touches the paper. A planchette has two advantages over the ordinary pencil; namely, that a slighter impulse will start it, and that it is easier to write (or rather scrawl) without seeing or feeling what you are writing. These precautions, of course, are for the operator's own satisfaction; they are no proof to other people that he is not writing the words intentionally. That can only be proved to others if he writes facts demonstrably unknown to his conscious self; as in the telepathic cases to which we shall come further on.

A lady (at the writer's request), who was a careful observer, but quite unfamiliar with this subject, tried whether she could write with planchette, and reported the result. Her experience may stand as typical.

"I have tried the planchette," she writes, "and I get writing, certainly not done by my hand consciously; but it is nonsense, such as *mebew*. I tried holding a pencil, and all I got was *mm* or *rererere*, then for hours together I got this; *Celen, Celen*. Whether the first letter was C or L, I could never make out. Then I got *I Celen*. I was disgusted, and took a book and read while I held the pencil. Then I got *Helen*. Now note this fact; I never make H like that (like I and C juxtaposed); I make it thus: (like a printed H). I then saw that the thing I read as *I Celen* was *Helen*, my name. For days I had only *Celen*, and never for one moment expected it meant what it did."

Now this case suggests several curious analogies.

First, there is an analogy with those cases of double consciousness where the patient in the "second state" has to learn to write anew. He learns more rapidly than he learnt as a child, because the necessary adjustments do already exist in his brain, although he cannot use them in the normal manner. So here,

* In a paper on "The Stages of Hypnotism" in *Mind* for October 1884, Mr. E. Gurney describes an experiment where this persistent influence of an impressed idea could in a certain sense be detected in the muscular system. "A boy's arm being flexed" (and the boy having been told that he *cannot* extend it), "he is offered a sovereign to extend it. He struggles till he is red in the face; but all the while his triceps is remaining quite flaccid, or if some rigidity appears in it, the effect is at once counteracted by an equal rigidity in the biceps. The idea of the impossibility of extension—i.e., the idea of continued flexion—is thus acting itself out, even when wholly rejected from the mind."

too, the hidden other self was learning to write, but learnt more rapidly than a child learns, inasmuch as the process was now but the transference of an organized memory from one stream of the inner being to another. But, secondly, we must observe (and now I am referring to many other cases besides the case cited) that the hidden self does not learn to write just as a child learns, but rather by passing through the stages first of *atactic*, then of *amnemonic* agraphy. That is to say, first, the pencil scrawls vaguely, like the patient who cannot form a single letter; then it writes the wrong letters or the wrong words, like the patient who writes blunderingly, or chooses the letters JICMNOS for James Simmonds, JASPENOS for James Pascoe, &c.; ultimately it writes correctly though very likely (as here, and in a case of Dr. Macnish's) the handwriting of the *secondary self* (if I may suggest a needed term) is different from the handwriting of the *primary*.

To pass on to one more case of automatic writing. Mr. A. found that if he held a pencil and wrote *questions*, the pencil would, in a hand quite unlike his own, write answers which he could in no wise foresee.

Moreover, as will be seen, he was not only unable to foresee these answers, he was sometimes unable even to comprehend them. Many of them were anagrams—transpositions of letters which he had to puzzle over before he could get at their meaning. This makes, of course, the main importance of the case; this proof of the concurrent action of a secondary self so entirely dissociated from the primary consciousness that the questioner is almost baffled by his own automatic replies. The matter of the replies is on the usual level of automatic messages, which are apt to resemble the conversations of a capricious dream.

Here is Mr. A.'s account, abridged, with the *answers* given in italics.

" 'What is it,' said Mr. A., 'that now moves my pen?' *Religion*. 'What is religion?' *Worship*. Here arose a difficulty. Although I did not expect either of these answers, yet, when the first few letters had been written, I expected the remainder of the word. This might vitiate the result. But now, as if the intelligence wished to prove by the manner of answering, that the answer could be due to *it* alone, and in no part to mere expediency, my next question received a singular reply. 'Worship of what?' *Wbwbwbw*. 'What is the meaning of wb?' *Win, buy*. 'What?' *Knowledge*. On the second day the first question was—'What is man?' *Flise*. My pen was at first very violently agitated, which had not been the case on the first day. It was quite a minute before it wrote as above. On the analogy of *wb* I proceeded: 'What does F stand for?' *Fesi*. 'L?' *Le*. 'I?' *Ivy*. 'S?' *Sir*. 'E?' *Eye*. 'Is *Fesi le Ivy, sir, eye* an anagram? *Yes*. 'How many words in the answer?' *Four*."

Mr. A. was unable to shift these letters into an intelligible sentence, and began again on the third day with the same question.

" 'What is Man?' *Tefi, Hasl, Esble, Lies*. 'Is this an anagram?' *Yes*. 'How many words in the answer?' *Five*. 'Must I interpret it myself?' *Try*. Presently I got out, *Life is the less able*. Next I tried the previous anagram, and at last obtained *Every life is yes*."

Here some of the sentences were real answers to the questions; and not even the absurdest sentences were wholly meaningless.

In the two first given, for instance, Mr. A. was inclined to trace a reference to books lately read ; the second sentence alluding to such doctrines as that "Death solves mysteries which life cannot unlock ;" the first to Spinoza's tenet that all existence is affirmation of the Deity. We seem, therefore, to see the secondary self struggling to express abstract thought with much the same kind of incoherence with which we have elsewhere seen it struggle to express some concrete symbol.

Let us consider then how far we have got.

Mr. A. (on the view here taken) is communing with his second self, with another focus of cerebral activity within his own brain. And I imagine this other focus of personality to be capable of exhibiting about as much intelligence as one exhibits in an ordinary dream. Mr. A. awake is addressing Mr. A. asleep ; and the first replies, *Religion, Worship, &c.*, are very much the kind of answer that one gets if one addresses a man who is partially comatose, or muttering in broken slumber. Such a man will make brief replies which show at least that the *words* of the question are caught, though perhaps not its meaning. In the next place, the answer *was* must, I think, as Mr. A. suggests, be taken as an attempt to prove independent action, a confused inchoate response to the writer's fear that his waking self might be suggesting the words written. The same trick of language—abbreviation by initial letters, occurs on the second day again ; and this kind of *continuity of character*, which automatic messages often exhibit, has been sometimes taken to indicate the persisting presence of an extraneous mind. But perhaps its true parallel may be found in the well-known cases of intermittent memory, where a person repeatedly subjected to certain abnormal states, as somnambulism or the hypnotic trance, carries on from one access into another a chain of recollections of which his ordinary self knows nothing.

Mr. A.'s inner self, in fact, retraced the familiar path of one of his childish amusements, and mystified the waking man with the puzzles of the boy.

Many other strange varieties of graphic automatism might be mentioned ; as *reversed script*, so written as to be read in a mirror—a kind of writing not very rare with left-handed children and imbeciles, with whom it is a result of hemiplegia of the right side.

But to pass on to telepathy, or the transference of ideas from one conscious or unconscious mind to another, without the agency of any of the recognised organs of sense.

The case about to be related consists of a communication from the Rev. P. H. Newnham, Rector of Maker, Devonport, in the form of a copy of entries in a note book made during eight months in 1871 at the actual moments of experiment. Mrs. Newnham independently corroborates the account.

"Being desirous," says the first entry in Mr. Newnham's note-book, "of investigating accurately the phenomena of 'planchette,' myself and my wife have agreed to carry out a series of systematic experiments, in order to ascertain the conditions under which the instrument is able to work. To this end the following rules are strictly observed :—

"1. The question to be asked is written down before the planchette is set in motion. This question, as a rule, is not known to the operator. [The few cases where the question *was* known to Mrs. Newnham are specially marked in the note-book, and are none of them cited here.]

"2. Whenever an evasive, or other, answer is returned, necessitating one or more new questions to be put before a clear answer can be obtained, the operator is not to be made aware of any of these questions, or even of the general subject to which they allude, until the final answer has been obtained.

"My wife," adds Mr. Newnham, "always sat at a small low table, in a low chair, leaning backwards. I sat about eight feet distant, at a rather high table, and with my back towards her while writing down the questions. It was absolutely impossible that any gesture or play of feature on my part could have been visible or intelligible to her. As a rule she kept her eyes shut ; but never became in the slightest degree hypnotic, or even naturally drowsy.

"Under these conditions we carried on experiments for about eight months, and I have 309 questions and answers recorded in my note-book, spread over this time. But the experiments were found very exhaustive of nerve power, and as my wife's health was delicate, and the fact of thought-transmission had been abundantly proved, we thought it best to abandon the pursuit.

"The planchette began to move instantly with my wife. The answer was often half written before I had completed the question.

"On finding that it would write easily, I asked three simple questions, which were known to the operator, then three others unknown to her, relating to my own private concerns. All six having been instantly answered in a manner to show complete intelligence, I proceeded to ask :

"(7) Write down the lowest temperature here this week. Answer : 8. Now, this reply at once arrested my interest. The actual lowest temperature had been 7·6°, so that 8 was the nearest whole degree ; but my wife said at once that, if she had been asked the question, she would have written 7, and not 8 ; as she had forgotten the decimal, but remembered my having said that the temperature had been down to 7 *something*.

"I simply quote this as a good instance, at the very outset, of perfect transmission of thought, coupled with a perfectly independent reply ; the answer being correct in itself, but different from the impression on the conscious intelligence of both parties.

"Naturally, our first desire was to see if we could obtain any information concerning the nature of the intelligence which was operating through the planchette, and of the method by which it produced the written results. We repeated questions on this subject again and again, and I will copy down the principal questions and answers in this connection.

"(13) Is it the operator's brain or some external force that moves the planchette ? Answer ' brain' or ' force.' *Will.*

"(14) Is it the will of a living person, or of an immaterial spirit distinct from that person ? Answer ' person' or ' spirit.' *Wife.*

"(15) Give first the wife's Christian name ; then my favourite name for her. (*This was accurately done.*)

"(27) What is your own name ? *Only you.*

"(28) We are not quite sure of the meaning of the answer. Explain. *Wife.*

"The subject was resumed on a later day.

"(118) But does no one tell wife what to write ? if so, who ? *Spirit.*

"(119) Whose spirit? *Wife's brain.*

"(120) But how does wife's brain know masonic secrets? *Wife's spirit unconsciously guides.*

(190) Why are you not always influenced by what I think? *Wife knows sometimes what you think.* (191) How does wife know it? *When her brain is excited, and has not been much tried before.* (192) But by what means are my thoughts conveyed to her brain? *Electrobiology.* (193) What is electrobiology? *No one knows.* (194) But do not you know? *No, wife does not know.*

"My object," says Mr. Newnham, "in quoting this large number of questions and replies [many of them omitted here] has been not merely to show the instantaneous and unfailing transmission of thought from questioner to operator but more especially to call attention to a remarkable character of the answers given. These answers, consistent and invariable in their tenor from first to last, did not correspond with the opinion or expectation of either myself or my wife. Something which takes the appearance of a source of intelligence distinct from the conscious intelligence of either of us was clearly perceptible from the very first. Assuming, at the outset, that if her source of percipience could grasp my question, it would be equally willing to reply in accordance with my request, in questions (13) (14) I suggested the form of answer; but of this not the slightest notice was taken. Neither myself nor my wife had ever taken part in any form of (so-called) 'spiritual' manifestations before this time; nor had we any decided opinion as to the agency by which phenomena of this kind were brought about. But for such answers as those numbered (14), (27), (144), (192), (194), we were both of us totally unprepared; and I may add that, so far as we were prepossessed by any opinion whatever, these replies were distinctly opposed to such opinions. In a word, it is simply impossible that these replies should have been either suggested, or composed, by the *conscious* intelligence of either of us."

Mr. Newnham obtained some curious results by questioning "planchette" on Masonic archæology—a subject which he had long studied, but of which Mrs. Newnham knew nothing.

In this case, therefore, we have Mrs. Newnham ignorant at once of all three points:—of what was the question asked; of what the true answer would have been; and of what answer was actually being written. Under these circumstances the answer showed a mixture—

- (1) Of true Masonic facts, as known to Mr. Newnham;
- (2) Of Masonic theories, known to him, but held by him to be erroneous;
- (3) Of ignorance, sometimes avowed, sometimes endeavouring to conceal itself by subterfuge.

Here is an example:—

"(166) Of what language is the first syllable of the Great Triple R. A. word? *Don't know.* (167) Yes, you do. What are the three languages of which the word is composed? *Greek, Egypt, Syriac. First syllable (correctly given), rest unknown.* (168) Write the syllable which is Syriac. *(First syllable correctly written.)* (174) Write down the word itself. *(First three and last two letters were written correctly, but four incorrect letters, partly borrowed from another word of the same degree, came in the middle.)* (176) Why do you write a word of which I know nothing? *Wife tried hard to catch the word, but could not quite catch it.*"

So far the answers, though imperfect, honestly admit their imperfection. There is nothing which a *second self* of Mrs.

Newnham's, with a certain amount of access to Mr. Newnham's mind, might not furnish. But the following is an instance of another class of replies—replies which seem to wish to conceal ignorance and to elude exact inquiry.

"(182) Write out the prayer used at the advancement of a Mark Master Mason. *Almighty Ruler of the Universe and Architect of all worlds, we beseech Thee to accept this our brother whom we have this day received into the most honourable company of Mark Master Masons. Grant him to be a worthy member of our brotherhood; and may he be in his own person a perfect mirror of all Masonic virtues. Grant that all our doings may be to Thy honour and glory, and to the welfare of all mankind.*

"This prayer was written off instantaneously and very rapidly. For the benefit of those who are not members of the craft, I may say that no prayer in the slightest degree resembling it is made use of in the Ritual of any Masonic degree; and yet it contains more than one strictly accurate technicality connected with the degree of Mark Mason. My wife has never seen any Masonic prayers whether in 'Carlile' or any other real or spurious Ritual of the Masonic Order."

As regards this kind of untruthful evasion, so unlike anything in Mrs. Newnham's character, Mr. Newnham inclines to a view fully in accordance with the one we have suggested.

"Is this *third intelligence*," he says, "analogous to the 'dual state,' the existence of which, in a few extreme and most interesting cases, is now well established? Is there a latent potentiality of a 'dual state' existing in every brain? and are the few very striking phenomena which have as yet been noticed and published only the exceptional developments of a state which is inherent in most or in all brains?"

"May not the untrained half of the organ of mind, even in the most pure and truthful characters, be capable of manifesting tendencies like the hysterical girl's and of producing at all events the *appearance* of moral deficiencies which are totally foreign to the well-trained and disciplined portion of the brain which is ordinarily made use of?"

When, in short, a man's store of memories and the whole sum of his sensations are suddenly altered by the exhibition of this secondary self, their character changes too, as we see in our recollection of the moral obliquities and incoherences of an ordinary dream.

But for the present our inquiry must pause here. Two distinct arguments have been attempted in this paper: the first of them in accordance with recognized physiological science, though with some novelty of its own; the second lying altogether beyond what the consensus of authorities at present admits. For *first*, an attempt has been made to show that the unconscious mental action which is admittedly going on within us may manifest itself through graphic automatism with a degree of complexity hitherto little suspected, so that a man may actually hold a written colloquy with his own waking and responsive dream; and, *secondly*, reason has been given for believing that automatic writing may sometimes reply to questions which the writer does not see, and mention facts which the writer does not know, the knowledge of those questions or those facts being apparently derived by telepathic communication from the conscious or unconscious mind of another person.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

“ FEBRUARY 1885.

The Mermaid and the Scawolf. From the Painting by F. S. Church. FRONTIS-PIECE
Hatfield House and the Marquis of Salisbury. By HENRY W. LUCY
General Richard Montgomery. By LOUIS LIVINGSTON HUNT
The Bust of Neptune. A Poem. By WILLIAM H. HAYNE
Aunt Caroline's Present. A Story. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE...
Reminded. A Poem. By LAURA M. MARQUAND
Professor Sarcophagus. A Story. By LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY
To a Snow-Drop. A Poem. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
The New and Old in Yucatan. By ALICE D. LE PLONGEON
A Transfigured Guest. A Poem. By AMELIA D. ALDEN
An Art Student in Ecouen. By CORNELIA W. CONANT
The Lick Observatory of California. By SIMON NEWCOMB	968
The Federal Union. By JOHN FISKE
In Watches of the Night. A Poem. By WILLIAM WINTER
Guardian Birds. By JOHN R. CORYELL
At the Red Grove. A Story. Part II.
In the Ranks. A Poem. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON
Pullman : A Social Study. By RICHARD T. ELY
East Angels. A Novel. Part II. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

THE LICK OBSERVATORY OF CALIFORNIA.—After ten years of preliminary work, the great Lick Observatory of California now seems fairly on the road to success. Mr. Lick was born in Pennsylvania, in 1796, of a German family. From early manhood to the age of fifty he lived mostly in South America, slowly gaining a competence by successful trade. He removed to San Francisco shortly before the gold discoveries of 1840, and having the sagacity to see that the city was destined to be the great *entrepôt* of the Pacific coast, he invested all the money he could gain in real estate, and was known as a shrewd and safe investor.

In 1854 he surprised his fellow-citizens by a venture entirely out of keeping with his previous character. This was the erection of the largest flouring mill that had yet been built in the State, and its completion in a style which for extravagance of expenditure had nothing to approach it. The interior was finished in solid mahogany, and the structure was marked in every part by the elegance of a palace. A quarter of a million of dollars was said to have been

expended on the building alone, and as much more on the grounds and accessories, while the owner himself occupied a building in the neighbourhood little better than a hovel. It is said in his behalf that this extravagance was not merely the play of an eccentric humor, but was intended as a protest against the cheap and flimsy style of building which then prevailed in California. He wished to show that there was at least one Californian who could erect a building regardless of expense. But the enterprise told against his good judgment yet more strongly than against his reputation as a hoarder of wealth. The ground occupied by the mill was subject to inundation almost every year, and he finally had to abandon the place. He now went on yet another tack, which he had been least of all expected to take, by presenting the mill and grounds to the Paine Memorial Society of Boston, which sold the entire property for \$18,000 in cash. This sale was effected without the knowledge of Mr. Lick, who was extremely dissatisfied with the proceedings, as he would willingly have given \$50,000 himself for the property.

In the year 1873 Mr. Lick made his name widely known by his expressed intention of leaving his entire fortune to a board of trustees ; the interest to be expended for scientific and public objects. The object to which he devoted the largest sum, 700,000 dollars, was the construction of a telescope "larger and more powerful than any ever before made," together with an observatory, which he evidently regarded as a mere appendage of the telescope.

For Mr. James Lick seems to have had no traces of astronomical knowledge, nor any unusual taste for that science. All that he said and wrote on the details of the Observatory was scientifically of the crudest kind. To his mind the problem of making a telescope of any required power was purely one of enterprise and money, and once pointed at the sky, he evidently thought that discoveries would be made by merely the looking.

His first public act was the appointment of a board of seven trustees, comprising some of the leading business men of San Francisco, to whom he executed a deed of gift of his entire fortune, making no reservation for himself except an annual sum for his own support during his life. The first thing he desired was the construction of the telescope, and he probably hoped to see its completion himself. The smallest aperture which he could be induced to think of for his telescope was forty inches, which would admit more than double the light of the Washington telescope ; but he constantly strove for a much larger size—four feet or upward.

A special agent was sent abroad by the trustees to gather information with regard to the arrangements that should be made—how the rough glass could be obtained, and what opticians could make the telescope.

In Germany the most renowned firm was that of Merz, in Munich, but neither he nor any other German mechanic who could give satisfactory guarantees was willing to undertake the work. It would have been not merely to do more than they had themselves undertaken, but more than the English or

Americans, who had made far larger telescopes than those of the Germans, had undertaken. Although the French had not actually succeeded in completing a telescope of the largest size, they had been working in that direction for a number of years, and Paris was next visited. The firm of Eichens were then at work on the mounting of the great four-foot reflector for the Paris Observatory, and were ready to accept Mr. Lick's commission. But when their written proposals were received it was quite clear that the prospect of lightening the burden of a successful gatherer of California gold, anxious to get rid of a large surplus accumulation, was higher in their minds than the scientific glory they might acquire by constructing the largest telescope ever made. The agent assured them that it was absolutely useless to submit their proposition to the trustees. Although they then made a considerable reduction in their price, it was still above a reasonable limit. The general result of the inquiry was that the European with whom it was best worth while to negotiate was Mr. Howard Grubb, of Dublin. The latter was favorably known as co-laborer with his father in the construction of the great reflector mounted at Melbourne, Australia, and had made several objectives for the English astronomers, which had given great satisfaction. He was then negotiating for the construction of the great Vienna telescope, which has recently been completed and put into operation, and was quite ready to undertake the Lick telescope in addition on reasonable business terms.

But before the telescope could be even commenced, the glass disks from which the objective must be made had to be obtained. The difficulties in the way of getting the rough glass were about equal to those of constructing the telescope. The largest disks of proper quality which had ever been successfully completed were those of the Washington telescope, and they had required more than a year in the manufacture. It was very doubtful whether the minimum size satisfactory to Mr. Lick—forty inches—could be practically reached. Only two firms could undertake the work—Chance and Co., of Birmingham, and Feil, of Paris. The former had the advantage of the capital and responsibility of a great firm; the latter, of special skill and enthusiasm. It was difficult to choose between them.

Meanwhile Mr. Lick became distrustful of his board of trustees, and a new one was appointed—an event which was followed by Mr. Lick's death, and a long course of litigation between the different beneficiaries and his son and heir, which was not finally settled till 1880. The new president of the board was Captain R. S. Floyd of San Francisco, a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, with a basis of practical experience in the use of astronomical instruments.

The question of greatest difficulty was whether the telescope should be a reflector or a refractor. Theoretically there was no limit to the size of the former, and, as a matter of fact, great reflectors like that of the Earl of Rosse far exceeded in size any refracting telescope which it was possible to construct. But the practical difficulties in the way of their successful use were such that not even the largest of them had exceeded the largest refractors in performance. The problem for the solution of which the trustees were waiting was whether success could be obtained with a great reflector. Up to the time when a decision had

to be reached no satisfactory evidence was developed that the requirements could be fulfilled by any form except that of a refracting telescope. It was therefore finally adopted.

The site chosen for the observatory is Mt. Hamilton, a prominence in the Coast Range of California, 4,400 feet above the level of the sea.

The view from the summit is one of the most commanding in the United States. Through a ravine toward the west the spectator sees the city of San Jose, its buildings dotting with white the beautiful plain in which it is situated. The view of the Pacific Ocean beyond is cut off by a range of mountains. Toward the north the eye takes in a vast region covered with innumerable hills, half mountain and half field. In very clear weather the peak of Mount Shasta may be seen at a distance of more than two hundred and fifty miles. On the east, above the neighbouring hills, a fine view of the outlines of the Sierra Nevada range, one hundred and thirty miles distant, may be obtained at sunrise. On the south the view is bounded by another peak about the same height as Mount Hamilton. Between the two mountains lies a ravine more than a thousand feet deep. Snow and glaciers are wanting, so that the views do not compare in magnificence with those obtained in the Alps, but the clearness of the atmosphere partially compensates for this by the extent and variety of the field which the eye takes in.

But the astronomer is not concerned with the earth but with the heavens, and notwithstanding the clearness of the air, doubt was thrown upon the suitability of the site for astronomical observations. Observers had reported a current of warm air rising up the side of the mountain during the night, which would be fatal to astronomical observations. Mr. S. W. Burnham, who had had long practice at Chicago in all sorts of atmospheric conditions, was recommended by all the astronomers consulted as the best available judge in the case.

In the summer of 1879 Mr. Burnham accepted a proposal to proceed to California with his telescope, and spend several weeks in surveying the heavens from the top of Mount Hamilton. The month of August found him installed in a little observatory which had been designed and erected by Captain Floyd. The results of his examination exceeded all expectations, and an astronomer has seldom had occasion to make so enthusiastic a report as that of Mr. Burnham. Not only were the atmospheric conditions of the finest kind, but night after night the astronomer enjoyed such views of the heavenly bodies as Chicago offered him only a few nights in the year. The general experience of observers is that the very finest nights for seeing are few in number; the man who can secure a dozen in a year would be considered extremely fortunate. Even one of these favourable nights might not remain so for an hour. But at Mount Hamilton that steadiness of view which is so rarely to be found at less favoured spots generally continued through the whole night. Whether the future astronomer who shall scan the heavens from this unsurpassed spot with an unrivalled telescope will enjoy during the whole year such weather as occurs during summer and autumn cannot be foreseen; but even if he does not, he will be more than

satisfied with the year's work which he can perform during the favourable season.

With the site assured, the trustees commenced the negotiations for making the telescope and erecting the buildings. The first was the more tedious and difficult work.

In 1880 a contract was made with Messrs. Alvan Clark and Sons to furnish an objective of thirty-six inches clear aperture. This was six inches greater than the glass they had just arranged to make for the Russian government, and thus the telescope would fulfil the condition of being the largest and most powerful ever made. The result has proved the old rule, that the larger the glass, the more difficult it is to make it. In this connection there is a curious contrast between our present experience and that of the opticians in the early part of the century. At that time the making of the crown-glass for the double lens offered comparatively little difficulty ; it was the flint-glass with which the trouble was found. The latter contained lead, a substance of great specific gravity, which persisted in settling toward the bottom of the pot in which the glass was melted, and thus producing a difference between the two sides of the glass which was fatal to its performance. But this difficulty has been so completely overcome that all the trouble now arises with the crown-glass. The method of making the best flint was long supposed to be a secret in the hands of a Swiss named Guinand and his family ; but it is now believed that the supposed secret involved nothing more than the very simple device of continuously and vigorously stirring the molten glass until it became too cool and stiff to permit the heavier material to settle. However this might be, Feil, of Paris, who has been most successful in making large disks, supplied a satisfactory flint in a reasonable time. But so much delay was met with in casting the crown-glass that it has not yet reached the hands of the optician. The cause of his failure is one so simple that one cannot but wonder that it should offer any trouble after being once detected. We call to mind that when the founder has succeeded in casting his lump of glass, weighing several hundred pounds, the clay pot in which it is contained is broken away. The outside portions of the glass itself, being impregnated with the clay and other impurities, have to be cut away. This is a most tedious process. If any ordinary cutting tool were used, the glass would be apt to fly to pieces. It has to be sawed by a wire working in sand and water. The process of cutting away the outside is one, therefore, involving weeks, if not months, of labor. When it is done, the mass must be pressed into the shape of a disk, like a very thin grindstone, and in order to do this the lump must first be heated nearly to the melting-point, so as to become plastic. But when Feil began to heat his large mass it flew to pieces. In successive attempts he took more and more time for the heating, but broke a dozen or more pieces before he at last succeeded. In February, 1884, he reported that a glass was actually moulded without having been broken, and would soon be ready for shipment. But it has not been shipped up to the time of sending these pages to press, and no one this side of the Atlantic knows what the state of things in the Paris foundry really is.

But the object-glass, though the one vital organ of the telescope, is really a very small portion of the whole. The construction of the delicate yet powerful machinery by which the tube 60 feet long is to be pointed toward any region of the heavens, and kept in

motion by clock-work, has not yet been commenced. In size and weight it is a piece of very heavy machinery, which, at the same time, has to be moved by a system of mechanism as delicate as those of a watch.

Finally, what is more important, a multitude of provisions must be made for the handling and pointing of the instrument, for illuminating the different portions, and for enabling the observer to read off the fine lines by which he knows at each moment exactly at what star his instrument may be pointed. The difficulty of this last problem is one that is very slightly appreciated by those not accustomed to the use of telescopes. When using a power of one thousand, the whole field of view of the telescope is only a little spot of the heavens not one-hundredth of the apparent surface of the sun or moon. Within this little spot is contained all that the observer sees when he looks into the telescope. Yet by being magnified a thousand times it seems to fill a fourth of the sky. Since the observer cannot see anything outside of this little spot, he has no knowledge which way to turn his telescope by mere sight of the heavens. He must therefore have a delicate arrangement of circles by which he finds out where he is looking, not by what he sees, but by looking into microscopes attached to various parts of the instrument itself. All this requires the combined skill of the astronomer, the astronomical mechanician, and the engineer.

After a decision has been reached, it will probably require two years to complete the instrument. Meanwhile the construction of the buildings is being pushed forward, which are to be entirely subordinated to use, all pretentiousness being avoided.

At one end is the dome which is to contain the great telescope, at the other end is a smaller dome with a much smaller telescope, to be hereafter described. Between these two domes extends the observatory proper, which consists mainly of a corridor with a row of rooms opening out on each side. On the front is a piazza, commanding, as we have already described, one of the most imposing terrestrial views in the world. In the back is a level plain hardly a hundred yards in extent, formed by blasting off the peak of the mountain. Here is mounted the great meridian circle made by the Repsolds, a transit instrument by Facett, of Washington, and a photo-heliograph, which, as its name implies, is an instrument for obtaining photographs of the sun.

It will be seen that the prospects for important contributions to astronomy are good. No doubt the ablest astronomers are inclined to believe that the making of great telescopes has already been pushed beyond the requirements of science, and that current solid work must mostly be done with smaller instruments.

Yet no one would object to the completion of a single instrument to surpass all others, provided it was placed in a position corresponding to its superior power. This being, as is hoped, the case with the Lick telescope, its completion will be welcomed everywhere.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

White Heather: A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK	—
Whist Chat. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR	974
An Incident of Empire. By H. MALLINS	—
The Search Party's Find. By J. ARBUTHNOT WILSON	—
The Whale. By the REV. J. G. WOOD	—
To Beatrice, the Squire's Daughter. By MISS KENDALL	—
"Snow Bucking" in the Rocky Mountains. By GREVILLE PALMER	—
On the Antiquity of Jest. By BRANDER MATTHEWS	—

WHIST CHAT.—A few months ago an article by Mr. R. A. Proctor on the American card game Poker appeared in the pages of *Longman's*, and attracted a good deal of attention from American readers. Mr. Proctor has since been told by some of them with charming frankness that, though he may be able to calculate to a nicety the chance of the various poker hands, he would be everlastingly beaten if he played poker in America. This he thinks likely. Poker is a game expressly invented for betting purposes, and, if report speaks the truth, some of the most successful exponents of the game in America modify their chances by "manipulative processes" which can hardly be taken into account in a scientific reckoning up of the chances.

The chance of a hand with four aces, for example, is by no means what is indicated in that essay if the dealer is able by dexterity of hand to deal himself any cards he may please. In the company of ordinary players, again, a full hand is doubtless a very good hand to stand on, but a man of guileless type would be wise not to stand on a hand even of four kings if he found a dexterous opponent putting money down heavily, lest it should presently appear that the four kings had been dealt him specially to make him wager freely by an opponent who had at the same time dealt himself four aces or a straight flush. Such things have been; and it is by no means uncommon in some parts of America for a man to lay down, with a sigh, a hand of four knaves, queens or kings (face downwards be it understood, lest he should be shot for the implied suspicion, even though four aces should lie under the shooter's hand). It is even said, I know not with what degree of truth, that in some Western States you must not be unduly pained if you should find four aces beaten by five jacks; still less must you question whether five jacks belonging naturally to a normal pack,

It is a relief to turn from a game like poker, associated with greed and lying bluster and brag, to the noble game which every Englishman loves (though so few play it well)—the best, if not the oldest, game of cards—whist. It is played, indeed, for money as poker is ; but with what a difference.

At poker the money is everything ; no one would think of playing at the game except to win or lose money ; at whist, the chief reason why money is staked is that the game may be well and truly played. No true lover of whist would like to hear such stories told of money lost and won at whist as are told of exciting poker games. The author of "Guy Livingstone" in his *Belle Dame sans Merci*, introduces a story originally told about the skilful whist player Jas. Clay, which seems to imply that many fortunes have been lost by bad whist play. A partner of Clay's had lost a game by leading from a plain suit, though holding five trumps one honour. At the close of the hand he asked Clay (who loved him not) whether a trump lead would not have been wiser. "It is computed," slowly and gravely answered the great whist player, "that eleven thousand men, once heirs to fair fortunes, are now wandering abroad in a state of destitution, because they would not lead trumps from five one honour." But either Clay was savage at the foolish play of his partner, in which case a man will say anything, or he purposely Americanised the truth, which, correctly expressed, would have been less amusing and effective. For where would have been the interest of such a rejoinder as this?—"It is computed that by failing to take the chance of a great game which the possession of five trumps one honour gives you and your partner you lose about one point out of $23\frac{1}{4}$ of those which, but for this fault of play, you would have made, in the course of a sufficiently long run : supposing 2,318 points lost and as many won each year (a very fair allowance of play), but for this fault, then 2,218 only would be won and 2,418 lost, a balance of 200 to the bad, by a player who committed the fault into which you have just fallen, partner. At a sovereign each, which is higher play than I recommend for neophytes like you, you would probably lose 200*l.* per annum. But then (also probably) you would correct the fault of play before the year was out. However, we must not keep the table waiting. Mr. Vincent Flemyng, it is your turn to deal."

It is singular that, being so fine a game as it is, whist should be so little known. Even when we know what whist is (which is by no means claiming to play finely) we, most of us, can remember what has been called by the ingenious Pembroke our "bumble-puppy" period, when to lead a singleton was our chief delight, and a trick made by ruffing seemed worth two made in any other way. But real whist is a game of science, a game calling for the exercise of keen perception, watchfulness, memory, patience, and trust in the established laws of probability.

It may sound like exaggeration to say that whist is far better calculated to develop the mind than many things taught at school, yet many a man can perceive a real gain to his mental qualities from whist practice who would find it hard to recognise any good which he has obtained from learning how to write Latin verses with due attention to the niceties of the *cæsura*. A course of whist play

is a capital way of training the memory, the powers of attention, and the temper ; but nine boys out of ten gain nothing from a course of practice in determining the greatest common measures and the least common multiples of algebraical quantities.

Indeed many of our best whist players are complaining that whist is becoming too full of points requiring to be noticed and kept in memory.

A system has come into existence within the last thirty or forty years by which a player can convey information to his partner in various ways ; and it is urged that instead of giving their minds to points of whist strategy, players now have to be constantly looking out for this signal or that indication. Many of the old players determine to have nothing to do with all this signalling ; but, alas for them ! they have no choice. It is too strong for them. Though they may never signal themselves, though they may resolutely decline to respond to any signal made by their partner, they *must* notice the signals alike of their partner and of the adversaries, or all sorts of disasters will happen, for which their partners will properly hold them responsible. Thus, a player signals for trumps, and presently his partner responds by leading him a trump. Suppose now one of the other players has failed to notice the signal. He falls naturally into the mistake of supposing that the player who has led trumps is strong in them, and that the other adversary is presumably weak. Under this mistake he presently forces what he supposes to be the strong trump hand, but in reality enables the weak hand to make trumps which would otherwise have fallen idle. Or, on the other hand, having a chance of forcing the strong trump hand, the player who has failed to notice the signal refrains religiously from doing so, imagining that he would be helping the enemy instead of cutting down his trump strength. Under these circumstances, a partner, if of the reproachful sort, can rebuke much more effectively than where his own signal has merely been overlooked. To the reproach, "Why did you not lead me a trump when I signalled?" there is always the ready answer, "I saw your signal, and I declined to respond to it, because I object to the signalling system." But what answer can be made when your partner says, "My good sir, you played the enemy's game ; there was Y signalling for trumps and you deliberately forced Z, giving him just the trick which made their game ; or you failed to force Y, though that was the only way to save our game." You cannot answer that you saw the signal, but preferred to sacrifice the game rather than act upon it. You are obliged to tell the truth (and what could be more painful?) that you had failed to notice the enemy's signal.

The real game of whist derives its interest entirely from strategy, by which either tricks are made by cards which would not, but for such strategy, have power to take those tricks, or by which the plans of the adversaries to achieve such ends are detected and foiled.

Tricks may be made by high cards ; but there is no interest in that. Any one can take a trick with the ace of trumps. Tricks may be made by finesse—that is, by playing, instead of the best card, a lower card which may or may not take the trick according as the intermediate card or cards lie to the right or left. This is better ; but the finesse pure and simple is a matter of mere chance, and so far as the actual gain of a trick is concerned there is no more scientific joy in

the success of a finesse than in the capture of a trick by a high card. There is science in the finesse ; but the scientific interest does not depend on the direct success or failure of the finesse at the moment, but on its bearing upon the general play of the hand.* Again, tricks may be made by trumping winning cards of plain suits. There is often good science in bringing this about properly, not by the coarse lead of a single card or from a two-card suit, but by so arranging matters that the ruff, when made, shall not impair, but utilise the trump strength which lies between you and your partner. Special pleasure is there in the cross-ruff when ingeniously secured and properly employed ; still more pleasure in tempting the enemy to a cross-ruff, which, while not lasting long enough to give them more than three or four tricks, just destroys their superior trump strength. But the great delight of whist strategy lies in the manoeuvres by which small cards are made to conquer large ones, as when a long suit is successfully brought in, or the enemy forced by skilful strategy to lead up to a tenace. Nor is there less pleasure in noting and foiling the plans of the adversary for achieving these same ends. Nay, to the true player there ought to be pleasure even in noting the skill by which the enemy achieves success ; but I fear me this is more than most players of whist attain to, however earnest may be their whist enthusiasm.

Of course chance has its part even in scientific whist. In playing 30,000 rubbers one of the finest living players of the game lost nearly 15,000, gaining only a balance of about 600 rubbers. Among the thousands of rubbers he lost, a goodly proportion must have been lost against bad play and by sheer influence of cards, that is, of chance. There must be some villainous whist players living who can boast that they have played several rubbers against this fine player, and won on every rubber they played. Then, again, there is such a thing as good cards being beaten by sheer bad luck.

Thus, there is that famous hand in which the Duke of Cumberland held ace, king, queen, and knave in one plain suit, ace, king, queen, in another, ace, king in the third, while in trumps he held king, knave, nine and seven ; yet with this perfectly magnificent hand and the lead, leading also quite correctly, he did not make a single trick.† Yet, although chance thus plays an important part in whist, and is indeed regarded by many as the element which gives to whist its great interest, the game even in its partial dependence on chance is a scientific one.

* For instance, the queen is nearly always finessed from ace queen third in hand ; but this point of strategy does not depend on the chances of the finesse succeeding. These are good—rather better than two to one ; but you play the queen so that, if king does lie in the fourth hand, it may be played, and your partner's suit cleared. If you played the ace, and the fourth player had the king, he would be able to stop your partner's suit when next led, and perhaps for good.

† This seems incredible, but when the hands are supplied the solution of the problem will be readily seen. The four trumps lying just over those held by the Duke of Cumberland—*viz.*, the ace, queen, ten, and eight, were on his left, with nine diamonds, while on his right were five small trumps. He led a trump which was taken on his left, and a diamond led—trumped on his right. Another trump was led through him, which was similarly taken, and another diamond led, which was also trumped on his right. Another trump lead through the duke caused his last trump but one to fall ; the last was then extracted by the player on his left. The duke had now no diamonds, that being the suit of which he had held only the ace and king. Then the diamonds on his left were as good as trumps, and made all the remaining tricks.

Only science can answer the questions which the chance element introduces. Only science can avail to get the best results which the different components of the hands leave open to a player and his partner. When to scientific acumen are added a good memory, a careful and attentive mind, readiness in observation, brilliance of conception, and aptitude in execution, we get the elements of fine play. But it is not true of the whist player that he is born, not made. Practice alone can combine these elements to form a really fine player.

Chance, indeed, in whist causes good play often to fail and bad play to succeed. This is little understood by bad players. They judge only by immediate results, and if a sound rule leads to disaster, as must inevitably happen in a certain proportion of cases to which it is applied, they vow that the rule is a bad one, and are apt thenceforth to follow the unsound converse rule.

For instance, it may be shown that in a majority of cases leading a small card from ace three small ones, will be successful, the ace taking the second trick and the two first tricks going far to clear the suit. But sometimes this sound lead turns out badly. Your partner holds, perhaps, the queen, fourth player the fourchette to the queen—i.e., knave, king; the first trick falls to the king, your ace is trumped second round, and when trumps are exhausted the holder of the knave is found to have two more of the suit, both which he makes, besides the knave (and the king which he had made first round), or four tricks in the suit, besides the trick made by the ruff on your ace. This is rough on the sound lead, and some players can never forget such a *contretemps*. They forthwith adopt the system of leading ace first from a suit of four to the ace. Now in this case, there really is something to be said in favour of the ace lead, which is adopted on the Continent. The balance of advantages in favour of the small card lead is not heavy. Still the odds are in its favour. Now, suppose there were a tectotum with eleven faces, six marked with an A, five with a Z, and a small bet depended on the selection of the face which would come uppermost. Anyone who wagered on the A systematically would be bound to win in the long run of many trials. If there were 1,100 trials he would be right about 600 times and wrong about 500 times, or would gain about 100 times the amount of his wager. In 11,000 trials it would be still more certain that he would win his wager by about one-eleventh of the total number of trials. Yet he would lose a number of times. It would often happen that he would lose ten or twelve times in succession. If he had been assured the rule given to him was a sound one, but had not been allowed to look at the tectotum, and it so chanced that his first ten trials were all, or most of them, unfavourable, it would be natural for him to begin to doubt whether the rule were really sound. But if the tectotum were shown him, and he found there were six A faces to only five B faces, with an equal chance of any one of these faces showing, he would certainly be unwise were he to give up the sound A selection and adopt the unsound Z selection merely because it had happened that a few chance trials had given results unfavourable to the better choice. Now this is precisely what those whist players do who reject sound for unsound play because sound play has occasionally turned out badly.

The lead of the king from king, queen, and others is a great stumbling-block to beginners. In two cases out of three the king is slaughtered by the ace, and they cannot understand how the lead

can possibly be a sound one when this happens. The only idea of a weak whist player about his high cards is that of making tricks with them ; the possibility of making tricks through—nay of making more tricks through them than by them—does not readily occur to them. Nay, many even among practised whist players regard this particular lead with doubt ; and, though they follow it, cannot defend it, and cannot understand why from time immemorial it has been unhesitatingly taught as part of the scientific game. Yet it can be quite readily shown to be the proper lead in plain suits (unless trumps have been exhausted) when a small card may often be led with advantage.

You hold king, queen, and two others, at least (otherwise the suit would be a short one, and not suitable for leading, unless you had two weaker three-card suits, and four weak trumps.) Now if your partner holds the ace, there can of course be no question about the propriety of leading the king, unless he holds the ace single, an unfortunate state of things which, as it happens but once in a hundred cases or so, need not be further considered. We direct our attention, then, to the case in which the ace lies either to the left or to the right of you. In either case, the ace will be put on the king, or should be, for not to cover the king, is regarded as bad play, unless trumps have been extracted, when the waiting game is safe. The command of the suit now remains with you, as you hold the queen and two others. The suit is not established. But wherever the knave may lie, he will probably fall third round, and a long card be left which will be as good as a trump when trumps are out. You make one trick almost certainly in the suit (only losing the queen to a ruff in case one of the enemy held but one card originally in the suit, in which case neither your king nor queen would have made) and have a fair chance of making two tricks. Now consider what your chances are if you lead a small card, ace lying either to your right or left. If ace lies to your right there is considerable probability that the right-hand player may hold besides the ace a card higher than your partner's best, and make the trick with that card. You take the best course for giving the enemy this advantage. If he does not, the trick goes to the ace ; but now the chances are only about 13 in 30 that one or other of your opponents will not be able to ruff the third round. So that, apart from the risk of first trick going to the enemy for a small card, you have little more than one chance in three of making a second trick in the suit. On the other hand, suppose ace lies to your left. Then your small card is passed, and there is an even chance that the first trick goes to the player on your right, with knave or ten. Whether this happens or the trick falls to knave or ten of your partner's, the ace still lies against you, and besides making a trick when played, it blocks your suit. Moreover, while the second trick will go to the ace (unless ruffed), the chances are but about 13 in 30 that the third trick will not be ruffed by the enemy. Thus the balance of probabilities is against the lead of a small card doing as well for you as the lead of the king.

But, of course, it must happen in a certain proportion of cases that the right lead turns out unluckily. In two cases out of three the king falls to the enemy's ace, and the short-sighted, seeing no further, thinks this proves the lead to be bad.

But even in the further play of the suit the result may be unfortunate. From a rough computation which I have made, I find reason to conclude that leading king from king, queen, and two others turns out well in about five cases out of nine. If my computation is right (the difficulty lies in taking into account the multitudinous varieties of arrangement outside the suit,) then the lead turns out ill in four cases out of nine. Depend upon it, cavillers will pay much more attention to those four-ninths of all the cases in which the lead fails than to the cases, though twenty-five per cent. more numerous, in which the lead turns out well. But, of course, the sound whist player systematically adopts the lead which will turn out well in the majority of cases: he would do so even though the odds in his favour were not more than 101 to 100.

Most of the rules for leading at whist depend upon the chance of a suit going round such and such a number of times, and the calculation of this particular chance is easy enough so far as principles are concerned, though laborious in practice. The whist player cannot conveniently run through these calculations while the rest of the table wait for him to play. But rules of play, based either upon calculation or upon long practice leading to the same conclusions, should be adopted systematically as bound to be best in the long run. But of course circumstances alter cases.

Among the forty games I have collected in "How to Play Whist," there is one in which that fine player, Mr. F. G. Lewis, ran counter to two rules in the very first card he played (the opening lead): having five trumps, he did not lead a trump, and leading from a plain suit of five cards headed by the ace he led the lowest but one (the customary lead when the suit is not headed by the ace) instead of the ace, the usual and generally the best lead. But that was because a higher rule overrode both those other rules—*viz.*, the rule that you should play to win.

• The following is a statement of some of the chances of particular arrangements of the cards in a particular hand, or of the cards of any suits in different hands.

There are no less than 635,013,559,600 ways in which a hand can be made. That all the cards in the hand may be trumps (the dealer's, of course, must be taken), the chance is but one in 158,753,389,900 (one-fourth of the number just mentioned). A few years ago (see Whist Whittling, in "How to Play Whist," pp. 190, 191) two cases of the kind were recorded, and many seemed to suppose that there must be something wrong in the mathematical computation of the chance. For, they said, in 158,753,389,900 cases only one would give this particular hand, and yet two cases occurred within a few years of each other, within which time so many hands could not possibly have been dealt. Now there was here, at starting, the fallacy that because but one case in so many is favourable, so many trials must be made to give an even chance of the event occurring. As a matter of fact, a much smaller number of trials is necessary to give an even chance. Take a simple case—the tossing of a coin. Here there are two possible results, but it does not take two trials to give an even chance of tossing head—one trial suffices for that; and the chance of tossing head once at least in two trials instead of being one-half is three-fourths; the odds are not even, but three to

one in favour of tossing a head. In like manner, if 158,753,389,900 hands were dealt, the odds are not even, but largely in favour of a hand of thirteen trumps being among them. Moreover, if the odds were shown to be ten or even twenty to one against the event occurring in a given much smaller number of trials, yet there is nothing very surprising in an event occurring when the odds against it are ten or twenty to one. But large though the number just mentioned may seem, the number of whist players is also large. It would not be much out of the way to suppose that among all the whist-playing nations of the earth a million whist parties play per diem, and to each we may fairly assign twenty deals. On this assumption it would require only 7,950 days, or not much more than twenty years, to give 159,000,000,000 trials, or much more than an even chance of the remarkable hand in question. Then, too, there are cases where the trumps are more likely to be distributed to one hand than if the distribution were absolutely at random. Thus suppose a cross-ruff has been established in a game, and five or six tricks taken that way: then it can readily happen that the five or six trumps which have thus fallen take the same position in each of the five or six tricks gathered by the same player. Suppose such a thing to happen, with five trumps only, once in a thousand games. Then it can be shown that the chance of the remaining cards of that suit all falling into the same hand is one in 2,629,575, making the chance of both events coming off, and all thirteen cards falling into one hand, one in 2,629,575,000, or the odds only 2,629,574,999 to 1 (instead of 158,753,389,899 to 1) against all thirteen trumps being in one hand. Large even as these odds are, the real odds must be much larger; otherwise, with the great number of whist hands constantly being dealt, we should hear of all-trump hands two or three times a year at least.

To turn from this very rare hand to the arrangements which occur most frequently. It might seem as though the commonest of all arrangements would be the one by which the cards are distributed most uniformly among the suits, *i.e.*, four of one suit and three of each of the other suits. But this is not the case.

In one sense, indeed, this is the commonest kind of hand. If you take a given suit—say clubs, for the four-card suit—then there are 16,726,464,040 possible arrangements, giving four clubs, three hearts, three diamonds, and three spades; and there are not so many arrangements for any hand in which each particular suit is assigned a particular number of cards. But as the four-card suit can be chosen in four different ways, we get 66,905,856,160 possible arrangements of a hand with four of one suit and three of each of the others. Now, taking a hand with four of each of two suits, three of another, and two of the fourth suit, we find that if we assign definite suits for the three cards and for the two cards—say we have three hearts, and two diamonds in each hand—there are only 11,404,407,300 possible arrangements giving four clubs, three hearts, three spades, and two diamonds. This is considerably less than the number giving four clubs, three hearts, three spades, and three diamonds, to which, as a special arrangement for those suits, it comes next in frequency. But, instead of having only four ways in which to distribute our suits, we now have twelve. We can have any one of the four suits for our two-card suit, and combine with any one of the three remaining suits for our three-card suit, giving four times three, or twelve possible ways of distributing the suits. Thus we have twelve times the above

number, or 136,852,887,600 different arrangements of the cards in a hand, giving two of one suit, three of another, and four of each of the two remaining suits. This is of all arrangements the commonest. Out of any large number of hands dealt to any one in a long course of whist play more than a fifth or more exactly 342,132,219 out of 1,587,533,899 will be hands containing two four-card suit, a three-card, and a two-card suit.

Next in frequency come hands containing one five-card suit, two three-card suits, and one two-card suit.

Of these there are in all 98,534,079,072, or, roughly, about three hands in twenty are of this kind. Given the suits, which are to have five cards and two cards, there are 8,211,173,256 possible arrangements; but each can be taken twelve different ways by distributing the suits.

The third kind of hand in order of frequency is one containing five of one suit, four of another, three of a third, and one of the fourth.

Of such hands there are in all 82,111,732,560; rather more than one hand in eight is of this kind. But when the suits are given to which these several numbers are to be assigned, we find a very much smaller number of possible arrangements than in the preceding or even than in the next case. For the largeness of the number just mentioned arises from the circumstance that as each suit has a different number of cards, we can distribute the suits in twenty-four instead of twelve different ways (as in each of the last two cases). Thus we can have any one of the four suits for the five-card suit, and combine each of these four with any one of the remaining three suits for the four-card suit, giving twelve combinations, each of which can be combined with two arrangements of the remaining suits as the three-card and one-card suits, giving twenty-four combinations in all. Thus the number of possible arrangements, when the suits are assigned beforehand to the several numbers, is only one twenty-fourth of the number just mentioned, or 3,421,322,190.

It should be noticed that the numbers of ways in which the thirteen cards of a hand may be distributed among the four suits are also the numbers of ways in which the thirteen cards of a suit may be distributed among the four hands.

We see, then, that the most probable arrangement is that there will be four cards of the suit in each of two hands, three in another hand, two in the fourth. The next most probable arrangement is that there will be five cards of the suit in one hand, three in each of two other hands, and two in the fourth; and so on, precisely (so far as numerical statistics are concerned) as in the corresponding cases considered above with regard to the distribution of cards in a suit. Only *fifth* in order of frequency comes the case of what is familiarly called "an honest suit"—that is, a suit which will go round three times. It is more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ times as likely that at least five of a suit will be in one hand (corresponding to the second, third, and fourth cases considered above, and to seven other cases of less frequency, down to the case of eight cards of the suit in one hand and five in another) as that there will not be less than three of the suit in each hand. The chance even that no hand will hold more than four of the suit is less than the chance that there will be five cards in one hand at least. There are about thirteen cases of the former kind to seventeen of the latter.

If any one holds four of a suit, the chance that the suit will go round three times is about 1.49 in 1,000. But this is not (as has been incorrectly stated of late) the chance that the suit will escape ruffing third round ; for that will happen even though the suit does not go round thrice, if partner holds the short suit. A suit of which the original leader holds four, will escape ruffing by the enemy, if partner holds two, and the adversaries four and three, if partner holds one and the adversaries five and three, or four and four ; and lastly, if partner holds none and the adversaries five and four or six and three. The chance is one-third in each case that it is partner and not one of the adversaries who holds the short suit.

One other case may be considered. Nearly every one who has played whist much must have had at times a Yarborough hand, that is a hand in which there is no card above a nine. Pembridge says he has held three of these hands in the course of two hours, but this is of course unusual.

The name given to a hand of this sort is derived from a certain Lord Yarborough, who used to offer the attractive but really very safe wager of 1,000*l.* to 1*l.* that a hand of this sort would not be dealt. If Lord Yarborough had not calculated the chances (or had them calculated for him) he acted with little wisdom in betting at all on such a matter ; but if he knew them he acted with little fairness in offering the odds he did. It will be found that one hand in about 1,828 is a Yarborough, so that Lord Yarborough ought to have wagered 1,827*l.* to 1*l.* instead of 1,000*l.* to 1*l.* It is said that he laid this wager many thousands of times. Supposing he offered 1,000*l.* to 1*l.* to each member of a whist party, for ten deals, on about ninety-one or ninety-two nights, in each of ten years, making in all about 36,560 wagers—*i.e.* twenty times 1,828—he would have lost about twenty times, or 20,000*l.*, and won about 36,500*l.*, making a clear profit of about 16,500*l.*, or 1,650*l.* per annum, by this seemingly reckless system of wagering.

An instance, lastly, is on record of a hand containing four twos, four threes, four fours, and one five. Anyone holding such a hand might well believe himself especially selected for punishment by the deities or dæmons, whoever they may be, who preside over the fortunes of whist players. Yet such a hand is bound to occur from time to time, when so many play whist. The chance of holding such a hand is, in fact, exactly the same as the chance of holding all the trumps, *viz.*, one in 158,753,389,000. For there are only four possible ways in which such a hand can be made up. It must hold the twelve lowest cards in the pack, and one five, which may be of any of the four suits ; hence there are four hands having no card higher than a five out of 635,013,559,600, or one chance of such a hand in 158,753,389,000. Yet I have no manner of doubt—so foolish are men in regard to betting—that if a Lord Yarborough of to-day were to offer 10,000*l.* to 1*l.* (instead of 158,753,389,000*l.* to 1*l.*) against the occurrence of such a hand he would find many takers.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

 * FEBRUARY, 1885.

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THE LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT.—Mr. J. W. Cross's "George Eliot's Life," if we may judge by the numberless reviews that are appearing of it, and by a sale almost unprecedented for a three-volume biography, is the book of the season. No periodical or newspaper of importance is without a notice of it, and the impetus given to the sale of George Eliot's novels is very powerful, *Silas Marner* being in most demand. Mr. John Morley's article, writing as he does from intimate personal knowledge of George Eliot, is of great interest for all admirers of that "wise and benignant soul."

Mr. Cross found no autobiography nor fragments of one to base his work upon, but he has skilfully shaped a kind of biography, which he is perhaps justified in calling new, and which leaves George Eliot's life to write itself in extracts from her letters and journals. With the least possible obtrusion from the biographer, the original pieces are formed into a connected whole "that combines a narrative of day-to-day life with the play of light and shade which only letters written in serious moods can give." Good as this idea is, there are certain drawbacks. We miss the animation of a mixed narrative, and there is, too, a touch of monotony in listening for so long to the voice of a single speaker addressing others who are silent behind a screen, and Mr. Morley finds that, in common with most biographies, the book has the fault of being somewhat too long. As a mere letter writer, George Eliot will not rank among the famous masters of what is usually considered especially a woman's art.

She was too busy in serious work to have leisure for that most delightful

way of wasting time. Besides that, she had by nature none of that fluency, rapidity, abandonment, pleasant volubility, which make letters amusing, captivating, or piquant. What Mr. Cross says of her as the mistress of a *salon*, is true of her for the most part as a correspondent :—"Playing around many disconnected subjects, in talk, neither interested nor amused her much. She took things too seriously, and seldom found the effort of entertaining compensated by the gain" (iii. 335) There is the outpouring of ardent feeling for her friends, sobering down, as life goes on, into a crooning kindliness, affectionate and honest, but often tinged with considerable self-consciousness. It was said of some one that his epigrams did honour to his heart; in the reverse direction we occasionally feel that George Eliot's effusive playfulness does honour to her head. It lacks simplicity and *verve*. Even in an invitation to dinner, the words imply a grave sense of responsibility on both sides, and sense of responsibility is fatal to the charm of familiar correspondence.

As was inevitable in one whose mind was so habitually turned to the deeper elements of life, she lets fall the pearls of wise speech even in short notes. Here are one or two :—

"My own experience and development deepen every day my conviction that our moral progress may be measured by the degree in which we sympathise with individual suffering and individual joy."

"If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of 'knowingness,' it is that air of lofty superiority to the vulgar. She will soon find out that I am a very commonplace woman."

"It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self, while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow."

The following is one of the best examples, one of the few examples, of her best manner :—

"I have been made rather unhappy by my husband's impulsive proposal about Christmas. We are dull old persons, and your two sweet young ones ought to find each Christmas a new bright bead to string on their memory, whereas to spend the time with us would be a string on a dark shrivelled berry. They ought to have a group of young creatures to be joyful with. Our own children always spend their Christmas with Gertrude's family; and we have usually taken our sober merrymaking with friends out of town. Illness among these will break our customs this year; and thus *mein Mann*, feeling that our Christmas was free, considered how very much he liked being with you, omitting the other side of the question—namely, our total lack of means to make a suitably joyous meeting, a real festival, for Phil and Margaret. I was conscious of this lack in the very moment of the proposal, and the consciousness has been pressing on me more and more painfully ever since. Even my husband's affectionate hopefulness cannot withstand my melancholy demonstration. So pray consider the kill-joy proposition as entirely retracted, and give us something of yourselves only on simple black-letter days, when the Herald Angels have not been raising expectations early in the morning."

This is very pleasant, but such pieces are rare, and one is apt to sigh over these pages at the recollection of the cordial cheeriness of Scott's letters, the high spirits of Macaulay, the graceful levity of Voltaire, the rattling dare-devilry of Byron.

Epistolary stilts among men of letters went out of fashion with Pope, who, as was said, thought that unless every period finished with a conceit, the letter was not worth the postage. Pocr spirits cannot be the explanation of the stiffness in George Eliot's case, for no letters in the English language are so full of playfulness and charm as those of Cowper, and he was habitually sunk in gulfs deeper and blacker than George Eliot's own. It was sometimes observed of her, that in her conversation, *elle s'écoutait quand elle parlait*—she seemed to be listening to her own voice while she spoke. It must be allowed that we are not always free from an impression of self-listening, even in the most caressing of the letters before us.

This is not much better, however, than trifling. I dare say that if a lively Frenchman could have watched the inspired Pythia on the sublime tripod, he would have cried, *Elle s'écoute quand elle parle*. When everything of that kind has been said, we have the profound satisfaction, which is not quite a matter of course in the history of literature of finding after all that the woman and the writer were one. The life does not belie the books, nor private conduct stultify public profession. We close the third volume of the biography, as we have so often closed the third volume of her novels, feeling to the very core that in spite of a style that the French call *alumbiqué*, in spite of tiresome double and treble distillations of phraseology, in spite of fatiguing moralities, gravities, and ponderosities, we have still been in communion with a high and commanding intellect, and a great nature. We are vexed by pedantries that recall the *précieuses* of the Hôtel Rambouillet, but we know that she had the soul of the most heroic women in history. We crave more of the Olympian serenity that makes action natural and repose refreshing, but we cannot miss the edification of a life marked by indefatigable labour after generous purposes, by an unsparing struggle for duty, and by steadfast and devout fellowship with lofty thoughts.

To most people the relation in which George Eliot stood to Mr. Lewis, certainly the most important event in her life, will seem one of those irrettrievable errors which reduce all talk of duty to a mockery. It is inevitable that this should be so, and those who disregard a social law have little right to complain.

Men and women whom in every other respect it would be monstrous to call bad, have taken this particular law into their own hands before now, and committed themselves to conduct of which "magnanimity owes no account to prudence." But if they had sense and knew what they were about, they have braced themselves to endure the disapproval of a majority fortunately more prudent than themselves. The world is busy, and its instruments are clumsy. It cannot know all the facts; it has neither time nor material for unravelling all the complexities of motive, or for distinguishing mere libertinage from grave and deliberate moral misjudgment; it is protecting itself as much as it is condemning the offenders. On all this, then, we need have neither sophistry nor cant. But those who seek something deeper than a verdict for the honest working purpose of leaving cards and inviting to dinner, may feel, as has been observed by a contemporary writer, that men and women are more fairly judged, if judge them we must, by the way in which they bear the burden of an error, than by the decision that laid the burden on their lives. Some idea of this kind was in her own mind when she wrote to her most intimate friend in 1857: "If I live five

years longer, the positive result of my existence on the side of truth and goodness will outweigh the small negative good that would have consisted in my not doing anything to shock others" (i. 461). This urgent desire to balance the moral account may have had something to do with that laborious sense of responsibility which weighed so heavily on her soul, and had so equivocal an effect upon her art. Whatever else is to be said of this particular union, nobody can deny that the picture on which it left a mark was an exhibition of extraordinary self-denial, energy, and persistency in the cultivation and the use of great gifts and powers for what their possessor believed to be the highest objects for society and mankind.

We insert here a slight sketch of the impression produced by personal contact with G. H. Lewes and George Eliot on one who contributes to "Temple Bar" an account of "A Week with George Eliot."

What a contrast the pair presented! He, *pétillant d'esprit*, as the French say, as brimful of life, geniality, and animation, as it was possible for any human being often oppressed with bodily ailments to be, ever able to shake off these for the sake of lively, engrossing talk, ever on the alert to discover intellectual qualities in others; she, grave, pensive, thoughtful, not disinclined for sportiveness and wit certainly, as ready as he to bring out the best in those around her, but equally devoid of his habitual gaiety and light-heartedness, as was he of her own earnest mood. There was something irresistibly winning and attractive about Mr. Lewes. The heart warmed to him at once, he was so kindly, so ready to offer help or counsel, so pleased to be of use. George Eliot's large-hearted deep-souled benevolence took in all human kind, but could not so easily individualise. That commanding spirit, that loyal, much-tried nature, could not be expected to testify the same catholicity in personal likings as a man, who, despite his rare intellectual endowments and devotion to especial fields of learning, yet remained a man of the world.

Charles Lamb speaks somewhere of a woman's "divine plain face," and perhaps the same criticism might be passed on George Eliot. The plainness vanished as soon as she smiled, and the tone of the voice was singularly sympathetic and harmonious. As to Mr. Lewes's looks or personal appearance, one never thought of the matter at all. Small, spare, sallow, much bearded, with brilliant eyes, he could neither be called handsome nor ugly. Delightful he ever was, kindness itself, always on the look-out to serve and to amuse. For he knew—none better—the value of a smile.

A more perfect companionship, one on a higher intellectual level, or of more sustained mental activity, is nowhere recorded. Lewes's mercurial temperament contributed as much as the powerful mind of his consort to prevent their seclusion from degenerating into an owl's stagnation.

To the very last (1878) he retained his extraordinary buoyancy. "Nothing but death could quench that bright flame. Even on his worst days he had always a good story to tell; and I remember on one occasion in the drawing-room at Witley, between two bouts of pain, he sang through with great *brio*, though without much voice, the greater portion of the tenor part in the *Barber of Seville*, George Eliot playing his accompaniment, and both

of them thoroughly enjoying the fun" (iii. 334.) All this gaiety, his inexhaustible vivacity, the facility of his transitions from brilliant levity to a keen seriousness, the readiness of his mental response, and the wide range of intellectual accomplishments that were much more than superficial, made him a source of incessant and varied stimulation. Even those, and there were some, who thought that his gaiety bordered on flippancy, that his genial self-content often came near to shockingly bad taste, and that his reminiscences of poor Mr. Fitzball and the green-room and all the rest of the Bohemia in which he had once dwelt, too racy for his company, still found it hard to resist the alert intelligence with which he rose to every good topic, and the extraordinary heartiness and spontaneity with which the wholesome spring of human laughter was touched in him.

Lewes had plenty of egotism, not to give it a more unamiable name, but it never mastered his intellectual sincerity. George Eliot describes him as one of the few human beings she has known who will, in the heat of an argument, see, and straightway confess, that he is in the wrong, instead of trying to shift his ground or use any other device of vanity. "The intense happiness of our union," she wrote to a friend, "is derived in a high degree from the perfect freedom with which we each follow and declare our own impressions. In this respect I know *no* man so great as he—that difference of opinion rouses no egotistic irritation in him, and that he is ready to admit that another argument is the stronger, the moment his intellect recognises it" (ii. 279). This will sound very easy to the dispassionate reader, because it is so obviously just and proper, but if the dispassionate reader ever tries, he may find the virtue not so easy as it looks. Finally, and above all, we can never forget in Lewes's case how much true elevation and stability of character was implied in the unceasing reverence, gratitude, and devotion with which for five-and-twenty years he treated her to whom he owed all his happiness, and who most truly, in his own words (ii. 76), had made his life a new birth.

The benefits that George Eliot gained from her exclusive companionship with a man of lively talents were not without compensating drawbacks.

The keen stimulation and incessant strain, unrelieved by variety of daily intercourse, and never diversified by participation in the external activities of the world, tended to bring about a loaded, over-conscious, over-anxious state of mind, which was not only not wholesome in itself, but was inconsistent with the full freshness and strength of artistic work. The presence of the real world in his life has, in all but one or two cases, been one element of the novelist's highest success in the world of imaginative creation. George Eliot had no greater favourite than Scott, and when a series of little books upon English men of letters was planned, she said that she thought that writer among us the happiest to whom it should fall to deal with Scott. But Scott lived full in the life of his fellowmen. Even of Wordsworth, her other favourite, though he was not a creative artist, we may say that he daily saturated himself in those natural elements and effects, which were the material, the suggestion, and the sustaining inspiration of his consoling and fortifying poetry. George Eliot did not live in the midst of her material, but aloof from it and outside of it. Heaven forbid that this should seem to be said by way of censure. Both her health and other considerations made all approach to busy sociability in any of its

shapes both unwelcome and impossible. But in considering the relation of her manner of life to her work, her creations, her meditations, one cannot but see that when compared with some writers of her own sex and age, she is constantly bookish, artificial, and mannered. She is this because she fed her art too exclusively, first on the memories of her youth, and next from books, pictures, statues, instead of from the living model, as seen in its actual motion. It is direct calls and personal claims from without that make fiction alive. Jane Austen bore her part in the little world of the parlour that she described. The writer of *Sylvia's Lovers*, whose work George Eliot appreciated with unaffected generosity (i. 305), was the mother of children, and was surrounded by the wholesome actualities of the family. The authors of *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* passed their days in one long succession of wild, stormy, squalid, anxious, and miserable scenes—almost as romantic, as poetic, and as tragic, to use George Eliot's words, as their own stories. George Sand eagerly shared, even to the pitch of passionate tumult and disorder, in the emotions, the aspirations, the ardour, the great conflicts and controversies of her time. In every one of these, their daily closeness to the real life of the world has given a vitality to their work which we hardly expect that even the next generation will find in more than one or two of the romances of George Eliot. It may even come to pass that their position will be to hers as that of Fielding is to Richardson in our own day.

The influence of her reserved fashion of daily life was heightened by the literary exclusiveness which of set purpose she imposed upon herself. "The less an author hears about himself," she says in one place, "the better." Again: "It is my rule, very strictly observed, not to read the criticisms on my writings. For years I have found this abstinence necessary to preserve me from that discouragement as an artist, which ill-judged praise, no less than ill-judged blame, tends to produce in us."

George Eliot pushed this repugnance to criticism beyond the personal reaction of it upon the artist, and more than disparaged its utility, even in the most competent and highly trained hands. She finds that the diseased spot in the literary culture of our time is touched with the finest point by the saying of La Bruyère, that "the pleasure of criticism robs us of the pleasure of being keenly moved by very fine things" (iii. 327). "It seems to me," she writes (ii. 412), "much better to read a man's own writings than to read what others say about him, especially when the man is first-rate and the others third-rate. As Goethe said long ago about Spinoza, 'I always preferred to learn from the man himself what *he* thought, rather than to hear from some one else what he ought to have thought.' " As if the scholar will not always be glad to do both, to study his author and not to refuse the help of the rightly prepared commentator; as if even Goethe himself would not have been all the better acquainted with Spinoza, if he could have read Mr. Pollock's book upon him.

Delightful and inspiring as it is to read this story of diligent and discriminating cultivation, of accurate truth and real erudition and beauty, not vaguely but methodically interpreted, one has some

of the sensations of a moral and intellectual hot house. Mental hygiene is apt to lead to mental valetudinarianism.

"The ignorant journalist" may be left to the torment which George Eliot wished that she could inflict on one of those literary slovens whose manuscripts bring even the most philosophic editor to the point of exasperation: "I should like to stick red-hot skewers through the writer, whose style is as sprawling as his hand-writing." By all means. But much that even the most sympathetic reader finds repellent in George Eliot's later work might perhaps never have been, if Mr. Lewes had not practised with more than Russian rigour a censorship of the press and the post office which kept every disagreeable whisper scrupulously from her ear. To stop every draft with sandbags, screens and curtains, and to limit one's exercise to a drive in a well-warmed brougham with the windows drawn up, may save a few annoying colds in the head, but the end of the process will be the manufacture of an invalid.

Whatever view we may take of the precise connection between what she read, or abstained from reading, and what she wrote, no studious man or woman can look without admiration and envy on the breadth, variety, seriousness and energy with which she set herself tasks and executed them. She says in one of her letters "there is something more piteous almost than soapless poverty in the application of feminine incapacity to literature." Nobody has ever taken the responsibilities of literature more ardently in earnest.

She was accustomed to read aloud to Mr. Lewes three hours a day, and her private reading, except when she was engaged in the actual stress of composition, must have filled as many more. His extraordinary alacrity and her brooding intensity of mind, prevented these hours from being that leisurely process in slippers and easy chair which passes with many for the practice of literary cultivation. Much of her reading was for the direct purposes of her own work. The young lady who begins to write historic novels out of her own head will find something much to her advantage if she will refer to the list of books read by George Eliot during the latter half of 1861, when she was meditating *Romola* (ii. 325). Apart from immediate needs and uses, no student of our time has known better the solace, the delight, the guidance that abide in great writings. Nobody who did not share the scholar's enthusiasm could have described the blind scholar in his library in the adorable fifth chapter of *Romola*; and we feel that she must have copied out with keen gusto of her own those words of Petrarch which she puts into old Bardo's mouth—" *Libri medullitus delectant, colloquuntur, consulunt, et viva quadam nobis atque arguta familiaritate junguntur.*"

George Eliot's means of access to books were very full. She knew French, German, Italian, and Spanish accurately; Greek and Latin she could read with thorough delight to herself; Hebrew was her favourite study to the end of her days. People commonly supposed that she had been inoculated with an artificial taste for science by her companion; we now learn that she took a decided interest in natural science long before she made Mr. Lewes's acquaintance, and

many of the round-about pedantries that displeased people in her latest writings and were set down to his account appeared in her composition before she had ever exchanged a word with him. All who knew her well enough were aware that she had what Mr. Cross describes as "limitless persistency in application." This is an old account of genius, but nobody illustrates more effectively the "infinite capacity of taking pains."

In reading, in looking at pictures, in playing difficult music, in talking, she was equally importunate in the search, and equally insistent on mastery. Her faculty of sustained concentration was part of her immense intellectual power. "Continuous thought did not fatigue her. She could keep her mind on the stretch hour after hour; the body might give way, but the brain remained unwearied" (iii. 422). It is only a trifling illustration of the infection of her indefatigable quality of taking pains, that Lewes should have formed the important habit of re-writing every page of his work, even of short articles for Reviews, before letting it go to the press. The Journal shows what sore pain and travail composition was to her. She wrote the last volume of *Adam Bede* in six weeks; she "could not help writing it fast, because it was written under the stress of emotion." But what a prodigious contrast between her pace and Walter Scott's twelve volumes a year! Like many other people of powerful brains, she united strong and clear general retentiveness, with a weak and untrustworthy verbal memory. "She never could trust herself to write a quotation without verifying it." "What courage and patience," she says of some one else, "are wanted for every life that aims to produce anything," and her own existence was one long and painful sermon on that text.

Over few lives have the clouds of mental dejection hung in such heavy unmoving masses. Nearly every chapter is strewn with melancholy words.

"I cannot help thinking more of your illness than of the pleasure in prospect—according to my foolish nature, which is always prone to live in past pain." The same sentiment is the mournful refrain that runs through all. Her first resounding triumph, the success of *Adam Bede*, instead of buoyancy and exultation, only adds a fresh sense of the weight upon her future life. "The self-questioning whether my nature will be able to meet the heavy demands upon it, both of personal duty and intellectual production—presses upon me almost continually in a way that prevents me even from tasting the quiet joy I might have in the *work done*. I feel no regret that the fame, as such, brings no pleasure; but it is a grief to me that I do not constantly feel strong in thankfulness that my past life has vindicated its uses."

Romola seems to have been composed in constant gloom. "I remember my wife telling me, at Witley," says Mr. Cross, "how cruelly she had suffered at Dorking from working under a leaden weight at this time. The writing of *Romola* ploughed into her more than any of her other books. She told me she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition in her life. In her own words, 'I began it a young woman, I finished it an old woman.'" She calls upon herself to make "greater efforts against indolence and the despondency that comes from too egoistic a dread of failure." "This is the last entry I mean to make in my old book in

which I wrote for the first time at Geneva in 1849. What moments of despair I passed through after that—despair that life would ever be made precious to me by the consciousness that I lived to some good purpose ! It was that sort of despair that sucked away the sap of half the hours which might have been filled by energetic youthful activity ; and the same demon tries to get hold of me again whenever an old work is dismissed, and a new one is being meditated" (ii. 307). One day the entry is : "Horrible scepticism about all things paralysing my mind. Shall I ever be good for anything again ? Ever do anything again ?" On another, she describes herself to a trusted friend as "a mind morbidly desponding, and a consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement." We have to turn to such books as Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* to find any parallel to such wretchedness.

Times were not wanting when the sun strove to pierce through the gloom, when the resistance to melancholy was not wholly a failure, and when, as she says, she felt that Dante was right in condemning to the 'Stygian marsh those who had been sad in the sweet sunlit air. But still for the most part sad she remained in the sweet air, and the look of pain that haunted her eyes and brow, even in her most genial and animated moments, only told too truly the story of her inner life. From this central gloom, as was unavoidably, a shadow spread to her work.

It would be rash to compare George Eliot with Tacitus, with Dante, with Pascal. A novelist—for as a poet, after trying hard to think otherwise, most of us find her magnificent but undreadable—as a novelist bound by the conditions of her art to deal in a thousand trivialities of human character and situation, she has none of their severity of form. But she alone of moderns has their note of sharp-cut melancholy, of sombre rumination, of brief disdain. Living in a time when humanity has been raised, whether formally or informally, into a religion, she draws a painted curtain of pity before the tragic scene. Still the attentive ear catches from time to time the accents of an unrelenting voice, that proves her kindred with those three mighty spirits and stern monitors of men. In George Eliot, a reader with a conscience may be reminded of the saying that when a man opens Tacitus he puts himself in the confessional. She was no vague dreamer over the folly and the weakness of men, and the cruelty and blindness of destiny. Hers is not the dejection of the poet who "could lie down like a tired child, and weep away this life of care," as Shelley at Naples ; nor is it the despairing misery that moved Cowper in the awful verses of the *Castaway*. It was not such self-pity as wrung from Burns the cry to life, "Thou art a galling load, Along, a rough, a weary road, To wretches such as I ;" nor such general sense of the woes of the race as made Keats think of the world as a place where men sit and hear each other groan, "Where but to think is to be full of sorrow, And leaden-eyed despairs." She was as far removed from the plangent reverie of Rousseau as from the savage truculence of Swift. Intellectual training had given her the spirit of order and proportion, of definiteness and measure, and this marks her alike from the great sentimentalists and the sweeping satirists. "Pity and fairness," as she beautifully says (iii. 317), "are two little words which, carried

out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life." But hers is not seldom the severe fairness of the judge, and the pity that may go with putting on the black cap after a conviction for high treason. In the midst of many an easy flowing page, the reader is surprised by some bitter aside, some judgment of intense and concentrated irony with the flash of a blade in it, some biting sentence where lurks the stern disdain and the anger of Tacitus, and Dante, and Pascal. Souls like these are not born for happiness.

Mr. Morley purposely avoids entering into an elaborate discussion of George Eliot's place in the mental history of her time, but her biography shows that she travelled along the road that was trodden by not a few in her day. She started from^{*} that fervid evangelicalism which has made the base of many a powerful character in this century from Cardinal Newman downwards. This, with curious rapidity, she threw off, to embrace with equal zeal the rather harsh and crude negations which were then associated with the *Westminster Review*. The second stage did not last much longer than the first. "Religious and moral sympathy with the historical life of man," she said, "is the larger half of culture," and this sympathy, which was the fruit of her culture, had by the time she was thirty become the new seed of a positive faith and a semi-conservative creed.

Here is a passage from a letter of 1862 (she had translated Strauss, we may remind ourselves, in 1845, and Feuerbach in 1854) :—

"Pray don't ask me ever again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now" (ii. 243).

Eleven years later the same tendency had deepened and gone further :—

"All the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy—they are the record of spiritual struggles, which are the types of our own. This is to me pre-eminently true of Hebrewism and Christianity, on which my own youth was nourished. And in this sense I have no antagonism towards any religious belief, but a strong outflow of sympathy. Every community met to worship the highest Good (which is understood to be expressed by God) carries me along in its main current ; and if there were not reasons against my following such an inclination, I should go to church or chapel, constantly, for the sake of the delightful emotions of fellowship which come over me in religious assemblies—the very nature of such assemblies being the recognition of a binding belief or spiritual law, which is to lift us into willing obedience, and save us from the slavery of unregulated passion or impulse. And with regard to other people, it seems to me that those who have no definite conviction which constitutes a protesting faith may often more beneficially cherish the good within them and be better members of society by a conformity based on the recognised good in the public belief, than by a nonconformity which has

nothing but negatives to utter. *Not*, of course, if the conformity would be accompanied by a consciousness of hypocrisy. That is a question for the individual conscience to settle. But there is enough to be said on the different points of view from which conformity may be regarded, to hinder a ready judgment against those who continue to conform after ceasing to believe in the ordinary sense. But with the utmost largeness of allowance for the difficulty of deciding in special cases, it must remain true that the highest lot is to have definite beliefs about which you feel that 'necessity is laid upon you' to declare them, as something better which you are bound to try and give to those who have the worse" (iii. 215-217).

These volumes contain many passages in the same sense—as, of course, her books contain them too. She was a constant reader of the Bible, and the *Imitatio* was never far from her hand. "She particularly enjoyed reading aloud some of the finest chapters of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and St. Paul's Epistles. The Bible and our elder English poets best suited the organ-like tones of her voice, which required for their full effect a certain solemnity and majesty or rhythm." She once expressed to a younger friend, who shared her opinions, her sense of the loss which they had in being unable to practise the old ordinances of family prayer. "I hope," she says, "we are well out of that phase in which the most philosophic view of the past was held to be a smiling survey of human folly, and when the wisest man was supposed to be one who could sympathise with no age but the age to come" (ii. 308).

For this wise re-action she was, no doubt, partially indebted, as so many others have been, to the teaching of Comte, which enabled her to give her ideas a system and definiteness which was the quality she sought before all others alike in men and their thoughts. She always remained at a respectful distance from complete adherence to Comte's scheme, but she was never tired of protesting that he was really a great thinker, and that she had thankfully learned much from his luminous writings. She finally remained in the position described in one of her letters in 1860.

"I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls—their intellect, as well as their emotions—do not embrace with entire reverence. The highest calling and election is *to do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed, endurance." She would never accept the common optimism. As she says here:—"Life, though a good to men on the whole, is a doubtful good to many, and to some not a good at all. To my thought it is a source of constant mental distortion to make the denial of this a part of religion—to go on pretending things are better than they are."

The period of George Eliot's productions was from 1856, the date of her first stories, down to 1876, when she wrote, not under her brightest star, her last novel of *Daniel Deronda*. During this time the great literary influences of the epoch immediately preceding had not indeed fallen silent, but the most fruitful seed had been sown.

Carlyle's *Sartor* (1833-4), and his *Miscellaneous Essays* (collected 1839), were in all hands; but he had fallen into the terrible slough of his Prussian

history (1858-65), and the last word of his evangel had gone forth to all whom it concerned. *In Memoriam*, whose noble music and deep-browed thought awoke such new and wide response in men's hearts, was published in 1850. The second volume of *Modern Painters*, of which I have heard George Eliot say, as of *In Memoriam* too, that she owed much and very much to it, belongs to an earlier date still (1846), and when it appeared, though George Eliot was born in the same year as its author, she was still translating Strauss at Coventry. Mr. Browning, for whose genius she had such admiration, and who was always so good a friend, did indeed produce during this period some work which the adepts find as full of power and beauty as any that ever came from his pen. But Mr. Browning's genius has moved rather apart from the general currents of his time, creating character and working out motives from within, undisturbed by transient shadows from the passing questions and answers of the day.

The romantic movement was then upon its fall. The great Oxford movement, which besides its purely ecclesiastical effects, had linked English religion once more to human history, and which was itself one of the unexpected outcomes of the romantic movement, had spent its original force, and no longer interested the stronger minds among the rising generation. The hour had sounded for the scientific movement. In 1859 was published the *Origin of Species*, undoubtedly the most far-reaching agency of the time, supported as it was by a volume of new knowledge which came pouring in from many sides. The same period saw the important speculations of Mr. Spencer, whose influence on George Eliot had from their first acquaintance been of a very decisive kind. Two years after the *Origin of Species* came Maine's *Ancient Law*, and that was followed by the accumulations of Mr. Tylor and others, exhibiting order and fixed correlation among great sets of facts which had hitherto lain in that cheerful chaos of general knowledge which has been called general ignorance. The excitement was immense. Evolution, development, heredity, adaptation, variety, survival, natural selection, were so many patent pass-keys that were to open every chamber.

George Eliot's novels, as they were the imaginative application of this great influx of new ideas, so they fitted in with the moods which those ideas had called up.

"My function," she said (iii. 330), "is that of the aesthetic, not the doctrinal teacher—the rousing of the nobler emotions which make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge." Her influence in this direction over serious and impressionable minds was great indeed. The spirit of her art exactly harmonised with the new thoughts that were shaking the world of her contemporaries. Other artists had drawn their pictures with a strong ethical background, but she gave a finer colour and a more spacious air to her ethics, by showing the individual passions and emotions of her characters, their adventures and their fortunes, as evolving themselves from long series of antecedent causes, and bound up with many widely operating forces and distant events. Here, too, we find ourselves in the full stream of evolution, heredity, survival, and fixed inexorable law.

This scientific quality of her work may be considered to have stood in the way of her own aim. That the nobler emotions roused by her writings tend

to "make mankind desire the social right," is not to be doubted; that we are not sure that she imparts peculiar energy to the desire. What she kindles is not a very strenuous, aggressive, and operative desire. The sense of the iron limitations that are set to improvement in present and future by inexorable forces of the past, is stronger in her than any intrepid resolution to press on to whatever improvement may chance to be within reach if we only make the attempt. In energy, in inspiration, in the kindling of living faith, in social effort, George Sand, not to speak of Mazzini, takes a far higher place.

There is a passage in Coleridge's *Friend* which seems to represent the outcome of George Eliot's teaching on most, and not the worst, of her readers.

"The tangle of delusions," says Coleridge, "which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away; the parasite weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious and unhazardous labours of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen; to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar." Coleridge goes further than George Eliot, when he adds the exhortation—"Far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext."

George Eliot disliked vehemence more and more as her work advanced. The word "crudity," which was frequently on her lips, stood for all that was objectionable and distasteful.

The conservatism of an artistic moral nature was shocked by the seeming peril to which priceless moral elements of human character were exposed by the energumens of progress. Their impatient hopes for the present appeared to be rather unscientific; their disregard of the past, very irreverent and impious. Mill had the same feeling when he disgusted his father by standing up for Wordsworth on the ground that Wordsworth was helping to keep alive in human nature elements which utilitarians and innovators would need when their present and particular work was done. Mill, being free from the exaltations that make the artist, kept a truer balance. His famous pair of essays on Bentham and Coleridge were published (for the first time, so far as our generation was concerned) in the same year as *Adam Bede*, and I can vividly remember how the "Coleridge" first awoke in many of us, who were then youths at Oxford, that sense of truth having many mansions, and that desire and power of sympathy with the past, with the positive bases of the social fabric, and with the value of Permanence in States, which form the reputable side of all conservatisms.

This conviction never took richer or more mature form than in the best work of George Eliot, and her stories lighted up with a fervid glow, the truths that minds of another type had first brought to the surface. It was this, says Mr. Morley in conclusion, that made her a great moral force at that epoch, especially for all who were capable, by intellectual training, of standing at her point of view.

We even, as I have said, tried hard to love her poetry, but the effort has ended less in love than in a very distant homage to the majestic in intention and the sonorous in execution. In fiction, too, as the years go by, we begin to crave more fancy, illusion, enchantment, than the quality of her genius allowed. But the loftiness of her character is abiding, and it passes nobly through the ordeal of an honest biography. "For the lessons," says the fine critic already quoted, "most imperatively needed by the mass of men, the lessons of deliberate kindness, of careful truth, of unwavering endeavour,—for these plain themes one could not ask a more convincing teacher than she whom we are commemorating now. Everything in her aspect and presence was in keeping with the bent of her soul. The deeply lined face, the too marked and massive features, were united with an air of delicate refinement, which in one way was the more impressive because it seemed to proceed so entirely from within.⁹ Nay, the inward beauty would sometimes quite transform the external harshness ; there would be moments when the thin hands that entwined themselves in their eagerness, the earnest figure that bowed forward to speak and hear, the deep gaze moving from one face to another with a grave appeal,—all these seemed the transparent symbols that showed the presence of a wise, benignant soul." As a wise, benignant soul George Eliot will still remain for all right-judging men and women.

ART AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE last days of January have seen the appearance of two very important literary productions—books which will be read by thousands. Apart from their intrinsic interest, they are of additional value as affording a special opportunity for a comparative estimate of the two greatest women writers of France and England. It is undeniably an eventful month that witnesses the publication of the “Correspondence de George Sand” and the “Life of George Eliot as related in her Letters and Journals.” While to the literary student the former will probably prove the more fascinating, there is no doubt but that the latter will, among our countrymen at large, have a far wider popularity, and this quite apart from the fact of the one being in a foreign language; there are few among us who recognise that, if not a greater writer, George Sand was a greater novelist, and perhaps fewer who realize how vastly greater has been the influence on literature, and by no means merely on the literature of France, of the author of “Consuelo” than that of the writer of “Adam Bede.”

The correspondence of M^{de}. Dudevant is published in six goodly volumes, and undoubtedly the portions which will be read with greatest curiosity and interest are those relating to her husband, Casimir Dudevant, and the delightful series of letters to Gustave Flaubert: but it will be a disappointment to many to find so little space devoted to Musset and Chopin.

From the three bulky volumes edited by George Eliot's husband Mr. J. W. Cross, it would not be difficult to select scores of passages of extreme interest. Who is there who has not read “Adam Bede” or the “Mill on the Floss,” “Romola,” or “Middlemarch”; and will not each one of the readers be interested to learn something concerning the genesis, accomplishment, and reception of those masterly works? Then there is the widespread interest in connection with the great author's personality and life, an interest that will find much gratification in these volumes. It does not require any special insight to perceive in these manifestly genuine and unaffected

records that the writer of them was a woman of quite exceptional loftiness of spirit, and what may be fitly called Shakespearean intellectuality. As the volumes will ere long be in everyone's hands, it would be no use to give here more than one or two brief passages of special interest. With reference to her connection with George Henry Lewis, she writes to her friend Mrs. Bray :—

“If there is any one action or relation of my life, which is, and always has been profoundly serious, it is my relation to Mr. Lewes. It is, however, natural enough that you should mistake me in many ways, for not only are you unacquainted with Mr. Lewes's real character and the course of his actions, but also it is several years now since you and I were much together, and it is possible that the modifications my mind has undergone may be quite in the opposite direction of what you imagine. No one can be better aware than yourself that it is possible for two people to hold different opinions on momentous subjects with equal sincerity, and an equally earnest conviction that their respective opinions are alone the truly moral ones. If we differ on the subject of the marriage laws, I at least can believe of you that you cleave to what you believe to be good ; and I don't know of anything in the nature of your views that should prevent you from believing the same of me. How far we differ I think we neither of us know, for I am ignorant of your precise views ; and apparently you attribute to me both feelings and opinions which are not mine. We cannot set each other quite right in this matter in letters, but one thing I can tell you in few words. Light and easily broken ties are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do not act as I have done. That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral, I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mould opinion. But I do remember this ; and I indulge in no arrogant or uncharitable thoughts about those who condemn us, even though we might have expected a somewhat different verdict. From the majority of persons, of course, we never looked for anything but condemnation. We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except, indeed, that, being happy in each other, we find everything easy. We are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfil every responsibility that lies upon us. Levity and pride would not be a sufficient basis for that. Pardon me if, in vindicating myself from some unjust conclusions, I seem too cold and self-asserting. I should not care to vindicate myself if I did not love you and desire to relieve you of the pain which you say these conclusions have given you. Whatever I may have misinterpreted before, I do not misinterpret your letter this morning, but read in it nothing else than love and kindness towards me, to which my heart fully answers yes. I should like never to write about myself again ; it is not healthy to dwell on one's own feelings and conduct, but only to try and live more faithfully and lovingly every fresh day.”

Mr. Cross tells us that the reason his wife fixed on the name by which she is so universally known was that “George” was Mr. Lewes's Christian name, and “Eliot” was a “good mouth-filling, easily pronounced word.” It is interesting to learn in connection with the

"Scenes of Clerical Life" that, while Charles Dickens (from whom a most interesting letter is printed) felt convinced that the writer was a woman, Thackeray, Blackwood the publisher, Mrs. Oliphant the novelist, and others, felt equally assured that the author was a man. Of the "Mill on the Floss" we learn that George Eliot's own title was "The Tullivers, or Life on the Floss," and that it underwent its much more euphonious change at the suggestion and strong advice of Mr. Blackwood. It is interesting also to hear that it was through Mr. Herbert Spencer, Miss Evans made George Henry Lewes's acquaintance and, later on, that of Mr. Cross.

Space forbids further quotation, but we may take leave for the present of the fascinating volumes with a quotation from the correspondence of George Sand—a quotation chosen both on account of applicability and contrast. George Eliot's literary method is well known : that of *Géorge Sand* is defined, in her own words, "*fonctionner comme un eau-qui court sans trop savoir ce qu'elle pouvait refléter en s'arrêtant.*"

France has just lost one of her most brilliant men of letters by the death of Mons. Edouard About at the age of fifty-seven. The decease of this widely popular author (known among English readers chiefly by "The Nose of a Notary" and "The Case of M. Guérin,") has been very genuinely lamented in France, where his busy career as historian, novelist, journalist, editor, dramatist, and politician has met with ample recognition. His "*Grèce Contemporaine*," "*Le Turco*," "*Le Fellah*," are known throughout Europe : the "*Romance of a Brave Man*" has been cited as one of the most striking examples to prove that a French author can gain the ear of the Parisian public without dabbling unpleasantly in uncleanness, and his "*Gaëtana*" is one of those remarkable plays that fail on the stage and yet succeed in published form ; for the successor to "*Guillery*," despite its want of success at the "*Théâtre Français*," ran through five editions in print. As editor of "*Le XIX Siècle*," M. About exercised no inconsiderable influence ; especially as one of his fundamental journalistic principles was the advocacy of the policy of revenge against Germany and of the restoration of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. His funeral was the occasion of a public mourning attended in a manner characteristic of Paris, ever generous with its manifold tributes.

Among literary news of minor interest may be noted the publication of two more of those charming stories of the supernatural in which Mrs. Oliphant has proved so successful. Published as "*Two Stories of the Seen and the Unseen*," the book contains "*The Open*

Door" and "Old Lady Mary ;" as a ghost story the former carries off the palm, but as a character study the latter is unsurpassed by anything that this prolific author has accomplished. Like Messrs. Lang and Anstey's interesting spirit tale in the first number of the new issue of "Time," the "Open Door" is also written from the "ghost's point of view." The tales have already appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, or one of them has at any rate, but many will like to have the pleasant little volume containing the two together just published by Messrs. Blackwood at the moderate sum of half a crown.

Of articles that are being looked forward to among the February Magazines is one on George Eliot's life, by John Morley in *Macmillan's*. The *Contemporary* will contain a paper, sure to attract wide attention, on the Irish question by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P. ; it will be entitled "Dublin Castle," and will contain many things which will hardly be palatable to the Government.

It is much to be regretted that the scandalous "Letters of the late Lord Lytton," against the publication of which in England the present Earl obtained an interdict, threatens to be imported in unlimited quantity ; that is, if there should be a really widespread demand. It appears that as the work was suppressed no copyright in it was recorded, and at the same time that some review copies, sent out prior to the interdict, reached America ; there the book has been reprinted, and owing to the unfortunate want of copyright there is nothing to prevent its introduction into this country, ranking, as it legally will, as an "American" work. True or not true, many of the incidents in this volume should on no conceivable ground be published : something, surely, of common decency should be preserved not only in memory of the dead, but towards those of the living to whom such publications can only give unalloyed pain.

Among forthcoming novels two will receive special attention. "Aylwin," which will probably be published in March, is by Mr. Theodore Watts, the well-known *Athenæum* critic, and the most intimate friend of two such different men as Mr. Swinburne and the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The other volume, by Mr. Hall Caine, will be a reprint of "The Shadow of a Crime," at present running with success in the *Weekly Liverpool Mercury* ; and its chief interest will be in the fact that it deals with a period little written about in fiction, and turns upon the curious old English law, by which a fellow saves his estate from forfeiture by standing mute on indictment.

In what is called "serious" literature the chief book, to be issued immediately, is Dr. Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory," wherein the author is said "to seek the ultimate basis of morals in the internal constitution of the human mind ; first indicating the psychological method, then developing it, and finally guarding it against partial applications injurious to the autonomy of the conscience."

In Art the main event of the month has been the opening of a "Salon Parisien" in Bond Street. Nominally comprising a representative exhibition of contemporary French, German, and Belgian artists, it practically consists of a collection of paintings by M. Jan Van Beers, a well-known Belgian artist long resident and immensely popular in Paris. Clever the work of Jan Beers indubitably is, but it is permeated with that essential vulgarity which underlies so much modern French work, both in art and literature, a vulgarity of bravado and an immorality of significance that is not redeemed by the brilliant technical qualities. After all, Fortuny, Madrazo, Meissonier, Seiler, Tito Conti, and, among our own artists, Mr. W. L. Orchardson, can accomplish equally brilliant *tours-de-force* without representing Parisian models in indecent attitudes. To most visitors the great attraction will be the "Sweep," a charming and very characteristic work, unfortunately unfinished, by the late Bastien Lepage. It was the last work upon which that lamented artist was engaged, and has hence a double interest.

At last the Royal Academy has yielded to a demand long indignantly urged: engravers and etchers are now to be considered admissible to full academical honours! Nor is this all: the council have actually set about enlarging the accommodation available for works in water colour! The next thing by which we shall be astonished will be that academicians have actually abrogated some of their exclusive and (to outsiders) baneful privileges; but perhaps they will stick to their old colours more zealously than ever after the comparatively minor concessions they have just made.

In the Drama there have been various incidents of great interest. Everyone has been amused by the cynical declarations of Mr. John Hollingshead regarding theatrical morality and the indignant, "Oh John, for shame, and your best friends too" of Mr. Toole.

Millinery has seen its triumph in the success attending Mrs. Langtry's appearance at the Prince's Theatre in Dumas's play "The Princess George." As regards the piece and Mrs. Langtry's interpretation of it, signal failure seems to be the general opinion,

but there is only one opinion concerning the "Millinery" Department. The following is the description of her dresses as penned by a Parisian correspondent who saw them at Worth's: "There are two other costumes. The skirt of the first is mouse-gray velvet, with lines of gold braid round it; the tunic likewise is elaborately embroidered with gold, and over this falls a jabot of old lace. The second costume, however, outrivals the first in its gorgeousness. It is made of green velvet; round the skirt runs a wide band of Impéyan pheasant's feathers, and the waistcoat and revers are entirely composed of those metallic plumes that glitter and glimmer and bedazzle the eye with their lustres of gold, blue, purple, and green hues. Of ball dresses there are also two. One is composed of white satin and violet velvet, the satin tablier is studded with violets and pansies *appliqué* in high relief, the satin panels are lined with violet velvet, a wide velvet sash crosses the hips, and falls on the satin train, the bodice is of velvet and is decorated with pansies. The second dress consists of a skirt of large gold leaves on a white velvet ground; the bodice, train, and sash are pale pink velvet, trimmed with roses and pearl fringe. But perhaps M. Worth's conceptions reach the highest point in the reception dress. This is composed of poplin and satin in harmonics of pinks. The trimmings are gold and black *passementerie*, embellished with large gold coins; the bodice is of pink poplin decorated with gold epaulettes."

Those more really interested in a fine play finely rendered than in a mere pretty face and in gorgeous dresses, have naturally been far more eager concerning the magnificent revival of "As you like it" at the St. James's Theatre. To say that it has been an unqualified success is only to give it very meagre praise; its presentation, its incidental music, its songs, its rendering *in toto* have met with genuine delight and acclaim. Mrs. Kendal takes the part of Rosalind, Miss Linda Dietz that of Celia, and Miss Webster that of Phœbe: Mr. Kendal is Orlando, and Mr. Hare, Touchstone. So great has been the success of "As you like it" in everything that goes to make a widely popular success in London, that Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry may perhaps feel a little perturbed when the news reaches them in America.

E. A. SHARP.

FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, *February* 1885.

THE ABUSE OF ENGLAND has set in again—a proof that she is in the right. It is felt that she is not going to submit to any control at all while in charge of the Khedive, and that she will remain in Egypt till it suits her to leave. The bondholders are all forgotten by France; her one aim is to expel John Bull from the Nile. If he does not go, he is threatened with a re-opening of the Eastern question. That may not be in the interests of France either, since England has trusty allies now in Turkey, and that excellent and unbellicose colonising race—the Italians. Nor will it promote the Franco-German alliance, which failed to frighten England, and which even Bismarck now laughs at, as well as the French themselves.

France is gravely embarrassed with China. The Celestials will be a tough morsel, as she now finds, to swallow, and the common belief that we are witnessing a “second Mexico” may not be exaggerated. France may be drained dry—in men and cash—a result for which Bismarck will doubtless put on sackcloth and ashes. The application of the Enlistment Act is only one more serious obstacle for France. It is accepted as a partial reply to some of the good nature France has so freely exhibited of late.

A close watch is being kept on Cambodia and Siam. It is feared Lord Dufferin will be first to “protect” Upper Burmah, and make British interests sure with the King of the Siam, while not forgetting the neighbouring Chinese in the Yunan. But France cannot protect all the far East at once. Rest assured the Chinese war will soon enter on a more lively phase—where European powers must have a word to say—and Uncle Sam also.

The Senatorial elections are remarkable only for getting rid of the remnants of the hack monarchists, who had no policy, no pluck, no prospects. They but encumbered the ground. Interest in French politics at present centres in the Radicals and the united factions that sustain Jules Ferry. The ensuing general elections will bring on the stage two distinct Republican parties, with tangible programmes. The *Scrutin de Liste* would aid this desired end; *raison de plus* such bill is not likely to pass. The colonization fever is cooling down.

M. Coquelin continues his *Etudes* on Molière's characters; if they be sometimes paradoxical, they are ever witty, and always supported by erudition. His *Arnolphe* and *le Misanthrope* were brilliantly presented to the public. *Tartuffe* was undertaken at the request of his intimate friend, Gambetta. It has the qualities of his previous productions, as well as the drawbacks—a tendency of an adventurous nature, a disposition to dispute, and too great a readiness to break with old established ideas.

In M. Coquelin's eyes Molière in *Tartuffe* wished to strike the priest; the Jesuit in the family. Many think it was the *domestic* he aimed at; the domestic who introduced himself into the family of the Grand Seigneur in long coat, like Valère in the *Avare*, or as Loret with the Marshal Schomberg. As it is mainly on the long *soutane*-shaped coat that the author relies for his evidence, it is well to observe, such was the common garment of physicians, barristers, professors, magistrates, and of catholics as well as protestants. So little did Molière hold to this form of coat, that on the first protest he caused *Tartuffe* to appear in a shorter garment. What he aimed at describing was, an impostor speculating on an undue influence, and preparing it by every hypocritical means. *Tartuffe*, on the whole, ought not to be considered either a priest or a Jesuit, and the latter least of all. The Jesuits were not among the enemies of Molière. They were his first instructors at the College of Clermont; they had no ferocious hate of the theatre since they interpreted, by their pupils, tragedies, comedies, and ballets—some of the latter were even more indecent than were actually given on the real stage. It is but justice to add that, in the repertoire of publications against the theatre, not a single author is a Jesuit, and among the enemies of Molière's plays not a Jesuit can be named. The famous sermon of Bourdaloue, on hypocrisy, is often quoted, but if the third part be studied, it will be found to be a complete justification of *Tartuffe*. On the other hand, no Jesuit has defended Molière; however, ten at least have eulogised him, and it is known that no individual Jesuit can publish any work till it be sanctioned by the superior, so that what one member of the order writes binds the whole fraternity. M. Coquelin delineates *Tartuffe* as an exaggerated devotee: be it so; but he errs in drawing him as a *comique*. One of *Tartuffe*'s objects is to deceive Orgon, and so is led to humiliate himself before him: but he eats and drinks, is blustering and passionate, like any man of the world. If he be "comical," such is the consequence of the comical situations in which he is placed.

The reign of Louis XV is an inexhaustible mine for the student,

or the curious, both of whom seem determined to exhaust its last vein. What attracts these two classes most is the private life, the anecdotic side of the epoch. It is only the specialists who dip into the politics and the foreign relations of his Majesty's reign. Thus the Duc de Broglie has had the courage and the perseverance to tap one source of interest in his *Frédéric II* and *Marie-Thérèse*. Comte Pajol, a general of division, gives us his third part of *Les Guerres sous Louis XV*. Both works ought to be read together ; one is diplomatic, the other military. The second volume of the *Guerres* touched on the war of succession : a war of questionable utility for France, as well as unprofitable for her. The present volume is entirely devoted to the war of succession, to the events from 1741 to 1748—the date of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. This includes the campaigns in Italy and Flanders. Each chapter is preceded by a very complete *résumé*, with references to antecedent subjects. This arrangement is practical and convenient, and might be adopted with profit in all historical works. Maps of military operations will duly follow, and Edward Dettaille is to furnish the designs of the uniforms of the period.

It will not be for want of books if the French army remains, like Mahomet's coffin, respecting re-organization. Professor Dussieux, of Saint Cyr College, in his *Armée en France*, must not be classed with the swarm of nullities and eccentrics who write on the army. He methodically deals with the annals of military France from the time of the Gauls till the present day, in its successive transformations. Naturally a work of this nature is dry, save for the initiated. It is to Henri IV that France owes its first solid standing army worthy of that name. Like very recent writers, M. Dussieux, while paying every tribute to the genius of Napoleon I, not the less subjects his acts to very hard criticism. The remarks on the army of 1870, and of the present republic, are very instructive.

Les Habitants de Suriname, by the Prince Roland Bonaparte, is an ethnographical study of the natives of Dutch Guiana, suggested by the Amsterdam Exhibition. He dedicates the volume to his mother, the widow of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, originally a young needlewoman. The author, apart from a natural taste for biologic subjects, has taken to literature, in order to console himself for the loss of his very young wife. Much of the work is devoted to the history of anthropologic societies, and descriptions of man and his manifestations. Perhaps the volume ought to be accepted as the *avant-propos* of a series of researches on the food, dress, work,

housing, &c., of man, but the Prince treats of the three ethnic types that Holland furnished at her Exhibition, drawn from one of her colonies. The work is only intended for private circulation. The cover has for design an eagle, crowned, and in full flight. If it has any political significance it means too little or too much. The Prince would do well to eschew the poison of politics.

La France d'Afrique et les Destinées is by M. Marial, the head editor of the *Petit Algerien*. The author's very common sense thesis is this: France has in Algeria a magnificent colony hardly yet explored, to which she should turn her attention instead of disseminating her army and resources in every spot of the globe, and in regions where the French can hardly live and can never colonize. He advocates the seizing of Madagascar, if only to vex the English Protestant Missionaries whose chief aim appears to be to hound on the Hovas to violate their treaties with France. The Hovas deny the soft impeachment of violation.

M. le Comte Tolstoï, Home Minister of Russia, has published a most interesting review on "School Education in Russia," during the Eighteenth Century up to 1782. The work sketches the efforts made to found public schools in Russia since Peter the Great. Peter the First and Catherine the Second naturally attract much attention. It has been a reproach to the former that he established an academy of sciences in a country which had no primary schools, that is to say, planted a tree before it had roots. M. de Tolstoï endeavors to clear the Czar from the charge of thus putting the cart before the horse; he shows that the failure of these schools was the result of the system of education adopted for the instruction of the people. The education was gratuitous and obligatory, but as the people displayed no eagerness for the teaching, the children were compelled, by the military, to attend school, which disgusted their parents still more. It was then that the Czar Peter, on the advice of Liebnitz, decided to found an academy, comprising in one a university, a lyceum, and a scientific institution. Professors and advanced students were "imported" from Germany; but the result was a complete *fiasco*. The author seems to blame Diderot also for causing the failure of public education in Russia, by the fantastic character of his schemes, and his uncompromising hatred of the classics.

On the other hand M. Bilbasov in his *Diderot à Petersbourg*, demonstrates that Diderot did not go to the capital of Russia solely to thank Catherine for all her kindness to him; that the famous sixty conversations," between the two celebrities, referred to the policy of Russia towards Prussia and France, and the partition of Poland—

which Catherine, it is said, secretly and personally regretted,—and that Diderot's plan for public instruction was not at all chimerical. The volume includes many hitherto unknown and important facts concerning the sojourn of the French philosopher at the Russian capital.

M. Jules Simon's *Academie sous le Directoire* deserves more than the passing tribute of a compliment. It is not a history of the Academy, but a keen and original analysis of the political and moral history of an epoch and a Government never before witnessed. It is the account of the Government in its relations with philosophy. It is odd that when the Academy was originated, philosophy was ignored. Little by little, however it made its nest therein. All the encyclopædists succeeded in entering, save Diderot, who was excluded by the personal dislike of Louis XV. The Convention abolished the Academy, and made Academies free; thus they had no prestige. Academies require a little "protection" always, but never nursing; the hand of power should be so gently laid on that public may be able to note occasionally the exercise of an opposition that will be equivalent to independence.

Those who feel curious concerning the past inner life of the Academy, its budget, and housing, the costumes of its members, &c., will find the volume most entertaining and curious. And the author, himself a distinguished publicist, philosopher and academician, raises anew some of those grave problems, which at their time produced such profound emotion; he gives us portraits of celebrities, and amusing episodes, and urges that a too utilitarian policy saps the intellectual and artistic life of nations.

M. Simon sketches with humour, and not a little malice, the infatuation of the authorities for costumes—feathers and lace, the desire to be distinguished in a period of Spartan equality, which characterised the Directory. So severe were the regulations of the Academy that every member was strictly limited to twenty minutes for reading his paper or thesis. Mercier had such a metaphysical mind, that on one occasion he turned the adder's ear to the hems and coughs of the auditors, who reminded him his twenty minutes had expired; but he continued reading all the same: hisses, groans, and stamping of feet succeeded; but he read on; the auditors decamped; he read on, and when he concluded, not a soul was present. Mercier felt proud of his triumph none the less. The portraits of many celebrities,—Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Sicyes, Cabanis, &c., are exquisitely drawn, and in some cases their ideas and systems are criticised, while their authors are hit off with graceful and caustic good humour.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

AMID A CROWD of events, any one of which would have sufficed to render the past month memorable, the soul-stirring episode of Abu Klea claims precedence over all the rest, whether for dramatic interest or enduring importance.

When discussing, some months ago, the chances of the campaign in the Soudan, Lord Wolseley, it is said, laid special emphasis on the fact that it was a soldier's war, meaning, no doubt, that it was pre-eminently a war in which the best laid plans and the most elaborate calculations would count for little, as compared with the pluck and stamina of rank and file.

In launching forth General Stewart and his gallant little band against unknown numbers, under conditions which left them no alternative between victory and annihilation, he seems to have done his best to justify this description of the character of the undertaking. But, whatever may be the verdict of military critics on the prudence or the strategy of the General who planned the movement, the splendour of the achievement must be universally acknowledged. The man would have been sanguine beyond all reason who, knowing the quality of the enemy, should have ventured to reckon on a battle fought against odds so tremendous, in an open plain, and with no advantage of position, by men worn out with fatigue and parched with thirst, being crowned with victory.

Glorious, however, as was the battle of Abu Klea to all concerned in it, the subsequent advance to the Nile was, if possible, a still more heroic feat. For while, in the one case, the full extent of the danger to be braved was unsuspected till it had become impossible to avoid it, in the other it must have been transparent from the outset to every man in the columns. Yet, with its numbers reduced by a third, owing to losses in the field, and the necessity of leaving a strong guard behind to protect the wounded, and with the prospect of a yet harder fight in front, the little force pushed on with undaunted step and faced the enemy with unabated resolution.

It would be impossible to give, in the space at my command, any but the briefest account of the operations which ended in the establishment of General Stewart's column on the banks of the Nile, on the 19th ultimo, followed, a few days later, by the opening of direct communications by the river with Khartoum.

The column, which consisted of the heavy camel corps, the mounted infantry, the head quarters of the Sussex Regiment and a detachment of the Essex Regiment, together with a squadron of the 19th Hussars and half a battery of artillery, about fifteen hundred men, all told, left Korti on the 8th ultimo, the expectation at the time being that it would arrive at Metemneh on the 16th or 17th. Reaching Gakdul, where it was joined by Colonels Burnaby and Wilson, on the 12th, it resumed its march from place on the 14th.

On approaching Abu Klea, on the afternoon of the 16th, the cavalry scouts sighted the enemy in a strong position, a few miles from the wells, the possession of which was indispensable to the further advance of the force ; and, the day being too far advanced to allow of its engaging the enemy with safety, the column was halted and bivouacked in the plain for the night.

The following morning, after an ineffectual attempt to induce the enemy to attack, the force moved forward in square, threatening to pass round his left flank ; thereupon the Arabs, wheeling to the right, delivered an impetuous charge against the front of the square, occupied by the guards, the artillery, and the mounted infantry. Repulsed in this direction by the withering fire they encountered, they swept round in a wide circle and attacked the left rear, which had barely formed up. The brunt of the onslaught fell upon the men of the heavy camel corps, who were momentarily borne back by sheer weight of numbers, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued, during which the Naval Brigade suffered heavily, and Colonel Burnaby, after cutting down several of the enemy, lost his life ; but they speedily rallied, and the enemy, being subjected to a heavy fire from the other sides of the square, were driven back with a loss of more than a thousand men.

The victory, decisive as it was, was dearly purchased by the loss of nine officers and sixty-five men killed, and nine officers and eighty-five men wounded,—a proportion of casualties which ranks the engagement as one of the bloodiest of modern times.

The enemy, who are said to have mustered ten thousand strong, dispersed in all directions after the battle, many of them, no doubt,

falling back on Metemneh, but the majority probably returning to their villages, to spread the news of their defeat.

In the afternoon the wells at Abu Klea were occupied ; and the greater portion of the following day was spent in burying the dead and bringing up the wounded. In the evening, the column, now reduced to little more than a thousand men, resumed its march, and, after following the road to Metemneh for some distance, diverged to the right so as to reach the river bank three or four miles to the north of that place, with the view of entrenching and waiting the arrival of re-inforcements.

Owing, probably, to the treachery of the native guide, the distance proved greater than was anticipated, and when day broke, it was found that six or seven miles of ground still remained to be covered, while the enemy were mustered in great strength in front to dispute their further progress.

At this juncture a halt was called to enable the force to gain breath and make a hurried breakfast, while, at the same time, a rude entrenchment of boxes and saddles was constructed for the hospital and baggage. While these arrangements were in progress, the enemy, under cover of the mimosa bushes with which the plain was studded, kept up a galling fire on our men. Mr. Cameron, special correspondent of the *Standard*, and Mr. Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, were among those who fell during this critical time. General Stewart himself was severely wounded in the abdomen, and altogether between sixty and seventy of the force were killed or wounded.

The position being obviously untenable, it was determined to assume the offensive, and leaving a detachment to defend the *sareba*, the force moved forward to the attack in square, under the command of Sir C. Wilson.

When the square had nearly reached the summit of the ridge behind which the main body of the enemy were posted, the latter advanced, *en echelon*, in two crescent-shaped bodies, and delivered a series of furious charges against its right front. So deadly, however, was the fire that met them, that few of them succeeded in approaching within sixty yards of the square.

An obstinate attack made at the same time on the *sareba* and a small redoubt which had been constructed some fifty yards to its right, was attended with no better success, and the enemy finally retired in disorder on Metemneh.

After the fight, in which our total loss was two officers and nineteen men killed and eighty-six wounded, the column continued its

advance and finally encamped at Gubat, on the Nile, about three miles above Metemneh, at sunset.

On the 21st a reconnaissance of the enemy's position at Metemneh was made, during which there was firing on both sides, and one officer and eight men were wounded; and, while this operation was going on, four of Gordon's steamers arrived from Khartoum, under Nasri Pasha, with five hundred Egyptians on board, who landed and took part in the movement.

Though the enemy's works at Metemneh were found to be insignificant, it was evident that, owing to the straggling nature of the place, it could not be taken without a disproportionate loss of life, and all idea of attacking it was accordingly abandoned.

Subsequently two companies of the Sussex Regiment, with part of the Egyptians, proceeded on the steamers, with General Wilson, and bombarded Shendy with considerable effect, and on the 24th Sir C. Wilson, with two of the steamers and a detachment of the same regiment, left for Khartoum.

The next movement of the force will, no doubt, depend on the result of Sir C. Wilson's enquiries at Khartoum. Should there be no immediate danger there, it will probably await the arrival of General Earle's brigade before continuing its march, while, should the state of affairs at Khartoum be emergent, it may be expected to advance on the arrival of the Royal Irish and West Kent Regiments, the first detachment of which left Korti on the 29th ultimo, and may probably reach the Nile about the 10th instant. In either case, it will probably be thought necessary to take and occupy Metemneh, before proceeding further, unless, as seems not unlikely, it should in the meantime be evacuated.

The news brought by the steamers from Gordon was to the effect that Khartoum was quite safe, and in the last letter received from him by Lord Wolseley, which, however, was dated as far back as the 29th December, he declared his ability to hold out for years.

General Earle's brigade, consisting of the South Staffordshire regiment, the Black Watch and the Egyptian Camel Corps, with a squadron of the 19th Hussars and a battery of artillery, in advance, and the Cornwall Regiment and Gordon Highlanders following, has been making steady, but not very rapid, progress, and has just occupied the village of Birti, which had been evacuated on its approach.

At Suakim, where the garrison has been re-inforced by the arrival of the Berkshire Regiment from Cairo, the situation is again becoming serious, Osman Digma having established himself in great force at Hasheen. In order to secure an alternative line of com-

munications with Khartoum, a step which will be equally necessary whether it is decided to hold that place or to withdraw from it at once, this body of the enemy will have to be disposed of. A reconnaissance made on the 1st instant showed the position to be a very strong one and the enemy very numerous and defiant, though apparently indisposed to leave their defences.

No far-seeing man can help feeling that the long series of outrages, which, one would be glad to think, culminated in the explosions at Westminster and the Tower on the 24th ultimo, present the grave question whether, in science, society has not raised a Frankenstein which, under existing conditions, it is powerless to control.

That the absence of any well-devised effort on the part of the Government to grapple with the evil, is largely due to a sense of the inadequacy of its opportunities for the purpose, is as little doubtful as that the apparent composure with which the evil is viewed by the public is in no small measure due to failure to grasp its full dimensions or the true character of the ultimate issues at stake. On almost any other question of equal importance a hundred remedies would, long ere this, have been suggested. That none worthy of the name have been brought forward in the present case can be due only to the difficulty of suggesting any that would be at once effectual and consonant with existing social arrangements and habits of feeling.

The silence of the public is, in short, an admission of its ignorance and helplessness. Even the "*Quousque tandem*—?" of the Roman orator is choked in its throat by the consciousness that the threat implied in the words is an idle one.

In the audacity with which these outrages were conceived and carried out, as well as in the extent of the damage done, they far surpass every previous effort of the dynamiters. Perpetrated in broad daylight, and, in the case of two of them, under the very eyes of the police, they seem to have been expressly designed to show how little concealment is essential to success, even when the public and its custodians are on their guard. In the bare fact that no human life was destroyed, the uniform experience of the previous dynamite outrages was again repeated; but it was repeated under conditions which render it infinitely more marvellous. In the case of Westminster Hall the dynamite exploded within a few feet of at least five persons, and almost in the hands of one of them. Yet, although it not only smashed every window in the place, but tore up scores of paving stones and lifted a masonry staircase from its foundation, only one of these persons was seriously injured.

The rest, though one of them had her hat, muff and bag blown away, and her tippet torn to shreds by the rush of air, escaped with nothing worse than a few cuts and bruises. At the Tower, again, not one of the thirty or forty persons present in the room when the explosion took place was dangerously hurt, though several of them had their clothes torn off their backs, and though hundreds of rifles were hurled in every direction, and many of them had their barrels twisted like wax. The total damage is estimated at £20,000.

The indignation excited by these outrages has been louder-tongued, if not deeper, abroad than in England itself, and in America has found active expression in steps which, if not likely to be attended with much immediate result, justify the belief that the adoption of concerted action for the protection of humanity against a common enemy is merely a matter of time.

Not only has it had the effect of expediting the introduction, and, there is good reason to hope, ensuring the safe passage of the Bill which had been already framed by the Government to render the manufacture or possession of dynamite for criminal purposes, whether in America, or elsewhere, but the Senate at once passed, with a single dissentient voice, a Resolution expressive of its abhorrence of such acts.

So strong and general, indeed, was the feeling excited against the dynamiters throughout the States, that it at first appeared probable that even the Irish party would bow before the storm, and that the Bill would pass without serious opposition. But there are signs that a partial re-action has since set in, and there is some prospect that a strong minority will vote against it, while the Irish members of Congress are threatening to move a vote of censure on the action of the Senate in passing the Resolution already referred to.

The *Irish World*, and similar organs, take no pains to conceal their satisfaction at the explosions; meetings of sympathisers are being held in different parts of the country to protest against Mr. Edmund's Bill, and the notorious Herr Most, in an address to the *Internationaler Arbeiter Verein*, spoke of it as showing that the fears of the American millionaires, who were as much their enemies as the English Aristocrats, had at last been aroused. Though the explosions which occurred on the premises of two large employers in New York, shortly after the delivery of Herr Most's speech, have probably no immediate connexion with the Irish conspiracy, they are none the less calculated to quicken the public sense of the necessity of taking vigorous measures against the dynamite faction.

The excitement in New York has been materially increased by an attempt to rid the world of O'Rossa under circumstances which invest it with a romantic interest. While walking down Chambers Street on Sunday morning, he was attacked by a young English-woman who fired five shots at him from a revolver. The woman, who is described as young, handsome and quietly dressed, betrayed no signs of excitement when arrested, and there seems to be no reason for attributing her act to any personal motive. Only one of the bullets pierced O'Rossa's body, and the wound is not considered dangerous.

The explosion at the Tower was followed by the arrest of a man who was among the persons present in the building at the time of its occurrence, and who was unable to give a satisfactory account of himself. On a search being made at his lodgings, a detonating tube, charged with a composition commonly used to explode dynamite, was found among his property, and there seem to be strong reasons for believing that one of the authors of the outrage has been caught.

At the date of my last communication it was currently reported that the Northern Powers had refused to entertain the French proposal for an international guarantee of the new Egyptian loan, and the situation was thought, for this and other reasons, to have assumed an aspect less unfavourable to British interests. The subsequent course of events has, however, shown that this report was without solid foundation. That Germany may have at first shown some reluctance to join in such a guarantee is not improbable; but, if so, M. Ferry must have found arguments to overcome it. On the 17th ultimo the counter-proposals of France were submitted to Lord Granville. They comprised a pre-preference loan of nine millions, at three-and-a-half per cent., supported by a guarantee of two or more Powers, in the place of the loan of five millions, at five per cent. with an English guarantee proposed by England, a tax of five per cent. on the existing coupons, instead of the reduction of one-half per cent. in the interest itself; the retention of the existing arrangements regarding the Daira and Domain estates; the appointment of an international commission to examine and report on Egyptian finance; and an undertaking to facilitate immediate arrangements for the neutralisation of the Suez Canal.

Two days later similar notes were presented by the representatives of Germany, Austria and Russia, supporting the main features of the French scheme. A Cabinet Council was held in London on

the 26th to consider these proposals, and was followed by a second, the next day, when, in spite of a vehement protest on the part of almost the entire press against the surrender of our liberty of action in Egypt, it was determined to accept the French scheme with certain modifications. For what is known of the terms of the reply communicated by Lord Granville to M. Waddington, the public are indebted entirely to foreign sources of information ; but there is little doubt of the substantial accuracy of the statement on the subject furnished by M. Ferry to the *Temps*, and published in that journal on Saturday last. According to this statement, England accepts the increase of the loan from five to nine millions ; the collective guarantee of the powers ; the substitution of a tax on the coupons for a reduction of the interest on the debt ; the limitation of the tax to two years, unless an international enquiry shall, in the meantime, have demonstrated the necessity of its continuance ; and the settlement of the question of the liberty of navigation of the Suez Canal at all times by a special treaty. The statement further asserts that England agrees to the representatives of Germany and Russia having seats in the Caisse, and adds that the new English proposals having been accepted by all the powers, a definitive and prompt accord is very probable. The question of the re-organisation of the Daira and Domain administrations is, it is stated, to be made a subject of separate negotiation between England and France. The only important point in which this statement differs from the reports current in London as to the tenor of the proposals, is its omission to make it clear that England distinctly stipulates that the international guarantee shall carry with it no right of political interference. It is admitted, however, by the *Temps* that the terms of the guarantee are still under discussion. Whether this scheme will receive the sanction of Parliament will probably depend in a great measure on the character of the assurances that may be given by the Government regarding the political side of its Egyptian programme.

The successful progress of the Soudan Campaign has materially strengthened the case of the opponents of precipitate withdrawal from Khartoum ; and, though there is no sign of any change in Mr. Gladstone's views on this point, Mr. Chamberlain having only last week asserted that, on the contrary, the relief of Gordon is to be followed by the immediate relinquishment of the country to the Mahdi, a general hope prevails that some practicable alternative to so disgraceful and probably ruinous a step will be found.

A belief is gaining ground that one of the conditions of the understanding between England and Italy, the existence of which had been suspected for some time past, and was placed beyond doubt by Signor Mancini's late speech in the Italian Chamber, is the occupation by the latter Power of the Red Sea littoral of the Soudan. It is, indeed, positively stated by the Italian Press that one of the objects of the expedition, the first portion of which is now on its way to Assab, ostensibly to punish the murderers of Bianchi, is to take possession of Massowah. However that may be, it is clear from Signor Mancini's statement that an agreement exists between the two Powers for common action on the Red Sea, and that, in entering into this agreement, Italy has been mainly influenced by the necessity of opposing the further extension of French influence in that quarter. In the absence of more definite information as to the conditions of the agreement, any attempt to forecast its influence on the future of Europe would be premature. All that can at present be said with confidence is that, if, as Signor Mancini's assurances on the point justify us in assuming, it has the approval of Germany, it must tend materially to strengthen the position, and may reasonably be expected to stiffen the policy of England.

On re-assembling after the Christmas recess, the Congo Conference again took up the knotty question of territorial neutralisation. But, owing to the opposition of France to the German proposals, the discussion was postponed, and the question of the formalities to be observed in the case of future annexations taken up by the Committee. At an early stage of the discussion, however, the representatives of England and Russia found it necessary to refer to their respective Governments for further instructions and a protracted delay ensued. Finally, at the sitting of the Committee held on the 28th ultimo, Herr Von Kusserow intimated that Germany was prepared to accept the English view that protectorates should be excluded from the operation of the second of the proposed clauses, and at a plenary sitting of the Conference held on the 31st ultimo, the report of the Committee in this sense was agreed to, and that body instructed to draw up the final *Acte* in accordance therewith. The text of the declaration, as thus settled, runs as follows :—

“ 1. Any Power which henceforth takes possession of a tract of land on the coasts of the African Continent outside of its present possessions, or which, being hitherto without such possessions, shall acquire them, as well as the Power which asserts a protectorate there, shall accompany the act

with a notification thereof, addressed to the other Conference Powers, in order to enable them, if need be, to advance any claims of their own in bar.

"2. The signatory Powers recognize the obligation to insure the establishment of authority in the regions occupied by them on the coasts of Africa sufficient to protect existing rights ; and, as the case may be, freedom of trade and of transit, under the condition agreed upon (with respect to the Congo Basin)."

The negotiations between the International Association and France and Portugal have as yet made very little progress, and it is understood that, except in the improbable event of their being brought to an early conclusion, the Conference will separate without coming to any decision on the neutrality question—a consummation which the two Powers just named will not lament. It is reported to-day that Portugal has seized both banks of the Lower Congo and thus cut the Gordian Knot which the Conference has shown itself powerless to untie.

The latest accounts of the situation in Bechuanaland are somewhat conflicting, and the greatest uncertainty prevails as to the probability of a peaceful settlement with the Goshenites. At an interview between Sir C. Warren and President Kruger, held a few days ago, the latter urged the recognition of individual claims to land, but Sir C. Warren resolutely refused to accept anything short of the indiscriminate expulsion of the freebooters. It is rumoured that a complete understanding was ultimately arrived at, but it is not at all certain that the Goshenites themselves will acquiesce in it, and from the fact that the Government is sending out re-inforcements, it is evident that they are determined to be prepared for the worst. The latest news is that the troops, which were concentrated at Barkly, were advancing, and that officials had been despatched to warn off the intruders.

Among noteworthy events that have occurred on the Continent during the month is the conclusion of an extradition treaty between Russia and Prussia, by which those Powers mutually agree to surrender not only fugitives condemned for, but persons accused of or called to account for crimes, or preparations for crimes, of murder or violence against the sovereign or his family ; assassination, actual or attempted, and the illegal preparation or possession of explosives. One clause of the treaty expressly provides that the fact of such crimes or actions being committed with a political aim shall in no case serve as a basis for refusal to surrender the culprits.

During a debate in the Reichstag on the 10th ultimo, regarding

the Colonial policy of Germany, and especially the Cameroons question, Prince Bismarck made an important statement. After the Chancellor had dwelt at some length on the origin of the disturbances in the Cameroons, Herr Windthorst rose, and, among other arguments for a policy of caution, urged the fact that Germany was surrounded by enemies. Prince Bismarck thereupon got up and protested against such a view of the foreign relations of the Empire. Whatever might have been the case ten years ago, he said Germany was now surrounded by friendly Governments with which she had trustworthy alliances. With Italy and Spain she lived on terms of intimacy and friendship. With France, thanks to the wisdom and moderation of her Government, she had never had such good relations.

The publication of the Fiji White Book, though abundantly justified by the exasperating behaviour of our Foreign Office, and though doubtless dictated by hostility to the Cabinet rather than to the country, can scarcely be regarded as a conciliatory act. Nor will the detailed accounts, just to hand, of the German operations at the Cameroons tend to diminish the uneasiness with which Englishmen regard Prince Bismarck's new colonial policy. They appear to have been carried out with a disregard of the usages of war and the interests of neutrals unworthy of the emissaries of a great and civilised people. Hickory and Foss Town were attacked and destroyed without any warning either to the native chiefs or to the English traders. The Baptist Missionary station and an English factory were destroyed; many innocent women and children were killed; and an English mercantile agent was wounded.

The first portion of the Italian Red Sea expedition, already referred to, arrived at Suakim on the 1st instant, and the second portion, preparations for which are approaching completion, is expected to start on the 6th.

The late illness of Mr. Gladstone, coupled with the remarks made by his son at the Hawarden Rent-Roll Audit, in the middle of last month, has revived the rumour, current some time ago, that the safe passage of the Redistribution Bill through Parliament will be followed by his retirement from office. While denying that his father's health was seriously impaired, Mr. Herbert Gladstone warned his hearers that he could not look forward to a much longer continuance of active political life, though he hoped to remain in harness as long as he lived, and his work might, perhaps, be of a more congenial character than that of the political arena. The state of the Premier's health has been the subject of some very

free comments on the part of the *Times* and other journals ; and a widespread impression prevails that, mere physical ailments apart, he is no longer capable of sustaining the burden of the arduous office he holds with either justice to himself or advantage to the country.

The appointment of Dr. Temple to succeed the late Dr. Jackson as Bishop of London will be received with satisfaction by all who recognise the fact that the preservation of the establishment is largely dependent on the adoption of a more liberal tone, not only in matters of Church Government, but in the adjustment of its relations to non-conforming bodies. The very contrast between the Bishop designate and his predecessor proves in itself how much wider is the fold than its more bigoted shepherds would have men believe.

An Exhibition of much interest to students of Oriental art or manners has been opened at Knightsbridge in the shape of a miniature Japanese village, constructed with such regard to realistic effect as was possible, in a covered building of very moderated dimensions, and peopled by a small colony of natives, who pursue their ordinary avocations with much *sang froid* in the presence of a throng of curious "barbarians." Though the entertainment is somewhat thin and wanting in spectacular attractiveness, it seems to be fairly well patronised.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, *February 3rd*, 1885.

INDIA.

The position of the English half of the Anglo-Russian Delimitation Commission becomes daily more unsatisfactory, if not more absolutely perilous ; the dismal vaticinations uttered by M. Armenius Vambéry at the outset of the expedition, when he so positively asserted that the Russian Foreign Office were not in earnest on this matter, bid fair to rival the prophecies of Cassandra. M. Lessar, who ought to be in Western Afghanistan, has been sent to London instead, there to propose as a preliminary to any joint work by the Commission that England shall recognise Russia's claim to the whole north-western corner of Afghanistan, between Herat and Merv to the north, and between Herat and Persia to the west. It is difficult to see in this preposterous claim anything but a bit of brag made with the object of gaining time to shuffle eventually altogether out of the delimitation work. To recognise as "the only practicable frontier" the line demanded by M. Lessar is to admit Russia to within three or four easy marches of Herat.

The Commission has come to a dead lock, and it is to be hoped that public opinion will now force the English Cabinet to do the work which Russia backs out of, and to draw a definite frontier line, the crossing of which by Russia would be the signal for our strengthening the Amir's forces in and about Herat by the loan of engineer and other officers if not by drafts of British troops.

The conference between the Amir and the Viceroy, which is shortly to take place at Rawal Pindi, will be made the occasion of the massing of a little army, 20,000 strong, on the Frontier. The whole force will be commanded by Sir M. Biddulph and Sir Alfred Lyall; the Maharajah of Cashmere and several Punjab Chiefs are to be present. This proposed demonstration and the firmer attitude recently assumed by the English Cabinet seem to have already had some effect upon the exponents of Russian official opinion. The tone of the *St. Petersburg Gazette* is much more cautious than for weeks past, and expresses a hope that a mutual understanding about the Afghan Frontier may be one of the fruits of the Amir's visit to India. The position now occupied by the British Commissioners at Gurlin is about sixty miles north of Herat, and the same distance south of Pul-i-Khatun. From this half-way post of observation they can watch Russian movements as well as keep up constant communication with Herat. And it is hardly probable that any positive instructions will be given to the Russian General to force his way past the position occupied by Sir Peter Lunsden. Some definite issue cannot be much longer postponed, and there is some comfort in the fact that the escort of the Commission is strong enough to give material help to the Heratees in case of any actual collision with the Russian forces.

The wish that the Court of Ava would give the Government of India some good excuse for interference is probably father to the belief that the French are taking definite steps to enlarge and consolidate their influence in Upper Burmah. Rumours of the cession of the Shan States to France, and of the appointment of a French Resident to Mandalay, have reached India from Rangoon, while it is said that certain ruby mines on the Irrawaddy are to be handed over for a consideration to a French syndicate. The French have, we should imagine, found in their new territory of Tonquin a white elephant of sufficient size and costliness to prevent their going to seek for other animals of that species in the land which gives them birth. In the meantime, the Meingoon Prince remains at Pondicherry, whether under compulsion or of free will it is not easy to say. Great personal attention is shown to him by the Govern-

ment officials of the French settlement, which is meant, no doubt, to cover and conceal the surveillance to which he is subjected. The local authorities have not found much difficulty in inducing the Prince to accept a pension as a loan, and any attempt on his part to leave Pondicherry may now, with show of reason, be met by a request to first settle his accounts. So he remains in French hands—a strong card to be played when the game reaches a critical point.

It has been found advisable after all to postpone the opening of the Bombay International Exhibition until the autumn of 1887. The Australian Colonies, in reply to appeals for their support and interest, have plainly answered that the year 1886-87 would not suit them. America, too, it has been ascertained, would hold aloof in view of the proposal to run an American Exhibition in London, intended to be a rival to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition to be opened there in 1886. It is this last undertaking which has taken the wind out of the sails of the Bombay International. The Prince of Wales has made up his mind that the Indian and Colonial Exhibition shall be a success, and, as a consequence, the whole class of experts who are working with him have determined to have nothing to say to Bombay in 1886; and when Sir P. Cunliffe Owen and Sir George Birdwood set their faces against the scheme, it is only prudent of Bombay to give it up. Sympathy must be felt with the enthusiastic guarantors of "nearly a million sterling" in this further disappointment; their hope, however, will, we trust, be only deferred for a season. Assurance has been given of ample support in two years' time, and in Sir James Fergusson the London Committee will find an able and energetic colleague, who will do his best to push matters to a successful issue in 1887.

The catastrophe in the Soudan has quickly been followed by the preparation and despatch of an Indian contingent to Suakim. The enthusiastic loyalty displayed by the troops chosen for this service, and the readiness of all regiments to supply volunteer drafts to raise the corps to its full strength, speak well for the spirit of the native army. Great satisfaction also is expressed at the announcement that none of the extra expense incurred in fitting out this contingent will fall on the Indian treasury. India will supply the regular pay of the troops and establishment, and the Imperial Exchequer will provide the balance.

The Malabar Coast does not often furnish materials for a paragraph, and after recording the fact that the fanatic Moplahs of Calicut and the neighbouring talukas have been disarmed of some

eight thousand rifles we may leave that usually peaceful strip of territory to return to its normal quiet obscurity.

The District Charitable Society of Calcutta, the chief administrator of many trust funds for the benefit of the poor, and the dispenser of large amounts of alms collected from subscribers in the metropolis, has been victimized by an embezzling cashier to the extent of some Rs. 38,000. The auditor, who passed as correct the most flagrantly falsified accounts, has been committed for trial ; but the cashier has disappeared. Occasion is to be taken of these disclosures to place the management of this important work on a more business-like footing, and to appoint a paid secretary for the more responsible part of the work.

The interminable debate on the Bengal Tenancy Bill drags its slow length along, if indeed "debate" be not a misnomer when used of the solemn delivery by each Member of Council in turn of a set written sermon, which has no more than a sermon's normal effect on the convictions or conduct of the audience. The Viceroy has protested against the intolerable tedium of this mechanical process ; and the business might be usefully expedited if all speeches and votes were sent in by post for record, there being little chance of any of the latter being influenced by any of the former. The Bill is to be passed in a shape strangely altered from the original conception of it, and while irritating the zemindars will fall far short of satisfying the ryots. Compromise has been pushed to its utmost limits, each side being allowed to proscribe the provisions most obnoxious to its views, and it is hardly doubtful that fresh legislation on the subject will shortly be called for.

In the Bengal Legislative Council there also has been a vexed question. Does Calcutta need docks ? Strong opposition is being expressed to the scheme on the score of expense and of probable unhealthiness. But the scheme has the strongest support from the Trades' Association, and the Bill for the construction of the docks has been passed, though the opposition to this immense outlay (the estimates are some 315 lacs) gathers strength.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Banana.

By descent the banana bush is a developed tropical lily, not at all remotely allied to the common iris, only that its flowers and fruit are clustered together on a hanging spike, instead of growing solitary and separate as in the true irises. The blossoms, which though pretty, are comparatively inconspicuous for the size of the plant, show the extraordinary persistence of the lily type; for almost all the vast number of species, more or less directly descended from the primitive lily, continue to the very end of the chapter to have six petals, six stamens, and three rows of seeds in their fruits or capsules. But practical man, with his eye always steadily fixed on the one important quality of edibility—the sum and substance to most people of all botanical research—has confined his attention almost entirely to the fruit of the banana. In all essentials (other than the systematically unimportant one just alluded to) the banana fruit in its original state exactly resembles the capsule of the iris—that pretty pod that divides in three when ripe, and shows the delicate orange-coated seeds lying in triple rows within—only, in the banana, the fruit does not open; in the sweet language of technical botany, it is an indehiscent capsule; and the seeds, instead of standing separate and distinct, as in the iris, are embedded in a soft and pulpy substance which forms the edible and practical part of the entire arrangement.

This is the proper appearance of the original and natural banana, before it has been taken in hand and cultivated by tropical man. When cut across the middle, it ought to show three rows of seeds, interspersed with pulp, and faintly preserving some dim memory of the dividing wall which once separated them. In practice, however, the banana differs widely from this theoretical ideal, as practice often *will* differ from theory: for it has been so long cultivated and selected by man—being probably one of the very oldest, if not actually quite the oldest, of domesticated plants—that it has all but lost the original habit of producing seeds. This is a common effect of cultivation on fruits, and it is of course deliberately aimed at by horticulturists, as the seeds are generally a nuisance, regarded from the point of view of the eater, and their absence improves the

fruit, as long as one can manage to get along somehow without them. In the pretty little Tangierine oranges (so ingeniously corrupted by fruiterers into mandarins), the seeds have almost been cultivated out; in the best pine-apples, and in the small grapes known in the dried state as currants, they have quite disappeared; while in some varieties of pears they survive only in the form of shrivelled, barren, and useless pippins. But the banana, more than any other plant we know of, has managed for many centuries to do without seeds altogether. The cultivated sort, especially in America, is quite seedless, and the plants are propagated entirely by suckers.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Pepys.

Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F. R. S. From his MS. cipher in the Pepysian Library, with a life and notes by RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE deciphered, with additional notes by Rev MYNORS BRIGHT, M. A. 12 vols. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1884.

THE final edition of Pepys is a matter that may deservedly receive some brief attention. In these twelve volumes, admirable in all points of book-making, low-priced, and containing large additions to Lord Braybrooke's version, together with important corrections in the old rendering of the cipher, we have all of the original manuscript that will see the light until there is some change in the editor's standard of decency; and the text is illustrated, and as fully as possible elucidated, by notes. As one glances over the pages, not for the last time, and lingers on some whimsicality, or piece of gossip, or other *revelation in time* it may be, he escapes the guilty consciousness of eaves-dropping just by the very awfulness of the joke Pepys played upon himself in being his own sole confidant, and thus blabbing more than the tiring-women of the whole century. Here under our hands we have in cold type "the perpetual aside" he whispered in his own confidential ear, and the humor of the situation is something not approached in comedy. How could it be unless the screen-scene in Joseph Surface's drawing-room could be made a whole play, or Molly Seagrim's rug be falling through an entire novel? This dramatic situation, this continued discovery of Pepys behind the circum-spect worldliness with which he sheltered his peeping soul, is a main element in the

humorous fascination of the diary; one feels almost as if he were himself among the laughing gods who see this same comedy of What Fools these Mortals Be playing everywhere on the broad stage of the world, and there is a taste of divine felicity in the spectacle. If one cannot apply to the diary the classical definition of a good book—"the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life,"—it is a classic, nevertheless, and keeps the plebeian vitality of a very honest, vain man and a true Briton, though possibly he would rather have been condemned to a second death than possess an immortality of such very extraordinary publicity as Fortune has given him.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Hissing.

HISSING is an old practice in the English theatre which is quite unknown in ours, and the question whether it shall be longer tolerated even in England is now discussed in that country. Charles Lamb is said to have joined in the general hiss that damned his Mr. H., and he was capable of enjoying the humour of such a situation, and he would have appreciated thoroughly the description of the scene as "the wild justice" of hissing. But generally the victim of such condemnation does not see the humour of it, and its wild injustice is the only thing of which he is conscious. We Americans are so good-natured that the practice never flourished here. * * *

The drama that I do not like, my neighbour may greatly enjoy. If I do not like it, very well, let me dislike it, and if it become aggressively disagreeable to my taste and judgment, let me quietly withdraw. I brought a ticket to the play; but I did not receive a guarantee of enjoyment. Of that I took the risk, and if in the lottery I have drawn a blank, let me face the loss like a man, and not cry and sputter like a child.

When a man hisses because he does not like the play, he is not merely expressing his opinion in a rude and offensive way, but he is disturbing the pleasure of his neighbour, who has paid for his pleasure and is entitled to receive it. The hisser bought no more right than his neighbour, and his ticket to a chance of pleasure is not a permit to revenge his disappointment upon another person. Long ago in Rome, the Easy Chair, when its wood was green and not fully seasoned, went with a comrade to hear Modena, the famous Italian tragedian. It does not remember the play, but the house was very full and very enthusiastic. As the play proceeded and the action became more intense, the audience was more and more excited. But to the Easy Chair and its comrade the performance seemed to be so absurdly overwrought that it became immensely comical. They could not help laughing, and conscious of the angry reproof of the looks around them, the laughter became almost hysterical, until the wrathful glances of their neighbours so plainly threatened trouble for what was supposed to be the insolent and insulting *Inglesi* that they silently—and snickeringly—arose and left the theatre.

They had as much right to think the performance indicrous as the others to enjoy it. But they had no more right to disturb the enjoyment of the others than the others to insist that they should admire the play.

If now some acute dialectician should ask why the Easy Chair and its comrade had not the same right to show their emotion with those who admired the performance and who loudly applauded, the reply is that undoubtedly the abstract right was the same; that is to say, the right to express disapprobation equally with approbation; but the exercise of the right in one case necessarily produced, and generally produces disturbance, while that of the other does not. It is a question of expediency and good feeling, and resolves itself into the inquiry: How shall disapproval be best shown? Courtesy and humanity—for what can be a more painful plight than that of an actor who is hissed because the play which he did not write is not acceptable to the audience or to some part of it?—courtesy and humanity both dictate that if you are not pleased with the play which pleases others, you shall not clamour and hiss, but depart. If your impression is that of the public, it will not come to see the play, and absence is quite as significant and conclusive as hissing.

The right to hiss, like the right to rage against the thirteenth passenger, is, in the sense already explained, an undoubted right. But practical policy, expediency, good feeling, and the greatest good of the greatest number teach that in this case the celebrated position of the friend of the Maine liquor law is the true attitude. That worthy citizen was for the law, but "agin its enforcement," Hissing a play or an actor, or a singer, or an orator, or—gracious heavens!—a preacher, may be a right, since a man may express disapproval and choose the method of doing it, but it is a right that should not be exercised except under extraordinary circumstances.

—*Harper's*.

POETRY.

In Watches of the Night.

Beneath the midnight moon of May,
Through dusk on either hand,
One sheet of silver spreads the bay,
One crescent jet the land;
The dark ships, mirrored in the stream,
Their ghostly tresses shake—
When will the dead world cease to dream?
When will the morning break?
Beneath a night no longer May,
Where only cold stars shine,
One glimmering ocean spreads away
This haunted life of mine;
And, shattered on the frozen shore,
My harp can never wake—
When will the dream of death be o'er?
When will the morning break?

—*Harper's*.

Two Valentines.

RONDEL.

AWAKE, awake, O gracious heart,
There's some one knocking at the door;
The chilling breezes make him smart;
His little feet are tired and sore.

Arise, and welcome him before
 Adown his cheeks the big tears start :
 Awake, awake, O gracious heart,
 There's some one knocking at the doo!

'Tis Cupid come with loving art
 To honor, worship, and implore ;
 And lest, unwelcomed, he depart
 With all his wise, mysterious lore.
 Awake, awake, O gracious heart,
 There's some one knocking at the door

FOR SAYNTE VALENTYNE, HIS DAYE.

Goe, little Rhyme, & greete^c Her,
 Goe, tel Her yt I thinke
 Things infinitely sweeter
 Yn I maie putt in Inke :
 Ye Musick of ye meter
 Shal linger on ye Aine

Ye whiles. She turns ye Leaves & learns
 Ye Secrett hidden there.

Flye, little Leafe of Paper,
 Flye, merrie-hearted Bird,
 & lett your Fancie shape Her
 Some dear & simple Word,
 Soe sweete it sha'n't escape Her
 & if a Blushe you see
 Steal upp & chase across Her face,
 Return & counsell me.

Haste, little God ! I send Her
 Bye You, ys MS.
 Wch hopefull Love has penned Her,
 Withe quill in Ionic dipt ;
 Haste ; bidd Her Heart be tender
 Unto ye lightsome Line
 Where I in maske have come to aske
 To be Her Valentyne !

Frank Dempster Sherman.—Century.

